

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

CHAPTER XI

Steve chuckled.

"Hairbreadth! But we're safe in Adelaide's castle."

Barbara heard the reporters moving restlessly outside and murmuring. Probably they conferred about some strategy that might give them entrance. Apparently Hoskins thought so, for he stood with his shoulder braced against the door as if expectant of determined physical attack. It occurred to Barbara that in fairness to Mrs. Twining she ought to thrust him aside, turn the latch, and leave the house even at the cost of delivering herself to so disconcerting an inquisition.

"I oughtn't to stay, Steve. They'll besiege the place. Mrs. Twining'll be talked about in every newspaper."

From the back came faintly the persistent whirring of the door signal.

"Listen to that. They'll keep it up all night. She'll want to take my head off."

Steve started for the stairs. "Then come along and offer your neck for the stroke. There's nothing else to do, for you can't deliberately throw yourself to the wolves."

She followed him up the stairs doubtfully, reading in his sluggish ascent his own suspense. After all her kindness and affection she shrank from the prospect of Mrs. Twining's turning on her, so she lagged as Steve entered the sitting room, and she suffered the hesitation of his confession.

"For once, Adelaide, I've had the temerity to think and act for you."

At Mrs. Twining's sharp demand Barbara grasped the stair rail.

"How should you dare do that? Come on. What nonsense have you been up to?" Barbara clung, listening to Steve.

"Adelaide, I've brought Barbara."

The imperious voice snapped: "Where is she?"

Barbara had to go in then, and take the consequences of Steve's daring. Mrs. Twining sat in a big chair between the windows, and Barbara was made more uncomfortable by seeing Lyon Helder and his wife on a sofa.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to come. The house is surrounded by reporters. I wouldn't have got you involved in this for the world. Steve tricked me."

The brittle tones crackled. "A good trick too. Thanks, Steve. You're absolved."

She held out her hand, and Barbara advanced uncertainly. "You never mean you want me?"

Mrs. Twining caught her hand and drew her to the side of the big chair.

"Haven't I always wanted you, Barbara, since the night you deserted me? Certainly I've done my best to get you back."

"But everything's so different."

Mrs. Twining asked impatiently: "In what way? Except from what Lyon tells me you've found your own name."

"The reporters—"

"What do I care for reporters? Let them freeze their fingers and toes. No more nonsense now. You've come home, this time to stay."

Barbara put an unsteady hand on the back of the chair.

"Don't give way to your nerves, child."

"Let's Hear from the 'Forgotten Man.'"

From the Knoxville News-Sentinel. Never in all history has the "forgotten man" been responsible for the expenditure of so much money by any government.

He reads of a million here and a billion there, a billion for this and a billion for that, appropriated by the law-makers.

He hears of economy bills killed off and pension bills added on—all at the insistence of the organized minorities and at the expense of the unorganized rank and file, represented by the "forgotten man."

Lyon Helder loosed a thought.

"Mightn't do her any harm. The reporters have been after me, too, to-day, Barbara, but it was only a little while ago that they give me this totally unexpected news that you are my niece."

Mrs. Twining laughed dryly. "Don't look like that, Martha. Do get it through your head that you're not responsible for Essie's scarlet melodramas."

But it was plain that Mrs. Helder, more than anyone else, carried the weight of the lurid spectacle on her fragile shoulders. She hid her face.

"The reporters will waylay Lyon and me when we leave," Lyon Helder walked ponderously to Barbara and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm glad that Steve brought you. We'd just come to talk over with this good friend of yours and ours what's best to be done to make up for an apparently inexcusable neglect."

Mrs. Twining sniffed. "Apparently! That's a pretty weak word."

From behind her hands Mrs. Helder murmured: "Don't be so cruel, Adelaide."

Lyon Helder's grasp tightened. Knowing him, it never occurred to Barbara to doubt his defense.

"You're not often so unjust, Adelaide. Years ago I was given to understand that Robert's child was dead."

Mrs. Twining waved her hand at her sister. Her question was weighed with sarcasm.

"By our touchy Martha?" Mrs. Helder lowered her hands, and her blurred eyes appealed.

"You are unjust, Adelaide. By the aunt to whom she was sent by Robert's written orders. He left them in his office the night he was killed. In case anything happened to him, he wrote. He seemed to foresee."

It failed to diminish Mrs. Twining's censoriousness.

"Obviously you didn't go to any vast pains to verify the rumor. Is that why you and Lyon kept away from Caroline and Jacob in Elmford?"

In his stolid fashion Lyon Helder defended himself.

"No. Jacob and Caroline aren't a great deal in Elmford. How often have you been? There was no reason why we shouldn't have accepted the news as valid."

He smiled at Barbara. "I'm afraid you weren't as close to our hearts as you should have been. We scarcely knew you. You were merely another link with Robert gone, and afterwards you were given an arbitrary name. But we were wrong not to have been more concerned. Will you forgive us, and let us make up for it?"

Mrs. Twining didn't give Barbara an opportunity to answer. Her head went back.

"I'll do the making up for it. You and Martha have thrown away your chance."

Mrs. Helder spoke faintly. "We want to do all we can. If Barbara wishes she may come to us."

Again Mrs. Twining wouldn't let Barbara speak. The bony hand tightened.

"Barbara is staying here."

Perhaps it was a sense of relief that gave Mrs. Helder the courage to attack.

"You never fail to think of your own comfort first, do Adelaide?"

Mrs. Twining wasn't ruffled.

since he is made to pay the bill, is he not consulted? simply because he has not been heard from.

Are you among the forgotten? Do you belong to the great rank and file—that does not belong to any group represented by a lobby?

All appropriations for government expenditure originate in the House of Representatives. Those representatives are all that the name implies. They represent you as law-makers in exactly the manner you deserve. Being human, if they do not hear from you as to what you think of the legislation that is being passed, and they do hear from the organized minorities in ever-

"Never; and it will be a great comfort to have Barbara in my house again; but I want you all to understand that she doesn't come on the old footing. I'm not to be her care this time; she's to be entirely mine. She's to have the place that a child of mine would have had. She's to stay here always. That was in my mind when she foolishly dashed off."

Mrs. Helder's ravaged face heralded her dismay. Steve grinned at Mrs. Twining.

"You make me inform you, usually learned lady, that children seldom stay always. They marry and vanish."

"They marry, but they needn't vanish."

As a following thought she asked her sister: "Why didn't you bring Esther to the family reunion?"

Lyon Helder smiled understandingly.

"Esther's been keeping herself out of the way to-day."

"Esther," Mrs. Twining said bluntly, "doesn't think of anyone except her own self."

Once more Mrs. Helder uncovered a minute combativeness.

"That shows how unfair you are. If you won't admit anything else, you can't deny she thinks of Gray."

Barbara's nerves tightened again. She tried to free her hand, but Mrs. Twining wouldn't let her go. The life-long lack of congeniality between the sisters had seldom been more in the open.

"You'll have to prove to me that there isn't more calculation than affection there."

Lyon Helder lumbered to his wife's defense.

"Adelaide! What calculation could there be except that of affection?"

"Gray," Mrs. Twining explained patiently, "is one of the very most eligible men in New York, and you'll agree, I dare say, that Esther has at least the virtue of going after the best."

Mrs. Helder's hands went back to her face.

"I don't know what's come over you, Adelaide. You don't credit the uxor child with any heart."

Mrs. Twining's voice thinned.

"It's come over me that it's healthy to face facts once in a while. Essie's given us a few to stand up to to-day. Poor child, nonsense! Her heart's always beaten for herself. The trouble with you, Martha, is that you've never had the courage to look facts in the face. That's why you're crushed now, although all along it's been perfectly obvious that that, barring death, Essie was bound to come back with the noticeability of a sandwichman."

Mrs. Helder's hysteria was muffled by her hands.

"You can talk that way because she isn't your sister-in-law."

"But," Mrs. Twining said, "she's Barbara's stepmother, which means rather more, yet we're by no means in despair, are we, Barbara?"

Deliberately Lyon Helder made his pronouncement: "Sisters quarreling doesn't make it any easier to face facts."

Steve walked between the sisters close to him.

"By the way Lyon, speaking of Gray, have you any idea where he is? He didn't show up at the office to-day, and he's sent no word."

Lyon Helder shook his head. "Esther might know."

Mrs. Twining stood up. "Come along, Barbara. You're shaking again. Your rooms have been waiting for you a long time, and you're going to them to have a little rest and peace."

Mrs. Twining, as far as she could, kept the newspapers from Barbara, and she wouldn't let her go again immediately to see her stepmother.

"You'll be happier in the

increasing numbers, as they are hearing, they naturally are going to listen to the crowd that represents special privilege, and not to the great majority as represented by the "forgotten man."

Don't forget that everyone pays his share of government expenditures in some form of taxes. Just because the tax collector does not call personally at your home and present his bill to you individually, is no reason for thinking that you do not pay. You pay your share of taxes when you buy shoes, hats and all other articles of clothing. You pay it when you pay rent, and all on down the line.

When you are compelled to give

house until the editors get tired of giving Essie all this free advertising. They will before long. Mark my words, the resurrection will be forgotten faster than the original crime."

But the peace which she had promised Barbara never quite materialized, and even its fragile phantom was rapidly dissolved by the worries set in action by Essie's rebound into notoriety. Barbara couldn't understand why she didn't hear from the Gardners. They must have read the newspaper accounts, yet neither one came or wrote. She could explain Aunt Barbara's silence after a fashion through her conservative, self-contained nature, but she couldn't fathom Uncle Walter's. With his romantic individuality he would normally want to rush to her side and find a place in the scene. But her most enduring concern was Gray's absence and silence. Steve said that he thought Gray's parents knew his whereabouts but were bound to secrecy.

Certainly Gray, if he looked at the papers at all, must know she was it Mrs. Twining's. Then what he had said at the Bars and Stripes had been final, for Hackey got in touch with her readily enough, and so did Harvey.

"Dollink, I'm bald from pulling out my hair all on account of you," Hackey lamented over the telephone. "If the eruption had come off twenty-four hours earlier I'd have told Rulon to join the navy, for your publicity value's better than his now. Take advantage of it, beautiful one, and fly home to Hackey. If you don't I'll have to buy a toupee. For me you're the best hair tonic ever was. Have mercy, sweetheart, and save my thatch."

Harvey, also over the telephone, wanted to know if he could do anything, and haltingly let her see his hope that what had happened might possibly alter their relations. Although Gray had gone, nothing could change the situation between Harvey and her, and she told him as gently as possible.

"But your loyalty makes me very happy."

Gray, hidden away, apparently had no loyalty. Unknown to Barbara, he had, however, made one brief, futile visit to New York. After brooding over the newspapers the day following the opening, he took down Essie's address, and on a headlong impulse jumped into an automobile and tore along the roads to the city. Less than half an hour after Barbara had left he was pacing up and down the living room of Essie Helder's apartment, frowning and angry.

"You've got to lay off this."

At first she didn't know who he was. When he told her, her bitter smile dawned.

"I see. You're going to marry Esther. You don't want the mud splashed on her. It has been pretty thoroughly."

In his taut eagerness he shouted at her.

"It's none of your business what I want, except that you let the splashing stop. As long as that place of yours goes on the talk will go on. Honestly I don't give a hang myself, but it's pretty hard on others. That's all I'm thinking of, how beastly unpleasant it is for some others. Mrs. Helder, close the dump for your own sake, too."

Her dreary smile widened. "Now that's funny. It's for my very own sake that I'll keep it going as long as I've got a customer left."

His manner softened. He tried to plead.

TO BE CONTINUED

Almost Nothing. From the Humorist. Landlady (discussing world troubles): I suppose we must be prepared for anything these days. Boarder (eying his helping): Yes—or at any rate for almost anything!

over two months' work out of every year to federal, state and local government in taxes, and that in a period when your own income has sharply declined, can you fail to realize that unless you let yourself be heard that proportion of your income appropriated by the governments will increase rather than decrease?

The law-makers, the official money spenders, not only federal but local, should hear from the "forgotten man."

More than 50,000 scholarships are granted annually by American colleges and universities.

BOSTON KEEPS JOBLESS BUSY

Boston — (UP) — Several hundred local architects and engineers have lost their jobs, but few are unemployed.

This depression paradox is explained by existence of "The Emergency Planning and Research Bureau, Inc.," formed several months ago by the Boston Society of Architects, and the Engineering Societies of Boston.

Under a growing \$75,000 endowment pledged by more fortunate members of the two professions, the bureau pays \$15 a week to jobless architects and engineers, who in return are drafting advanced plans for developments in Boston, Massachusetts and New England.

The work these trained men are doing with as much enthusiasm as though they were getting normal wages does not encroach upon the business of established commercial firms. Much of it is planning which states and cities would finance in ordinary times, such as:

A study of Boston's slum problem. Studies of the shift of populations and curves, for the governor's street and highway safety committee.

A plan for future distribution of waterworks systems in New England.

A comparison of existing building laws with a proposed general building code.

A study of fire protection in state institutions.

William Stanley Parker, Boston architect, is president of the bureau, with Irving E. Moulthrop and Frank M. Gunby as vice presidents. An impressive advisory board is headed by President Karl T. Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Since its establishment in January, over 650 men have registered with the bureau.

Will It Come To This?

From the Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch. There was a time, under English law, when a desperate criminal, if he could not easily be apprehended and dealt with under the regular forms of criminal procedure, might be officially proclaimed as an outlaw. The man so proclaimed lost all his civil rights, and it was a criminal offense for anyone to give him aid or shelter. If he did not then give himself up to the duly constituted authorities, any citizen might bring him to justice, and in case he should attempt to flee or resist when called upon to surrender, anyone might slay him and be free from any charge of crime in so doing.

This method of criminal procedure has never been formally abolished in England, but has become obsolete in practice, because the need for such drastic action has gradually passed away. The ordinary processes of law have become sufficient for the protection of society against crime.

The outrageous conduct of bandits, kidnapers, etc., in this country, however, has led Justin Miller, dean of the law school of Duke university and chairman of the section on criminal law and criminology of the American Bar association to have an article prepared by his assistant on the possible benefits which might accrue from a revival of this old English method of procedure. This article appears in the current number of the Panel, published under the auspices of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York county, and one may wish that it might have a wide reading among criminals themselves. They might be convinced that they are going too far in their presumption of superiority to the laws and courts, and that society has still other weapons up its sleeve, so to speak, if regular methods of law enforcement prove unwelcome.

The American people would have to be driven to desperation, of course, before resorting to a revival of such a summary method; but such cases as the Lindbergh kidnaping, and the career of Capone and his associates and tools, justify a careful consideration of means of protection which have proved effective in generations past and might conceivably be used again.

KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Safe. Cheap. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Over-Officed

At a recent inspection before the mayor of a small New Jersey town, it developed that the village had seven police officers and three policemen on its force. The officers—the chief, the captain, the lieutenant, three sergeants and a fingerprint expert—lined up with the mayor to watch the patrolman trio pass by.

No Problem at All

Wife—Little Freddy has drunk the ink. What shall I do?
Hubby—Write in pencil.

It does seem as if the things young men most want to do are those their fathers tell them they'd better not.

Father is full of prejudices which you inherit.

**Man Lost 26 Pounds
Looks 100% Better**

Feels Stronger Than Ever

Just to prove to any doubtful man or woman that Kruschen Salts is the SAFE way to reduce—let us take the letter of Mr. F. J. Fritz of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently received.

He writes: "I've tried extreme dieting, setting up exercises with very little results—but the results from Kruschen are almost incredible. In 3 months I reduced from 205 to 179 pounds and feel stronger than ever—no more wheezing or gasping for breath—friends say I look 100% better."

Bear in mind, you fat man, that there is danger in too much fast—the safe way to reduce—one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning—cut down on fatty meats and sweets—one bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle—get it at any drugstore in the world.

EPILEPTIC. Gladly tell how my daughter was quickly relieved at home by new discovery without the use of harmful drugs. Nothing to sell. Write Mrs. BURKE, Drawer F, ARLINGTON, TEXAS.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 23-1932.

**State Commission
Raises Food for Fish**

Harrisburg, Pa. — (UP) — The Pennsylvania state game commission is raising food to feed game fish in the streams of the state.

During 1931, about 2 million minnows, from one to four inches long, were placed in the streams to feed trout, bass, pickerel, pike and other game fish.

The minnows used chiefly were the silver shiner, the golden shiner and the run chub varieties.

Flapper Fanny Says

A girl sometimes tests a man he's the salt of the earth so she can shake him down.

**Mercolized Wax
Keeps Skin Young**

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of sand skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Here's One Honest Man

A Berlin cabinet maker's wife had nothing to offer a beggar but a pair of her husband's old shoes, which, unknown to her, contained his entire savings, 1,500 marks (\$380). The beggar did not inspect them; sold them to a second-hand dealer. The dealer read the owner's story in the newspaper, turned over the shoes and the money to the police, who returned them to the right owner.

**Kodak Film
10c Roll**

Clip this ad and send to us with 10c (no stamps) before July 1, 1932, for fresh roll of No. 120 Eastman Kodak Film or No. 2 Brownie. Money back if not as represented. Price list of other sizes upon request.

THE BALDWIN STUDIO
Dept. WC - - - St. Louis, Mo.

Unhonored and Unsung

In August, 1918, an English soldier raised single-handed a German headquarters and captured some documents which he could not read. The other day he accidentally learned that they were the Hindenburg defense plans which enabled the allies quickly to win the war. He's now wondering who took the credit he should have gotten.—Collier's Magazine.

RHEUMATIC PAINS
usually yield quickly when
B. & M.
THE PENETRATING GERMICIDE
is freely applied three times a day. It has helped many after other treatments failed. Ask your Druggist for the \$1.25 size.
F. E. ROLLINS CO. 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Battlefield Will

A will, written on a battlefield in France by a Philadelphia soldier mortally wounded in action, was filed with the register of wills for probate. Henry J. Keechut, who died September 17, 1918, at St. Mihiel following the American offensive, penned the will knowing that he was about to die. He left his war risk insurance of \$2,500 to his mother and sister.