and serene authority, calmly

turning her back on the nag-

ging misgivings of her sister

and Mrs. Slocum. Mrs. Helder

seemed to be in two minds about the expedition: at times

enthusiastically phophesying

that the change would do Mrs.

Twining a world of good; at others giving way to her ap-

"But are you sure you're

Mrs. Twining answered

sharply: "Have you ever

known me to tackle anything

I wasn't up to, Martha? Do

stop fretting. You make your

whole life miserable with your

and answered meekly:

Mrs. Helder looked down

"I have a great deal to

And Barbara thought that

through the momentary fright

in her face flitted like an evil

spirit the name she had heard

the other day. Mrs. Twining,

Sufficient unto the hour!"

"Put Essie out of your head.

On Friday afternoon Mrs.

Twining, Barbara, and the

maid started for town in one

automobile, while Esther drove

her mother in a runabout,

taking skillful, exciting

chances to prevent any ve-

hicle's intervening between

her and her aunt's car; and

Barbara, looking back, re-

ceived an impression of re-

lentless pursuit, of being re-

morselessly forced out of

Long Island, out of New York,

out of the country by the skill-

ful, expressionless girl who

wouldn't let anything inter-

vene between her and her am-

bitions; and Barbara tried to

tell herself it didn't matter

now, but she wished they

could shake off the runabout

that trailed at their heels with

town house before, and it was

a commentary on Mrs. Twin-

ing's material state that so

huge dwelling, just off Fifth

Avenue, should be allowed to

stand idle year after year. Its

spreading rooms had an ap-

pearance of having been de-

serted too long, of having ac-

desperately desired voices.

Mrs. Twining seemed curiously

content in the great, sad place,

"Why don't you live here a

Mrs. Twining smiled, and

"I'd like to, my dear, but I

suffer from enough well-

meaning people as it is. It's

pitiful that well-meaning

people cause more suffering

Barbara appreciated better

what she meant. The news

that the false door had been

at last taken from the en-

trance seemed to have spread

magically. Lyon Helder, stolid

and competent, came to din-

ner, and was plainly more

welcome than his family. A

number of people called, but

Mrs. Twining wouldn't see

them, sending down menda-

cious excuses that she was

resting for the ordeal; and the

telephone rang perpetually,

and to Barbara was assigned

the task of tactfully answering

it. She would give a name to

Mrs. Twining who sat wide-

awake and a little flush

near by, and the old lady

say I'm desolated I can't talk

to her as I'm flat on my back

"Thank her for calling, and

Even though she had abdi-

cated, here were indications

that Mrs. Twining, if she

chose, could march in and

Once in answering the tele-

phone Barbara experienced a

tingling shock. Mrs. Twining

"You look warm, Miss Nor-

(TO B) CONTINUED)

cross. Is it very warm in

Barbara shook her head.

occupy her throne again.

regarded her closely.

"Who is that?"

would grin impishly.

asleep."

As the evening wore on

than the worst-intentioned.

slyly indicated her sister and

and Barbara asked:

part of the year?"

Esther.

quired a sorrowful dumbness

waiting vainly for

Barbara had never seen the

the persistence of fate.

strong enough Adelaide? Are

prehensive nature.

you really up to it?"

worrying."

worry about."

in fact, said:

FORBIDDEN YEARS WADSWORTH CAMP

"Come in!"

The remembered voice, pager and musical, sang happily through the panels. Barbara opened the door.

Miss Minnie was halfway across the room. When she saw Barbara she stopped, pretty. graceful, poised in an attitude of arrested haste. Her face was blank with surprise.

"Bobbie Norcross!" All the music had gone from her voice. Barbara crossed the threshold, feeling like an interloper, not knowing why.

one else?" The answer rang too vehe-

"Were you expecting some-

"No, no, no. I'm glad it's

yeu. Obviously Miss Minnie wasn't glad. Barbara stammered an apology for having come; she felt the need of it. "I'm off for Europe Friday night, for a long time, I

haven't seen you for ages." Miss Minnie took her hands. Her motions were jerky, and her glance was on the door

which Barbara had closed. "I've been wondering how you were getting along. You're

staying the night?" Barbara shook her head, resenting the strain she was under, not understanding it in the least.

"There's a train aroung nine o'clock."

Miss Minnie brightened with inspiration. "Time to go to the front

campus for senior singing. It's stuffy here."

Barbara sprang at the idea. She didn't like this room, or the manner of her welcome in it, which still bewildered her; and on the campus there would be a chance of meeting Gray. Rather feverishly Miss Minnie went to the closet and snatched down a wrap.

"Come along, Bobbie, and you'll tell me all about it as we go."

She took Barbara's arm and hurried toward the door. The door opened without a knock. Gray Manvel's bulk filled the frame.

Miss Minnie drew back, her pretty face drawn and white. Barbara leased against the wall, breathing unevenly. The miracle had occurred, but it wasn't a happy one.

She remembered that moment in the stadium when the hero had satisfied his worshipers. "Do you know him, Miss Minnie?" "Oh, a little." But Minnie's glance had followed Gray around the track until he had disappeared in the dark mouth of the tunnel, resembling a triumphant gladiator propelled by the tumultuous aplause of his admirers.

"This is an old friend of mine, Barbara Norcros."

Gray appeared not to see Miss Minnie. He stared at Barbara. At first his face had ligtened; now he frowned.

"I know Miss Norcross. We're a pair of Elmford savages. I came for the books you were to bring me from the library." Miss Minnie indicated a

table in the window. "They're over there. Bobbie and I were thinking of running across to senior singing."

The lines disappeared from his forehead. "Maybe you'll let a senior some along, if he promises not

to sing." Barbara straightened; her instinct was to escape from

that room. "I haven't much time. My

train leaves a few minutes after nine.

They all were more at ease in the warm night, but Gray,

Indian Chief to Die In Texas Pen Chair

Auntaville, Tex .- (UP) -Chief Red Wing, scion of a long line of Cherokee Indian chiefs, must die a the electric chair here for killing 1-year-old Evangeline Cavazos.

The Indian, who spends his last ays fashioning trinkets of beads, aned a confession that he stole shild from a house where her

Barbara noticed, hadn't taken

"What you doing in Prince-

"Miss Norcross," Miss Minnie began, "is going-"

Barbara stopped her harshly. She didn't want Gray to find her now.

"That's a secret, Miss Minnie."

"Sorry. I didn't know." Gray growled at her "You're the most secretive person I've ever known."

The only light on the front campus came fram a few patches escaping through the thick foliage from the strets and some diffused straying out of windows here andthere. The chanting from the steps was subdued, too, and had a melancholy lilt. Barbara and Miss Minnie sat on the grass. Gray stretched himself beside Barbara. Her hand was tinglingly aware of the approach of his, but she moved a little nearer Miss Minnie, and clasped her hands. His whisper, inaudible to Miss Minnie, barely reached her.

"What's the matter?" She didn't answer. She didn't quite understand what had happened; she didn't try to draw conclusions; she was only dully convinced that Harvey was right, that her vague visions had dissolved, that she had acquired the knowledge she had come here to seek. Gray Manvel was no more serious with her than with any woman, like her or Miss Minnie Barton, who dwelt outside the small kingdom once ruled over by Mrs. Twining. She was merely one of Gray Manvel's games. He growled:

"Gad! this is a cheerful party! Don't blame you for getting the blues from that dirge.'

The melancholy bars droned on: a dirge, in fact, for Barbara's hope. She was glad when the mellow tongue of the bell in Old North tolled line. She couldn't avoid Gray's hand when she started to rise, and he drew her upright. His grasp hurt, but it gave her a sensation of appeal; it semed striving desperately to tell her something.

"I'll put Miss Norcross on the junction rattler."

Miss Minnie said she would come too, and in the crowd on the station platform got Barbara for a moment to herself.

"Isn't he a dear, a great child? I'm proud to know him."

Barbara didn't answer.

"Hard to realize he's going for good in a few weeks. I've known him ever since he was a freshman, when I used to help him about the library. "You'll miss him," Barbara

said. "Good-bye." She shook hands with both of them. Gray's grasp clung. What was he trying to tell

her? She entered the car and sat down, staring at the window with hot eyes as she was coasted down the slope to the canal. Good-bye, for an indefinite period! No. A final farewell. She had found out what she had come here to

She didn't want to see him ever again.

"Here I am Barbara." Gray grinned down at her. He got his bulk into the narrow space at her side.

"You never thought I'd let you go like that." She moved rearer the win-

"Where's Miss Minnie?"

"We got seperated in a milling mob. I jumped the rear

near the railroad tracks. He said "fire-water" was to blame. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Cavazos, and Chief Red Wing were all troupers in a carnival playing at New Braunfels at the time.

New Oil Wells Bring Defunct Company to Life

Fort Worth, Tex.—(UP)—Defunct nine years, the Virginia Oil and Refining company has suddenly came to life and started paying off. Stock of the bankrupt cosporation Ass considered ins so when Aortyplatform. Why are you cross with me?'

Many passengers, she observed, were staring at her and the great Gray Manvel. "Please don't look at me like

that." "Your fault. Barbara. Why

are you cross?" She shook her head. A great child, a trifle sullen, but not

at all inclined to make excuses.! At the junction he urged her down the long platform away

from the crowd. He took both her hands and crushed them with his urgent appeal.

"Don't be on your high horse with me. What is the matter, small Barbara?"

She looked helplessly down the track. A yellowish radiance was growing there, waving to her a signal of relief.

"I'm not Gray. It's just that I found out something about myself to-night that I ought to have known long ago."

"What?" But she wouldn't tell him. It was hurtful to have to be voiceless against his anxious demands, but her pride strengthened her. The headlight of the train was perceptibly closer. It sent to him a signal, too.

"We've only a minute. Tell me where I can find you, so we can talk this thing out."

It was significant, his persistent ignorance.

"You don't know even now where I work?" "Not the remotest idea. Why

make a secret of it?" But she realized other people were attending to that; Esther, Steve, probably the Manvels; otherwise someone in the Manvel house would have mentioned the curious fact of an Elmford girl's having become lady-in-waiting to the old empress.

"I think I'd have told you to-night, Gray, if-if-I hadn't found out about myself, and you."

The train was close. They could hear its rumbling. "I don't know what you're

talking about. You've got to tell me, or I'll precious well find out." The glare of the headlight

caught them and passed. "Don't try to see me again." The appeal of his hands

"You're talking nonsense. I tell you every time I run into you you send me off my head." "But when you don't see me,

Gray, it's all right." He threw back his shoulders. "Don't try to read my mind." The train stopped; people

surged aboard. "I thought you cared a little for me."

"I did Gray." "Not any more?" She shook her head, freed

her hands, and turned to the steps of a car. "I'm ashamed, Gra.y I didn't know. I didn't quite understand, although I ought to

have." Before she knew what he was doing he stooped and kissed her cheek.

"You'll like me again. Don't make any mistake about it, Barbara."

She did like him, more than that; and it was no use. Harvey was right. Gray Manvel would never ask her to marry him. All at once she was drearily glad that Mrs. Twining was taking her away where there would be no chance of his seeing or touching her again.

The details of the departure gave her the truest measure she had had of her employer's importance. It was the invalid's eccentric idea, instead of driving during the evening directly from Long Island to the boat, to have her city house opened for a few hours in order that she might dine peacefully there, and make the short journey to the pier

whenever she chose. Her amazing competence impressed Barbara during the period of preparation, for she would have no helpful interference, arranging everything herself with an unbearable

Motions for re-opening the bank-

ruptcy case were filed in federal

court here. A legal dogfight between

the company's 2,000 stockholders and

many creditors has resulted, which

the supreme court probably will have

to settle. In the meantime, to pro-

tect a lease the court has had to start drilling a well. Stock claims of \$2,000,000 have been established as genuine, and

gating \$4,000,000, besides \$400,000 in less paper until oil was discovered in Gregg county in east Texas. Then stockholders and creditors remembered the company had owned a number of leases in that county.

here?"

Reno Gambling Houses Now on Main Streets Reno, Nev. - (UP) - Time was when gambling dens were to be

found only on side streets and in other hideaway places but here the houses of chance are now coming more and more to the main thoroughfares. Some of the leading gambling houses are now within plain sight and easy walking distance of the Fourth Street junior there are others bending aggre**RISKS TAKEN BY** MEN OF SCIENCE

Research Involves Every Kind of Peril.

Scientists, in their own way, are nearly as intrepid as the more spectacular winners of Victoria crosses, and it is not their fault that every line of research does not involve the risk of death or mutilation. When such a subject does present itself, however, the investigator seldom hesitates, says the Montreal Herald.

A case in point is that of Van Campen Heilner, a famous big-game hunter, an authority on deep-sea fishes and a valued member of the American Museum of History. The curious subject he has chosen to investigate is: which sharks really attack human beings, and their methods in offence and defense.

To get to grips with his inquiry he sailed some time ago to the Bahamas with the expressed intention of swimming in shark-infested waters, armed with a dagger. With him went a cinema operator, whose job was to film the experiments from the vantage point of a glass-bottomed boat. The result may be to prove that the viciously named "tiger" shark is really quite harmless to human beings, thus relieving the apprehension of swimming in tropical waters.

Of general interest was the task undertaken last winter by members of the German anti-seasick commission. They spent several months traveling in two state motor ships plying between the Baltic ports of Swinemunde and Pillau, a route notorious for its rough passages. During the voyage's they investigated, by experiments on themselves and other passengers, the efficacy of many socalled seasickness remedies.

Two or three rather eccentric research inquiries come from the United States. One of them, carried out by an efficiency expert, resulted in the world-shaking conclusion that typists do their best work while seated at pink desks.

Just why Prof. G. H. Vansell, of California university, weighed the breath of a hive of bees would be rather difficult to explain to a nonscientific audience. But he did it, and the world is now in possession of the information that the average hourly loss of weight by perspiration of the whole hive of bees is, in winter, 36 millionths of an ounce, and in summer 25 times as much.

Five eminent scientists of America are devoting a considerable portion of their time to studying a single baby. They want to find out why she laughs, howls, plays with her toes, sucks her thumbs, refuses to go to sleep, and does, or refrains from doing, the hundred and one acts of a baby's normal existence. The extreme of American eccen-

tricity is represented by the registration, last year, of the Noah's Ark exploration fund, in the state of Illinois. This body will have its work cut out. The last heard of the ark was about A. D. 776, when a flash of lightning was said to have destroyed the Ararat monastery which contained what were alleged to be the relics of the ark. And the site of Noah's vineyard, which used to be pointed out to visitors at Arghuri, was destroyed by an earthquake in 1840. So the administrators of the fund have no light task before them.

Fought Fire With Melons

A truck loaded with watermelons that Walter Griffith was taking to market skidded off the highway near Wenatchee, Wash., and burst into newly taken photographs of herself, flames. With no water available, Griffith had an idea. He hurled watermelons at the blazing truck. They burst and spouted water all over the out the fire.

WOMEN: watch your

What should women do to keep their bowels moving freely? A doctor should know the answer. That is why pure Syrup Pepsin is so good for women. It just suits their delicate organism. It is the prescription of an old family doctor who has treated thousands of women patients, and who made a special study of bowel troubles.

It is fine for children, too. They love its taste. Let them have it every time their tongues are coated or their skin is sallow. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harm-less ingredients.

When you've a sick headache, can't eat, are bilious or sluggish; and at the times when you are most apt to be constipated, take a little of this famous prescription (all drug stores keep it ready in big bottles), and you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the favorite laxative of over a million women!

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

Are We Created Unequal?

"The biological discoveries of a half-century or more," Prof. Harrison R. Hunt told the Eugenics Research association, "have revealed that people, instead of being potentially equal at birth, vary enormously, and that such differences are often inherited; so one might say it is self-evident that men are created unequal."

Family Secret Teacher-Where does wool come from?

Boys-Sheep. Teacher-What is made from it? No answer.

Teacher-Well, for instance, what are your trousers made of? Willie volunteers-My dad's.



The Final Laugh

Jack-Well, Bill has played his last practical joke.

Jill-That so? What did he do? Jack-Well, he's dead-and he bequeathed his brains to science.

The Other Way Around

Prison Visitor-"And I suppose it was poverty brought you here?" Prisoner 666666-"No, I was simply coining money."

When a young woman shows you don't make the mistake of not asking for one.

Even a baby learns that what was blaze. The twenty-third melon put | "cute" when, it was a year old it gets spanked for at two.

RELIEVES HEAD, CHEST and BACK COLDS Stainless "Rub In" and inhalant unsurpassed in preventing and relieving cold congestions QUALITY SINCE 1833 McKesson & ROBBINS

Here's Proof Small Boy Can Get Too Much Cake

Children really work hard in the movies. Little Johnny Nelson is responsible for this statement, and he can prove it, too.

"Why, only the other day," says Johnny, "we had a scene where a bunch of us kids had to sit at a table and eat. The first two or three scenes they did of us were swell, but even with us artistic kids there is a limit. Finally, just when I can't stuff down another thing, the director says:

"'Now, we'll take this again, and it is to a man. Think of that,

Quickly

supple.

and comfortably

his time, Johnny, eat that cake as if you really enjoyed it.'

"He got sore as the deuce when I told him I couldn't even eat it unless I stood up, and how could a kid look pleased when he's got a bellyache, anyway?"-Los Angeles Times.

Just for Comparison Three hundred thousand worlds the size of this earth could be stored inside the sun.

Going without his supper is ten times the punishment to a boy that

Cuticura Shaving Cream BSHAVEN

every morning. The creamy lather of Cutieura Shaving Cream softens the beard, soothes the skin and leaves it cool and your dealers or sent post-

Quickly and easily. Wet hair thoroughly before putting on a small quantity of Cuticura Shaving Cream. Then shampoo as usual. Ideal for all the family. Cuticura Laboratories