"What do you mean? Where

are we going? I want to stay

here. Gray, I must stay here." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You can see for yourself

"Leave it to me, Barbara. I

The car was crawling down

"A restaurant not far off,

the drive, between the masses

where we can have a fire and

"I'm not hungry. Truly,

Gray dear, I'd rather not

He put his arm aroung her,

"Will you never learn to do

Her heart warmed, but the

"What did you want to talk

danger clouds remained black.

to me about? Can't you tell

Although she couldn't

make out the course of the

road, he swung the wheel and

increased speed. He didn't

answer. A moment later he

snapped on the headlights.

and they bored a tunnel of

brilliancy through a dank,

"Gray! Please do as I say.

"Too tricky driving. Road's

Why don't you answer me?"

slippier than grease. It's only

a couple of miles. Then I'll

But in spite of the risky

road the car, she noticed, went

faster. She knew she ought

not to go with him, and she

put her hand on his arm. But

She took her hand away, but

she was sure she ought not

to go, because, she honestly

believed, in a few minutes he

would transmute a beloved

dream into reality, and her

mind was tortured in remem-

bering what Harvey had said.

"Don't forget there's a

mystery about where you came

from. It makes no difference

to me, because I'm not like

him, I'm not like the Manvels:

but if he asks you to marry

him, which he won't, would it

be fair to him to say Yes, not

Harvey, she reflected, was

wrong about one thing, be-

cause she was confident Gray

was going to ask her to marry

him, and she tried to harden

herself, because she loved

him, had never been able to

love any other man, and re-

ligiously believed that she

never would. His love was sel-

fish. Why shouldn't hers be?

All love was selfish. But on

the other side, Harvey was

depressingly right. Under the

circumstances it wouldn't be

fair to Gray to say Yes. She

wished that she might have

found the power to deliver

herself to Harvey's quiet, deep,

loyal, and unquestioning pas-

sion. That was useless. What

would she say to Gray when

"Not to beastly uncomfort-

Almost immediately, indeed,

blurred, glowworm splotches

daubed the darkness. Gray

swung from the woods road

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.

A waiter ushered them into a

dusky hallway. Through a

door at the right confused

voices as of a number of pa-

trons surged, but the waiter

swung a door on the left, and

(TO B) CONTINUED)

An Apt Pupil.

From Tit-Bits.

A golf professional, hired by a big department store to give golf lessons, was approached by two wo-

"Do you desire to learn how to play golf, madam?" he asked one of

"Oh, no," was the reply, "It's my friend who wants to learn. I learned

rich ground for the archeologists.

With almost every new series of ex-

stood deferentially aside.

"I'm all right, Gray."

"Nearly there."

he asked her?

able, dear?"

knowing who you are?"

"Careful, Barbara."

drooping landscape.

talk all you want."

he muttered:

and held her close for a mo-

know a dry, comfortable

We're drenched already. The

car's a sieve." "Yes, but-"

"But where?"

of the gateposes.

leave the grounds."

a bite to eat."

house."

ment.

as I wish?"

me here?"

FORBIDDEN YEARS

WADSWORTH CAMP

Esther as Barbara had known she would be, was with him at the wheel. They got put and strolled over. Esther exetched a nod for Mrs. Twinng and Barbara, and sat down Afelessly on the grass.

"Aunt Adelaide, Gray's deyotion staggers me. He insists on dodging tennis and a swim so come hold your hand."

Gray, as a matter of fact, after bowing too formally to Barbara, did squat beside the old lady's chair and take her gingers in his strong grasp.

"Didn't I say I'd come?" Mrs. Twining smiled.

"Your sacrifice pleases me. How long are you going to be with Martha and Lyon?"

"Going back to-night to get ready for the return to the galleys in the morning." Esther reached to the tray

for a teacup, then changed her mind. "Don't pose, Gray. Your

father's not exactly a slavedriver; neither's Steve." His heavy laugh rumbled on

a forced note. "You only see them in their kindlier, domestic moments. Anyway, maybe I'm my own whipper-in; maybe I'm on the lob for my own sweet sake."

The strain was there again; zertainly Mrs. Twining must have felt it. She motioned

"Will you ask Hoskins, dear, to fetch some more hot water, and enough of these cakes to stuff a giant?"

As Barbara started for the house Esther called after her: "Mind, Miss Norcross, asking Hoskins to bring me something a little hotter than hot

From the doorway Barbara rlanced back; she felt herself drawn around. Gray still sounged on the grass beside Mrs. Twining, but Esther had risen and now lay in a garden chair, and, although her eyes were closed, Barbara knew they followed every motion of

She entered, found Hoskins at the back, and started to return. 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 away, but he wouldn't have

"No nonsense, We've only a second.

"Not even that, Gray. They must know you followed me." His haste, his husky secretiveness, swept her with warm, struggling pleasure.

"Bless the luck that let me stumble on you yesterday. Listen now."

In his earnestness he crushed her hands too tightly, and she gave a little cry.

"I'm leaving the Helders' tomight, but I'm not going back to town. I've got my car. Understand?"

"No. I don't know what you mean. You hurt, Gray."

"I'm sorry, my dear. Listen to mo. What time does the great Adelaide go to bed?"

"Any time up to twelve; never later. Why?" His voice was lower, huskier,

more secretive. "Then I'll be in the driveway, just inside the gate, with the car at quarter-past twelve.

Meet me there." Vehemently she shook her head.

"I'd be sent away. Why should I anyway? You're ab-

His glance caught hers, and the closed her eyes.

"Barbara! Nothing's ab-

surd in this world."

Pennsylvania Court Upholds Blood Tests

Waynesboro, Pa. - (UP) - The stnut may return to Pennsylvanforests from which it was elimsted by a blight developing in 1912, state foresters reported here. Experiments at the Mont Alto tate Forest have developed a quart nuts from six-year-old blightstating sprouts on the snowy

Previous to 1912 the chestnut stand of trees four inches

She wished he hadn't said that; it suggested so much; it seemed suddenly to make possible what Harvey so logically believed impossible. Gray urged her.

"I've got to talk to you tonight."

"What about, Gray?"

"No time to tell you here; too hanged important. Meet me. You owe me that at least."

She laughed tremulously. apprecating his complete selfishness against which she had been warned so frequent-

"Why should I owe you anything? You haven't thought of me once since you saw me in Princeton."

His hands crushed hers painfully again.

"We'll talk about that tonight. Promise to give me a few minutes. I swear I'll stick 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 what it was so important that he had to tell her. For the first time since she had been with Miss Minnie Barton in Princeton she dared foolishly to dream again. He relaxed at the clear assent in her face.

"But for only a minute, Gray. I know I'm doing wrong. 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, "but

there'll be to-night." She felt herself snatched up by fate. She had no idea where the veiled figure would bear her.

"We must get back."

He nodded. "Want to go first, or shall

"I'll go. I feel hateful, Gray; a conspirator."

"So do I," he said gruffly, "and I'm thankful for it. When I think of football! Barbara, we're playing the greatest 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 her:

"Watch out!" Barbara turned and saw Esther. She had entered silently from the hall, and stood just within the doorway, staring expressionlessly.

"Oh, Gray, Aunt Adelaide longs for you. Hoskins has brought your cakes and tea. Wouldn't you like a spoonful of porridge too?"

"Thanks. I'll tear right out to the feast."

Barbara's heart was beating too fast; her throat was too 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 Barbara 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, to find out precisely where she

stood with him. "Gray," Esther said to Mrs.

Twining when they were on in diameter in the Mont Alto forest section. The blight killed the en-

tire stand. Foresters since that time have sought to restore the chestnut through experiments along two lines, development of a blight-resisting seed and introduction of Chinese chestnut trees.

The Genesis of Culture,
From Philadelphia Public Ledger.
With the discovery of a Persian cemetery tentatively dated 2000 B.
C., by the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania Meseum of Art, the archeologists believe they have

the lawn again, "was helping Miss Norcross.'

Mrs. Twining smiled bright-

'Gray can be very helpful when he chooses."

Gray glowered at his teacup. 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 approaching storm clouds over the erees, lingered, drooped lower, and turned blacker.

The evening lagged interminably. Barbara tried to read aloud, but her attention strayed, and at eleven o'clock Mrs. Twining yawned and announced that she was ready

for bed. "Are you tired, Barbara, or does the book bore you? You haven't the remotest idea 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 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 greatest game in life, and she had to find out where she stoud.

The house was silent except for the unequal tattoo of the 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 rain. The mournful clock had measured time enough.

She fumbled in the closet and got a thick wrap and a scarf for her head. Creepingly she slipped across the room, along the hall, and down the stairs, fearful that Mrs. Twining 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 had let her dream again.

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 outstretched to protect her from the unseen masses of shrubbery. She saw no light from an automobile ahead and, in her disappointment, realized how much she had secretly desired the rendezvous. Her heart lightened but her misgivings came back at Gray's voice, near at hand.

"That you?"

"Yes, Gray." Her voice sounded far off, unnatural, but it guided him, and she felt her hand taken. "It's right here. Hurry on.

Gad, what a night!" He led her to the unseen runabout, but she felt that the top was up and the curtains drawn. He unbuttoned a curtain and half lifted her.

"In you go." The rain seeped between the curtains and around the windshield. The car was wet and cold. He followed her in,

and replaced the curtain. "Didn't dare 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 considerations that might have kept her away.

The motor commenced to whir softly; he set the gears. "I can feel my way to the road, then we'll light up." She put her hand on his

found the remains of a people who

may have formed a connecting link between India and Mesopotamia. But even more interesting and im-

pressive are the statements in the report of Dr. Erich Schmidt, the field director of the expedition, that remains of little children with their toy dishes were found and that strings of beads, bracelets, anklets and times rings still clump to edular

and finger rings still clung to adult remains. Also that plates, cups and bowls of finished ceramic work were discovered, as well as beautifully shaped weapons and many evi-dences of both artistic and cultural These old tramping grounds of long forgotten peoples have been

cavations new cultures or new dates for known cultures have been unearthed. But, even as in the latest find of the Pennsylvania expedition, each new excavation also unearths proof that mankind of that day had a definite culture and a civilization which could not have grown up overnight. Man's antiquity is not only being constantly pushed furth-er back toward the dawn of time, but with it constantly recedes that day when the instincts of crude cul-

ture first stirred in ancient man's

BARGES BATTLE FOR LOW RATES

Freight War Involves a Struggle With Railroads for Business

Memphis, Tenn .- (UP) -A struggle between two major transportation systems, comparative to that which occurred half a century ago when river packet boats from business, is in progress and may result in radical changes in the business methods of the Mississippi valley. The contest is between the railroads and the barge lines, who are assisted in a minor way by truck

Economic conditions which caused merchants and businessmen to attain economies in their businesses are largely accountable for

lines from inland cities to river

the struggle. The barge lines and packet ships always have been a minor contestant for freight in the Mississippi valley, but only recently has this struggle become so apparent.

War Department Hearing Public attention was attracted to It when a hearing was held here by a referee of the war department. He was asked to determine whether the government-operated federal barge lines should be permitted to offer a rate on cotton shipments from here and other river ports to New Orleans which would be about half of that offered by the railroads. His report and the decision on this case is expected shortly.

The decision, however, may mean little in the struggle, for private barge line operators haul a large percentage of the freight between up river points and the gulf, and they have indicated they are prepared to fight to the finish. They have offered "cut rates" also on quantity shipments.

Cheap Freight Rate Local cotton men say they need a cheaper freight between here and the Gulf ports in order to meet the competition of Texas cotton raisers, whom, they charge, are given a preferential rate from inland points in the Panhandle to seaport towns.

The federal barge line, government owned and operated by the war department, has been subjected to the attack of railroad interests from its inception. They charged at the hearing here it was an unfair means of competition, but the barge operators furnished testimony which tended to show the cheaper rates were offered because of economies they had put into ef-

"Petrified Woman"

Edinburg, Tex. petrified woman was found in a petrified forest near Rio Grande city the other day by E. A. Brown, retired automobile dealer of Edin-

The contours of the body are so perfect that since it has been removed here, and cleaned, Brown nas been wondering whether a woman was really petrified, or whether it is a piece of ancient statuery, perhaps discarded from one of the early Spanish shrines in the lower

Rio Grande valley. Roots up to three inches in diameter were interlaced above and around the reclining form, which was found buried in six feet of earth.

Colorado Angler Lassos Porcupine

Trinadad, Colo., -(UP)- H. G. Kendall, baker and president of the Trinadad chapter of the Izaac Walton League stepped into the yard of his home and made the strangest catch of his life. -A husky porcupine had selected the yard as a parking place.

Kendall lassoed it, and later sent it to the park at Monument lake. MAGIC CARPET. My lawn's a moquette carpet now, Of deepest, softest pile; The sort that mother's parlor graced,

When carpets were in style. The background is a vivid green; And o'er it, broadcast strewn, The pattern of the fallen leaves, A cabalistic rune.

What tracery of colors rich! The ambers, grays and reds, While here and there are outlines In pink and copper threads.

The magic carpet, famed of old! And when the wind is high, The autumn elves will gaily mount, he autumn eives with And off to Bagdad fly.
—Sam Page.

FROM FRAT HOUSE TO JAIL Evanston, Ill. - (UP) - When Jack McLean, wearing his college cut clothes, moved into the Sigma Chi fraternity house at Northwestern university, he neglected to tell the brothers he was not a member. Now he's in jail, wondering how to raise the room rent he owes the fra-

COURSE FOR AUTHORESS Omaha-(UP)-Miss Willa Cather, Nebraska novelist, is going to receive honors usually denied propheta in their own country. A course "Willa Cather" is to be taught al Creighton University, Prof. Charles C Charvat of the graduate school announced recently.

BLONDES ARE "HARD BOILED" Memphis, Tenn. - (UP) - "The hardest-boiled girls and women we have at police headquarters are always blondes," says Mrs. Anna Jackson, in charge of the Women's Protective Bureau here. "I don't know why blondes are so much tougher than other types, but they

1,620 LAKES IN MAINE Auusta, Me. - (UP) - Maine has 1.620 lakes, whose total water surface is approximately 3,200 square

MEW PLANET MAKES TENTH IN THE SKY

Layman Left Wondering What Is the Limit.

The ancient astrologers knew only five planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Uranus and Neptune were added by Nineteenth century science: the former barely visible to the naked eye and the latter quite invisible. And this seemed to be the limit.

Far out into extraplanetary space men swept the heavens with the great telescopes, but no more planets were discovered. Then the science advanced to such an unbelievable degree of refined accuracy that certain minute irregularities in planetary motion led to the prediction that a ninth planet must exist unknown to mankind. So close was the study of the irregularities that the investigators finally stated in just what part of the sky the unknown planet should be found. And, by means of the record of the photographic plate, it was indeed thus found, and given the name of Pluto.

It was thought to be the end, for t explained all the noted irregularities of the planets.

Now Prof. W. H. Pickering of Harvard finds a tenth and as yet unnamed planet far out beyond Pluto. Not planetary irregularities, but certain queer quirks of comets and their orbits started Doctor Pickering on the trail, and again the photographic plate has picked up a planet in its predicted place.

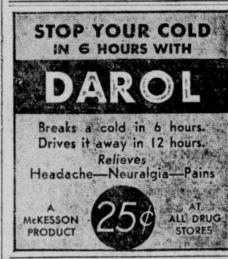
So now there are ten. To the layman with a smattering of astronomical knowledge the little solar system of which our earth is an unimportant member has always seemed snugly definite in the infinity of interstellar space. Infinity we cannot comprehend, but comprehension of the solar system has been easy, for it has been measured and weighed and bounded; the motion of each of its members has been determined with the most meticidous accuracy, and even the direction of its own movement through space has been discovered.

Now we find that the snugness is illusory. If the savants keep on adding planets to our homelike solar system it will cease to be homelike, and approach the uncomfortable indefiniteness and incomprehensibility of the infinite.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shortleaf Pine Ideal

The shortleaf pine, while not so fast-growing as some of the other southern yellow pines, has been found to be one of the most satisfactory trees for reforestation purposes. Puzzles Texas Man | The trees grow well on poor and abandoned land and on uplands. It requires about 30 years for a tree to reach its maturity, but at that time the tree will average well over 60 feet in height and will have a diameter 4 feet from the ground of about 9 inches. The wood, being soft, is adaptable for many building purposes and is easily worked.

As many as 500 dominant trees per acre can be found in a good stand of this species, which makes the acre vield well worth while.



More Grief

Rlinks-I see a vest pocket cracker that can sustain life for several days has been produced.

Jinks-Huh! I wonder if that means wives won't even come home from bridge parties in time to open cans for the evening meal?

Husbands Will Be Husbands "My husband is a deceitful wretch.'

"What's he done now?" "He pretended to believe me last night when he knew I was lying to him,"-Pathfinder Magazine,

Annoying "My husband talks in his sleep." "Does that annoy you?" "Yes, I can't make out what he is

Too Much So

"Did the hotel you stopped at overlook the sea?" "Oh, yes, completely."

saying."

Early pioneers didn't mind the weather much. They had too many other things to worry about.

When a man is easily bought the buyer is usually sold.

Sunshine **** -All Winter Long

AT the Foremost Desert Resort of the West-marvelous climate-warm sunny days-clear starlit nights-dry invigorating air — splendid roads — gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

Write Cree & Chaffey PALM SPRINGS California