

PARADE

—By—

Evelyn
Campbell

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

She startled him by saying, suddenly: "You don't believe I meant to cheat people, do you?" and he hastened to assure her that he did not. "It was because somebody—once—told me a wrong law of living. And I believed it and here—I am!" She glanced around as if her surroundings had just begun to matter. A small note of terror crept into her voice. "It was like walking the narrowest path between two precipices. One slip and you're gone. That is what happened—I slipped. And now nothing can ever put me back again!"

O'Hara looked out of the cab window. He knew where they were to the fraction of an inch. Two blocks south and three east and around the corner— Sleet had changed to a steady rain, more miserable and dangerous than the first; turning the sidewalks and street into a sheet of ice. On a night like this the place would be full. What would they do with her—a fine, soft creature whose perfume filled the dusty cab like a bunch of little spring flowers? And nothing could ever put her back again. She was right about that. For there was a lot he hadn't told her. . . . There were the other women—

As if his thought had called into action one of the sordid epochs of such a night, at this moment from the street on the right arose a hubbub of confusing sounds; the uproar of a motor pushed beyond its will, the scream of brakes jammed at a dangerous angle and two headlights streaming in the rain.

The two cars veered dangerously together. A huge black bulk beside the smaller taxi elbowed it violently and for a second the man and woman were given a glimpse of one of the etchings of hell. . . . The inside of a patrol wagon jammed to its doors with women.

Where had they been found and why had God made them? Faces without age and without soul; bodies wrapped in sordid finery, evil as the flesh it concealed. Desperate eyes; sodden eyes—eyes that laughed ribaldly and eyes that did not care. They huddled in the long black box with its iron screened sides—fused there anyhow, from God knows what beginning, and Jimmy O'Hara saw, with the chills down his back and the sweat under his collar, what it was going to mean to the woman beside him when she was locked in a cell that night. He had time to think, "all of them in there together," and to get a vision of slim white hands trying to hold the filth away—

The two cars careened together, almost touching—the taxi driver swearing loud and plaintively; impossible to put on the brakes with the street skating rink. The clank of slipping chains, the ceaseless vibration of his wheel confused him and the ugly Black Maria hung there like a beetle! No night for racing. The taxi driver glanced almost pleadingly at the rusher trying to crowd him into the curb and then he tried to run for it. Two ghastly cargoes bound for the same port; never to reach there.

Sirens! No time to turn. Nowhere to go. Hurting through emptiness, the long red shining truck dotted with clinging figures of men was upon them. One moment the terrible truck wheels were against the opposite curb and then the front ones plowed their way through a splinter of wood and glass and bodies that tumbled like rag dolls here and there upon the bitter pavement.

Two wrecked cars and a book-and-ladder equipment slowly righting itself under the impatient guidance of men anxious to be on their way to the work of saving a few floors and walls from a threatened blaze.

A policeman taking charge nodded the permission to go on. Nobody's fault, of course. Hysterical women were crying; some of them cursing bitterly between their sobs. A curious crowd, retrieved from pool halls and third-class restaurants, pressed eagerly forward. The accident was bad enough to draw them from their warm shelters.

The patrol wagon rested grotesquely on two wheels and a bent axle, but the taxi was a complete disaster. Somebody was wiping blood from the driver's head and declaring over and over again that he wasn't dead, as if he was the only one that mattered.

"What's this!" The policeman bent down to look at two figures that lay side by side. The man's coat, full open, displayed a badge shining on his breast. The discoverer was impelled to a more vital interest. "A man from Central office!" he cried, aghast.

Detective Jimmy O'Hara opened his eyes, slowly. His mind was perfectly clear, because his head had not been injured at all. The rest of him was dead, quite dead, and he had seen

enough of death to know this for himself.

He knew what had happened, too. The crash of impact still lingered in his mentality. His brain was clear and as resonant as a bell which has just been rung, but his numb body was conscious of a heavy weight pulling against one shoulder. He managed to turn his eyes downward and saw a face there—a dead face with dead yellow hair and spots of red paint on the cheek bones. A horrible thing to be dragging a man down.

"Who was with you officer?" demanded the policeman, with his notebook under his nose. "Did you have a prisoner?"

Jimmy O'Hara remembered. He remembered perfume, white hands and soft slenderness, fine as silk, lying against his shoulder for a second as the crash came. He remembered duty. He lifted his heavy eyes again and saw her like a dream standing over him, pitying, like a person too horrified to move. And he remembered duty again. But what is a man's duty? Is it the thing he has promised other men to do, or the prompt of that intimate stranger who sits in judgment when the body sleeps?

Jimmy O'Hara, who all his life had done the right thing as right is accepted, beheld now a sort of white light, a highway opening beside his narrow path. Nearly everything was dead—as the world calls dead—about him, but this was the clearest vision he had ever known.

"Here she is," he said with a weak motion toward the heavy thing upon his arm, and shut his eyes for good and all.

CHAPTER XIII

"Because I Love Her"

Brian Anstey, making his way through the long rooms, evaded successfully the inveigling efforts of people he knew. A good-looking chap with the right sponsors may not, at such a time, reach a given point in a given time without encountering all the opposition that soft eyes, softer smiles, detaining murmurs may throw in his way. Beyond a bulwark of black shoulders Daisy Fentress sent a wistful glance. She alone might have called to him but she would not. He saw Simon, apart and taut; less than other men in stature, yet towering above them, a—personality on stilts. He saw a dozen men whose names and words were making history, and saw them for the first time as individuals who annoyed him by getting in his way. And at last he got a glimpse of the man he was looking for.

Converse was paying ponderous compliments to a Brazilian lady. He seemed to admire her olive shoulders, frankly pasted with snowy shellac, more than anything in the world. His high color was undimmed; his small eyes were bland and avid as ever, yet Brian spoke to him without hesitation. "Come with me," he said in a low voice.

Converse looked around in surprise. He was amazed to be spoken to in that manner. But when he saw Brian's face he excused himself to his companion and followed.

They went to the room that Brian had left a few minutes before. The atmosphere of Linda Roth still lingered there in some strange fashion as if over the thousand perfumes of the crowded rooms beyond, her own clinging intangibly to the drooping fern fronds or trembled somewhere in the golden haze of shaded lamps. It forced them to admit her presence.

But they were alone there and Brian could endure to see the great bulk of Converse sprawled upon the frail settee where she had rested. The faint shattering of one of the imitation pearls as it perished did not move him as it might have done, so far was he removed from the sentiment of little things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Spanish Homes

Of all the Mediterranean styles of architecture in use today, there is probably none more popular or better known, especially for residential purposes, than the Spanish with its life and color.

The Spanish, having apparently been a home-loving race, developed their residential architecture to a higher degree than any other type of building. Where the Greek masterpieces are found in religious buildings, as is the case in most historical styles, the Spanish seem to have studied architecture from a livable point of view. Their principal contribution being residential, the Spanish house was designed for its owner's comfort in every way possible.

No Roofes, No Rentes

Yes, indeed, I arrears three months rent. If you were I should you pay and keep mouth shut, who is like d—n fool to pay the thing unsatisfactory.

Unless you patch the roof and put new paper on wall then I clear that. Later if you do not do I shall sue you damage for working hours. Many time the worked had done how ever midnight rain, next morning all clothes wet I have start all over and waste my time for nothing.—Letter from a New Jersey Chinese laundryman to his landlord.

Early Magazines

The first magazine published in America was issued in Philadelphia February 13, 1741. It was the American Magazine, or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies, published by Andrew Bradford. Three days later Benjamin Franklin issued the General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America.—Detroit News



FIRST HAS NO CHANCE

A party of travelers were relating their experiences on sea and land. Only one man of the crowd sat silent in his corner. Presently some one addressed him.

"Have you traveled much, sir?"

"A little," was the meek reply. "I've been round the world seven times."

"Then you must have been through some exciting adventures. Perhaps you would tell us about some of them."

"Well," said the stranger, "probably my most remarkable experience was during my last voyage. At one time we found the heat so terrific that we used to take turns to go down into the stokehold to get cooled."

Then everybody decided it was time to go to bed.

ENTOMOLOGIST SHOCKED



"The great entomologist was terribly shocked today."

"How was that?"

"He was out after butterflies and somebody asked him if he was the dog catcher and used the little net to catch puppies with."

Revelations

If people always spoke the truth it wouldn't make us gladder. The world would wiser be, in sooth. But likewise vastly sadder.

Sharing Responsibilities

"What do you understand by coalition?"

"It's supposed to give the back-seat driver a chance," said Senator Sorghum. "You keep the wheels of legislation going without knowing exactly who is running the machine."—Washington Star.

Quite So

"Pardon me, I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before. You're so much like Jones, the chauffeur."

"I am Jones."

"Ah, that accounts for the remarkable likeness."—Faun, Vienna.

EASY RUNABOUT



"Jack says he has a dandy little runabout."

"Yes, it'll run about two miles and then quit."

Rest in Pieces

Here lies what's left of Adolph McPharr; He bumped a mule with His midget car.

Payments Overdue

Servant—There's a man to see you, sir.

Master—Tell him to take a chair. Servant—He has, sir. He's taken them all, and they're moving out the piano now. He's from the furniture store.

Fault of Chewing Gum

Barber—How did you get your mustache in this condition?

Customer—I tried to steal a kiss from a girl who was chewing gum.

An Expensive Curiosity

"You don't love me any more. When you see me crying now you don't ask why."

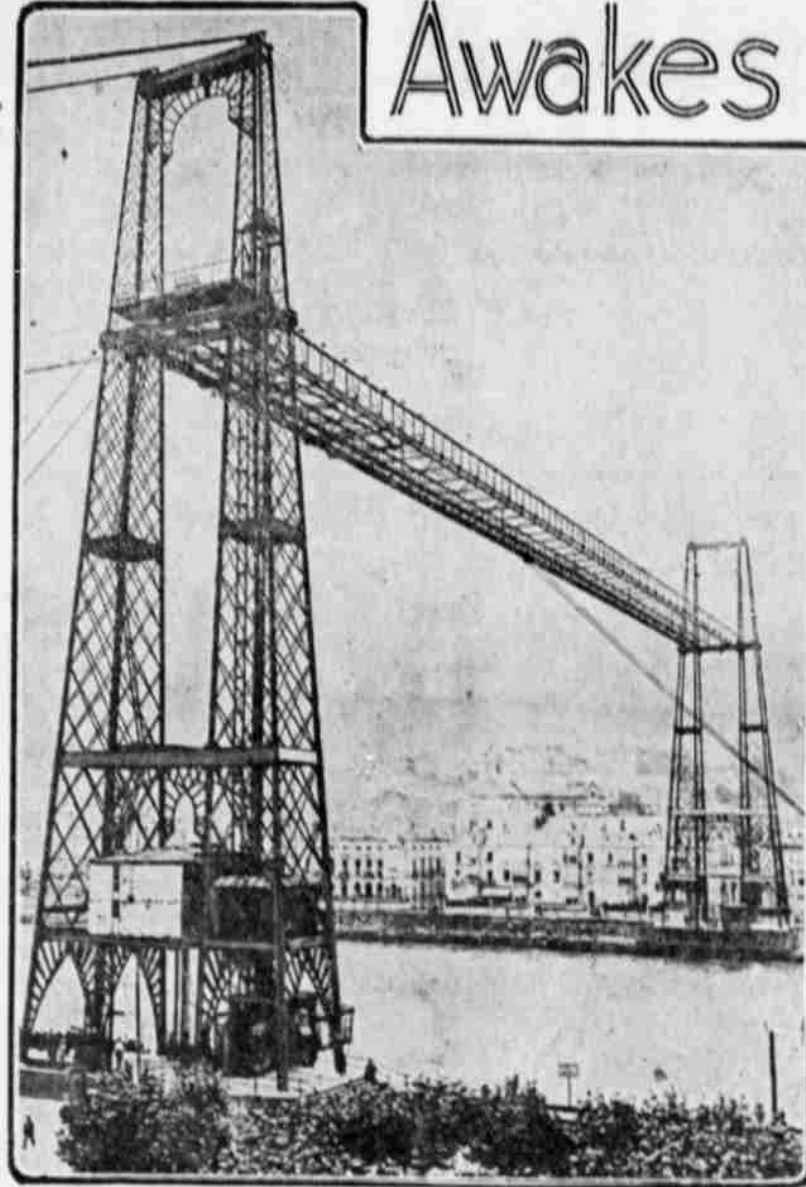
"I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but these questions have already cost me such a lot of money."

Loss and Gain

"Did your husband find that golf improved his health?"

"Yes. It improved his health. But unless he learns to play better, it will spoil his disposition."

How Bilbao Awakes



"Flying Ferry" Across the Nervion River, Spain.

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

HOW a city awakes is one of the most outstanding characteristics by which a traveler can catalogue it.

Bilbao, on the northern coast of Spain, has certain noises and activities all its own. When most northern Spanish cities wake up in the morning certain fixed and recognized noises are heard, certain events transpire, and certain movements of the population take place, and in Spain somehow these little incidents differ considerably from similar ones taking place at the same hour in other countries.

The whistle of locomotives is heard announcing the departure of early trains, and in Spain the best trains, apparently with fixed intent, manage to depart at about five o'clock. Tiny electric cars rumble through narrow streets and across the plazas, under the dusty palm trees, tinkling their little brass bells, or perhaps they haven't any bell at all, the conductor simply blowing from time to time a small tin horn as sign of warning.

The worker appears on the streets with his long blue blouse hanging to the knees, hurrying along noiselessly in his alpargatas, like canvas tennis shoes with soles of coiled rope, and his boina, a tiny blue cap with no visor, like a small tam-o'-shanter, with a piece of string an inch long replacing the pompon, set at a rakish angle.

Shops Open, People Appear.

In the older parts of the town the iron curtain covering both door and single window of the little stores, taverns, and wine shops of the poorer classes is pushed up with a rattle and the place is then open for business. The church bells call the faithful to early mass, and among them are many women garbed in black, further intensified by the black mantilla over head and shoulders, who slip like shadows through the early morning light.

Movement commences along the waterfront, where the rattle of donkey-engine is heard, the clanking of large chains, and the hoarse cries of the second mates starting their gangs at the day's work of cargo-handling.

All that takes place in any of the Spanish cities on the "Mar Cantabrico," as the Bay of Biscay is called in the mother tongue. But at Bilbao there are two incidents that occur in the early morning which apparently are unique to this, the largest of the Basque cities of Spain.

Number one. The oil lamps of the angulos are extinguished. Now, angulos are fishermen who since midnight have been engaged in a peculiar branch of the fisherman's art. They have been catching angulus, and angulus, in turn, are a very peculiar brand of fish—little white, almost transparent worms (perhaps it would sound better to call them miniature eels), only two inches long. When a batch of them is fried however, in olive oil and served in an earthenware dish, with the oil still popping when brought to the table, most connoisseurs will agree that there is method in the angulos' apparent madness.

This delicacy inhabits the River Nervion and is caught along the stone walls of the quays, being attracted in nets by the fishermen's oil lamps.

Women Stevedores of Bilbao.

Number two. The shrieks of barefooted, lily-clothed women stevedores are heard.

This requires the explanation that Bilbao, the most important port of Spain after Barcelona, derives its prominence from the heavy outward-bound traffic in iron ore from nearby mines and the correspondingly heavy imports of coals from Newcastle to furnish fuel for the many Basque industries.

The iron ore is loaded with modern equipment along the river, but the coal is often unloaded by hand or, perhaps to be more explicit, by head. Women almost exclusively are employed in this dainty occupation. Every day a continuous line is to be seen moving up one gang-plank, with bushel-basket in hand, and down another to the coal hills on shore, with a heaping basketful of coal balanced on each head.

When these toilers gather, shortly after daybreak, to begin work, there is a great row that has to do with preferred places in the line, there being some gang-planks slightly nearer to the coal heaps than others.

Bilbao is eight miles up the River Nervion from the sea. Numerous towns, some of them devoted to ship building, iron foundries and smelters, line both sides of the stream between the port and the sea. At the mouth of the Nervion are twin cities, Las Arenas on the right bank, and Portugalete on the left. People are transported between the towns in a unique manner.

Flying Ferry is Unique.

On each river edge is a great tower of steel, something like a wireless tower, but more massive, over two hundred feet in height. These towers support a light iron bridge one hundred and fifty feet above the river, under which the largest steamers pass and repass night and day. From this bridge is suspended a "flying ferry" supported by a network of fine wire, which is pulled back and forth across the river. It hangs to within a few feet of the water.

One crowds onto the ferry, the whistle blows, the bell rings, the iron gate clangs shut, away one moves smoothly out over the river through the air, as it were. The opposite shore is reached in a minute, but it is a rather delightful little minute at that.

Portugalete has narrow streets, and its balconied houses stretch picturesquely up the hillside, while at the top is an enchanting little Gothic church, which is always the way in Spanish towns. They always seem to cluster around a church or two for protection. Indeed, in Bilbao, there are no less than seventy-five of these protectors.

Las Arenas, opposite Portugalete, is a modern village of seashore villas which has become popular as a summer resort. Here the Club Maritimo has its pleasant club house, overlooking the harbor entrance.

For administrative purposes Spain is divided into forty-nine districts or provinces. Regionalism is so strong that one may almost continue and state that there are also forty-nine national languages, forty-nine national costumes, forty-nine national dances, and, last but by no means least, forty-nine national dishes.

This would, perhaps, be a slight exaggeration, but the fact remains that the inhabitants of each district differ noticeably in characteristics from all the others. A man from Barcelona is first a Catalan and second a Spaniard. Likewise an inhabitant of Coruna is less Spanish than Gallego and a person from Bilbao places his Basque nationality before his Spanish adherence, and so on.

Thus, the Bilbao holds that no dish can equal in excellence his bacalao vizcaino, and the citizen of Vigo turns up his nose at all foods except his own native pote gallego, a concoction of potato and cabbage boiled in water with lard and eaten with bread and garlic. The Valencian has his arroz valenciano, which is really excellent—rice cooked in oil, to which tender bits of meat and sweet peppers are added. The proud Castilian sticks through thick and thin to the pucher the Sevillano to his beloved gazpach

that sluggish feeling

Put yourself right with nature by chewing Feen-a-mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern—safe—scientific. For the family.



Noted English Writer Won't "Play" Typewriter

When I was in London in 1923 John Galsworthy showed me the manuscripts of nearly all his books. He cannot dictate and cannot play the typewriter; thus they are all in pen and ink, and their commercial value must be prodigious.

Prof. Carlton Wells of the University of Michigan calls my attention to an article in a review, quoting the Manchester Guardian, as follows:

"They are worth a small fortune and they are certain to appreciate greatly in years to come. No other English writer, with the possible exception of Shaw, has such a vogue abroad, and almost every month sees an advance in the prices of his first editions.

"Galsworthy is one of the few modern authors who write remarking in their own hand. He once told me that he found it impossible to think with a typewriter in front of him, and he raised his eyes in mock horror when I mentioned the dictaphone.

"In his study at Hampstead all his manuscripts are carefully preserved in a row of red morocco boxes shaped like book covers. Those he has presented to the British museum are to be seen in the Greville room."—William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine.

Fault and Misfortune

George Ade once remarked that you couldn't blame a man for having club feet, but that side whiskers were his own fault.—American Magazine.

Human Nourishment

The amount of food and drink consumed by the average man each year weighs about a ton.

FARM WOMAN BENEFITED

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lickdale, Pa.—"Before I was married, my mother and sister and I did all the farming work on a 64-acre farm for eleven years. I married a farmer and now in addition to my housework and the care of my children I help him with the outside work on our farm. After my last child was born, I began to suffer as many women do. Finally our family doctor told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did and now I am a new woman and I know that good health is better than riches."—Mrs. CLYDE I. SHERMAN, R. #1, Lickdale, Pa.



Giant Thermometer

In Visalia, Calif., where the mercury frequently flirts with the century mark, Harry Hunsucker, theater manager, claims to have the world's largest thermometer. It is twenty-six feet in height with tubing three inches in diameter. The thermometer, mounted above the marquee of the theater on the outside, is used to display to potential patrons the temperature inside the ice-cooled theater.

Stolen sweets are best.—Cibber.

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