Mrs Twining and the ser-

vants. Everyone would have

to know now unless she could

He must have been a good

'I've done you a filthy trick.

Can't be helped. You'll have

She burst out hysterically:

She meant to run, anywhere

away from Mrs. Twining and

Esther, but when she tried to

get up she crumpled in a heap,

and a blackness thicker than

the night wrapped around

CHAPTER V

Temporarily Barbara em-

erged from the blind, empty

pit of coma, and found herself

in the hall which was full of

gaping people; occupants of

the other automobile and

household servants. Gray,

misshapen, lay curled in a

great chair, his right arm

circling his left shoulder, his

face white and twisted. Mrs.

Twining, wrapped in a dress-

ing gown, and holding a

candle which didn't shake at

all, stood on the stair landing.

Barbara turned away from

the sharp eyes, but instead of

asking questions the old lady

sprang instantly to the com-

Norcross to her room, and take

Mr. Manvel to the northeast

rooms. Hoskins, telephone Dr.

Morris to tumble out of bed

and come here as fast as he

can; then get the nurse's

bureau in town, and have too

competent women sent instan-

ter. Slocum, tell Cook to make

Barbara thought she would

ask where Gray and she had

been; at least how an accident

that might easily have been

fatal had happened. As Gray,

helped by two men, passed

Mrs. Twining on the landing

she ran her fingers through

fond parents' slumbers until

Morris has looked you over."

"We won't disturb your

"Nothing much the matter

with me. Have Morris look to

Mrs. Twining's laugh crack-

"Nothing much the matter,

She added dryly: "Ought to

be thankful your head was

spared, although I'm not sure

that wouldn't have served you

The sarcasm, added to the

pain of being lifted from her

chair, sent Barbara deep down

again into the pit. She strug-

gled out of it finally to hear

Morris' depressing diagnosis

with a broken ankle. The

muscles and ligaments are

badly torn. It'll be some weeks

before this young woman

Barbara turned to the wall.

She couldn't look at Mrs.

Twining's calm, incurious face.

She accepted bitterly the fact

that she was going to be im-

prisoned against her will for

some weeks in a house where

she was no longer wanted; for

after what had happened she

had no doubt that Mrs. Twin-

ing would at least give Esther

her way, and exile the pre-

sumptuous interloper who had

dared make Gray's glance

Even then, during the pain-

ful hours of that first night,

she accepted her destiny as

lying in the theater; she pos-

sessed no education for any-

thing else; but in this fresh

escape she would have one

important advantage she had

lacked when leaving Elmford.

Mrs. Twining had, if anything,

overpaid her, and she had

spent practically nothing; her

savings would give her a

chance to walk cautiously into

starts to hobble."

waver.

"She'd have been happier

muttered to Mrs. Twining.

I imagine, except a few broken

his wet hair.

He groaned.

Miss Norcross."

led.

bones.'

right."

After arranging all that,

coffee for these people."

"Some of you carry Miss

mand of the situation.

deal hurt. His voice was so

"Stop him, Gray!"

do something.

thick.

to go in."

"I won't."

## THE FORBIDDEN YEARS WADSWORTH CAMP

selfish and thoughtless.

spring at conclusions."

went to Europe.'

"Never mind. You're right.

I oughtn't to have expected

anything. You made that clear

enough to me just before I

to be so touchy; oughtn't to

once more. It was quite clear

that to his archiac mind she

was one of the lesser women,

wandering far outside the

frontiers within which the

fortunates like Esther dwelt.

It wasn't altogether his fault,

because he had been so

thoroughly spoiled by every-

one within and without those

He clasped her tighter.

you you started something,

there in Elmford, and you've

forget, Gray, that you started

His frown tightened.

"Not this way. And don't

"That means you do care

"Gray, I care so much, and

always have, that it frightens

me. That's why I want you to

take me home, that's why

you're not to try to see me

home yet, and of course I'll

see you again, as often as may

grasp, but he wouldn't let her

selfish for just once, Gray.

Try just once to understand."

his eyes widening.

dreamed-"

shabby defeat.

I was a fool."

her, muttering:

She nodded.

She tried to slip from his

"This ends it. Try not to be

He held her at arm's length,

"You never mean you

Poor child! It wasn't his

fault that the logical thought

had come so tardily. She hated

to see his happy game end in

"Yes, Gray. I dared dream.

In his amazement he re-

leased her, and she got up and

crossed the room to the fire-

place. He sat with his head

in his hands, staring after

"Good God! Tarnadoes,

"Yes. I thought of all that.

You're right. So please take

me home. I'll miss you, Gray;

but you'll forget about me

Suddenly he sprang up, ran

across to her, and caught her

tightly to him. His face was

crimson , determined. She

reached behind her, and

pressed an electric button at

the side of the mantel which

she had noticed from the sofa.

home. You care for me. You

admit it. You know what I

think of you. I tell you every

time I see you you make me

lose my head. There's a way

out of this, and you're not

going home until we've hit on

A discreet rap drummed

from the door. Barbara caught

her breath as Gray released

"Who the devil's that?"

at them expectantly.

We'll let you know."

served now?"

"Come in," Barbara called.

The waiter entered, looking

"Will you have supper

Before Gray could answer

"Wait in the hall for a mo-

When the waiter had gone

ment. Leave the door open.

Barbara walked towards the

"I'm not going to take you

plagues, and cataclysms!

Dreams? Nightmares!"

when you don't see me."

"Barbara! I won't take you

"I'll never spring at con-

"Let's talk straight. I tell

shadowy boundaries.

clusions again, Gray."

got to see it through."

something too."

again."

for me, Barbara?"

"Oh, that! Women oughtn't

The dream was dead again

The room Barbara entered | He was a child, a spoiled child, was small and very warm after the automobile. A wood fire, freshly lighted, crackled in a corner fireplace. Before it stood a small round table pleasantly laid about a bowl of roses. Two chairs were arranged close together there. and against the opposite wall stood, except for a small serving table, the only other piece of furniture, a wide sofa upholstered with an imitation of Gothic tapestry.

"I'll ring when we're ready for supper."

The waiter bowed, backed out, and closed the door. Barbara leaned against the mantel and watched him go. Whether it was from the rain, the sudden brightness of the room, or a cause more remote. she couldn't tell, but her eyes were not clear. Through a mist she saw Gray's eager approach. Through a ringing in her ears she heard his exultant voice.

"I've waited a long time for this!"

She steadied herself and shook her head.

"Let me catch my breath. I want to get rid of these damp

things."

She took the scarf from her head, and the wet cloak from her shoulders, and draped them over the back of one of the chairs. Her hair glistened from its recent wetting which had made more ardent the sly flame that always lurked in its dark waves. She realized that her eyes shone, that her cheeks were abnormally flushed. Being in this room filled her with dismay. She had an instinct to run across the hall where a number of people were gathered, talking loudly. Here everything was strange, suppressed, secret.

"No supper, Gray. I'm not hungry, and I must get back." "Nonsense. After all this while you owe me a little time."

Why should she owe him

anything?

"Suppose Mrs. Twining should wake up?"

"She won't. Don't be jumpy. I've only had snatches of you before. Now that we have a chance like this let's make the most of it."

She said weakly: "You wanted to talk to me, Gray." Abruptly he crushed her in his arms and tried to find her lips. She fought helplessly against his strength; but when he conquered, her lips for the first time failed to

respond to his. Studying her curiously, he led her to the sofa, and she sat down, her glance seeking about the room. He sank beside her and circled her with his arms again.

"Barbara! What's the matter? You've never behaved like this before.'

"Gray, I don't know. I don't quite understand. I do know I oughtn't to be here. I only came because you said you had something important to tell me."

He nodded.

"That is it, that now that I've found you we're going to have thousands of times like this. Don't you want them, too?"

Her gleaming head shook slowly back and forth. She

laughed desolately. "Is that all you brought me

here to say?" He stared at her, frowning.

"What else did you expect?" Her smile held abrupt comprehension. She patted his hand in an absurd attempt to temper his disappointment.

Freak Weather in 1931. this one can get an idea of the ov-From St. Louis Globe-Democrat. erproduction of heat in the country as a whole, but only a very indistinct idea. The excess in Kansas City was 1,121 degrees; in Moorhead, Minn., 1,924 degrees, and in Huron, S. D., 2,092 degrees, or 6.9 degrees above normal a day. The month of May was colder than normal. Every other month has been decidedly above normal, except in patches. But stranger still is the trend noted in a study of weather bureau records printed in the Washington Star. "The geographical order has been turned upside down," we are told. "Both North and South have been hotter than normal, but the North has above a tendancy, The year 1931 is a freakish year in many respects outside of economics. Above all else it has been a year of abnormal weather. In fact, it is expected to hang up a record as the hottest year in a century. Since January 1, 1931, the country has accumulated a great surplus of heat, as well as a surplus of wheat, and while Europe is now taking large amounts of grain, it can do nothing, and we can do nothing, about our high temperatures, erproduction of heat in the counbout our high temperatures.

In the first 10 months of this rear, St. Louis alone had an excess

her.

Barbara turned to Gray, wildly seeking the way out. His frown steadied ner. There was only one way out.

"I've no idea where I am, but I must get home. Will you arrange for these people to take me? I can do it, but I think it would be better if you-"

Yes, his game was smashed; the pieces were scattered all over the board; and his childish temper was plain in his face and attitude.

"That would look pretty, wouldn't it?"

"Not very, but I can't think of anything else. If you won't ask them I shall.

She started for the door, but he sprang in front of her. "See here! I brought you, and I'll take you back."

She looked straight into his furious eyes. "I'd rather not go with you." His anger didn't subside,

but quickly he spread his "You'll be all right with me. Word of honor I won't say

another word." "Thanks, Gray. Then shall we start?"

Clumsily he helped her with the cloak. Her hands shook as she fastened the half-dried scarf over her head. She waited in the car while he settled with the waiter. Then he came striding across the porch, flung himself into the seat at her side and started the car noisily and too quickly; the spoiled child, wholly furious at defeat. He broke his promise only once, muttering nearly inaudibly:

"You say you love me, and yet you don't want to see me again. You don't trust me." She didn't answer. She only

spoke several times anxiously. "Need we go so fast? Is it safe in this wet?"

But his temper drove him recklessly on, and she clung desperately to the frame of the swaying car. At last she saw in the path of the headlights the stone gateposts flanking Mrs. Twining's drive; but Gray didn't slow up.

"Careful, Gray! Here we

He grunted an exclamation. Apparently his mind had been far from the hazardous business of driving an automobile too rapidly on a streaming road; for he snapped off the headlights and applied the brakes too impulsively, and the rear of the car seemed to slide out from beneath them: but he was skillful, and partially compensated for the skid. He was nearly in control again, very close to the gateposts, when a blaze of light circled the bend just beyond and bore swiftly down on them, two glaring eyes in front of another reckless

brain. "Our lights, Gray!" But he hadn't time to turn them on, or to do anything except avoid a head-on smash. In pulling his car, which still slithered, too swiftly to the right, he lost control completely. In the radiance from the other car Barbara saw one of the stone gateposts close at hand, too close. Before she could try to save herself, before she could think, the huge post seemed to crush down upon her. She heard the splintering of glass, the grinding and snapping of metal. She seemed lifted by a giant hand and flung far out of the

Ner her on the ground lay Gray, curled up. Groaning. A man with a flashlight bent over them.

"Is it bad?" Gray's groaning voice over-

came a barrier of pain. "I had someone with me. How is she?"

"I'm all right," Barbara

managed to quaver. "Thank God! The house is just along the drive. Wake 'em up. Get help. Carry her in, then me."

She heard the man's feet splashing along the driveway towards the house to alarm

especially in the last two months,

to be actually as well as relatively hotter than the South." Mississippi gardens were nipped while flowers bloomed in eastern Iowa.

The weather bureau, of course

makes no attempt to explain this

heat surplus. It did not warn the country to make provision against it, and it does not try to show what

(TO BE CONTINUED) business, but hot in every other

an utterly strange world.

Colder weather is predicted, but November did its part in making this a year of record heat, and only December remains. We have no ob-December remains. We have no objection to a heat surplus at this time, or in midwinter. We welcome it. And a geographical upset is not surprising in a year with so many other upsets. But we hope that the Southern states that voted the republican ticket three years ago will not permanently change places with the Northern states in the weather scheme, so that there will be snow and ice in Virginia when flowers are blooming in North Dakota. brought it on or how long it will persist. All the bureau knows or pretends to know is that temperature records go back only about a century, and reliable ones only about 50 years, and that on the basis of these records 1931 appears to be the hottest year this country ever experienced. Not so hot for

### **NEW PARADISE** OF FISHERMEN

Bass Fishing Flourishes in World's Largest Artificial Lake

Eldon, Mo. - (UP) - The Lake of the Ozarks, a \$33,000,000 project down here in the mountains, is the largest artificial lake in the world. Its power plant supplies St. Louis with electricity. But these facts mean nothing to the sportsmen of Missouri and surrounding states.

The important thing to them is that the Lake of the Ozarks has made it possible to catch bass, big bass and lots of bass, after it looked like bass fishing was about to go out in Missouri.

Black bass were almost nonexistent in Missouri streams in 1930. and fishermen had given up hope that the supply could be built up again. Small hatcheries failed to solve the problem.

Then Bagnell dam was finished and the Lake of the Ozarks began to form for some 129 miles behind it. And the fishermen flocked in.

Before the lake was even full, more black bass had been taken from it than had been taken from it than had been taken the previous year from all Missouri waters

together. The Union Electric company. builder of the dam, must erect a hatchery for game fish. With this addition. Missouri sportsmen have quit their worrying about the fish supply.

The lake was created while the state was putting increased effort into development of its parks. The 12 state parks comprise 39,490 acres. but much of this was undeveloped, and much was inaccessible to mo-

Co-operation between the fish and game commission and the state highway department, however, is making it possible for the motoring nature lovers to reach the most out-of-the-way spots. With this program the folks of the Ozarks are hoping that their mountains will become increasingly popular with vacationists who haven't the time to drive to the Rockies or other mountain resorts.

#### San Francisco Restores Palace of Fine Arts

San Francisco -(UP)- Sixteen years ago throngs of tourists from all parts of the world walked through the buildings of the Panama Pacific exposition, and remarked at their beauty. Some of the structures-the Tower of Jewels, the Court of the Seasons, the Palace of Fine Arts-became world

Today, a small group of workmen labored where hundreds once were, restoring the Palace of Fine The edifice never was destroyed, and finally acquired by the city.

Restoration of the great rotunda, which still impresses the visitor with the height of its interior, is in progress. Virtually all of the classic columns supporting the adjoining structure have been recast, and are once more intact.

#### Western Railroads Show Increase During October

San Francisco-(AP)-All three major railroads serving Pacific southwestern territory showed gains in October net earninvs over September. The western Pacific gain was largest, exceeding 38 per cent. Combined October net for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific company and the

Western Pacific railroad was \$7,-051,218, compared with \$6,047,870. The combined net, however, was a little less than half last year's October net of \$14,575,546.

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY If Gandhi is a lawyer, then He's just a raw recruit; For it is very evident He never won a suit.

"Hades or Hoover," the slogan is Of hard boiled G. O. P.; Twould seem to me they'd stick to And let the other be.

That manager plan some cities have, And some want us to try, The other day in Cleveland town, Picked up a fine black eye.

Manchuria is doubtless worth A pretty nasty scrap; If so, the League might quite as

Just give it to the Jap. Sure, two can live as cheap as one, As all those parents know, Who have a daughter they must

Until she hooks a beau. If it be true about that wind And lambs that have been clipped,

This winter should be mild enough

So not an ear gets nipped.
—Sam Page. SIRENS PROHIBITED Pasadena, Cal. -(UP)- Goverhor James Rolph, Jr., recently signer a bill prohibiting use of si-

rens when motorcycle police officers were accompanying machines on streets. He arrived at a hotel from Sacramento amidst the screams of four sirens.

#### Man 103 Years Old Gives Receipt for Longevity

Allentown, Pa. (UP)-A recipe for longeviey that includes freedom from worry, abstinence from dieting and "eating and drinking whatever you please" is offered by Michael Neiswender, who selebrated his 103rd birthday here.

Neiswender, a resident of Mt. Carmel, Pa., came here to spend the birthday anniversary with relrighest Happiness in

Labor Well Performed Today the most welcome word that can come to millions is a promise of employment-to have a share in the world's work. The song on which many of the older generation were brought up urged one to work in the morning hours, to work 'mid springing flowers, to work even through the sunmy noon, and then on till the "last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more." But it was a joyous song, and the only unhappy note in it was the one that suggested the oncoming of night, "when man works no more." The most fervent prayer that most men make, especially those who have not much goods laid up against days of ease, come from ancient times: "May I be taken in the midst

of my work." So far from work being a curse, Carlyle speaks of it as "the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind." It is the best physician. So in seeking to find employment for those out of work, the problem of misery is attacked at its root.

Skill in labor is man's highest vocation, but it is through labor of some sort, whether by hand or brain, whether of one's choice or by compulsion, whether as a vocation or an an avocation, that he finds his way to his better and best self.

Giving a man a job is the best form of helpfulness, if he is still able to work.

It has been often said that there is no good obtainable without labor; but it is better said that there is no good that is to be put above the ability and the opportunity to labor. -Kansas City Times.

# Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

move wrinkles use one ounce Powdered Saxolit solved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores

Golf Is Golf The Movie Magnate-I'm going to

lay golf today. His Secretary-But you were to get married today, sir.

The Movie Magnate-Oh, all right -have her get to the links by 2 o'clock sharp.

Cruel

Mr. Grump-A woman who really loves a man will bake a pie for him now and then.

Mr. Grinn-Yes, and if she really loves him she will give the pie to the iceman and buy another at the



That's Clear

"A man makes the best boss," said 184 out of 200 shop girls who were questioned on the subject-proving that only sixteen of them were married.-Life.



Gilbert T. Hodges PRESIDENT Advertising Federation

of America

Recently Said:

"... Reduced advertising

appropriations will mean we shall continue in reverse gear, while advertising to tell people about the things which will enable them to live fuller and happier lives will play its part, as it always has, in keeping business moving."

Talk It Over with Your Own Home Publisher

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***