## FORBIDDEN YEARS

WADSWORTH CAMP

He shrugged his shoulders; didn't bother to answer. er hand was limp beneath tight grasp, but it tingled; the feeling was like an infecmen, but it had nothing whatover to do with Harvey.

"I can't stay in Elmford, Marvey, living on Aunt Barbara and Uncle Walter, watching them agonized bemuse I won't get married."

There, it was out. That was ene way of telling him, but he wouldn't be told; he was always too confident of reachmg any goals toward which directed his steps.

"You're going to get married, Bobbie, before long. I'll make good. You've got to promise tonight. You've held me off long enough. You've got to kiss me tonight."

She loathed the icy waves of repulsion in which she struggled, but his eager lips couldn't guide her to the warm harbor of passion. She tried to break his grasp, but he wouldn't let her. Her tone windled to a husky whisper.

"I like you better than anyme I know, but I don't love you, Harvey. I just don't. I've tired so hard, but I can't. I can't love anyone."

He wouldn't let her go. "That's all right, if you son't care for another man." Against his arm her head moved in vigorous denial.

"I don't. I can't. But that soesn't make any difference. I'm not going to marry you." "You are going to mary me," he said, "so make up your mind to it."

It was prophecy, command; held a threat that summoned all her defensive

"Harvey, you've got to mderstand. Can't you see it makes me unhappy—even to have you touch me?"

Abruptly he took his hands from her and stood up. He was hurt, but she had always known, because of his willfulness, that she would have to hurt him deeply now in order to spare him sharper pain in the future. There was a menace in his sudden edged

"Some day it won't make you unhappy to have me touch you. I'll make you take that back."

Prophecy, command, threat again! She rose and moved plose to him appealingly.

"I'm sorry. I hate myself." His hard confidence made her uneasy.

'When I want a thing, Bobbie, I know how to go after and I want you more than anything in the world."

"Harvey, put me out of your mind." "When I do that I won't

have any mind."

"Please," she begged, "go in and tell Aunt Barbara. Give her a chance to get used to M before she sees me."

"That," he said, "is the reason you're thinking of going to New York. If you go I'll find you and look after

you." "No, Harvey, the less you see of me the better."

He didn't bother to answer, he didn't say anything else. He held her hands for a moment before pacing silently down the nave of the pines. Small white memorial stones at either side gave dull renections to the taper-like glew of the moon. They measured his progress until

he turned at the Gardner's. She watched, drooping against the meeting-house

wall. He had gone more like the

PIGEON FLIES TO SCHOOL Reanoke, Va .- (UP) -- Ronald Colhas no little lamb which follows him to school as did that of a sertain little girl named Mary. But be does have a pet pigeon which ties to his classroom with him in Trginia Heights every day.

From the New York Times.

From the New York Times.

From Beach has thrown a pebble
to the sea, the waves from which yet wash distant shores. It has a city ordinance providing dule of fees for ears parked streets near the waterfront conqueror than the victim of her coldness. He had come tonight armed against her refusal, really only to warn her that he would always be near, calm, persistent, undefeatable? The conception, frightened her. She might as well follow him in and stand straight before the storm.

She pressed herself against nave flanked by the dully glowing memorials. Noiseless as a spirit, a man glided past each one, nearer, nearer. All at once she had an impulse to flight, but Gray Manvel's closeness hindered her.

"I call this luck, small Barbara. I told you I was coming

"How did you guess I was

Extreme physical exhaustion sent his voice deep in his throat.

"Saw a female person through the trees. Hoped it might be you."

Her hand tingled from the apprehension of his taking it. "Why should you want it

to be me?" He groaned. His voice was very hoarse.

"You're about the only person I know who doesn't think a football game's a clash of planets. I want to get away from football. I'm restless as a rabbit. Trying to walk it

He chuckled hoarsely. "Down there they think I'm resting in a room that smells like the back of a drug

store." He groaned again. "Couldn't find a spot to lie on that didn't remind me how

good some Eli blocker or tackler was. Let's talk about anything but football." "I heard you were hurt." "You do get pushed about

a little when you're their opponent. It was a darned good game. I enjoyed it." Incredulously she surveyed

his face which, even in the faint light, showed many fresh bruises. "Somebody said you were

carried off the field." "Somebody said the truth. Makes me sore to thing of it.

Cold for nearly an hour, but when they decided the marble hadn't cracked they let me come home, and I didn't miss much. It was long towards the final whistle." She smiled wonderingly.

"You're a queer man." Clearly he didn't know what she meant.

"Why?" "Apparently you like being

hurt." "I don't, but it's in the game. Got to take the chance of being hurt doing anything that's a great deal of fun."

She glanced away. Had he given his aphorism a special and present significance? He sighed his utter weariness. "Glad I found you. I've

thought a lot about since last week." She despised her ineptness.

"I'm sure I don't know why."

"I suppose because you're so pretty in your own way, and you don't know me well enough to be an affliction."

There it was, his hand coming toward her, and she hadn't the power to move her tingling hand. She was glad when it was hidden in his hard palm; reality was less difficult than apprehension. He guided her to the steps, and she followed,

curious that she should. "Let's sit down, if you don't mind. My pins are wobbly." He sat on a step below her and rested his head against

-25 cents on weekdays and 50 cents

on holidays. Long Island had al-

ready been somewhat agitated over

the charge imposed by the state park commission for parking at Jones Beach. But that is a very dif-

ferent proposition, because it con-

cerns a segregated parking area, not a public street. No wonder the New York Automobile club is aroused.

Fearing that if other communities

follow the example of Long Beach

it will "mean the payment of mil-lions of dollars from the pockets of 'New York's motorists," it has instituted a test suit which will come

This is not the first time that

up for hearing on September 4.

her knees. She started to move her knees, but he looked up reproachfully.

"You've got to give a complete wreck a touch of kindness, a little comfort."

She laughed nervously and let her knees sway back. "I don't know why I'm doing this," she said to herself.

Because he was a child, a spoiled, hurt child; but her hand, now that it was free, tingled more than ever. His head nestled against her again. Dreamily he commenced to tell her about the game. He had come to her to talk about anything but football, yet he talked of nothing else while his hoarse voice grew drowsy. She wanted to pat his head, as she would have patted the head of a child, preoccupied by the day's play, and seeking praise and comprehension.

"I heard you were awfully good."

"I wasn't bad," he said sleepily. "I don't see how I could have done a great deal more. I'm satisfied, because Steve said it was all right."

"You think a lot about what

"One has to. He's that kind, bless him. Just before the stadium fell on my head the boys in blue had the ball on our two-yard line. I was lying close in . . .'

While the plays surged through his restless brain a hand stole up and found one of hers. He moved it so that it covered his eyes. His eyes were closed. She didn't know why she should do this, except that he was a child, asking praise and sympathy.

But stopped talking, and she listened to his even breathing. She breathed quickly herself, but silently. She couldn't keep her eyes from his head pressed against her knees. It possessed an hypnotic qutlity. With a sense of helpless surprise she saw her free hand slipping toward it. Suddenly she touched the thick crispness of his hair, and through her fingers rose slow waves of warmth, pleasurable, dissolving.

Now she knew why she did this, and was amazed and ashamed, and now she knew what the outcome must be; for he stirred, reached up, and drew her down, closer each moment, until, in the chapel-like light, she saw his eys awakening.

His arms smothered her movement to escape. She couldn't turn her head. She felt his mouth on hers, and her eyes closed. All the ice had gone, from about her and in her. She was shrinkingly glad that his strength wouldn't let her escape.

Her realization of that pierced this strange, compelling warmth with one chilling though. Had Ed Siller, after seeing her with him, aired his imaginings to Gray Manvel? Was that why Gray had prowled for her to-night? Had he foreseen this warmth, this closeness, this breathlessness?

"Let me go." She understod she could go only if he chose. His hard arms mocked her straining. But abruptly his muscles relaxed.

"Hang it! Here's company!" Free from him, breathing glanced down the nave. A feminine figure swept swiftly past each marker towards the chancel which had just been transformed for her into a pagan shrine. In an attempt at justification she burst out:

"Why did you do that?" "Couldn't help it to save my soul, and I will again when the populace isn't promenading."

"I don't want to see you

again." "But you will, Barbara," he whispered. "Don't make any mistake. It's bound to be."

He let go her hand and walked away, keeping in the shadow of the wal. She tried to quiet her breathing, to stop the shaking of her hands and shoulder's. Her aun't manner was premonitory.

city has dreamed of the revenues that might be obtained from a privilege heretofore accorded gratis. Two years ago Melborune, Australia, inaugurated a system of parking fees ranging from a shilling a day to £10 a year. But in this country parking on public strets, within the limits of local regulations, has commonly been free. In hard times like these other communities, if the Long Beach ordinance stands the test may resort to an expedient which would at one stroke bring in a subtantial revenue and tend to encourge the provision of off-street park-

"What are you doing here? Come straight in." Uncle Walter, flushed and

uneasy, waited in the siiting room. His wife faced him tensely.

"I found her at the meeting house."

Plainly Uncle Walter sought to placate.

"Well, isn't that where Harvey said she'd be?"

Mrs. Gardner swung sud-

"Bobbie, who was that man with you? I saw him slip away. That looks pretty, doesn't

Gray's arms had been a furnace to temper Barbara's egoism. She answered firmly: "It was Gray Manvel!"

Mrs. Gardner gasped. Because of his surprise Mr. Garner had some difficulty in-

contorting his face. "You're a sly one, Bobbie Norcross."

But he said beamingly. Barbara's being again with Gray Manvel undoubtedly sent his eager mind winging across meadows fragrant with romance. Mrs. Gardner, however, according to her nature, groped in marshy places.

"Slyer than I thought! How long has this been going on?" "It's the only time," Bar-

bara said. "that I've seen Gray Manyel since he brough me home last week."

Mrs. Gardner's open skepticims stung. Had Gray looked up tardily? Had Mrs. Gardner seen the impulsive clasping that had transformed Barbara, stirring her, softening her, frightening her of herself? "It's the truth. I don't care

what you believe." Her aunt went whiter and

tenser. "You make up your mind

you're going to care a lot what I believe, and wish, as long as you live in my house." Uncle Walter wouldn't let Barbara reply. He intervened

anxiously, ingratiatingly. "Keep your temper, Barbara. Bobbie may have bigger ideas than ours. I can understand young Manvel's losing his head over her."

Mrs. Gardner's scorn stopped him.

Get your own head out of the clouds. Walter. Everybody knows there's a New York girl down there. Mrs. Manvel has her around all the time. I've seen her in the automobile. She's a doll, dressed up, but pretty, the kind for Gray Manvel. When it comes to sneaking around meeting Bobbie at night it's another

matter altogether." Barbara turned for the door.

"Be quiet, Aunt Barbara. I won't listen." Mrs. Gardner halted her. "Oh yes you will, until

we've had this out. I'v heard gossip enough about you as it Barbara winced. Then Ed

Siller had talked, and Gray Manvel had probably heard his lies! Fresh temper swept Mrs. Gardner on.

She's too good for Harvey, but she's not too good to meet a man on the sly that she knows perfectly well would never dream of marrying her."

Barbara tok it in wearily. She hadn't got as far as thinking of that. She wished her aunt hadn't mentioned it, or the girl Esther, like a dressedup doll. Her presence down there put aa tarnish over the night's excitation. Dully she heard her aunt storming on.

"Young lady, you're going to tell Harvey before he leaves that you've changed your mind. As long as you live in my house you'll have a little consideration for my wishes."

Barbara stiffened. "Then I won't live in your house any longer. I don't care for Harvey that wal, and you can't make me do it."

Uncle Walter came closer, sothing, deprecating.

"What's this nonsense about not living here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED) WAS HE SURPRISED!

El Paso-The phone rang in the office of Manual Velasquez, police officer at Juarez. "You are the father of a son," a voice said over the phone. Ten minutes later the phone rang again. "You're the father of another son and he's fat," the voice said. Ten minutes later the phone buzzed for the third time. "You're the father of another son, and he also is very fat," he was informed. Manuel rushed out of the police station to his wife and telp-

## COMEBACK IN SHIP BUILDING

Industry Gradually Overcomes Effects of Economic Depression

London-(UP)-Shipbuilding, one of the five great basic industries of England, is overcoming the effects of the severe economic depression by taking drastic action in reducing capacity

The end of the World war, the subsequent agitation for reduction of navies and disarmament and the glut of crafts after the Armistice, brought the industry face to face with a critical situation,

The demand, stimulated by the war, had more than doubled the shipbuilding capacity in Great Britain and other countries, the need of which suddenly was obviated. Shipyards operated at only 50 per cent capacity and overhead charges mounted completely out of proportion to returns.

Recent official statistics showed 110,000 or 54.1 per cent of the total number of insured shipworkers in Great Britain were unemployed

Hit By Slump

As Britain's foreign trade decreased, more and more ships were taken out of service and the number was augmented by the economic depression that began two years ago. In addition to the loss of freight, passenger trips dropped, shipping companies cancelled crossings and the agitation for smaller navies showed no signs of abate-

The shipbuilders devised a drastic plan of action. It consisted of reducing capacity by purchasing plants and scrapping them. The National Shipbuilders Security, Ltd., was formed and all members agreed to pay a 1 per cent levy on all contracts. The money was to be held as security for a loan of expedite

The Securities Management Trust, organized under the auspees of the Bank of England to investigate scheme of rationalization, approved of the plan and early in 1931, the Bankers Investment Trust company, Ltd., a sister organization floated a loan of \$5,000,000 in 5 per cent first mortgage debentures to aid the shipbuilders

Floated Bonds in One Day With the approval of the Bank of England behind it, the loan was fully subscribed on the first day and one of England's most ambitious schemes of rationalization tas underway. The early results are shown in figures revealing that in May, 1931, the value of new ships and boats exported increased by approximately \$3,500,000 over the

value of exports in May, 1930. Agriculture, however, has not been as fortunate. Although it is the largest single industry in Great Britain. farming is done on a less elaborate scale than in other agr

Its workers, however, have not been as hard hit as in industry. It is estimated that there are approximately 857,300 persons employed on English farms, but the total number of unemployed can not be esti-

mated. The average wage of the farm hand is \$7.50 a week. Foreign Farm Products The British farmer always has found it difficult to compete with foreign interests because of the nation's free trade policy. Despite this handicap, agriculture held its own until 1921 when prices slumped and

labor costs increased as did production in other nations. Because of the lack of a tariff, the farmers concentrated on dairy products and grain, although the country still imports the bulk of the latter from Canada, South America, the United States and Austra-

A recent attempt by agriculture to emulate Italy and have the government compel millers to use a certain percentage of British wheat, had little success. Only one branch of the industry, sugar beets, is subsidized by the government.

A PLOT AT LAST. So after filming gangster yarns, That gigolo stuff and myst'ry, Ye Hollywood, that aims to please, They say is going hist'ry.

Miss public now is all washed up With tough gangs and their pat-She's sick of 'reds' and bumpings And of machine gun's clatter.

And soon Napoleon will pass Before her, also Caesar. Adventure, romance served in Is guaranteed to please her.

-Sam Page. AIRPORTS INCREASE

Washington - Airports in the United States increased 206 during the fiscal year 1931, the Aeronautics Branch of the U. S. department of commerce reports. O.: July 15 of this year there were 1,863 municipal, commercial, intermediate, auxiliary, army, navy and miscellaneous government, private and state airports in the country. On July 15 1930 there were only 1,657.

This Hurts. From Answers. Sarcastic Father: My daugne doesn't want to be tied to an idioi Suitor (blandly): Just so, sa.. Why not let me take her off your

He Spoiled It.
From Answers.
Lover: Do you know, darling, you are so clever and so charming and so brilliant that at times I feel

almost embarrassed in your pres-She: But, dearest, you mustn't feel that way. He: Oh, I dare say I'll get over that feeling when I know you bet-

Agreed.
From Passing Show.
He (about to kiss the gird: I have. half a mind . . She: That's obviou

Tied and Tied

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tells the following incident:

"I sat one night over my Shakespeare when a sentence popped up that puzzled me. I said to my father. who was sitting nearby: 'Father, what is the meaning of this question, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"? What kind of 'ide would that be?' "

"'Tied down to business, son!' said father."



## BOWELS

need watching

Let Dr. Caldwell help whenever your child is feverish or upset; or has caught cold.

His simple prescription will make that bilious, headachy, cross boy or girl comfortable, happy, well in just few hours. It soon restores the bowels to healthy regularity. It helps "break-up" a cold by keeping the bowels free from all that sickening mucus waste.

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is believed unique in American medical history.

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DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

Forethought First Angler-Why throw away that biggest fish? Second Fisherman-Nobody would

**How One Woman Lost** 

believe I caught it.

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Double Chin-Sluggishness Gained Physical Vigor-A Shapely Figure

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Notice also that you have gained in energy-your skin is clearer-you feel younger in body-KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous

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Sophisticated

"How do you like her acting?" "I hardly know. She plays a simple village maid with plucked eye-



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