

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

"More than you can ever imagine, Steve."

"I told him I would think it over. When I came here I was in two minds about speaking to you of it, but Adelaide's staggering announcement of Esther's move rather alters the situation. In effect it's the keeping of one side of a bargain, isn't it?"

"He clasped her hands."

"I hope so, if he really wants to see me."

"He wants to see you right enough, and his fear that he's offended you goes a lot deeper than his rushing away from the Bars and Stripes. He was vague as the deuce, but any fool could see he thinks he's done something pretty shabby. You can't guess what it is?"

"Only his running away practically saying that the bargain was ended. He's been in Elmford ever since?"

"Yes, probably waiting for the news Adelaide gave me just now."

The corners of his mouth went down.

"It requires no genius to guess how he got it."

Barbara looked at him.

"How?"

"Through his mother. It's a thousand to one that as soon as she heard from the Helder's she telephoned Gray at Elmford to ask reasons to argue, to plead, to scold; for she had her heart set on that marriage. From my observation she cooked it up in the first place. At any rate, as soon as she was informed he was free of Esther he sprang in action towards you."

Barbara's face glowed.

"Then I must see him. Steve, I'll telephone him myself, right away."

Steve wouldn't have it.

"You'll let me arrange this."

"She laughed at him."

"You never trust me, Steve."

"I don't trust either of you, but you shall see him."

"Where?"

"Here at Adelaide's. I'll telephone him he may come to-morrow afternoon."

Barbara was doubtful.

"Is that fair to him? Mightn't it put him in a false position?"

Steve stood up.

"All the better. He's put you in one."

"No."

He took her hand.

"Anyway he'll know about it beforehand. He needn't come unless he cares to. Good-bye."

He called back from the door.

"Don't worry. He'll come."

Yet, as it developed, Gray didn't, because Essie Helder intervened by supplying her new sensation. She forced the city editors to take a fresh interest in her, and got her portrait in the papers once more, and for the final time. Her last dramatic act, however, was designed to hurt no one except herself.

Barbara the next morning, following the custom that had been established since her return, went down to Mrs. Twining's sitting room for breakfast, and walked directly into the presence of disaster. It was readable in Mrs. Twining's serious expression and uncertainty of manner; and the newspaper on the table by the tray was unusually ruffled. Barbara learned to look on newspapers fearfully as the source of much discomfort. Mrs. Twining commanded her:

"Sit down and eat."

Barbara sat down, and reached for the paper, but Mrs. Twining jerked it away.

"Eat."

Barbara had no appetite. She indicated the newspaper.

"It's something new? It's all started up again?"

"I'll tell you after you've breakfasted."

Barbara tried to eat, and couldn't, because it was obvious the paper held matter that Mrs. Twining believed would destroy her zest for breakfast. Her entirely natural hazard was that this matter had to do with her stepmother, and she remembered Steve's comment yesterday that Essie needed a fresh sensation to keep the wolves on the scent. The inference was that she had produced it.

Barbara's coffee had a bitter savor; the toast was too dry to swallow.

"Tell me. I can't eat any more."

Mrs. Twining's maid knocked and slipped in.

"Hoskins says, ma'am, that Mr. Masters has come to see Miss Helder about something very important. He's waiting downstairs."

Barbara cried out irritably; all she was interested in was the paper guarded by Mrs. Twining.

"Of course I shan't see him."

Mrs. Twining held up her hand.

"Don't deliver that message, Ellen. Wait in the hall until I call you."

The maid went out and closed the door, and another apprehension flooded over Barbara. Harvey's coming at such an hour suggested something wrong at Elmford. Her aunt hadn't been well for a long time.

"Please tell me. Why do you want Harvey to stay?"

Mrs. Twining tapped the paper and sighed.

"You're right. There's more unpleasantness here. Yet I can say honestly that what happened last night is for the best in every sense."

That settled it. Then it was her stepmother. Mrs. Twining spread out the paper.

"Don't look so frightened. I can see you guess, Barbara. Your stepmother is dead."

Barbara experienced no particular shock; Mrs. Twining's manner had discounted just that announcement; but she did suffer from a sweeping sympathy, and sorrow that she hadn't overcome Mrs. Twining's objections and gone again, or brought Essie Helder here in the face of any amount of publicity. She glanced at the open sheet which Mrs. Twining spread in front of her. Although she couldn't read she saw quite distinctly on a cluttered table, in an expensive, untidy room, a chemist's bottle, and a glass half full of water.

"She killed herself."

Mrs. Twining reproved.

"To spring at conclusions is inexcusable. Even the police for once refuse to do that. She had a medicine which contained a great deal of strychnine. They are of the opinion that she took an overdose by accident. I heartily agree with them, and so shall you."

Barbara closed her eyes. The police! At the last Essie Helder had had to send again for the police, and Barbara hadn't been there to awaken.

"Yes. That's the kindest thought."

penditures were so much larger than receipts, and had been for so long, that the nation's credit was undermined. Statesmen saw drastic action was necessary, and they grinded their teeth in resolution. They called for cuts in all directions, including the dots to the unemployed, and higher taxes all along the line in order to balance the budget, and they summoned the voters to sustain them. Politicians opposed, charged that American bankers were dictating to the country, objected to any sacrifice being made by the poor, and demanded whatever was needed be taken from the wealthy, or borrowed from the

banks. The people, to their great credit, backed up the statesmen and politically buried the demagogues. They showed themselves willing to help save the country. So in March the budget was balanced. Credit was rescued, the pound advanced rapidly in value and the whole country rejoiced in a feeling of restored confidence and much improved conditions. The English task was much harder than the one America faces.

The Blow Hard.
From Answers.

Bore: There I was on a lonely road, miles from anywhere, with

here this afternoon. I don't know where he is now. He was in Elmford."

Mrs. Twining patted Barbara's cheek.

"I'll locate him and tell him you won't be here. Don't worry. Run now. This is a duty you do owe."

Barbara sent Ellen to tell Harvey she would be down as soon as possible, and hurriedly dressed for the journey. She found Harvey standing stolidly in the lower hall. He took her hand reassuringly, without pressure. She had a sharp, sympathetic feeling that he hadn't really touched it.

"Your Uncle Walter said he'd telephoned Mrs. Twining, so I suppose you know."

"Yes, Harvey."

"I've come to take you; he was so concerned you should come as quickly as possible; said she asks for no one else; and he seemed in need of a little steadying himself. I've my car outside. If we can make the ten o'clock it'll beat driving down, and we can rent a car in Trenton for the rest of the trip."

"Thanks, Harvey. Then let's rush."

Without mentioning her stepmother, he sympathized. "Queer and unfortunate," he said in the car, "that you should get two such shocks together."

"Not together," she murmured, and told him Mrs. Twining's theory. "I don't think there's any doubt she's right."

"Probably," Harvey agreed, "but why should it hit your aunt so hard?"

"I don't know, but I dare say I soon will."

She was grateful for his cautious, considerate manner. She had dreaded seeing him again after giving him the discipline he had forced her to apply. It was only when they were driving up the curving street in Elmford that he let the hurt show.

"There's the old store. That's where I began to get rich and that's where I began to get poor."

"Harvey, I know what you mean. I'm sorry. It just can't be helped."

His laugh wasn't steady.

"Don't bother about me. I've got the gift of making money, and it's fun; gives me plenty to do."

She pattered his hand.

"You'll get rich in other ways. I feel it. I know it."

The car stopped in front of the Gardner house, and as they got out Mr. Gardner opened the door, and beckoned them with an air of stealth, and they went into the silent, chilly living room. Barbara looked at the table against which her aunt had braced herself the night she had withdrawn behind the old inviolable screen, crying out furiously: "Then go, if you want. I don't care where you go as long as you're out of my sight." And as on that night Uncle Walter took her arm and whispered; but now his monotone was tremulous, and his face was drawn, and his good-natured eyes were full of terror.

"Thanks for coming, Bobbie. It may do some good. She's bad, and she's been asking for you every minute since. Doctor's with her now."

Barbara and Harvey each took one of the shaking hands.

"How did it happen?" Barbara asked.

He freed his hand from Harvey's grasp and snapped his fingers. His face twitched. There was moisture in his eyes.

What Doctors Know About Your Brains

BY DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine

The difference between man and the ape is the difference between an automatic machine and reasoning power. In other words, brains make the human being different from the animal.

In Liverpool, Dr. W. Blair-Bell noted British surgeon, considered some of the means devised for determining whether or not a person has the amount of brains necessary for success in life. It is commonly said that one man has brains and another has not, the comparison usually referring to what most people consider average.

The mental tests commonly used fall to take into account numerous factors which are significant; for example, the amount of sleep that the individual has had, his physical state of health, and perhaps the variations in the testers.

What we call intellectual gifts, such as the ability to learn music, the ability to figure accurately in mathematics, and the ability to remember, are probably inherited in many cases. Theoretically it should be possible to breed people with extraordinary memories or of special musical talent. Some day the world may make a serious effort in this direction.

Memory is called on to play a part in most mental activities. However, all intellectual abilities are capable of education and further development, the degree of development depending, of course, on the amount with which one begins.

Records are available of a lightning calculator who was taken to Cambridge University and who gave marvelous answers to all of the questions, but who could not tell how he got his answers. Neither could he apply his methods in practical use.

In his case it was too late to educate him. He did not have brains; he had talent.

No doubt, most of us begin with some brains, but they are of little use unless they are properly trained and adjusted to daily life. A motor car is full of energy, but it cannot use that energy until the ignition switch is thrown and the clutch engaged. Control, therefore, is necessary for proper use of human brains.

After control comes energy. The lazy man does not think because he does not try to think. If he tried, he probably would find he had the mental equipment to accomplish the result he was seeking.

One of the finest examples of the presence of brains is the development of ideas through imagination. The man with a perfect memory may never create a single thought. His brain merely records the thoughts of others.

The artist the genius, the intellectual leader, is the one whose brains, through reasoning, develop thought and ideas which all human beings recognize as important.

CHILDREN PRESERVE HOME
Yet More Than One in Every Six Marriages Ends in Divorce

From the Literary Digest

More than one in every six American marriages ends in divorce, Dr. Alfred Cahen reports in his recently published "Statistical Analysis of American Divorce," and this directly affects more than half million men, women and children every year.

In addition, desertion, popularly known as "the poor man's divorce," rivals divorce in frequency of occurrence. The national desertion bureau says that total desertions in urban United States may be in excess of 50,000 annually, but no reliable records exist.

At the present rate of increase, 51 per cent of American marriages will end in divorce by 1965. Dr. Cahen estimates, and he points out that "alarming prophecies" are not new, for such a prediction was made in 1785 by the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, president of Yale University.

"Children preserve the home," says Dr. Cahen, "since only 8 per cent of American married couples possessing children end in the divorce courts, while 71 per cent of the childless marriages terminate in divorce. Furthermore, every additional child cuts in half the chance of divorce."

"Likewise," says Dr. Cahen, "the shortening duration of these marriages, where the home is eventually broken, is a distinct trend that has paralleled the increasing divorce rate, the fourth year of married life now being the most common for divorce, as compared with the seventh year at an earlier period."

The urban rate of divorce is probably twice that of rural areas, and the Pacific Coast states have three times the rate of the Atlantic seaboard.

Give a Job.
From Answers.

"Just what have you done for humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

SOME THOUGHT DISTRACTER!
From Tid-Bits

Kind old lady on ocean trip to fellow passenger who is a bad sailor:

"They say a novel will sometimes distract ones thoughts from seasickness," would you like to read his one?"

"What is the title?"

"The Great Upheaval."

While trying to launch a lifeboat to rescue a ship in distress, Patrick Flanagan, of St. Andrews, Scotland, was run over by a boat carriage wheel and killed.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

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

Find Revives Interest in Oldest Hero Story

From Oxford comes word that 50 more lines of the epic of Gilgamesh, the traditional Babylonian hero, have been found inscribed on a stone tablet lately excavated at Kish, a very ancient city in the desert of Iraq. This is regarded as a most important addition to the oldest adventure story in the world. One estimate of the Kish tablet places its writing at about 4,000 years ago.

But even that does not necessarily mean the beginning of the Gilgamesh epic. From time to time contributions to this adventure story have been made as records have been unearthed, with evidences of earlier production. As digging is continued and older and older cities are brought to light earlier versions of Gilgamesh may come to hand. For Gilgamesh is the fundamental, basic story of heroism. Historically Gilgamesh is reputed to have been a king in the first dynasty of Erach, to whom is attributed a reign of 126 years, which is doubtless an exaggeration to be understood in the light of some of the great ages reported in very early records of man. Gilgamesh was a soldier who became a sun god. To him were attributed many feats of great valor. He sought the secret of immortal life and perpetual youth. In him are embodied the nature myths such as are identified with all primitive civilizations. From the Gilgamesh epic ramified innumerable legends throughout the Mediterranean area and southwestern Asia. There are traces of Gilgamesh in the folk tales and myths of the Hebrews, Phoenicians, Syrians, Greeks and Romans, throughout Asia Minor and even in India. The finding of 50 new lines, presumably dated earlier than those hitherto available for study, is consequently an achievement of moment, and it is hoped that these lines may supply gaps in the story of this oldest tale of heroism of which man now has any records.

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Reduced 30 Pounds Never Felt Better

Safe Way to Loose Fat

Take the case of Miss Madelone Crowley, for instance, who lives in Little Rock, Ark. Just read her letter:

"I have used Kruschen Salts for one year—when I started I weighed 140 pounds—now I weigh 110 pounds and never felt better in my life."

That's the big reason a host of men and women take Kruschen to lose weight—as the fat goes you gain in health—skin clears—eyes grow bright—activity replaces indolence.

Take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—cut down on fatty meats, potatoes and sweets—a jar of Kruschen that costs but a trifle lasts 4 weeks—get it at any drugstore in the world—but for your health's sake demand and get Kruschen Salts.

Robin Had Business There
Some time during the winter a pane of glass was broken in the clubhouse of the Bath (Maine) Country Club and an early arrival from the south decided that was a good place to build a nest and rear her young. As the clubhouse had not been kept open during the winter no one knew about the feathered visitor and recently the glass was reset. Then it was noticed that a robin kept flying against the glass and pecking at it. Inside the clubhouse was found a nest with two blue eggs in it.

The Power of Smell
Hawaiian natives, by smelling a fish, can tell from what bay in the island it was caught. But Capt. William Mount of Portland, Maine, goes them one better by declaring the way to determine the proximity of an iceberg is by its smell. Years of sailing in regions where they abound give him powers of detecting them by their "musty odor."

Definition
A fourth-grade teacher was trying to introduce the subject of mining.

"What is a mine, Samuel?" she asked.

"A mine," began Samuel, "why a mine's the thing we got inside our heads."

Earth's Ice Supply
There are about 6,000,000 square miles of ice on the earth's surface. Of this amount 5,000,000 square miles are in the Antarctic.

KILLS ANTS

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

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 25-1932.

STAND PLAYS CUPID ROLE

Chicago, Cal.—(UP)—George Longacker, proprietor of a soft drink stand, says what you might call a "romantic" business. Since he opened his business two years ago he has employed seven girls, six of whom have resigned to be married.

England Did It.
From the Pathfinder.

Last summer the finances of the British government were in such a shape that the state bank issued a sharp warning—practically an ultimatum—and statesmen saw disaster staring them in the face. Ex-

penditures were so much larger than