

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

"Just like that. She was all right when she got up, although she's been a lot more miserable lately. Then she sat down to breakfast and picked up the paper, and the first thing I knew she gave a little cry, and fell back in her chair; and I said, 'What's the matter, Barbara?' She couldn't answer, and when I went to her she couldn't move, so I ran for Dr. Black. She can talk now; but all she does is keep asking for you."

Barbara's ears were acutely attuned to the silence. Was it her fancy that a blurred murmuring rose and fell in drifting down the stair well? The conception made her whisper too.

"She was reading the paper?"

Mr. Gardner nodded, and pointed to a newspaper on the table. Barbara glanced at it, and saw the story of Essie Helder's death on the front page.

"But, Uncle Walter, this is a New York paper. We always had the Trenton paper except on Sundays."

"I know, Bobbie; but we've had a New York paper that comes in on the early bus from Trenton since—"

His grieving eyes were apologetic.

"Honestly, Bobbie, I wanted to rush to New York to see you the minute I heard the news, but she wouldn't let me."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, but she was set against it."

So the Gardners had followed every stage of Essie Helder's return. Barbara asked directly:

"You knew my stepmother?"

He shook his worried head from side to side.

"Never set eyes on her in my life."

"Or my father?"

He glanced away.

"I know now it was your father who came here, once or twice years ago to see your aunt."

She pressed his hand. She wouldn't let him go. In spite of his grief she was hurt by his evasions.

"You knew all along who I was."

Ponderously his head went from right to left again, and a worried eye attempted the old, knowing, grotesque distortion.

"I asked no questions so nobody told me any lies. My theory is that what you don't know can't hurt you in any manner, shape, or form."

The silence hadn't cheated her. A door must have been opened upstairs, for the murmuring she had fancied became depressingly definable, and her name vibrated across it again and again. What difference did it make what her uncle had known or hadn't known about her? From his angle he had proved his theory that what you didn't know couldn't hurt you. All at once she realized that without meaning to she had been a disturbing member of this kindly household. Mr. Gardner's whisper was low.

"It's Dr. Black."

The country practitioner, an elderly, tired man, came in stealthily, and shook hands too hard with Barbara and Harvey.

"I heard the ear, and I'm pretty sure she did too. I've done everything I could to quiet her, and perhaps you'd better go up now. Apparently you're the only one she cares

to see, and it can't do her any harm, while it may help her; but do be very quiet, and promise not to let her notice any excitement."

His fingers were odorous of some medicine as he patted Barbara's cheeks.

"But you won't. I can tell you're a very self-contained young woman."

Barbara jerked her hand free and started for the stairs. Actually doctors saw so little. Self-contained! She was helpless before multiple apprehensions; more helpless than she had ever been in her life.

Reluctantly she went on up the stairs, and, guided by the murmuring, through which her name perpetually threaded, crossed the hall, and paused on the threshold of the room, afraid to look at the bed of whose bulk she was dimly aware. Abruptly there was silence; then out of it after a moment came the remembered voice, no longer incoherent, except, perhaps, in the pronouncing of Barbara's name; almost as clear as she recalled it from the days before the quarrel and her flight from Elmford.

"That is you Bobbie. I know it, but it's hard to see you. Come closer, dear."

Draggingly Barbara ap-down. Mrs. Gardner was motionless except for her head, proached the bed and looked and one hand that was too mobile in straying about the coverlet. Her body beneath the blankets looked pitifully thin, and her face was ashen with the skin stretched too tightly across the bones; in it the eyes were very large. Barbara took the straying hand, and held it still. Mrs. Gardner sighed.

"I was so afraid you'd come down here as soon as you found out about your father."

Barbara drew a chair close, sat down, and clung to the restless hand.

"They kept me too much shut up. Then you didn't want to see me?"

"Not then, but I do now, because this may be my last chance."

Barbara stared, forced herself to stare harder, but the screen was no longer there. Her aunt had deliberately lowered it because she thought she was going to die.

"And then your stepmother has had her last punishment. That's why I can talk to you. I'm not afraid of your asking questions now."

Barbara spoke softly, slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Then why should her death have done this to you, Aunt Barbara?"

The sunken, feverish eyes appealed.

"It's hard to make you understand, but I guess it was because it came to me just like that that she couldn't do any more harm to me or anybody else; that for the first time in all these years I didn't need to go in fear and trembling of her."

The hard, meager hand in Barbara's grasp twitched, but Barbara wouldn't let it go back to its endless, aimless straying.

"Doesn't seem fair, does it, Bobbie, that joy should hurt so much? I don't think they gave me long. That's why I wanted to see you."

"Don't talk like that. You'll get well."

But in her own ears Barbara's prophecy was empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER I

The elderly clerk adjusted his spectacles, frowned, and then looked at the young man on the other side of the counter.

"Do you really wish to insert this advertisement, sir?" he inquired.

"Certainly!" There was no hesitation about the reply: It was brisk and businesslike.

Once again the elderly clerk adjusted his spectacles and looked at the prospective advertiser.

"Excuse me, sir—but—"

"Oh, confound it, man! get on with your job!"

The precise-looking individual, who spent his working-day reading the most piquant interesting public announcements that appear in English, coughed. Mr. George Griffin had often placed it on record, when in the bosom of his family, that nothing could astonish him—nothing.

Yet as Napoleon had his Waterloo, so did Mr. George Gregory Griffin, a much more important person in his own estimation, now almost have to acknowledge defeat. He had started to dash through the advertisement in his usual perfunctory manner, checking off the number of words to arrive at the proper amount of payment; but when he had counted only ten words, he paused, pencil poised. During the whole of the thirty years he had been behind the counter of the Meteor advertisement department, he had never known an occasion such as this.

"I am not sure if we can insert this advertisement," he said at length; "I must see the manager."

Presently he returned with a round-faced, clean-shaven man, who stared at Martin Creighton from behind thick tortoiseshell spectacles.

"I am the advertisement manager," this person announced; "you wish to insert this advertisement?"—flipping the piece of paper he carried.

"I have already said so."

"H'm!" Two heads were placed close together, and a vocal hum ensued. "Most unusual . . . he looks sane . . . yet good publicity every paper will quote it . . . were some of the fragments of sentences that Creighton caught. Finally:

"How many insertions?" inquired Mr. George Gregory Griffin stiffly. He had the manner of one who, having settled with Destiny, intended to see the matter through.

"One."

"Seven-and-six, please"—and the deal was closed.

Later that afternoon a compositor in the caserom of the Morning Meteor set up the following advertisement for the next morning's Personal Column:

Old Public School Boy (27) wishes to sell his life, \$5,000. Desperate, healthy, adaptable. Box N. 4197 or Museum 10,000.

There are many ways in which a man can be ruined. One very effective one is to allow a financial optimist, whom you have just met, to take over money affairs. Martin Creighton, home from South America with \$5,000 saved from a silver mining expedition, had listened to the specious voice of a stranger to whom he had been introduced in the Wanderer's Club and had parted with his \$5,000. It sounds the act of a simpleton, but, bless you! the wisest of men can behave like pie-cans on occasion. And do: ask Throgmorton Street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

Creighton had dined well on this particular evening, and the prospect which the other dangled before him was an alluring one.

"Certain to pay at least 25 per cent to start," cooed the charmer; "if you hadn't been vouched for by old Trevelyn here, I don't know that I should have said a word, because my people who are doing all the brokering, are naturally keeping it dark . . ." There was a lot more of it, equally unimportant, but the end of it was that the following morning Creighton went to his bank to make the necessary arrangements to draw out the exact sum of \$5,000.

"Don't think me inquisitive, but may I ask what you intend to do with all the boodle?" inquired the manager. At any other time, Creighton would probably have been inclined to open his heart to the speaker, who was rudy-faced, lean-limbed, walked with a horseman's roll, and who looked more like a fox-hunting master of hounds than a bank manager.

"Make it earn some more," contented himself now with saying.

"Don't expect to make too much—War Loan's as good as anything if you want a steady return. That's perfectly safe, you know."

"I have something better than that," Martin said, and chuckled.

The manager pursed his lips, looked as though he would like to say something, but turned back into his private office.

That had been two months ago—exactly eight weeks since Martin Creighton, after going into things pretty thoroughly, had made his last visit to the pawnshop before going to the Meteor office. He was now minus watch and cigaret case. He had been minus his \$5,000 for a month past.

There was some mystery about the rubber company in which his \$5,000 was supposed to have been invested; but there was no mystery at all about Ronald Warbeck, the financial optimist to whom he had entrusted all the money he possessed in the world. Three days after he had passed the cheque to Warbeck, Martin called at the latter's office. He was received with suspicion. This soon changed to consternation when he informed the head of the firm that Warbeck had recently received a cheque for \$5,000 from him.

"Ronald Warbeck has not been to the office this week. From inquiries made we have reason to believe that he has left the country."

The last sentence sounded ominous, especially as the speaker's manner was very perturbed.

"Do you mean that the fellow has proved himself a crook?" Creighton's jaw stiffened as he asked the question.

"I am afraid that is the real meaning of his sudden flight. You say you gave him a cheque for \$5,000 last Saturday?"

"I did."

"But what did you know of the man? If you wanted to do business with this firm, why did you not come to the office yourself and state your requirements, when the matter would have been put through in a proper businesslike fashion? I don't see how anyone could be fool enough to give a perfect stranger a cheque for \$5,000."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

CONTROLLING TUBERCULOSIS

To successfully eradicate and control disease one must understand somewhat its cause and nature of progress. Tuberculosis in chickens is caused by a specific microscopic organism known as the avian type of Bacterium tuberculosis. These germs enter the body usually by ingestion, through the mouth, and under favorable conditions multiply in certain tissues in various parts of the body causing lesions or tuberculosis characteristic of the disease. External symptoms of the disease are recognized only in advanced stages in which the hens, usually a year or more old, will be emaciated, very light in weight, and the comb and wattles will be pale and shriveled. Some hens become lame. In advanced stages of the disease there is dullness accompanied by yellowish or greenish diarrhea. Finding a sickly, emaciated hen in the flock does not necessarily indicate the presence of tuberculosis. Some sharp bit of foreign material in the digestive tract or vital organs would result in somewhat this same appearance. If one finds several pale, sickly, light-weight hens in a flock it is good evidence that tuberculosis is present. Further examination should be made. Several such hens should be killed by breaking the neck at the base of the head without tearing the skin of the neck. This is easily done by taking the feet of the hen in the left hand and the head in the right with the thumb of the right hand held firmly at the back of the head where the neck is joined. Pull up with the left hand and down with the right holding the thumb several inches apart. Blood from tubercular hens should not be scattered about the poultry house or yard. After the hen is dead remove the breast bone, thus exposing the internal organs. The first organ to examine is the liver which, if the hen is infected with tuberculosis, will be enlarged and will show numerous yellowish white spots or lesions. These spots may be small and very numerous or they may be large and less numerous. Cutting a cross section of the liver will show these tubercles to contain a yellowish, somewhat gritty, and cheesy material. As a rule, one need go no farther in the post-mortem diagnosis. The next organ to examine is the spleen which, if the hen is in the position of lying on the back, will be found directly underneath the liver. It is a small, globe-like organ normally about the size of the end of one's thumb. If infected, however, it may be very much enlarged. The same character of lesions or tubercles will be found in the spleen. The third organ likely to be infected is the digestive tract, evidence of which will be shown by the characteristic lesions varying in size and irregular in shape, imbedded in the wall of the intestine. Other tissues of the body may be infected but less frequently than the three named. Examine several hens in the manner described. It is not difficult to diagnose the disease from post-mortem examination only those hens which show plainly the outward symptoms of the disease. If you are satisfied beyond a doubt the disease is tuberculosis, kill the remainder of the hens that are nothing but "skin and bones" and burn the carcasses with those on which the examination was made.

Two methods are suggested for eradicating tuberculosis from a flock of poultry. The method to be used depending on how badly the flock is infected. There is no cure for the disease. In badly infected flocks the best method in the long run is to sell off all chickens on the farm, giving the equipment a thorough cleaning followed by disinfection, and then start with healthy stock. This plan is particularly recommended for small flocks. In using this plan, however, it is advisable to apply the tuberculin test with avian tuberculin to determine the extent of infection in the flock. It should also be used on the new breeding stock one brings to the farm in replacing the flock disposed of, and to make sure that the new stock is free from the disease. The second method of cleaning up an infected flock is the same as used successfully among cattle—the application of the tuberculin test at regular intervals, the removal of reactors, and cleaning up of the poultry premises. The test should be applied by a skilled veterinarian.

HAIRLESS PIGS

When hairless pigs appear in the litter there is a lack of iodine in their ration. The hairless-pig trouble corresponds to goiter in other animals and in man. With pigs it is usually not noticeable at birth but takes on several different appearances with different individuals. The glands in the throat are usually enlarged, giving the pig a pronounced "chuckle-necked" appearance, although this symptom is not always noticeable. Commonly they have a little hair covering and have a very sensitive skin. To touch or handle them seems to hurt them and a scratch on the skin will turn red and look inflamed. The occurrence of goiter is regular in some regions of the country and appears intermittently—usually by years—in other regions. Western North Dakota and Eastern Montana have the trouble regularly, whereas Eastern North Dakota has scourges of it some years and no trace of it in other seasons. I am told that there is a region of it of considerable area in the Lake Michigan district. Evidently the pigs get more iodine in their feed some years than in others. The supply of iodine required to prevent hairless litters is very small. Fortunately there is a sure cheap preventive measure which makes the risk of having it unnecessary. If the brood sow is fed half grain of potassium iodide daily for 70 to 90 days before the farrowing date or two grains daily during the last 50 days before the pigs are born, the trouble does not occur. A convenient way of getting sows to take the iodine is to dissolve an ounce of potassium iodide or sodium iodide in a gallon of water. This can be sprinkled on the sow's feed or put into her drink. Either method is effective. A tablespoonful of this solution contains approximately two grains of the medicine. This is a handy way to prepare and give iodine but it will be necessary to keep the bottle containing the solution where it will not freeze. Some pig growers take 320 grains of potassium or sodium iodide and mix it with each 1,000 pounds of grain feed. Five pounds of the feed mixture will carry one and six-tenths grains of potassium iodide.

BEEF FROM LIMESTONE

Calcium, otherwise known as lime, is an essential constituent of many satisfactory livestock rations. Many combinations of feeds are satisfactory in every way except that they are deficient in calcium. This is particularly true in the case of rations that do not contain a legume hay. Different forms of calcium have been compared at the Kansas Station as substitutes for alfalfa hay in beef-cattle fattening rations, and these tests indicate that finely powdered limestone containing a high percentage of calcium carbonate—not less than 95 per cent; a low percentage of magnesia—not to exceed 1 per cent; and no fluorine, is the most satisfactory form in which to use calcium. Limestone should be powdered fine enough to pass through a 200-mesh screen. When no legume hay is available, the Kansas Experiment Station recommends the addition of one-tenth of a pound of powdered limestone per head per day to beef-cattle rations, and one one-hundredth of a pound per head to sheep and lamb rations. These quantities are easy to remember and figure; they furnish enough calcium to make up any probable deficiency, and will do these animals no harm. The results of the Kansas tests in which beef cattle were used may be summarized as follows: Adding powdered limestone to a ration of roughage portion of which consisted entirely of alfalfa hay did not improve the ration. Adding powdered limestone to a ration of roughage portion of which contained a limited quantity of alfalfa hay and a liberal quantity of silage improved the ration appreciably. Adding powdered limestone to a ration which consisted entirely of silage improved the ration to a very great extent. Silage plus powdered limestone proved to be as good or other roughage ever used in cattle-fattening rations.

GROWING POTATOES

As most growers know potatoes need a fertile soil. Applying manure a year ahead of the potato crop usually pays very well. The same is true of an application of superphosphate. Home grown seed nearly always has to be treated for common scab. Treating also is a safe practice with northern grown seed, although it is commonly scab-free. If you use the cold formalin method, soak the potatoes for two hours in water containing one pound of formaldehyde solution (also called formalin) to each 30 gallons of water. This solution may be used several times. The potatoes, after treating, should be dried out or immediately used.

GROWING FLAX

An especially desirable feature of flax is its use as a nurse crop for legumes. Clover and alfalfa seldom fall when sown with flax. Flax does not draw heavily on the water supply and is not hard on the land. The crop should be sown at the rate of about three pecks per acre, as early as a good seed-bed can be prepared, usually early in April. Sow less than one inch deep.

because this milk contains much more butterfat, but it also may help to avoid much under trouble.

TREATING SHEEP TICKS

The only satisfactory method of eliminating sheep ticks is by dipping. Use a nicotine sulphate solution in the proportion of one pint to 100 gallons of water, or any of the coal tar preparations mixed according to directions for this purpose. With a small flock the dipping process may be carried out satisfactorily by the use of a 50-gallon barrel or a small dipping tank. The solution should be warmed to body temperature

Two World War Vets Succumb to Wounds

London — (UP) — Sixteen years after the Battle of the Somme, two war victims died from their wounds on the same day.

Following five recent severe operations as a result of wounds, Walter Frederick Corfe, 37, "passed on" in the Hospital El Doret. He received his wounds in the Somme battle.

On the same day, John Lewis Boyd, of the Second Auckland Light Infantry in the New Zealand force,

died here from wounds received in France in 1917.

PLANE CRATE A COTTAGE

Hopkinton, N. H. — (UP) — "The Lone Eagle," a small cottage owned by Admiral Guy H. Burrage, was built in large from the crates in which Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's New York-to-Paris plane "Spirit of St. Louis" was shipped back to America.

Officers of the Hawaiian national guard include approximately 80 men of Chinese, Korean and Japanese ancestry, excluding mixed blood.

SUCH STRANGE BASES!

Perfumes are now made from strange materials, castor oil being the raw material for certain scents, and coal tar providing a vanilla perfume as sweet as the natural scent.

HUGE MOTORBUS

A smoking compartment and special accommodations for dogs are provided in a new three-decked motorbus just put into use in Rome. The vehicle carries 88 passengers.

With a view to lessening early-morning noise of rattling milk cans,

ties, a rubber company has devised rubber-covered milk containers.

Tired of It.

From The Humorist.

Judge: What do you plead?

Negro: Ah pleads guilty and waives the hearing.

Judge: What do you mean, waive the hearing?

Negro: A means Ah don't want to hear no mo' about it.

But for the blind confidence in our Federal Reserve System we might have been more cautious in the boom.