Elmford.

gray habitations of fortunate

youth gave her jeering

twinkles. The sweeping.

flowering lawns reminded her

of the contsruction and aridity

of her life. During all these

years with the Gardners she

the ugliness, the smugness of

"What's the matter, Bob-

"You don't seem to be hav

How could she have with all

this richness drawing her

memory back futilely? If that

sharp sound hadn't awakened

her, if the breathless tableau

in her father's dressing room

hadn't been posed, would she

at the age of twenty, guided

by an awkward young country-

man, distinguished already,

however, by the touch of

destiny, be taking her first

She remembered her old

teacher, and had an urge to go

to her for comfort and advice

as she had so frequently done

during her schooldays. They

found Miss Barton at the li-

brary, and she arranged to

look out for Barbara while

Harvey saw to his errand.

Since it was Saturday she

would take Barbara to the

football game, and Harvey

would meet them at the sta-

Miss Minnie Barton had

matured since leaving Elm-

ford. She had brushed at least

against the living world; but

sitting in the stadium, wait-

ing for the game to commence,

Barbara couldn't free her con-

fidence from a binding of

multiple repressions. Miss

Minnie's pliable fingers went

"You're not happy, Bobbie.

Sitll the cords were too taut.

"Harvey looks at you as if

Barbara partly freed her-

"Miss Minnie, even though

you wanted more than any-

thing in the world to make

him happy, you couldn't give

in could you to marrying a

man you didn't feel you had

and turned away, flushing.

maid. I fancy if you don't care

quite a lot for a man that sort

of experience might be fairly

trying. Please don't think I'm

unfair, my dear, or snobbish.

You always were a striking

voungster, but coming on me

this way after a long time you

fairly take my breath. You're

up to a lot better than Har-

Barbara shook her head,

"You're wrong, Harvey's too

good for me. I'd give anything

if I could love him. I just

just can't. I can't care for any-

one that way. It makes me

Miss Minnie's eyes widened.

"When you find you're

She bent closer, whispering.

wrong, as you will any day

now, you'll have a trickier

problem than Harvey's given

But Barbara didn't believe.

"There's only one problem

"Then why don't you shake

for me in Elmford: marriage."

free of Elmford, Bobbie? You

never seemed to belong there."

Barbara shrugged her shoul-

"I don't even know how I

(TO B) CONTINUED)

THREE YEAR OLD PRODIGY

Marshalltown, Ia.—(UP)—Jerry Gregson, aged three, knows and can

recite 150 poems from memory. Jer-

ry has accomplished in a year the

memorizing of these verses, which

were learned from a book of nur-

sery rhymes. Now he is attempting

unhappy, ashamed."

frowning at the growing ranks

vey."

you."

came there."

of spectators.

Miss Minnie laughed again,

"That's a poser for an old

Miss Minnie's laugh rippled.

he owned you already.

at them directly.

What's wrong?"

dium.

steps in the broader world?

"Nothing. Why?"

ing a good time."

too pretty and competent her- | leaded windows in the long,

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

WADSWORTH CAMP

and they had faith in Har-

vey's ambition. But she

couldn't decide her whole fu-

ture in the dark. The realiza-

tion stimulated her hunger for

self-knowledge into an uun-

bearable void, and she turned

back slowly, tensly, striving to

surmount the inhibitions of

years. The struggle ended on

happened when I was a child?

"Aunt Barbara, what-what

The tightening of Mrs.

Gardner's face, the blank fear

of her eyes, rather than her

swift movement for the door,

conquered Barbara. Perhaps

Uncle Walter was right, and

I want to tell you something."

ly she relaxed and tip-toed

"Come here Aunt Barbara.

Mrs. Gardner paused. Slow-

"It's just this: I don't love

"What do you know about

"Nothing, and certainly you

Mrs. Gardner's head jerked.

"I'm sure I can't guess where

Perhaps from a white-and-

gold mother outlined against

gay draperies, gazing horri-

fied, at an object guite beyond

going to dream about it. You

won't find a better chance in

the first time, lying on her

bed, shrinking from her aunt,

the thought came to Barbara

that through her failure to

catch fire from Harvey she

might be driven forth to other

chances, better or worse;...

and onward, for good or evil,

to the knowledge of herself

that she wanted desperately,

at the glass beyond the foot-

board. Life would have been

so much simpler if she could

have found warmth in the

mirrored face, and love in the

puzzled eyes; but there stared

back at her only coldness and

beauty: an icy loveliness. Her

self. I guess you know you're

too pretty to die an old maid."

vatively expressed even for

Elmford. Barbara's dresses,

cheap prints in warm weather,

and cetton masquerading as

wool in cold, failed to hide the

slender graces of her figure.

Her heavy hair, nearly black,

yet lighted by sly flame, piled

from her neck and temples in

orderless waves that achieved

of themselves : counterfeit of

meticulous arrangement. Her

brown eyes had a groping,

pensive guality from her per-

petual tsraying among the re-

luctant shadows of her baby-

hood: and her mouth, probably

from the misty explorations,

took on, even when she

laughed, soft, wistful lines

that obscured her charming,

provocative face with a nearly

Such beauty was exceptional

in Elmford. It might be the

souvenir, then, of that van-

ished past of which Barbara

was never allowed to speak.

Too openly Mrs. Gardner

found it in something profane;

a quality to be distrusted. And

now suppose that evil figure

at the Manvil place should

cast his twisted shadow across

But was she truly beattiful?

Barbara had no faith in Elm-

ford's judgement. Even the

admiration of her former

transparent veil of enigma.

The conclusion was conser-

"You needn't look at your-

aunt's jeer drew her away.

She sat up in bed and stared

Probably that was true. For

"Make up your mind you're

couldn't dream c? marrying a

man without knowing a little."

it was better not to know.

love, Bobbie Norcross?"

you get such notions."

a child's vision.

Elmford."

yet dreaded.

broken whispers.

back to the bed.

Harvey."

Why-why-am-I-"

"I guess there's something grong with me. The less you hink about me the better."

He grasped her again. "I'll never think of any other woman. Make up your mind to it. I want you, and I'm going to have you."

She eluded his arms and Mipped between the bars of the rate. Suddenly she swayed back against the fence.

"Harvey! There's somebody there; in those bushes!" He vaulted lightly over and

stood at her side. The bushes across the road rustled. "Who's there?"

Into the pallid twilight between the trees a gaunt, stooped form stalked. Barbara wasped. Harvey drew her pround.

"It's Ed Siller. Come along." But the caretaker got in their path. Although it was too Mark to read his face, his at-Litude projected a pleased, impertinent censoriousness. Barbera had never liked the man about whose exclusiveness and restraint she had always found Domething malevolent. That mharacteristic expressed itself now without veils.

"Thought it was you two in the woods."

Barbara knew the signs of Harvey's temper.

"I expect you'd rather spy

than eat, Siller." "I expect," the caretaker rumbled, "that I would, since

It's what I'm paid to do." "I never heard Mr. Manvel perject to people going in his

woods." Barbara tried to urge Harvey away.

"Come on. Don't get mad." The intention of Siller's reply couldn't be dodged.

"That depends on who and when. He certainly don't want you and Bobbie Norcross alone In his woods after dark. He'd be a fool if he did after what I dust saw."

Barbara's own temper flamed.

"What did you see? You be pareful what you say."

Siller chuckled. The sound was mirthless, obviously insended to offend.

"I expect I'd better be to spare my blushes for what I didn't see."

Harvey's clinched hand shot but. The caretaker toppled and dropped to his knees.

"Get up and I'll give you another on your dirty mouth." Siller remained crouched, looking warily up, his jaw sagging. The night didn't quite hide a trickle of red from his hps. Harvey took Barbara's hand.

"Let's go."

She stirred with a feeling of waking a new world, heavy with different ugliness. Burdened with blameless shame, she let Harvey lead her up the hill. From the top she glanced back and saw Siller's dim, deformed shape, like an evil shade. Slowly, with an air of seaseless effort, it limped after her up the slope.

Barbara lay on her bed, worrying rather formlessly about the imagination of prurient people. Ed Siller wasn't the only one in backward Elmford. What would the butcome for her be if he should start a train of malevolent lies that would draw her closer to Harvey against her will? She turned to the wall as her aunt glided in questioning and hopeful.

"Harvey say anything to-

night?" She knew that her uncle and aunt desired the flowering of that romance, because they had a taut eagerness, puzzling to her, for an early marriage,

wise a figment of the imagination;

it has no reality. There are many

Americans and many American

bowns, but none representative of

An English commonwealth fund

fellow studying at Yale has been

touring the United States from

coast to coast. Some of his obser-

vations are interesting. The Englishman or the German may be discoverable in his own country.

but the search for an American

teacher at the public school, Miss Minnie Barton, who was

Between the Californian and the New Englander, or between the Georgian and the Indianan there are differences that might, to a casual observer, indicate wholly different nationalities. Between the dweller in a congested district of an industrial community and the Kansas farmer the diversities outnumber the resemblances. Yet all are Americans bound together by

ties stronger than mere personal appearances or mental slants.

The successful role played by the United States in the late war proved to the world that this coun-

self to remain long in the village, had failed to convince her; but now that Miss Minnie had left to accept a minor position in the university library at Princeton, Barbara found herself longing for the approval of her steady, hazel eyes. Then one morning she saw jacob Manvel in her uncle's store, and, surprised, read in his peering gaze a eulogy she couldn't distrust.

Her first glimpse of the owner of the big house was a little disappointing. As Harvey had told her, he was tall, spare, and near-sighted. She wondered if it were a false pride that hindered him from placing proper lenses before his eyes. A crisp, ashen mustache called one's attention to the gauntness of his face, its long straight nose, its prominent bones, its hollow cheeks, its high narrow forehead. The loose flannels he wore, his soft linen, his easy felt hat made him seem out of place in the store.

In common with her uncle, Harvey, and the few shoppers along the counter Barbara Barbara stared. All at once she looked down, coloring, for she realized that Mr. Manvel was regarding her as amazedly raptly as she did him.

"Warm weather for the season; much too warm for the football squads."

Although he spoke to Mr. Gardner, Barbara chained his gaze. The voice was rather rather high, the intonation taccato. Barbara gathered her packages and fled from those felt excited, stimulated; and that night she was self-conscious when Uncle Walter arrived to retail his drama of the

"Jacob Manvel was in the store. Bobbie saw him, too." He distorted his face with his acrocious grimace.

"And Jacob Manvel saw Bobbie. Didn't have eyes for another soul in the store."

Then it was true, for even he had observed that. "And after Bobbie left he

wanted to know who she was." Mrs. Gardner looked up, frowning. "Why should he want to

know that?" "Can't answer," Mr. Gardner said lugubriously, "any more than I can tell you why he said: "Gardner, that's a hand-

some girl, a damned handsome girl.' ' Barbara slipped out, confused and made uncomfortable by this appraisal that she couldn't distrust. What was the use of beauty if it was

shaped from ice? Mrs. Manvel she glimpsed at first more remotely than her husband. Through the windows of a swiftly moving automobile she got no more than an impression of fine clothing, unreasonable youth, and an apparent inability to

look right or left. It was late October before she saw the third member of the family, the young man in his last year at Princeton, who, Harvey had told her, was sure to be a weak sister. Harvey had an errand for the store at a potato farm near Princeton, and asked Barbara to go too. She shrank from the long ride alone with him, but he had avoided awkward ground since their encounter with Ed Siller, and foolishly she believed the ugly memory would

keep him aloof. Her impression of toppling on the rim of a crisis, nevertheless, commenced to spoil the excursion, and as the day wore on other apprehensions, less tangible, approached slyly to increase her depression. Near Princeton the country resembled an endless garden. She identified on either side of the road sections of the garden as private properties, some of them as rich and austere as the Manvel place. Sardonically they instructed her that she had been wonderstruck by that because it was unique in her experience.

As they drove along Nassu Street the Gothic towers pointed ironically upward. The

to learn to write. worth while they care to under-

DON'T CLIP CLOSE One reason some lawns turn brown and dry up is because the grass has been clipped too close. Close clipping allows the hot summer sun to get at the roots of the grass and dry them up.

FOR DRY SOIL If your soil is dry and poor, try plants that prefer such conditions. Some plants in this classification are yuccas, cinquefoil, globe thistle, junipers, heather, native roses, sea holly and portulaca.

FRENCH BUILD TOY DIRIGIBLE

Maximum of Fighting Ef-

had never visualized this ficiency Represented by grace, massiveness, and so-Small Craft phistication; she had never striven to imagine the other Paris-(UP)-While still opposed marvels of vitality and proto the building of huge rigid di-igibles of the Zeppelin and Akron gress that must lie in many type, the French government has other directions just around constructed and successfully the corner from the smallness,

tested a novel pony dirigible which represents the maximum of fighting or commercial efficiency yet attained by small rigid airships. This new dirigible, destined for he French navy, is capable of about 60 miles an hour, as fast as many of the heavy bombardment planes and yet so easily managed that it can be operated by a single pilot and his mechanic.

No other military force possesses such a handy airship, capable of carrying 1 1-3 tons of bombs or air mail. The gasbags have a capacity of 3,400 cubic meters, and the ship is driven by two 120horsepower motors.

This new ship, known as the Zodiac VII, is so small that it can be housed in the average airplane hangar. Its cabin is built into the framework of the trilobe ballcon, so as to give great rigidity to the whole ship. This permits it to turn in a distance of twice its own length, at full speed,

without danger.

The Zodiac VII will be able to land without a ground crew, for it has a pneumatic bumper which can be replaced by pontoons if the airship is to be used over water

even in rough seas. The French believe that airships would have certain advantages for mail carrying to the African colonies over airplanes and it is possible that the Zodiac VII may make a test flight for that pur-

"WE POINT WITH PRIDE." "Hurrah." exclaims the G. O. P. "See what our party's done; By standing fast for farm relief,

What victory we've won! "Grasshoppers, that the fates have Had ruined farmers quite, Had not our statesmen quickly seen

To save them from their plight, 'For had they eaten dollar wheat, Or corn at 80 cents, Just think, dear friends, what that had meant

In loss of crop share rent. "But ever trust the G. O. P. A peril pointed out To us, in just a moment is

A peril put to rout. "And so the landlords we have And farmers, too, from loss; By cutting prices right in two, We've helped them bear their

Tis ever so the G. O. P. Stands by the stricken masses-Nor e'er forgets the debt it owes Unto our ruling classes -Sam Page.

Fishing for Temblors. From Philadelphia Public Ledger. Plans of the navy department to plumb the Great Bartlett Deep in the Caribbean sea between Honduras and Cuba in search of a probable Central American earthquake source will add another chapter to the constantly growing body of knowledge about the earth's valleys. Bartlett Deep, which already has been partially sounded, is a trough 1,000 miles long, 50 to 60 miles across and more than two miles lower than the surrounding ocean bottom. Much of it is known to lie at least three and a half miles below the surface of the ocean, and depths of four miles have been re-

corded. The known great deeps of the ocean are generally believed to have definite relations to the earth's seismographic action. The greatest recorded depth, 35,410 feet, or nearly seven miles, is in the Mindanao Deep, between the Philippines and Japan, a definite earthquake area. The deepest spot in the Atlantic, near the Porto Rican earthquake region, is 27,972 feet. In the Malay region of terrestrial nervousness is a deep of some 21,300 feet. In Bering sea, off the scene of Alaska's tremors is a deep of 13,422 feet.

A British Poet's Political Pessimism in 1799.

Fr 1 a letter from Robert Southey to his Brother Tom. It is not yet known here whether the war has certainly recommenced in Germany or not. If it has it can only end in the utter subversion of the French or imperial power. The new system or the old must fall. Europe must be devastated by the revolutionary whirlwind or poisoned by the plague vapors of des-potism and superstition and perse-ion. We must either suffer under the inquisition or the revolutionary tribunal. This is the alternative to which our ministry are driving us—and which only a change here and peace can preserve us from. The income bill produces not a fifth part of the year's expenses. The high aristocrats wince at it. What will they do next year when perhaps the capital, not the income, will be

I believe from my soul that Fox could save the country. But I never expected to see its salvation. I love England—the country of Alfred, of Coeur de Lion, of Milton, of Sidney. But a land enslaved shall never be my country—in proportion as I loved it free should I grieve for and

loathe it enslaved.

Ton, I wish we had a South Sea island. God bless you. Your affec. ionate brother, Robert Southey.

Love from all. Bristol, March 14, 1799.

OLD CHRISTENING

Albuquerque, N. M. - The new ake and bathing beach in Conservation park had a real christening recently. Two large bottles of water, one from Los Angeles and the Pacific coast and one from Atlantic City and the Atlantic ocean, were broken into the waters of the beach. The bottles bore elaborate seals and were broken as part of an elaborate

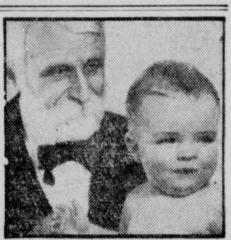
Several dozen special coaches have been chartered to take Texas fans to the Harvard-Texas football bame at Cambridge October 24.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

O Well!

"What is the date?"

"I don't know, but look on the newspaper you have in your pocket." "That is no use-it's yesterday's." -Berlin Ulk,



How to train BABY'S

Babies, bottle-fed or breast-fed, with any tendency to be constipated, would thrive if they received daily half a teaspoonful of this old family doctor's prescription for the bowels.

That is one sure way to train tiny bowels to healthy regularity. To avoid the fretfulness, vomiting, crying, failure to gain, and other ills of constipated babies.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is good for any baby. For this, you have the word of a famous doctor. Fortyseven years of practice taught him just what babies need to keep their little bowels active, regular; keep little bodies plump and healthy. For Dr. Caldwell specialized in the treatment of women and little ones. He attended over 3500 births without loss of one mother or baby.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

DISTRIBUTORS, AGENTS WANTEB-For line of razor blades. Wonderful quality blades. Excellent repeat sales. Federal Razor Corp., Dept. B. 1140 Broadway, N.Y.

Cancer Blood Alkaline

Cancer victims have blood more alkaline than normal, and the increased alkalinity seems to be related to the speed with which the disease ends fatally.

Ample Proof Proud Papa-Darling, our baby

smiled at me. Sweet Mamma-Then he has a sense of humor, Henry.

What the Gears Think First Gear-Where yuh been?

Second Gear-Aw, just meshin'

Makes You Lose Unhealthy Fat

Mrs. Ethel Smith of Norwich, Conn., writes: "I lost 16 lbs. with my first bottle of Kruschen. Being on night duty it was hard to sleep days but now since I am taking Kruschen I sleep plenty, eat as usual and lose fat too."

To take off fat-take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast-an 85 cent bottle lasts 4 weeks-Get it at any drug store in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the easiest, surest and safest way to lose fat your money gladly returned.

On the Warpath Waiter-"Has your order been tak-

en, sir?" Would-be-Diner-"Yes, and so has Bunker Hill."



How old is "old"?

You can be young at sixty. Or old at twenty. It's all a matter of taking care of your health.

If you feel "run-down", and have no "pep", take Fellows' Syrup. You will be amazed at the way it restores faggedout nerves and tired bodies.

Fellows' Syrup, with its valuable health-building properties, has been prescribed by physicians in 58 countries of the world. It is obtainable at your druggist's. Get a bottle today. You won't

FELLOWS SYRUP

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 37-1931.

thoroughly typical of his nation No Typical American. was in vain. From Cleveland Plain eDaler. The American is a myth; he doesn't exist. The typical American town or countryside is like-

try could act unitedly and effectively in spite of the vast differences due to geography, industry and the inherited reactions from The leadership generations past. in financial restoration which Mr Hoover now offers and to which the country warmly responds is further indication that the nation can act as a unit, even though

"the" American does not exist. One is inclined to agree with H. L. Puxley, the English student who makes these observations touching the diversities among us. It may be impossible to isolate type, but its absence seems not to hamper Americans in anything