

PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"What do you want of me?" Converse asked, curiously. He saw at once that a change had come over the younger man; that he had to do with something new and strange in him. He was on guard instantly. So far as he could surmise he had nothing to fear from this youngster whom he could crush as easily as he had crushed a bit of shell underfoot without knowing how it came there. But he was prepared to be cautious, for he had learned to be wary of unexpected blows. He felt in his pocket and produced a single cigar. It was not a place for smoking nor a time, yet Converse could not have carried on with out this weapon. Behind its shelter he could think impassively; prepare his defense; strike.

"You are excited," he said. But Brian was not excited, and he knew it. He asked evenly: "What have you done to Mrs. Roth?" Converse could not believe that he had heard aright. "Done to her?" he repeated. He was a little hurt. Here was a young man whom he had recommended in a world where fact is the most desirable of all qualities, and yet he was being approached by this protegee and a woman's name, most subtle of weapons, used as a bludgeon. He took refuge in the time-honored "I don't know what you mean."

"Then I will explain," said Brian. He was perfectly cool, knowing that he had already ruined himself and content to be ruined if this would bring him nearer his objective. "Something has happened to Mrs. Roth and I believe you know what it is. I am asking you to tell me."

The emphasis was so slight that an ear less keen than his hearer's might have missed it. Converse reflected. It was plain that the youngster was a little mad—through love for Linda, doubtless. He was the sort that love could play the deuce with. Dues! And after a man is forty his veins do not respond to thrills, of unripened adventure. He was divided between two instincts—that of the primitive—to fight for what he still held of her, or to give her over as useless to himself—knowing that all was past between them forever. Her bruised wings had carried her too far from him after all.

Brian was astonished to read sadness in the other man's eyes. "You are asking for my honor," Converse said slowly. "Not yours. Her honor."

Converse drew: "Then it is a woman's honor I am to give into your hands. Why?"

A vein sprang out on Brian's forehead. He was not as calm now as the older man, who had the advantages of experience and sluggish blood. "I am glad that you added a question to that," he said. "Because I will tell you why. Because I love her. Because I love her as she is. Because I must follow her, wherever she has gone."

Converse was tiring. Their few words had covered limitless emotion. He felt it surging past him with the dauntless wings of youth. Triumph. Love. All that he had lost in his success.

"There is nothing," he heard himself saying. "She was a little girl I helped, and then she was a woman I wanted. My way of getting what I want is not your way. Because nature gave me this." He glanced, obliquely, at his obese body with a sort of sick contempt—so he must have looked upon himself in aloneness. His laughter rumbled. "I had to snare my birds. But sometimes I failed. And this was such a time."

He stopped, astonished at his own lack of interest in what had happened. He discovered that he did not desire Linda Roth any longer. He had wanted her for years, had schemed to win her favor or to buy it at any price, and now he could let her go wearily. It was difficult to remember what he felt for her even yesterday.

He got up, dropping the end of his cigar in a brass bowl—wishing now that he had not smoked, for it was bitter in his mouth. "She took money from me for years, you know. Then suddenly she decided that she would not have any more. What happens to women when they begin to split hairs? Usually the thing they are trying to avoid. She was the worst kind of a cheat—she cheated herself. Probably she needs money now."

Brian stepped back, sick and appalled. He could not kill a man for giving him the truth he had asked for. Shame surged over him in a wave and when it receded he was alone.

CHAPTER XIV

"Don't You Remember?"

The girl in the cotroom gave him his belongings. She was an old young thing and forgave the tip he forgot. He discovered as readily that Linda was not in her room and was told at the same time that she had left the hotel by the service elevator. But from the starter at the taxi stand he learned more. A lady had gone from the hotel fifteen minutes before. She was not alone. The man watched Brian's face carefully as he chose his words. Her companion looked like a dick, he said, plain clothes. The

starter was almost sure of that. Perhaps the next chauffeur in line knew something.

Brian found himself in a taxi moving carefully over icy streets. These fellows seemed to guess a lot. He understood from their silence that they knew more than he dared think. He told the driver to follow the other cab in the suspected direction, and knowing that the moment of overtaking it meant everything to her and himself, he found himself thinking less of that and merely wondering if she wore a warm cloak and if the icy sleet that beat against the window pane could find its way to her soft cheek.

The cab careened, shivered and stood still, helpless in its chains. The chauffeur spoke doubtfully through his tube.

"Shall I go on, sir?"

"Go on."

Where? The night was a maze of gray streets, gray people, lamps flaring against icy veils of rain. Where would he find her in that phantasmagoria? But he knew that he must and would, with the certainty that love and wanting gives. Presently she would be in his arms and that impossible parting would be no more.

Strange thoughts rioted through his mind, opening and shutting doors of little cells where dwelt all the infinite life of his past and the indefinable nebulae of the future that was to have been and the future that would be. He had followed will o' the wisp. Yesterday he had been a boy worshipping ideals clothed fantastically in such bodies as that of Converse. But today he was something else—not man as he knew men, but a sort of power which, because he loved a woman enough, could sweep a path for her through the waste places where she was lost.

All that he had wanted existed no longer, except wherein it concerned her. It was like the play of children, forgotten before a greater shame. He saw himself in her eyes, incomplete. She could put him aside because she believed him too weak to defend her or because she would not accept a defense that had been blind to her need, but now that he knew, her control was over. Her decisions became the plaintive cries of a woman left alone in the wilderness.

He was brought from this by the swift flight of the car as it whirled half around and came groaning to a stop beside the curb. It was impossible to distinguish anything but lights and a moving mass beyond the blurred windows, but he heard the reproachful voice of his driver calling to him:

"You see that, sir? A bad accident. It ain't a night for a dawg to be out in. They've got the street roped off. I'll have to go around the block, sir."

Brian's hand moved to the door handle before his mind registered his intention. His instincts were all awake, carrying him upon a fierce tide. He sprang out of the car, telling the man to wait.

The street was a jumble of broken things. A thin line of onlookers, shivering in the rain but kept warm by their activity, pressed against one another forcing their way, inch by inch, upon the forbidden ground. Police in gleaming rubber coats ordered them back, threatening with clubs what words failed to effect. The front tires of an automobile, ludicrously elevated, were the pivot of this street war and Brian, pushing his way through the line, saw a grotesque wreck of machinery that seemed to be sitting down at last after thousands of weary miles (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of Course Henry Had Sent That Letter, but—

He kicked off his wet shoes, slid his tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief, and declared that 20,000 wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house until the following morning.

"Henry," said his wife, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning, I suppose?"

"I did, my love," he answered, unblushingly.

"I asked mother to postpone her visit for a while," his wife continued. "You see—"

Henry did so. His wife saw, too what she saw was the tired man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers put on his shoes, and slip out into the murky street. And when, five minutes later, Henry came back with the tale that he had been to see how the thermometer outside the post office stood, she smiled.

Fleeting Youth

George Edwards—old London Galety "guy" nor—was a great believer in youth and good looks in his actresses, and he gave particular care to the selection of the "six little wives" in "San Toy," and, after the piece had run for some months, he was found at the back of the dress circle inspecting the stage critically through his opera glasses.

"Look at those girls," he groaned. "What is the matter?" asked his Miss Aebates.

"Can't you see how old they're getting?"—Kansas City Star.

America's Largest "Zoo"

The New York zoological park in the Bronx, New York city, is the largest zoo in the United States, with 934 acres and a collection of several thousand.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1920 Western Newspaper Union.)

Burly, dozing humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me my hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
—Emerson.

LABOR-SAVING IDEAS

When making pastry prepare more than is needed and place in a cold place or ice chest, tightly covered with waxed paper. The thoroughly chilled mixture makes more flaky crust than that baked at once.



From this pastry a few tarts may be made in a hurry, or cheese straws, a meat pie, using leftover meat.

Ice box rolls are another special that can be mixed and left in the ice chest for a week. Take off just the amount needed for rolls and put them to rise; when light, bake. A tin of delicious rolls are quickly served. An hour or two before baking make them into small rolls and keep very warm, tightly covered. It is better to grease them well with lard—that keeps the flour from drying out on top while rising. They should be more than double their bulk when put into the oven.

When baking potatoes prepare enough so that the next day a few will be available for cream potatoes. They are fully as good as those freshly cooked.

By keeping jars of chow chow, capers, olives, pickles as well as cheese, celery, anchovies and numerous other condiments and relishes, one has access to delightful fillings for sandwiches which need to be made in a hurry. A jar of mayonnaise and a bottle of french dressing should be made in such quantities that they are always available. It takes very little extra effort to double the amount when preparing a salad dressing, and then there is always a supply.

Wash the heads of lettuce and place in a cloth or covered dish in the ice chest, then the lettuce will always be ready for use. Parsley well washed, leaving the moisture clinging to the leaves, if put in a fruit jar tightly covered, will keep two weeks, fresh and green. Add a bit of water if it seems to dry out.

Nellie Maxwell

Might Be Excused for Using Strong Language

A few nights ago a spectacular fire left a warehouse a smoking ruin. Five alarms were sounded. Eleven reporters—two working and nine out to enjoy the fire—rushed to the scene. A columnist, who had no business there but loves to run after the engines, got his feet wet and caught cold.

The conflagration was the destructive sequel to a minor blaze that had scorched the establishment a few hours earlier. The first fire was discovered by the owner of the building, who sent in the alarm, watched the fire-fighters apparently extinguish the flames, and then went home.

Before retiring he telephoned a contractor to call around the next morning to see about repairing a few windows, painting the doors, and otherwise touching up the place here and there.

At seven o'clock the next morning the contractor called upon the owner at his home and together they went downtown. Arrived where the building should have been, the contractor looked at the smoking pile of debris and then at the owner. "Just what was it you wanted me to do?" he asked, puzzled.

Because of the owner's fine Sunday-school record, we don't like to tell what he replied.—Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

"Panacea"

Another word that is almost invariably misused is "panacea." It is employed as if it were a synonym for "remedy" or "cure." But it means much more than that. A panacea is a universal remedy or cure; that is, a cure for everything, a cure-all. To speak of a panacea for a particular ailment is absurd. What the farmer needs for his economic illness is a remedy. Perhaps it is an indication of the seriousness with which observers view his condition that they are apt to speak of suggested remedies not as remedies but as panaceas. To such an extent is the meaning of the word misapprehended that one even sees the expression "universal panacea," which is like saying "limitless infinity"—as if there could be any other kind.—New York Evening Post.

Implicit Reliance

When the motor car was in its experimental stage, we were always fussing with it, taking it apart. As soon as it demonstrated its reliability, we at once dropped our anxiety about it and got reckless in our driving.—American Magazine.

And No Ticker Taps?

If this idea of windowless office buildings spreads, what is the world going to do when a parade goes by?—Boston Evening Transcript.

Mystery of Angkor



Angkor Wat, in Cambodia.

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

FAR up in the jungles of French Indo-China, some 300 miles from the doorstep of the world as measured in distance, a thousand years in the past as measured in time, and eons back in the unknown as measured in history, is Angkor, one of the most puzzling works ever contrived by the hand of man.

Temple and town and network of dim and forgotten shrines, it represents a culture that must have been far in advance of anything coeval with it and a power that must have been virtually irresistible even in Asia, where men at arms were plentiful and warfare was a favored business.

But the culture died and the men who had built it disappeared, and for hundreds of years the forests of banyan and bamboo hid from the eyes and memory of the world what had been a metropolis of a million inhabitants.

Two generations ago a French naturalist broke through the wall of jungle in a search for specimens of tropical life and came upon a spectacle such as the slaves of the lamp might have contrived for Aladdin. Before him, in the quivering silence, rose the five towers of a vast step pyramid, a stone tapestry representative of an art and architecture like nothing else within the ken of man.

A moated wall surrounded it and a cloistered gate upon a causeway that led to its rocketing staircases; and, for all that, jungle growths were close about its lower stage and odd clumps of verdure grew from its arched roofs, it seemed that life had been in its shadowy galleries only a moment ago. The temple was virtually intact.

No Trace of Man Except Ruins.

The astonished visitor looked about for the ashes of altar fires and stood listening for the footsteps of returning priests. It seemed incredible that a people could have evolved a civilization such as that typified by the great temple and then have vanished without any of their neighbors hearing of it.

But there were no human beings in the empty halls, nor was there trace of man, save in the ruin of his works in the walled city to the north.

It is now more than sixty years since the stunned eyes of Mouhot, the naturalist, looked upon the magnificent heights of Angkor—more than sixty years since the greatest detective story in the history of the world was laid out with its million stony clues to puzzle the savants. Today, with its principal remains classified and ticketed, its inscriptions translated, and its monuments lifted out of the jungle, Angkor is still the vast and silent mystery that it was in the beginning.

The world knows more about it now. Splendid automobile roads, cut through what was once a thicket of bamboo and is now an endless rice field, bring the traveler, on regular schedule and with little personal discomfort, from Saigon, at the foot of Asia, to the bungalow on the edge of the Angkor moat, in a few hours. Yearly hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world are seeking out this odd corner and carrying away with them amazed reports that will lure other hundreds.

And yet, were it not for the fact that these tremendous zikkurats remain much as they were when they were first built, defiant of time and weather, by the Tonle Sap (Great Lake), the incredible tale of the civilization that built them and vanished would rank as it did in Mouhot's time, as a none-too-cleverly-constructed myth.

Discovered by Mouhot.

Two generations ago the modern world had never heard of Angkor. A dense forest spread across Indo-China. French trade was confined to the coast, and there was no commercial traffic on the Mekong river north of Pnompenh for the reason that Cambodia's resources, the same resources that had given this region a possible identity as the Golden Chersonese of legend, were as deeply carpeted with useless verdure as the hidden cities of the North.

Pnompenh, the capital of the Kingdom of Cambodia (western portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula), was a village of nipa thatch and bamboo, a comic-opera metropolis, where a despot ruled in fear of his life over a semisavage, if not completely savage, people.

Saigon, the present capital of French enterprise in the East, was just rising from the marshes south of Annam.

What might lie hidden in the masses of foliage to the north, no one knew.

During these troublous times M. Mouhot passed up the great river into Tonle Sap and made his discovery.

Archeology, already thrilled by the translation of the Rosetta Stone and the unbelievable bit of detective work which led to the decipherment of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, turned its attention at once to this new field.

For half a century learned men toiled here unceasingly to prove at length only what had been suspected from the first, that a highly intellectual people had built up in this valley a civilization, and that however inconceivable experience might show such a thing to be, their marvelous culture had been sunk without a trace.

Once, and not so long ago, the journey to Angkor could be made only by boat—a tedious passage that took five days. The stories of travelers who made the pilgrimage in those days are long recitals of hardship and continuous descriptions of impenetrable jungle.

There is no reason to believe that these accounts were at all inaccurate. But conditions change rapidly in Indo-China. A lace pattern of paved roads has been traced all across this end of Asia.

Now Easy of Access.

Motor transport, more flexible and faster than the typical oriental railroad, has brought the upper reaches of the Mekong valley to within a few hours of Saigon; and paddy fields, spreading out and beyond the old horizons, have pushed the jungle steadily northward.

Today one may ride for hundreds of miles without seeing any trees save in far scattered clusters, and it was only yesterday that the tiger and elephant walked here, unmolested lords of the physical kingdom of the Khmers.

Beyond a bank of water lilies in the still moat, beyond a cloistered wall that seems to have neither beginning nor end, the great bulk of Angkor Vat drives its stone wedge into the sky. A pilgrim looks upon it through misty eyes and with an odd constriction of the throat, for there is no such monument to a vanished people anywhere else in the world.

The sun is setting now, and the gold has come back to the minarets. The lacework of carved rock is fragile as cobweb in the gathering shadow, and with the half light of early evening the central pyramid has taken on an awe-inspiring size. It seems futile to record its grandeur. One does not describe an Angkor. He sits and gazes at it in silence and amazement.

The name Angkor has been somewhat loosely applied to these ruins. There are two principal groups: Angkor Vat, the temple, and Angkor Thom, the town. The word Angkor is believed to be a native corruption of the Sanskrit Nagara, meaning capital. Thom is a local word, meaning great or grand. Vat is an appellation designating a temple and is generally associated with Buddhism.

Wonderful Step Pyramid.

Angkor Vat was the last important work of the Khmers and remains today the finest expression of their peculiar art. Built as a shrine to Hindu gods and apparently devoted to Vishu, Siva, and Buddha in turn, it has departed a long distance from the parent architecture of the Hindus. It is a step pyramid which rises through three cloistered stages to a group of five interlike towers, of which the one in the center is dominant.

The temple area is about a quarter of a mile square and is surrounded by a moat and a high wall. A causeway crosses the moat and strikes through a gate pierced in the middle of the western wall, whence it leads to the portico of the first stage. The lower galleries measure nearly 250 feet on a side. The facade is five times as wide as that of Notre Dame of Paris.

It is the history of Angkor Vat that no beholder can judge accurately how high it really is. The towers are loftier than the tallest palms of the jungle, but they are lifted still higher by tricks of perspective that form the most interesting part of their design. In the mass, Angkor is as impressive as the Pyramids of Egypt, more striking as an artistic ensemble than even the Taj Mahal. But it is not for these attributes that the dazed pilgrim would classify it as the most fascinating place in the world.

Don't bother to "make this simple test"



BUT if you must convince yourself, try some ordinary tobacco in an old pipe. Note result in chalk on the bottom of your left shoe.

Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacco-ist has Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.



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Dog Given Honor
Chinook, famous sled dog which died on the Byrd expedition, has been honored in New Hampshire, his home state. The road from Tamworth to Wonalancet has been officially designated as Chinook trail.

Blessings of poverty are imaginary. To have enough and not too much is the best condition.



Mother of Four Babies

"Although I am only 22 years old, I have four babies to care for. Before my first baby was born my mother urged me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was so terribly weak. I had to lie down four or five times a day. After three bottles I could feel a great improvement. I still take the Vegetable Compound whenever I need it for it gives me strength to be a good mother to my family."—Mrs. Vern L. Dennings, 510 Johnson Street, Saginaw, Michigan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
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