

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

The momentary sense of magnetism left Barbara. "Mrs. Jacob Manvel. She wants to speak to you."

"Tell her the same thing, Miss Norcross."

Barbara obeyed and turned back. "She wants to know if she may drop in for a moment."

"No, no, no. Caroline Manvel is another well-meaning soul. Tell her I'm too miserable to see anyone."

Barbara transmitted the message and hung up. "She says they'll be at the boat."

Mrs. Twining sank back. "I wish people wouldn't come to the boat. I wish people wouldn't be so kind."

But Barbara was trying to construe Mrs. Manvel's final words. "Tell her we'll be at the boat." Did the pronoun include Gray? She knew she ought not to want it to. If it did, if she had to see him, she would have the defense of a multitude. He couldn't play his game with her to-night.

When they left the house Mrs. Twining was the least concerned member of the party, and at the pier she kept murmuring useful suggestions while Barbara attended to the baggage, the passports, and the tickets. A considerable group of her friends waited on deck to wish her a pleasant journey. She spoke to them all, thanking them.

"But you must let me go to my cabin. I am very tired."

Yet Barbara noticed that she entered the lift with a firm step, and that her face had for once a natural color and animation. Undoubtedly the self-ordained hermit still possessed the power to enjoy the active world. But always Barbara's glance dissected the restless crowd. The Manvels hadn't been at the head of the gangway, in the companionway, or at the life entrance on the deck below. Then, as the family party streamed along the corridor, Barbara heard Mr. Manvel's precise voice.

"Adelaide, we were beginning to worry."

He stood peering outside the entrance to a private hall. Mrs. Twining snapped at him:

"I wish people wouldn't worry. There's plenty of time."

Mrs. Manvel appeared in the doorway, stretched out her hand, and drew Mrs. Twining in, but Gray didn't show himself, and neither in the hall nor in the drawing room did Barbara see him; and she tried to tell herself that she was glad, but in her heart she knew that she was bitterly disappointed.

Mrs. Twining had one of the best suites, and already it housed many proofs of her imperishable popularity. Boxes and baskets littered the furniture and the floor, and boys kept darting in with more. Barbara cleared an easy chair and made the invalid comfortable for an improvised lounge.

"Caroline, where is that gigantic infant of yours? I think he might have said good-bye to an old wreck that may never wallow home."

Barbar held her breath as Mrs. Manvel answered on a noticeably constrained note.

"He's over his head in examinations, and getting ready for commencement. That's the source of popularity; he's on a dozen committees; but he sent his love."

Mrs. Manvel's glance barely brushed Barbara, and she sensed, as she had during her visits with Mrs. Twining, that

Gray's mother was wary of her, and disapproving. Mr. Manvel, however, peered, and took her hand.

"An Elmford neighbor! I heard you were cheering our old friend."

He had heard, but Gray hadn't; and obviously no one had told him she was going to Europe with Mrs. Twining. She experienced a quick joy that she should be of that much importance in Gray's life, and she glanced with an inner defiance at Esther who floated about the room, touching the flowers which the maid already had arranged in vases. Mrs. Helder, as the moment of parting approached, swung to the morbid side.

"I must say, Adelaide, I think it perfectly mad your rushing off this way with no one to take care of you."

"Here is a very competent someone, Martha."

Lyon Helder said in his forthright way: "It mightn't have been a bad idea to take Esther along too."

Barbara smiled a little. plainly he had no share in the campaign that was so easily visible to her. Esther had to be left behind to make the most of her propinquity to Gray. Mrs. Twining spoke dryly:

"Taking care of me is hard work, isn't it, Barbara?"

Barbara's denial was a little confused. It was the first time Mrs. Twining had used her first name, and she had chosen an occasion when Esther, and Esther's mother, and Gray's mother could hear. Of course there was no significance in that, but the odd chance clung to her memory for a long time.

"Where's Steve? Mean to say Steve's forgotten me?"

Barbara went to the corridor to look for Steve, and came face to face with Harvey. It was their first meeting since the unhappy episode of Elmford, and he was as conscious of it as Barbara.

"Thought I'd like to say good-bye, because it may be a long time."

Nervously she asked him what he had been doing, and for a few minutes he rambled on to brace himself for the real purpose of his coming. His salary had been raised again, and he had speculated shrewdly and successfully in staple foodstuffs. Rankin and he, he told her, were on the eve of forming their partnership.

"I'm making money, Bobbie, and I'm certain to make a lot more."

But when she said she had to go back to Mrs. Twining he took her hand, and willfully fulfilled the mission that had brought him.

"You haven't seen Manvel since, Bobbie?"

Although she didn't want to answer, his strong will compelled her.

"No."

He took a deep breath. "That's good, but I can tell you haven't stopped thinking of him. You will on this trip, Bobbie; you must. Although I will miss you, I'm glad you're taking it, because it will give you a chance to forget, and by the time you come back he'll probably have hooked up with Miss Helder, or someone else."

She turned away. He did have the power of giving her unhealing hurts; yet when you came down to it he was usually right. What he had just said was logic.

"I'll try, Harvey."

Yet even then she had no

faith in her power to forget.

Out of the bedlam of the corridor came the tap-tapping of a cane, and Steve lounged up and took Barbara's hand. She said good-bye to Harvey and went back to the drawing room with Steve. He bent over Mrs. Twining.

"I had to see if it's true, Adelaide. The age of miracles is revived."

Lyon Helder faced Barbara, and in his inadvertent way loosed a thought that had apparently been forming for some minutes.

"See here, young woman, you're scared. Don't be. Knowing my sister-in-law, I prophesy that everything will run along smoothly. If it doesn't, if the smallest cloud appears, illness, accident, cable or telephone me at my office, and I'll see that everything's done for you. You may depend on me absolutely."

She liked him better than ever for that.

"Thanks. That's a real help, Mr. Helder."

Mrs. Twining kept glancing at her watch, urging her family and friends away.

"Go along home, Slocum, or you'll burst into tears. This, I might point out, is supposed to be a joyous occasion."

But the temperamental housekeeper lingered.

"Steve, take Barbara on deck. Remember it's her first sailing. Let her see some of the excitement."

Steve said good-bye and led Barbara to the head of the visitor's gangway. He smiled down at her understandingly.

"I heard what Lyon said to you. I'll add my word. Adelaide will run everything. She'll take care of herself and you too; it's her nature."

His smile narrowed a trifle, and the wrinkles about his eyes deepened.

"I've never seen a novice so reluctant to start for Europe. Perhaps because I delivered you helpless into the clutches of Adelaide I have a most uncomfortable feeling of responsibility for you. It urges me to persuade you that this trip is a splendid thing. You'll see fresh people and things. You'll come back with altered thoughts and a broader outlook."

She had a sickened, shameful feeling that he did know about the meeting-house steps and what had followed. Mrs. Slocum waddled to her rescue, and burst into tears.

"Take good care of her, Miss Norcross. Don't let anything happen to her. I'm sure I don't know what I should do."

Her mood changed, and, as she whispered, her tears dried.

"And don't let her keep you too long. You're wasting your time trotting around with a crotchety old woman when you ought to be having your pretty face in all the papers and magazines."

Barbara submitted to a damp kiss, and watched the housekeeper waddle to the pier with the departing crowd. Steve grinned.

"What was the old devil, as Adelaide calls her, putting in your ear?"

Barbara smiled tremulously back.

"It's an obsession of hers that I ought to leave Mrs. Twining and display myself on the stage."

His head jerked.

"I can get her point; and that reminds me that, acting on my sense of responsibility, I must advise you to be on your guard against selfish people. It's been my experience that a truly selfish person can cause a most devastating quantity of suffering."

And with that sick feeling she was sure he wasn't warning her against Mrs. Twining. In his indirect fashion, she believed, he had told her, as Harvey had done directly, to drive Gray out of her mind during this journey. Perhaps Slocum was right and the stage in the long run would offer her only escape from a situation that had become

nearly unbearable since her Princeton visit.

The Manvels and Helder came up and paused at the head of the gangway while the stewards patiently unraveled a snarl that the crowd had formed there in its too-hurried retreat. Mr. Manvel peered.

"Coming with us, Steve?"

"Right. Good-bye, Barbara. Don't forget an elderly well-wisher."

"You know I won't."

But the human knot was slow in breaking, and Mr. Manvel took Steve's arm, and glancing with troubled eyes at his wife and the Helder, surreptitiously spoke the name that was softly spelled, but that always sounded harsh in Barbara's ears.

"I had a letter from Essie to-day."

Steve started and turned away from Barbara.

"Good Lord, Jacob! What about?"

Barbara wondered what odd power the name possessed that it should break through even Steve's composure.

"Money."

Steve lifted his shoulders. He, too, glanced steadily at the two women and Lyon Helder waiting to get on the gangway.

"Gad! How the years go by! Told Lyon?"

Mr. Manvel shook his head.

"And I shan't until it's necessary."

Steve frowned.

"Think she's capable of making trouble?"

Mr. Manvel laughed shortly.

"Why shouldn't she be? If she does it has to be faced."

The stream of departure had resumed its flow. Steve pressed Barbara's hand and muttered a last farewell. He and Mr. Manvel, in descending the gangway, Barbara observed, let the Helder and Mrs. Manvel get well ahead of them. The two men receded slowly, side by side, heads close, whispering, victims, obviously, of an acute apprehension.

CHAPTER IV

The European journey, while it shaped into a number of unexpected angles, was on the whole, Barbara imagined, a disappointment to Mrs. Twining. It was prolonged time after time through apparent caprice, and Mrs. Twining, having announced her decision to linger, would study Barbara with ironical eyes.

"What is it, Barbara? Why are you in such a hurry to get home? No use denying it."

But Barbara would deny. "There's no reason why I should be in a hurry. Perhaps I do think you would be more comfortable at home."

It was quite patent that Mrs. Twining would be. Her persistent interest in England and the continent, lasting more than a year, was quite out of character, for she submitted herself in various countries to the good intentions of well-meaning people as she had steadfastly refused to do in America, cheerfully accepting invitations from old friends whom she hadn't seen in years, and dragging Barbara and the maid in educational explorations to sections where living conditions were painfully beneath her standards; yet she grew steadily better, throwing off, as far as it was in her nature to do so, the more pronounced illusions of her invalidism. So Barbara commenced to sense a definite intention in the succession of delays; she conceived the thought that Mrs. Twining waited in Europe for a very special reason, and Barbara began to wait too, watching the old lady suspensefully each time a letter came from Esther; running through every New York newspaper she could get her hands on, fearing to find two names in conjunction, for Harvey and Steve had assigned her a task of forgetfulness she couldn't possibly accomplish.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HAS SURVIVED MANY PROBES

Tammany Organization Is Older Than Present Political Parties

New York—(UP)—Samuel Seabury, who has attracted nationwide attention by heading the New York "city-wide" investigation, is characterized by some as a Don Quixote tilting at a windmill.

The "windmill" is Tammany hall, a political organization whose power is felt throughout the nation, but which, strangely enough, has a distinctly parochial outlook; a society much older than either the republican or democratic parties.

Tammany is unique because unlike other municipal political machines it transcends personalities. In Philadelphia there is "Bill Vane's organization," in Chicago candidates used to assail "the Thompson machine." Here Tammany leaders come and go, but Tammany remains.

125 Years Old For well over a century and a quarter Tammany has exercised a political power while dozens of organizations similar in purpose have grown and died.

Exposures of its office holders have occupied newspaper headlines every decade or so and predictions have been made the organization is waning. The first recorded prediction of this kind was made by a New York newspaper in 1809. The newspaper has been out of existence long since. Newspapers have set about to "get" certain of the Hall's leaders. Sometimes they did. And some of those same newspapers are now extinct, while Tammany remains.

The secret of this self-perpetuating existence lies in an invention of Aaron Burr and the tendency of human beings to be grateful.

Burr was the Hall's first leader, being charge when the organization incorporated in 1797, a few years after it was founded by William Mooney and named after an obscure chief of the Delaware Indians.

Burr's invention was the district leader.

The district leader, in these populous times, aided by numerous district captains, is a man who has made friends with every voter in his district, climbed tenement stairs to take them groceries when they were ill, and gone to court for them when they were in trouble.

Because it was—and still is—human to be grateful, it is not surprising when the district leader's friends vote as he suggests.

John F. Curry, present dictator of Tammany, was such a leader. He saw that poor families in his territory had enough coal in winter and clothes when they needed them. On election day the only voters in his district who didn't cast ballots were those too ill to be carried to the polls.

Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt's relations with Tammany may determine his chances of securing the democratic nomination for president.

Curry voiced the profound local interest of Tammany during the current investigation when, as a witness in the case of Dr. William F. Doyle, former veterinarian, he said:

"I am interested in every democrat in the great city of New York."

Tammany has numbered national leaders on its roster. Foremost is a present sachem, Alfred E. Smith, democratic nominee in 1928. Others of note are United States Senator Robert F. Wagner, Col. Jacob Rupert, more interested in his New York Yankees than politics; James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, and Samuel Untermyer, lawyer.

Tammany's first scandal occurred in 1837. Since then there has been many a Quixote to tilt at Tammany, some seriously and some merely hoping to attract public interest. Seabury's attempt appears to be a serious one.

Lost Longhorn Herd Enriches Texas Man

San Antonio, Tex.—(UP)—Remains of a lost herd of longhorn cattle, famous in the history of the Texas range, have been found by L. D. Bertillion of Mineola, Tex., and their horns have made him rich.

In 1812 Jacob Don Lonerr's entire herd of several thousand longhorns stampeded in a storm near Tetringua Creek. They were never found.

That is, not until Bertillion trailed a nearby canyon to a cave opening and found a great heap of bones and horns. Bertillion has since sold more than \$50,000 worth of horns, and is now negotiating for a sale to the Prince of Wales.

Contagious.

From Tit-Bits.

"Oh, come on, May—give me a kiss."

"No, I've got scruples."

"Never mind—I've had them twice."

Yale News Betrays Absent Minded Profs

New Haven, Conn.—(UP)—The Yale Daily News claims to have discovered concrete evidence that professors—at least not absent-minded professors—are not absent-minded.

Why, asks the News, are not workmen busy in excavations on the campus picking out professors who go every morning to the holes where their offices used to be? The obvious answer is that the professors are not absent-minded.

Papal Error That Cost Spain Much Territory

King Solomon offered to divide a small boy to whom two women laid claim, and won a great reputation for wisdom by so doing. Pope Alexander VI—born Roderick Borgia—actually did divide the world, and got no special credit for it even in his own day.

He was an abler administrator, a more versatile politician, a more farsighted statesman, a greater patron of the arts and sciences and a much better friend to the common people than was the Hebrew monarch, and that's about all the good it did him.

Vasco da Gama had rounded the Cape of Good Hope to give Portugal a foothold in India. Columbus had sailed west to discover what might prove to be a new continent, and he represented Spain. It was inevitable that there should be conflicting claims, and perfectly natural that the rival rulers should turn to the pope as the logical umpire.

Alexander did not find the problem difficult. For generations the Portuguese had been sailing southward along the west African coast and their claims were obviously to be preferred along the routes they followed. The Spaniards, through their Genoese agent, had found land in the West. What was easier than to draw a line from north to south on the map and let the broad Atlantic separate the new dominions of the rivals? Every one was happy.

It was seven years before the Portuguese discovered that Brazil stuck out so far to eastward that it crossed the pope's line, and that the holy father had given them far more than they had dreamed of. They were quick to colonize, and that is how Brazil speaks Portuguese to this day, although every other Latin-American land prefers Spanish.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Conditions That Unite Whole Animal Kingdom

A conference of eminent scientists recently met at the estate of Copley Amory, of Washington and Boston, at Matamek, Quebec. For ten days ecologists—that is, students of animal life in relation to its surroundings—discussed problems and findings in their particular fields of ornithology, mammology, marine biology, etc. The results of the conference were so profitable that plans for another meeting in 1934 were made and a committee appointed to formulate a permanent organization.

One of the points especially stressed in the discussion was the interrelation of the various animal groups, including man. Fluctuations in one species are often felt throughout the animal kingdom. Certain varieties are of such importance that they are known as "key animals." Mice and mice-like rodents are "key animals" in many parts of the world. When mice are abundant in the Canadian Northwest foxes, snowy owls, wolves and bears cease to prey on partridges. When the mice decline, animals turn again to game, and Eskimos and Indians suffer for food. Weasels and ermine die out in numbers when mice are scarce and snowy owls fly south in search of food, only to die in the warm climate.

Church Placed in Steel Cage

To reduce the fire hazard and protect workmen and passersby during the repairing of St. Paul's church, famous landmark of lower Broadway in New York city, the entire structure was inclosed in a steel-cage scaffolding, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The cage is 200 feet high, and 5,000 couplings and 2,500 pipes were required to complete the frame.

Never Can Tell

"You aren't cussing goldenrod any more," remarked the stranger.

"Not while these rubber experiments are on," responded the farmer. "Next year I may be planting it."

Slumber

A natural sleep of three months is credited to a woman in Brazil. Couldn't any good housewife do that if she had time?—Buffalo Evening News.

The man who holds his head too high overlooks a lot of life's good things.

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PALM SPRINGS
California

Grave of Civil War Vet Is Found by Autoist

Sunbury, Pa.—(UP)—Descendants of Charles Mattern, Snyder county soldier in the Civil war, found his grave in Virginia after a 60-year search.

Mattern died while serving with the Union army near Richmond. Records of his burial place were lost. Members of his company had no recollection of its location.

Harry Leub, Lewistown, motoring through Virginia, saw a familiar border county name on a head-

stone in a national cemetery at City Point, Va., this summer. It bore the names of "Charles Mattern."

On his return home he inquired whether a soldier of that name had served in the Civil war from this section. His inquiries reached Frank Mattern, son of the long-lost soldier.

Rich Fossil Beds Found in Western Nebraska

Sidney, Neb.—(UP)—New, rich fossil beds have been discovered in western Nebraska by a party of in-

vestigators working near here and at Bridgeport.

Fields located here and at Bridgeport are reported to be particularly productive by C. B. Schulz, leader of the excavation party.

Work done this year was primary, Schulz said, but resulted in discovery of valuable oligocene beds. Two members of the party, digging near here, unearthed a mastodon skull, prehistoric rhinoceros, camel, turtle and evidences of a rare three-toed horse. The party will return to this location

next year to further develop this bed.

One of the most important finds over made in Nebraska was reported from near Bridgeport, where the jaw of an amphibian was unearthed.

HUMILIATION KILLS PEACOCK

Chaffey, Cal.—(UP)—Humiliation was blamed for the death of the main attraction at the local zoo. Keepers pulled the gorgeous tail feathers of a male peacock, he languished and died as the result.