

The Line of March

By W. E. Hill

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Mrs. Mary Gunn will lose her little girl, Clarice, at regular intervals during the progress of the parade. And after each reunion of mother and daughter mamma will slap and shake Clarice and say: "Clarice, you bad girl, do you want to break mamma's heart by getting lost in the crowd? Do you want a horse's hoof to kick you to death? Didn't mamma tell you to stay right by her and not let go mamma's hand?" Then there will be an even louder howl from Clarice and all will be forgiven.



Lunch time along the curb, showing Clara, Joe, mamma, and little Minna enjoying a paper bag repast.



First a band, then a company of soldiers, and then a car bearing none other than George C. Flitter, cameraman for a news reel, whose duty it is to ride backward and take moving pictures of the mayor, the mayor's lady, and whoever it is that may be riding in the car behind, thus delighting thousands in the far off towns who hunger for news of the wide world.



The office force of Ginsberg & Grogan's has not been let off to see the parade, a great piece of crass injustice, many of the stenogs and filing clerks think. Miss Katz, Miss Mulligan and Miss Gracie are watching and waiting from this upper story. "O, don't I wish I was down there watching," sighs Miss Katz.



Cross section of a parade day crowd. Practice makes perfect, and after a few more pushes the crowd will break through Officer Vincent O'Hara unless help comes from headquarters.



Arthur, the office boy, has given out of confetti. There isn't a suburban phone book or even a classified directory left. So he is making the best of the office scrap baskets.



Just a sweet, lovable girl who wants to get on the other side of the street, encountering the strong arm of the law. Helen used to think policemen were such nice, big, handsome things, but she never will again. Imagine, there is her girl friend right across the way and the cop won't let her cut through the Boy Scouts' band!



Comes a conquering hero, peeping from between two shrinking members of the mayor's committee of welcome. Two-thirds of the people on the sidelines are saying, "That must of been him in the other car load!"



Parade day wouldn't be parade day without an allegorical float. Something to treasure in the memory after the bands and the crowds have been forgot. Here we have Miss Fay Lauderboom at that tense moment when the float started to suddenly. Fay, who impersonates Rejuva, goddess of glandular treatments, on the float depicting Progress, was chosen out of several hundred in a competition for the most beautiful girl in America.