

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

He hadn't the power to arouse her as Gray Manvel had; never would have, she fancied. As he made no attempt to cross the ice between them she began to believe that she had lost her old attraction for him, and was glad, but she wished his eyes weren't quite so steady.

"You're living like royalty here, Bobbie."

Her reply jarred a trifle. "At least they didn't make me receive you in the servants' hall."

She told him of Mrs. Twining's monstrous egoism and struggling friendliness.

"How did you get the job first shot, Bobbie?"

"That man, Steve Waters, whom we saw with the Manvels. I met him on the train. He's a great friend of Mrs. Twining's, and he said she was having trouble keeping anybody, and since I didn't have anything in sight—I was so scared I agreed to try it."

"I'm glad you did. I'm glad you're here. You're safe, and comfortable."

She stared. Already Harvey assumed the air of a man of the world who ventured to judge and command.

"One thing," she said, "I'm being well paid, and I'm saving every cent. The next time I try a change I won't be nearly penniless."

"But why should you change? I think it's luck your being here at all."

"But you don't know, Harvey. I'm at the mercy of her merest whim; and unpleasant things happen; one did the other day when I was made to feel like a slavey."

He spoke gravely. "That's pure sensitiveness. Don't throw away a good thing. What would you do?"

She looked dreamily at the fire.

"I believe I could do something on the stage if I saved enough for a little training."

He stirred restlessly. "When you're so well fixed why do you ask for trouble?"

She rose and paced up and down before him, his eyes following her persistently.

"I can't be content anywhere until I know where I really belong."

Jerkily she told him of her ignorance of herself. She wanted to ask him to help her trace the puzzle out, but she couldn't place herself under so personal an obligation.

"I've often wondered," he said, "if there wasn't something queer about your relations with the Gardners; but I don't care who you are or what you are. It makes no difference to me."

That was as close as he approached sentiment that night.

Hoskins came in almost as motionless as a figure on wheels.

"Mrs. Twining says if it's not inconvenient—"

"In a minute Hoskins."

And when they were alone again she said despairingly: "You see, Harvey. She tells me I may have my friends. But when one comes!"

He laughed pleasantly, this strange new man of the city.

"Then I'll come again until she's accustomed to me."

"This way?" she asked wistfully. "A friend? No misunderstandings?"

He hesitated, then nodded. "If you'll go to Elmford with me over Sunday to give your aunt a kiss. Last time I was down she looked like nothing at all."

She thought she might; she'd let him know. She was

glad he had come as he had. She had never felt friendlier towards him. They would be great friends if he kept this up; if he understood that he couldn't ever make her tingle or feel ashamed. She wished, however, that his eyes had once wavered from her.

Towards the end of the week she wrote a line agreeing to meet him at the Pennsylvania Station Saturday at noon, and answered Uncle Walter's last instalment of the Elmford narrative with the announcement that she was coming with the anodyne he coveted for his wife. She wouldn't admit to herself that her decision was at all hurried by that portion of the record which announced through local gossip a large party at the Manvels' over the week-end. Even if Gray should be drawn by it back to Elmford for the first time since Thanksgiving, she'd probably not see him. Anyhow, she had already practically promised Harvey to go.

"Of course you must go, my dear," Mrs. Twining sighed. "Haven't I said you must get out more?"

But the invalid's nerves were unbearable after that until Barbara left.

"Mrs. Slocum'll look after you, and I'll be back Sunday night."

Mrs. Twining had the air of one marooned in a desert.

"Mrs. Slocum's looked after me before. All she reads me are motion-picture and theatrical magazines."

Uncle Walter met Harvey and Barbara at Trenton, and drove them home. Mr. Gardner hadn't exaggerated his wife's state. She was thinner, rustier, and more apprehensive than ever. She looked at Barbara during a moment's restraint, then flung her arm around her, and kissed her with passion.

"Thank heavens you're all right. Thank heavens you've got a good place. I'd never have forgiven myself—"

No. That specter could not be summoned again. The screen must stand as far as this household was concerned.

Harvey carried his bag to his old room over the store. Mrs. Gardner's glance followed him from the window.

"He's changed. He's grown. Harvey's making money now, and he'll make more. I'm glad you two came together."

There was a phantom that could never be laid. Barbara went to her old cramped room and gazed at the meeting house closing the nave of pines. All at once it rushed upon her, a hunger for the man who had awakened her by transforming her iciness to fervent warmth. The reflections of the past months, the indirect warnings that she would be safer never to see him again, were submerged in the deep void of her want. It was unthinkable they should be so near without contact.

"Is there skating?" she asked when Harvey had returned from the store. Uncle Walter beamed.

"The Manvel pond's been kept clear for this party. Judging from trade, the whole of Elmford's on the ice. Only seems yesterday you and Harvey used to toddle down after school on cold days."

Harvey laughed. "Let's toddle again, Bobbie. I haven't had too much exercise."

She was conscious of the beating of her heart, of the warming of her cheeks. Gray Manvel wouldn't remember her. What had Steve and Mrs.

Twining said? He could treat you as if he were very fond of you when he was with you. When he wasn't you never entered his head.

"All right, Harvey, for a little while."

They dug out their skates and walked down the curving street past the familiar buildings and yards, along the shrubbery hiding the Manvel house and at last came within sight of the pond alive with skaters in the ashen light. One of those agile specks, indistinguishable at this distance, might be the childish giant she couldn't forget. She had an impulse to turn back, but Harvey was hurrying her.

"We'll see everybody we know."

Would she see Gray Manvel? She wouldn't look for him while Harvey was putting on her skates, or afterwards. The Elmford skaters crowded around them with noisy greetings; but Barbara was aware of other skaters, gliding past, who weren't of Elmford, who had come to the party on the hill. Most of them were young. Gray Manvel, it followed, would have to be here.

The crowd with its friendly greetings of the wanderers got Harvey and her apart. He was cutting figures with a girl whose laugh was too loud; she was swung from one admiring, bashful Elmford knight to another; but she kept her glance straight ahead; she wouldn't let it stray across the pond towards the happy house.

Athwart the narrow path of her vision a fragile figure flashed with an effect of floating, and Barbara knew that the eyes which appeared never to see her had, indeed, seen. Undoubtedly Esther was aware that Mrs. Twining's companion had left the cloister to use her wings on the pond at Elmford.

Soon it would be too dark to see anything. The sun had dropped away behind the porous wall of skeleton trees, placing exquisite tinted shadows across the floor of dead leaves patterned with snow. Up by the dam a group had set a bonfire ablaze. Its vivid, starved tongues seemed reaching beyond its circumference to devour all the pallid twilight that remained.

"Find Harvey," Barbara said to the man who had her. "I'm going home."

Freed, she glided slowly toward the bank on the woods side of the pond. She heard skates ringing behind her, swiftly approaching. There was no doubt the skater was making for her. She resented the sudden confusion of her mind, the rigidity of body that made her go slower against her will. He was close by. At a touch on her arm she swung breathlessly.

"Let's skate, Bobbie."

She tried to keep her head above the turbulent waves of disillusionment.

"No," she said. "I'm going home. Please find Harvey and tell him to come to the bank."

The disappointed knight accepted her errand, and she went slowly on toward the dead woods. She couldn't keep her head up; she smothered in the realization that she hadn't yielded to Uncle Walter's plea that she visit Elmford, or to Harvey's; she had surrendered to her hope of seeing a man who had filled a careless moment with romance and then forgotten.

She regretted now the coldness that had once enclosed her. Somehow she would make it form again. She must get away from Mrs. Twining, from Steve, from anyone who could remind her of Gray Manvel. There was the theater. They all seemed to think—

Her hand was caught. A shade blacker than the shadow of the woods loomed in front of her, and she commenced to swing with it in rapid, giddy curves, propelled by an abnormal power.

Out of the careening procession of bonfire, house,

woods, humans a brusque voice shot straight.

"Here's a chance! I angled if it isn't the runaway!"

His skates scraped, and she stood dizzily in front of him, her eyes striving to steady his dark form. His strong grasp held her upright. He bent down, laughing.

"Where you hidden yourself all these months, small Barbara?"

"You nearly tumbled me over," she said.

"Come along," he commanded gruffly.

He clasped her other hand and drew her, skating smoothly, towards the darker upper end of the pond.

"I've got to go home."

His strength overcame her instinctive resistance.

"I dare say you can put that off five minutes to answer my questions. Why did you tear off? What are you up to? Tell me where you live."

She answered vaguely. She was trying to conquer her tingling sense of imminence.

"I'm working."

"Where? That's what I want to know."

"Why?"

"So I can keep track of you."

He swung her around and halted at the pond's edge, but he clung to her hand.

"Thought of me, lady, since that night after the football riot?"

She tried to keep her voice steady.

"If you remember it, it's because I was silly."

"Sweet things are silly, but they give one a taste for more."

He released her hands and grasped her shoulders. She shrank back, more from her own warm desire than from his strength. Now that she had the moment she had secretly craved since her first awakening she was afraid of it. His voice was brusquer.

"Why don't you answer? Thought of me at all?"

She couldn't lie.

"Yes. That was so unexpected I couldn't help thinking, but one thing I'm sure of, you haven't thought much of me."

He shrugged his shoulders and answered frankly.

"You can't keep people who hide themselves away from you eternally in your bean. It was a surprise seeing you just now, but it made me remember fast enough; and I did come back a week after that night to see you, but I found out you'd vanished."

"How?"

"Bag-of-bones Sille. He seems to know everything."

Momentarily the old shame swept back and divided her from him.

"If he's put anything in your head—"

His tightening grasp stopped her.

"See here, Barbara, we've no time to waste on bags of bones. Wonder somebody hasn't blundered this way already. Before an idiot does, tell me where I can see you in peace and quiet."

Would he take so much for granted if it weren't for the malevolent caretaker?

"No. Let me go now, Mr. Manvel."

He laughed.

"You've outrun it. A devout kiss calls for Christian names; and I won't let you go this time until you tell me where I can find you again. If you're in town I'll run up next Saturday, and we'll dine, and slip in a show of some sort. Barbara, I've got to see you for more than a minute this way."

She had no measure of his earnestness, but her aunt's sneers sang discordantly in her brain. What had she said? Gray Manvel was a man who'd never dream of marrying her, and the girl like a doll, dressed up, but pretty, was the kind for Gray Manvel. "When it comes to his sneaking around meeting Bobbie at night it's another matter altogether." Now Esther was on the pond, but Gray was with Barbara.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Britain's New Embassy
Located on a four-acre tract, the new British embassy at Washington is a gigantic, rambling structure of Queen Anne and Georgian design. The conception of Sir Edwin Lutyens, it has been carried out in fisher brick—a dull, parti-colored brick—and limestone. Variety and beauty of design characterize the building. There are 97 rooms, 23 with baths, as well as several showers, and a swimming pool in the back garden near the tennis courts. There are two nurseries, rooms for maids, footmen and chauffeurs, and there are libraries sitting rooms, a drawing room, a long dining room and the ball room.

Sweet Innocent
Mrs. Youngbride (at phone)—I want a ton of coal sent up, please. Dealer—Yes'm. What size? Mrs. Youngbride—Goodness! I didn't know coal came in sizes. I wear a No. 3 shoe and a No. 6 glove.

The Picker
"Have you and your wife selected a new car yet?"
"No, she hasn't."

Good Health Is Your Natural State

But you can't expect to enjoy good health if you are allowing disease germs to accumulate and multiply somewhere in your system. Coughs, colds, bronchitis, tonsillitis, rheumatism and often neuritis are the work of disease organisms which must be attacked and destroyed if good health is to be restored. These and many other more serious types of infection may be controlled and good health restored by chemically destroying the germs, using B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide, to stop the bacterial poisoning. The B. & M. treatment is unlike any other—quick and positive in action. Your druggist should have B. & M. in stock. If he fails to supply you promptly, send us his name and \$1.25 and we will mail you a full-size bottle. Helpful booklet free on request. F. E. Rollins Co., 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass. (Adv.)

In This Modern Day
"Dining in a restaurant? Where is your wife?"
"Broadcasting cookery hints."

Make your children



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Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil builds and protects the bodies of growing youngsters, infants, and expectant mothers. Doctors find it gives them a wealth of Vitamin A for correct growth, as well as Vitamin D, the "sunshine vitamin" so essential in building strong, healthy bones and teeth. Valuable calcium salts are also in it. . . and its pleasant flavor makes Scott's Emulsion easy for children to take. Good for adults too! Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. Sales Representatives, H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.

LISTEN TO Scott's Emulsion's "Romances of the Sea" every Sunday and Tuesday at 8:30 p. m. over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Scott's Emulsion OF NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Wild Life Just Outside

Gay Capital of Italy
Although Rome has been a center of civilization for 2,500 years, it still lies just a few hours' train ride from one of the most rugged and wildest districts on earth, the province of Abruzzi.

Bears and wolves are still to be found wandering through the forests of this mountainous section, and shepherds are accustomed to encounters with them. Now it has been decided to stock the national park of Abruzzi with some of these animals before, if ever, they become completely extinct. Within a few weeks the director has had presented to him a chamois, which was rescued from a river into which it had jumped to escape from a wolf, and a baby bear, which was found wandering helplessly about after its mother had made a wild attack on a flock of sheep.

Shepherds are joining enthusiastically in the work of collecting fauna, and now, instead of shooting every wild animal, they hastily call the director of the park for help in capturing it.

Beetle Largest Insect?

In wing expanse alone the moth *Erebus agrippina*, with a spread of 11 inches, is the largest insect known today. If size is to be gauged by bulk combined with body length, the beetle *Macrodonia cervicornis*, which ranges up to 6 inches in length, is perhaps the largest known.

Sectionally Speaking

"So you're from the South, eh? What part?"
"South Dakota."—Capper's Weekly.

When Rest Is Broken

Act Promptly When Bladder Irregularities Disturb Sleep
ARE you bothered with bladder irregularities; burning, scanty and too frequent passage and getting up at night? If so, promptly these symptoms. They may warn of certain disordered kidney or bladder conditions.

Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. This time-tested diuretic has been recommended for 50 years. Sold by all druggists.

Doan's Pills A Diuretic for the Kidneys

The wicked do not persecute. They are singularly tolerant. It is their God has given us tongues that we may say something pleasant to our fellow men.—Heine.

Lower Prices

New **Cunningham** RADIO TUBES

TYPES	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES	TYPES	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES
CX301A	\$1.10	\$.75	C335	\$2.20	\$1.60
C324	1.50	1.00	CX345	1.40	1.10
C324A	2.00	1.60	C347	1.90	1.55
CX326	1.25	.80	CX371A	1.40	.90
C327	1.25	1.00	CX380	1.40	1.00

Animals Better Dental Patients Than Humans

Kansas City—(UP)—Tex. Clark, superintendent of the Kansas City zoo, finds that a tiger, lion or polar bear makes a better dental patient than a human being.

While Clark admits he has never seen a dentist, he knowingly refers to the walls emanating from dental offices. When he filled a tooth for Ignatz, the polar bear, that worthy didn't even snarl.

"I filled a large tooth for Sultan, the tiger, not long ago," Clark said,

"and he was very quiet all the time. When I had finished, he gave me an appreciative look. But the next minute he'd have devoured me."

New Inhalator Has Saved Many Lives

Pittsburg—(UP)—A new "rotator" pulmotor. Its chief advantage, which already has saved many lives, is being perfected by Dr. Daniel Sable, city police surgeon.

The new inhalator is a combination of the ordinary inhalator and tages, according to Dr. Sable, are

speed of adjustment, automatic regulation and natural tempo or rhythm.

The apparatus consists of two tanks, one containing 100 per cent oxygen and the other 97 per cent oxygen and three per cent carbon dioxide; a separate cylinder containing the inhalator apparatus and tubes, and a mask to which the tubes are attached.

The mask can be adjusted instantly, Dr. Sable said, saving time lost in strapping a pulmotor mask to a victim. The tempo of the artificial respiration is adjusted to fit the natural tempo of the pa-

tient's breathing, which is slower in the case of an adult than a child.

Near the End.
From Answers.
Father: Can you give my daughter the luxuries she had been accustomed to?
Lover: Not much longer. That's why I want to get married.

Poor George!
"What shall I do? George has been under water for 20 minutes!"
"Let's go back to the hotel. I wouldn't wait that long for any man."—Tid-Bits.