

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

"I fired from behind the curtain, Bobbie, Bobbie, I fired at her."

The harsh voice broke.

"I don't know how it happened. She must have moved, or he moved, guessing what she was up to. Anyway, he dropped in the haze from the powder, and she put the little statue down, and bent over him. I knew well enough from her cry that he was dead."

Barbara lowered her hand and looked wonderingly at the familiar, puritanical woman, who had suddenly lost her familiarity and her austerity; she had become a symbol rather than a person, a form of fate with the eyes hidden.

How wise Mrs. Twining was! There was the connection, and Barbara knew she had sensed it ever since entering a little while ago this house that was quiet save for the disordered murmuring of conscience. She barely heard the exhausted voice driving itself on.

"I put the revolver back on the floor, and slipped out and down stairs. She never saw me, never dreamed I was there. As I let myself out I heard her running around, and calling—"

For a time she kept repeating the word, like a diminishing echo.

"Calling—calling—calling— It was dreadful, Bobbie, it was dreadful; but I got away, and not a soul in the world saw me. I got home. I was terrified, but I got home, and the days went on, and the weeks, and all the years, and nobody came for me."

Barbara faced the stark fear that had closed her aunt's lips, and she knew that Mrs. Gardner, from her side, was right; for if Barbara had known the truth before Essie Helder's death she would have repeated it in simple justice. Now there was nothing she could do, nothing she could say except: "So that's why you kept me hidden here? That's why you let the Helder's think me dead?"

Mrs. Gardner's voice was weaker. Barbara had to bend nearer to catch it.

"Yes, I didn't want them to come around bothering about you. I was afraid to see them again, because at any minute they might have found out something that would have finished me and let Essie Helder off. I tell you, Bobbie, I was so strung I was terrified I'd scream out what I'd done."

Again Barbara had a momentary illusion of a miracle of hatred, for Mrs. Gardner struggled, and her voice strengthened.

"Don't blame me, Bobbie. I tell you she killed your father, by ruining him, by deceiving him, by trying to strike him, and by making me try to kill her to save him. I wanted her to suffer for all that. I didn't want to suffer."

Barbara mused. Perhaps she was right. At least there was nothing to be done about it now. She let the meager hand go and sprang up. Mrs. Gardner had relaxed, her eyes were closed, the reaction of the bed covers was no longer perceptible. Barbara ran to the head of the stairs saw no coldness now, only waited breathlessly while he came, went to the bed, and bent down. After a moment he straightened, tip-toed back to Barbara, and smiled reassuringly at her concern.

"No, no. It's all right. She's

LIME AND PLOW
The land around the colony houses must be kept clean. If early chicks have been running in the colony houses, or if the grass sod about a house is deficient and the soil is contaminated with droppings, now is the time to lime it heavily. Scatter at least one bag of lime evenly over the ground around the houses, and then with a one-horse plow go around the houses, plowing towards the house each time, or a distance to include that area which is heavily contaminated. After this add more lime to the ground and sow to some

exhausted. Go away now. I'll keep an eye on her."

Barbara, drifting along the darkening hall, hesitated before the door of her old cramped room. She turned the knob and went in, and her depression grew as she breathed the chill damp of disuse that had apparently been compressed in this place since her last occupancy of it. Not a great deal of time had slipped by, yet so much in her and about her had changed since she had lain on the big bed, after Ed Siller had surprised Harvey and her at the edge of the woods, worrying rather formlessly about the imaginations of prurient people. She placed her hand on the bed with a sort of wonder, for, lying there, she had told her aunt that she knew nothing of love, and couldn't dream of marrying a man without knowing a little. She knew so much now, perhaps too much for her happiness. And there was the mirror in which, longing for warmth, she had gazed on coldness and beauty; her own icy loveliness.

She walked to the foot of the bed, and stared again after all this in the glass. She called the doctor. She glowing warmth whose fuel, at the price of happiness, she realized must be kept ardent.

She shrugged her shoulders and turned away, marveling that she could think of her own problems when her aunt lay next door, perhaps a little at peace because she had at last unburdened herself of the secret that had stiffened and made defensive all of her mature life. The revelation had somewhat stunned Barbara, so that she couldn't absorb all at once its details that accounted for so many of the puzzling factors of her own life; so that she couldn't model any firm resentment against Mrs. Gardner; but she could, in a dull fashion, experience a boundless sympathy for Essie Helder, who had at last been released from that grimmest of all prisons whose forbidding walls are constructed of evil chance and blind injustice.

She leaned against the window sill, looking out through the white pines of the cemetery to the ancient Georgian meeting house, which she had thought of as a pagan altar since the night she had talked to Harvey there, and, afterwards, Gray. In her stunned preoccupation she didn't realize at first that a man sat on the steps where she had touched Gray's hair, where Gray had first taken her in his arms and kissed her; and when she saw the large brooding figure she didn't appreciate that it was, in fact, Gray. She turned at a knock on the door.

"Come in."
Was her aunt worse? But it was Harvey who opened the door, saying in a monotone: "Manvel's just been here asking for you."

She pointed to the window, and he looked through, and nodded.

"I told him you were with your aunt, and he said he'd wander around until you were free, but the doctor just came down, and said you had left your aunt, and she was better."

He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked at her steadily.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MARKING THE LITTERS
Marking the litters shortly after farrowing is a great help to the grower later in the year when he comes to select boars or gilts from the best producing sows. The common method of marking a litter of pigs is by ear notching. All the pigs in one litter can be notched the same. Do this while the pigs are young so there will be no mistake. For some years, clipping tusches or baby teeth in young boar pigs was recommended as a regular practice. However, so much trouble developed from damaged teeth or gums through incorrect clipping that the practice is not advised

Right at Home.
From Til-Bits.
"Mumme, I want to go to the zoo to see the monkeys."
"What an idea, Arthur! Fancy wanting to go and see the monkey when your Aunt Jane is here!"

Canada mined 2,212,000 tons of coal last year.

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"It will be sufficient for my purpose if I know you. You say you are twenty-seven in your advertisement. I imagine you to look like a gentleman, although your luck is out. Very well; wear in your buttonhole a white carnation. You will be in day attire, of course, since being so hard up, you will have already pawned your evening dress. At seven-thirty, then." There was a soft click, and Creighton realized that the other had hung off.

"Damn!" he said very decisively. There was an air of unreality about this business which was irritating. It wasn't like real life—it was more of the Arabian Nights form of existence, about which he had generally smiled tolerantly when reading novels.

But—and here he unconsciously stiffened—that girl's cry had been real enough. Good God, yes! It had thrilled him. He had felt like jumping through space. The girl, whoever she might be, was in such terror—and perhaps peril—that she had sent that agonized appeal for help to an absolute stranger. He could not disregard or ignore it.

And the only way to try to find out who the girl might be, so that he could make some attempt to help her, was by keeping that dinner appointment at half-past seven. Of course he knew Rimini's; it was his favorite restaurant; he had spent a good deal of money there since returning to London.

As he put on a clean collar and changed his tie, he felt a quiet glow of excitement. It was his sense of manhood being restored to him. For so many weary weeks now he had been forced to have the utmost contempt for himself. The consciousness that no one seriously considered him as being fit to do any kind of decent work had induced this. But now, Fate, Chance, or whatever it was, had given him a job worthy of a man. Yes, it was a man's job all right, rescuing a helpless girl from a position of great peril.

He even whistled a little tune as he left the flat.

Luigo, the maitre d'hotel, recognized Creighton with a smile. Luigo was a man of perception; he flattered himself he could tell a gentleman when he saw one. From the first he had liked the tall, tanned, handsome young Englishman, who talked little, but was always so appreciative of good service. Luigo himself conducted the patron to a much prized seat in the corner.

"I am meeting a—friend," Martin told him.

"Blen, Monsieur. And is Monsieur's friend dining, too?"

"That I cannot say. I should think so. I will wait." He waited for half an hour, then rose to go.

"But Monsieur is not leaving!" Luigo was one with the poet; having dined, a man could wrestle with Fate, but not otherwise.

Creighton looked at the head waiter.

"I have no money, Luigo. I am down and out—ruined, busted, what you like. This man I was to meet invited me to dine here, presumably with him, but he has not turned up."

A look of consternation passed over the other's expressive face.

"If Monsieur is ruined, it is all the more reason why he should dine," he said, and bowed.

"You do not understand, Luigo—I was perfectly serious

when I told you I had no money. I spent my last shilling on this carnation before coming in here. If I dined, I couldn't pay you."

"It is sad, but not hopeless. Life is a coming and a going—is it not so? Monsieur is without money to-night. Tomorrow he may have plenty. Then he will come in and say: 'Luigo, here is sufficient to pay for my dinner last night.' It is necessary that Monsieur should have dinner. Will you honor me by being by guest to-night, Monsieur?" This admirable fellow bowed again as though he were standing before Royalty.

"That is awfully kind of you, Luigo—most awfully kind. But you must see yourself that I could not possibly accept."

"Monsieur is offended at my audacity, at my boldness? Monsieur, do you not think that I know a gentleman when I see one? Monsieur is not a thief, a crook, a swindler. . . . Eh! but you are hungry. I will go."

It was impossible to refuse the man without giving him deep offense.

"You understand that I will pay you not later than tomorrow night even if I have to commit murder?"

"Monsieur jokes. But, of course Monsieur will pay. Have I not been head waiter in Rimini's for fifteen years without knowing the patrons?"

After that Creighton felt there was nothing else for it but to eat his dinner. His conscience was more or less salved by the man's insistence, and surely it would not be long before he was in possession of fifteen shillings or a pound?

"Monsieur will leave it to me?" Luigo, bustling back, placed hors d'oeuvres on the table.

"Luigo, if I were King of England I would leave the entire management of the country to you."

It was a wonder meal. The other diners in the fashionable restaurant made inquiries who the distinguished man in the corner was to whom the great Luigo paid such assiduous attention. The fact that the diner was in ordinary clothes certainly added to the speculation as to his identity. A Prince incognito, the women decided.

"And now Monsieur will smoke?" Without waiting for a reply, Luigo signalled a passing waiter. Two minutes later a Corona was clipped and handed reverently to the diner.

"But the bill, Luigo?" The head waiter shrugged his shoulders.

Then he smiled. Picking up the napkin which Creighton had dropped, he put it back on the table. In its folds Martin could see he had placed two one-pound notes.

This time it was the diner who shrugged. He lit his cigar and sipped his coffee in appreciation.

When next he looked up the room, Martin saw a man and woman approaching him. They were such a striking-looking couple that every one was staring. The man was hugely built, but his immense frame seemed to be made entirely of bone and muscle. He was dressed in wonderfully cut, immaculately fitting evening kit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lotsa Fun.
From Til-Bits.
"Did you have fun on your honeymoon darling?"
"Yes I met the sweetest man."

except in large litters where the pigs fight and may cause injury to the sow's udder. If clipped only the points of the teeth are to be removed.

MORE AVIATION MONEY

London—A slight increase in the air subsidy of Great Britain is expected for the year ending March 31, 1933, according to "air estimates" recently presented to parliament. The "estimates" set the amount for the year ending March 31 at about \$2,366,000, as compared with \$2,350,000 of the previous year.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

WISE CROPPING CUTS COST

Good farming these days involves meeting lower prices with lower costs. Among ways and means the best combination of crops for a given farm should be carefully considered. Selecting the right crops is one of the cheapest, quickest and most effective ways of lowering farm costs. Through improving their cropping plans, farmers may frequently increase the feed output from their land by 30 per cent or more, which will have a profound effect in cheapening the cost of producing butterfat, beef or pork on their farms. Records gathered by the Agricultural Economics Division of the Minnesota College of Agriculture show a very wide range in the digestible feed per acre secured from various crops. At ten-year average yields for Southwestern Minnesota the quantities of total digestible nutrients produced per acre are 987 pounds for oats, 1,224 pounds for barley, 1,904 for corn, and 3,069 for alfalfa hay. Amounts will vary in different localities, but the principle applies everywhere. Therefore, the alert farmer will attempt to discover the highyielding crops for his locality and to include as large a proportion as possible of them in his cropping system. A farmer in Rice county, Minnesota, has made thorough use of this principle. Six years ago he laid out a crop-rotation system including alfalfa for hay and sweet clover for pasture, with the remaining land divided between grain and corn, the grain a mixture of oats and barley. Figuring yields of the several crops to be equal in both cases, he is raising about 37 per cent more nutrients than before off the same acreage. Furthermore, the systematic rotation program is gradually increasing his yields, bringing his total production still higher. A large quantity of feed raised enables feeding more livestock and thus keeping his farm income more nearly comparable to what it was before the depression. The cropping system on this farm is based on six fields, one in alfalfa hay and the other five in a rotation of grain, sweet-clover, corn, grain and corn. A farmer in Steele county, Iowa, recently offered five dollars for the best rotation plan for his farm, based on these principles. The plan selected provides for seven fields as follows: one for alfalfa, one for sweet-clover pasture for corn and two for small grain. A mixture of oats and barley is recommended for the main small-grain crop. The alfalfa will stand as long as it yields well, leaving the other six fields in a six-year rotation of sweet-clover pasture, corn, corn, grain, corn and grain. When the alfalfa field is broken up it will pass into the regular rotation and another will be seeded. This crop combination, figured at average yields, will not only produce about 30 per cent more feed than has been grown before but the continued systematic use of alfalfa hay and sweet clover as pasture should result in controlling weeds and increasing fertility to such an extent that crop yields will rise materially above the average. Even though prices remain low, livestock or dairy farmers, employing this principle will come closer to maintaining their normal standard of living and will be able to sell with feed costs no greater than before.

KILLING INSECT PESTS
While grubs, cutworms, ants, and many other insects wintering over in plant-growing soils are oftentimes destructive to the young plants both in the seed bed and the spotting beds. Carbon bisulphide emulsion, applied to the soil seven to ten days before sowing or transplanting time, will kill all insects in the soil to a depth to which the material will penetrate. In making up the emulsion, use one part by volume of a good resin fish-oil soap, three parts by volume of standard grade carbon bisulphide. This soap will dissolve readily in water without heating. Place the proper proportion of soap and water in a churn or agitator and work it until the soap is in solution, then add the carbon bisulphide and continue agitation until the mixture emulsifies. This resistant stock emulsion is a homogenous, white liquid of the consistency of cream.

In applying this mixture to the soil, use one-third ounce of the carbon bisulphide emulsion is mixed with a quart of water for every square foot of soil surface to be treated. After this material has been applied, water from the hose is supplied to wash the material deep into the soil. At least a gallon of water to every square foot of soil surface treated is recommended. One pint of resin fish-oil soap, three pints of water and ten pints of carbon bisulphide will make a total of 14 pints of the carbon bisulphide emulsion. By applying at the rate of one and one-third ounces of the emulsion to each square foot of soil surface a total of 168 square feet of bed surface may be treated. The cost of the material is not great. The soap will cost 15 cents a pint and the carbon bisulphide, in five-gallon lots, will cost 16 cents a pint. The cost of treating 168 square feet of soil surface will be \$1.75 for the materials, or a trifle over one cent a square foot.

A NEW ALFALFA
A disease known as bacterial wilt of alfalfa has been responsible for the loss of hundreds of thousands of acres of this crop during the last few years. Many attempts have been made to prevent the disease by the use of commercial fertilizers and other treatments, but they have not been successful. Cultural practices apparently have had little or no influence on the occurrence of the disease or on the loss which it causes. Because of

these conditions it seemed desirable to try to find a variety, strain or selection of alfalfa that is resistant to bacterial wilt, just as there are varieties of flax that are resistant to flax wilt. A great many selections of different varieties and strains of alfalfa from many parts of the world have been studied by Federal and state research men in searching for one that carries high resistance to bacterial wilt and at the same time has other desirable qualities. One of the many strains of alfalfa imported from France by the United States department of Agriculture has shown considerable evidence of having high resistance to bacterial wilt and also of being able to withstand low temperatures. This strain of alfalfa has been named Kaw. The resistance of Kaw to bacterial wilt was observed at the Kansas station about six years ago, when it was injured much less by the disease than were Grimm, Utah Common, Dakota Common and Kansas Common. More recent field and laboratory tests have verified these observations of superior resistance to wilt and to low temperatures.

SOME CHICKEN SENSE

Successful artificial raising of chicks is dependent upon clean range, maintenance of the proper temperatures in the brooder house, and the proper amounts of suitable feeds. Clean range means ground upon which no kind of poultry has run during the preceding two years. Brooder houses must be thoroughly disinfected before the chicks are placed in them. The brooder house should be movable and should be taken to the range after it has been cleaned. The brooder stove should be set upon an asbestos pad or in a sand-box to eliminate fire hazards. A temperature of 90 degrees at a point one inch above the floor at the outside edge of the hover should be maintained. More chicks are injured by overheating than by chilling. The brooder house, away from the hover, should be about 70 degrees; these temperatures can be gradually reduced as the chicks become older. The starting mash recommended by one state college poultry department is made up of 33 lbs. coarse ground yellow corn meal, 20 lbs. flour middlings, 20 lbs. ground oat groats or ground oatmeal, 10 lbs. dried milk, 5 lbs. meat scrap (50 per cent protein), 2 lbs. steamed bone meal, 1 lb. salt, and 1 lb. cod liver oil. This mash can be fed until the birds enter the laying house, but it is improved as a growing mash by substituting 20 lbs. of bran for the flour middlings. The dried milk can be cut to 5 lbs. and the corn increased to 41 lbs.

GRINDING CHEAP GRAINS

When grains become as low in price as they have in recent months, there always arises the question in the minds of many dairymen as to whether it is worth the cost of a cheap grain for dairy cows. One of the recent pieces of work that throws much needed specific light on this subject has been done at the South Dakota station. There they fed dry cows on a ration of grain and alfalfa hay as the sole roughage. The roughage was fed at the rate of one pound of alfalfa for each 100 pounds of live weight. Ten pounds of grain were fed per cow daily. In this test it was found that 18 to 20 per cent of the whole corn fed to these cows was returned in the form feed. The cows were unable to get the nutrients from it. This means that about one-fifth of the whole grain passed through dairy cows undigested. If one can afford to waste a fifth of the corn fed, perhaps he can afford not to grind. Other interesting conclusions drawn from the South Dakota tests were that old cows seemed to return more of the whole grain than did the young ones. As a whole, the test confirms the judgment of most dairymen and dairy authorities—that it does pay to grind grain for dairy cows. It appeared in these tests that the degree of fineness was not so very important as long as the hull of the grain was broken.

VITAMIN G ESSENTIAL

Milk and alfalfa are cheap feeds and supply certain essentials to the normal growth and health of poultry. It is good business to add these two feeds to the ration when possible. Animal protein is necessary to build body tissue and milk is a good source of animal protein. Milk is even more valuable as a source of vitamin G. This has been proved by experiments. Several vitamins are required for normal growth and health of poultry. One of these can be supplied cheaply by only milk and alfalfa. Vitamin G, discovered about five years ago, is important in its lack causes nervousness, skin lesions, sore eyes, and a general weakened condition. It is believed that a certain leg weakness is also caused by the lack of vitamin G or a closely associated factor. The use of milk and alfalfa for feeding prevents or helps to prevent these conditions.

POTATOES AND POTASK

Potash is needed in large amounts by potatoes, according to fertilizer experiments being conducted at the Ohio experiment station. Since farm manure is high in potash, averaging about 10 pounds per ton, eight tons or more per acre will maintain the potash supply. In recent years, large acreages of potatoes are being grown without manure, cover crops being plowed down to give the proper mineral condition. With this system, at least 80 pounds of potash are required in the fertilizer to insure a yield of 300 bushels per acre.

given good results. The bran and arsenic should be thoroughly mixed dry and then just enough water added to make the bran moist enough to hold together in small lumps when scattered along the rows. The banana oil should be added last. Its chief function is to attract the worms to the poisoned bait. The bait should be scattered lightly along the rows late in the evening so that it will not dry out before night, when the cutworms do most of their damage. Usually one application is sufficient, although in cases of severe infestation another application may be necessary.