## THE <br> FORBIDDEN YEARS

Esther as Barbara had mown she would be, was with atm at the wheel. They got aretched a nod for Mrs. TwinAg and Barbara, and sa
"Aunt Adelaide, Gray's deokion slaggers me. He insists mo dodging tennis and a swi Gray, as a matter of fact,
after bowing too formally to Barbara, did squat beside the old lady's chair and take her
ingers in his strong grasp.

Didn't I say I'd com
"Your sacrifice pleases me. How long are you going to be
with Martha and Lyon?" "Going back to-night to get ranlleys in the morning." Esther reached to the tray for a teacup, then changed "Don't pose, Gray. Your cather's not exactly a slave-
Ariver; neither's Steve," His heavy laugh rumbled on Yorced note.
"You only see them in their kindlier, domestic moments.
Anyway, maybe I'm my own Whipper-in; maybe I'm on the ob for my own sweet sake." The strain was there again; Bave fera.
Whalc you ask Hoskins, dear, and enough of these cakes to and enough of these cakes to
As Barbant?"
As Barbars started for the Mouse Esther called after her: hg Hoskins to bring me askmg Hoskins to bring me some-
ehing a little hotter than hot From the doorway Barbara lanced back; she felt herself drawn around. Gray still Sounged on the grass beside
Mrs. Twining, but Esther had isen and now lay in a garden chair, and, although her eyes
were closed, Barbara knew hers. entered, found Hoskins eturn. She was halfway across the library when Gray entered from the hall, and came to
her with outstretched hands and the old fervid welcome in his eyes. She tried to hold him


## "No nonsense, We've only

 "Not even that, Gray. They must know you followed me."His haste, his husky warm, struge swept her with "Bless the luck that let me stumble on you yesterday. In his earnestness he
crushed her hands too tightly, arushed her hands too tightly, and she gave a little cry.
"Tm leaving the Helders' to aight, but I'm not going back
to town. I've got my car. Understand? nean. You hurt, Gray." to mo. What time does the "reat Adelaide go to bed?" "Any time up to twelve aever later. Why?
His volce was 10 more secretive.
way, just inside in the drivethe car at quarter-past twelve Meet me there."
Vehemently she shook her head. rhould I anyway? away, Why surd."
His the clos caught hers, and "Barbara! Nothing's absurd in this world.

Upholds Blood Tests

## 

She wished he hadn't sald that; it suggested so much; it seemed suddenly to make possible what Harvey so $\log 1$
cally believed impossible. Gra urged her
night," got to talk to you to
night.
What about, Gray?" "No time to tell you here me. You owe me that at least. She laughed tremulously apprecating his complete sel fishness against which she had been warned so frequent-
ly.
"Why should I owe you any thing? You haven't though
of me once since you saw m in Princeton.' His hands
painfully again "We'll talk about that to night. Promise to give me here until you do."
What he had to tell her was too important to talk about
here. He wouldn't let her think clearly. She only knew, in spite of her logic, and Harvey's, that she had to know he had was so important that time since she had been with Miss Minnie Barton in Prince ton she dared foolishly to the clear assent in her face. Gray. I know only a minute It's a shocking risk"
"Worth it" he growled His arm started to go about her, but she drew away.
"You know you mustn't." "Not here," he laughed, "bu She felt to-nigh up by fate. She had no ide where the veiled figure would bear her. "We must g

## He nodded.

"I'll go. I feel hateful, Gray a conspirator." he said gruffly "and I'm thankful for it . When I think of football! Barbara ye're playing
game in life.
She leaned against him for a moment. Was that the kind
of game he had always meant? Then it wasn't absurd to dream; never had been. His whisper startled he
"Watch out!"
Barbara turned and saw
Esther. She had entered silently from the hall, and
stood just within the doorway stood just within the doorway staring expressionlessiy
longs for you. Hoskins has brought your cakes and tea
Wouldn't you like a spoonful of porridge to
"Thanks. I'll tear right out
to the feast."
Barbara's heart was beating too fast; her throas beating tight. How much had Esther seen or heard? From where
she stood, it was reasonable she had, observed only that they were close. But if she had heard. They had spoken in whispers.
Esther stood aside as Gray
and Barbara passed, and Barand Barbara passed, and Bar-
bara shrank again from the sensation of being under cold inspection, and once more read a threat in the placid painted face. If Esther had
learned anything damaging about her beginnings she could be trusted to use it to drive her from under Mrs. Twining's protection. Yes, she
had to meet Gray that night, had to meet Gray that night, stood with him.
"Gray," Esther sald to Mrs. "Gray," Esther sald to Mrs.
Twining when they were on
In diameter in the Mont Alto for
est section. The blight killed the en
tite

the lawn again, "was helping "Gray can be very helpful when he chooses."
Gray glowered at his teacup.
Barbara's voice was hard. Barbara's voice was hard.
"Did Hoskins bring the
Conspiracies, threats, masks! But through her mask
little Esther saw everything. Barbara was glad to watch Gray and her drive away, but
the clouds of danger they had
brought, like the approachin brought, like the approaching
storm clouds over the erees, lingered, drooped lower, and
turned blacker.
The evening lagged inter-
minably. Barbara tried to read minad, but her attention
aloud,
strayed, and at eleven o'clock strayed, and at eleven o'clock
Mrs. Twining yawned and announced that she was
for bed.
"Are you tired, Barbara, or does the book bore you? You haven't the remotest
what you've been reading. what you've been reading.
It was true, and Barbara had never felt more vitally
awake in her life, but she shammed a yawn.
"It's oppressive. Maybe it's the storm coming up. Anyway it's bedtime."
When Mrs. Twining was
settled Barbara went to her room and stared from the
window. The storm had window. The storm had
broken, and a dismal, saturating rain slanted down before an east wind. That wouldn't
hinder Gray, but it made her hesitate again; yet he had said nothing was absurd, and
that they were playing the that they were playing the
greatest game in life, and she had to find out where she
stood.
The house was silent except
for the unequal tattoo of the
rain against the windows, and rain against the windows, and
the whining of the rising wind. She turned out her light and counted the minutes
to the clocklike beating of the to the clocklike beating of the
rain. The mournful clock had rain. The mournful clock had
measured time enough.. measured time enough.
She fumbled in the closet and got a thick wrap and a she slipped across the room along the hall, and down the
stairs, fearful that Mrs. Twin ing might be awake and hear her, or would awaken during
her absence and find she had left the house at such an hour and on such a night. It was
a breathless risk, but it was worth taking because Gray She made no noise going down the stairs, and she
opened and closed the front door quietly. Outside the rain
was blinding, and gave a thicker texture to the jetty
night. Slowly she went around the drive, stumbling against
the edges, her hands outthe edges, her hands ort
stretched to protect her from
the unseen masses of shrub bery. She saw no light from
an automobile ahead and, in her disappointment, realized
how much she had secretly how much she had secretly
desired the rendezvous. Her
heart lightened but her misgivings came back
voice, near at hand.
"Yes, Gray."
Her voice sounded far off,
unnatural, but it guided him,


He led her to the unseen
unabout, but she felt that
the top was up and the cur-
tains drawn. He unbuttoned
tains drawn. He unbuttoned
"In you go."
the curtains and around the
windshield. The car was wet and cold. He followed her in
and replaced there risk a light.
Can't guess how glad I was to
hear you. Afraid the storm
might make you funk it."
She didn't tell him that that
Was the smallest of the con-
siderations that might have
kept her away
whir softly; he set the gears. road, then we'll light up."
she put her hand on his

Almost immediately, indeed
blurred, glowworm splotches
daubed the darkness. Gray
they were on, and stopped by
a porch which was stained
with discreet reflections from
draped windows. He helped
her out and, holding her hand
tightly, knocked at the door
which opened without delay
dusky hallway. Through a
voices as of a number of pa-
trons surged, but the waiter
trons surged, but the waiter
swung a door on the left, and


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