

IDLE ISLAND

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WNU Service.

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Deane, artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrators." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." On an exploration of the island Gay is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay returns with the "Captain," but they find no body there. Gay, being unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. She meets a stranger, to whom she tells the story and shows the picture. He asks for it, but Gay refuses. Next day the picture is missing. "Rand" Wallace, wanderer, and considered something of a "black sheep" by the islanders, surprises Gay at her household tasks. Gay's acquaintance with Rand ripens into affection. Gay determines to stay for the winter. The stranger whom Gay had met the day of her discovery of the body introduces himself as Ronald Ingram. "Auntalmiry" tells Gay of her son, "Buddy," who has been missing for years. Rand is suspicious of Ronald Ingram, and apprehensive of some evil-doing in a house known as the "Little Club," apparently unoccupied.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

And so one night, toward the end of October, when Ronald Ingram came again, Gay, because she was lonely, received him with a warmth so genuine, a pleasure so undisguised, that springing hope sent an eager light to his eyes, and he made no effort to conceal his feeling for her.

"You little snow bird," he cried, "are you still here? You'll wake up some morning to find your feathers flecked with snow!"

"And I am going to stay longer, much longer, weeks, and months. Maybe all winter. Maybe forever, if I am very happy."

"Oh, my dear," he expostulated anxiously, "you can't do that. Positively, it is not safe. Why, the island will be snowbound inside of another month. You cannot expose yourself to such danger. It is not right."

"What danger? If I am snowed in, certainly everybody else will be snowed out!"

He sighed heavily, hesitated a moment, then, with the air of squaring one's self for a sudden plunge, he said earnestly, "Then you will hate me for my errand. I am seeking the owner of your hilltop iceberg. I want to buy it."

"Too late, too late! It is mine, I have already bought it, and it is not for sale."

"Anything is for sale, at the right price," he argued. "I must have it. I have bought the old clubhouse down in the woods, and I want to corner this whole end of the peninsula for a nest of cottages. You see, I must have your hilltop to complete the circle."

"Never, never. You cannot have it. Not for sale."

"Oh, come, have a heart! I am willing that you should make a fair profit on me. But I must have it. You see it is really essential to me."

But it was essential to Gay also.

"Think what it means to my bank account," he pleaded.

But Gay thought only of what it meant to her heart.

"No, no," she said firmly. "I should be followed by bad luck the rest of my life, I tell you, if I sold my heart's desire. It would be sacrilege, it would be blood money."

"You are in love," he said shrewdly, and a shadow fell across his eyes.

Gay laughed. She would offer no denial. The very admission was sweet to her.

He told Gay something of his plans for the exploitation of that part of the island. He cautioned her not to discuss his venture too freely among her friends. "For I shall have to buy some land yet, and much material, and if people think there is money being made, prices take wings."

Gay laughingly promised discretion.

As he said good night, he took both her hands in his again, and said pleasantly, "After all, I feel a sort of happiness because you would not sell. Since we are to be neighbors, we must be friends. I shall never feel that you are outside my circle, but a part of it. But if you see me or my workmen pottering about, measuring off yards or acres in the woods behind you, don't put a shot into us with that baby of yours, will you?"

Gay said she would limit her target practice to the lobster buoys, and he went away at last, smiling back at her.

She did not see Rand until the next morning, when he appeared for coffee at eleven.

"Oh, why didn't you come last night?" she cried petulantly. "Ronald Ingram was here. I want you to meet him. He is so nice."

Rand studied her closely. "I knew you were charming—I've known it all along. But his devotion—"

"It wasn't devotion, stupid. Guess what he wanted! Oh, Rand, he wanted to buy my dear little Lone Pine."

Rand gave a startled exclamation, sharply bitten off, and lighted his pipe with slow consideration. He said nothing.

"Yes. He has bought the Little Club house and the woods, and he wanted my hilltop to round off the circle. I laughed at him. Oh, Rand, he offered to give me exactly twice what I paid for it, spot cash. I laughed at him. Wouldn't the administrator die if she knew she could get today twice what she got last month?"

Rand regarded her reflectively. "That settles it," he said slowly. "Whatever that chap is up to, it is not over yet. It is not past, it is present."

Gay stared at him. "That chap is up to," she repeated indignantly. "You don't think Ronald Ingram—"

"Don't be silly, Gay. Of course it is Ronald Ingram."

Rand had her go back over the story she had told, from the day of her arrival, and pieced it all together, bit by bit, in chronological order.

"All right, now," he said, when she had finished, "look at this. Some one, watching, no doubt in a panic of terror, saw you discover that body in the cove, saw you run for help.—Some one

Rand knew this place of his birth and his venturesome youth like a book, knew the shore, knew the cove, and understood the movement of the tides and currents. He believed the man had been shot—in the club, or boathouse, perhaps—carried out and thrown into the deep water. Perhaps this was before the break of day, and then, with the dawn, the murderers were horrified to see the corpse washing on the sand, to hear Gay's terrified cries at its discovery.

So far, Gay lent willing credence, thrilling to every word.

"The Chink saw you were here, reported to your friend Ingram, who came and tried to frighten, and then to buy you out. To get rid of you because things are going on they don't want you to discover.—Why, see how plain it is! When Ingram was here the other night, the Chink watched to assure no interruption, saw me coming, deliberately showed himself and led me into a chase to keep me from discovering Ingram."

Gay's loyalty wavered, but she steadied it by memory of the sympathetic voice, the friendly touch of the strong hands, the shadow in the gentle eyes.

"He looks so honest, Rand," she protested. "He has such soft, sad eyes."

"Oh, so's a crow," said Rand rudely, "but he was greatly disturbed."

But upon serious consideration, he was inclined to agree that she was in no particular danger as long as she maintained an air of utter innocence, seeming not only to see nothing, but to suspect nothing. Above all, he urged her to betray no curiosity, no interest in regard to things that went on about her, and with Ronald Ingram, if he came again, to continue her warm and friendly but uninquisitive interest.

Rand did not believe that the affair was a simple matter of bootlegging, as he had at first suspected. The favored method in bootlegging is a constant shifting of base, the effecting of surprise landings, first one place and then another. The acquirement of a permanent base for their illicit operations implied a deeper and more deadly enterprise, and with his usual impulsive venturesomeness, Rand had promptly decided to get to the bottom of it, to ferret out, alone and single-handed, this business of crime that had attached itself to the island.

Gay was eager to assist.

"I feel now more than ever," she said, "that I was called to be the avenger of that poor boy in the cove. He came to my very feet, pleading to be avenged, and I stupidly bungled the whole thing from beginning to end. But I shall not bungle it again, not with you to help me."

That day Rand put extra patented locks on all Gay's windows and doors, and connected an attachment to her electric wiring which he carried up into the highest branches of the tall pine at her door, where he placed a small, rose-colored light bulb, arranging it among the branches where it would throw its light to the upper windows of his grandfather's house. This he connected with two switch buttons inside the cottage, one by her bed upstairs, and one in the window-sill in the living room where she usually sat at her easel. This light she was to turn on at the slightest suspicion of any unusual stirring about the house, and he, on the hillside beyond, would keep watch for it.

Gay professed herself frankly thrilled with these precautions for her protection. She said she had never loved Lone Pine so much, she said



He Made No Effort to Conceal His Feeling for Her.

look that body away while you were gone, and hid it.—Some one watched for your return, saw your curious work with a pencil and paper, had to know what you were up to. And found out.—Some one tried to get the sketch from you, tried to beg it, tried to buy it.—Some one came in here at night, and stole it. Some one wants to get you away from here, tried to frighten you away, and finally tried to buy you out.—And that is no one but your gentlemanly Ingram, Gay, mark that!"

Gay was sorely shaken. The evidence was strong. That something crooked, something queer, had taken place on the good little island she granted willingly, eagerly, indeed, because the mere suspicion added a piquant spice of mystery to the natural charm of her surrounding.

The reappearance of Ronald Ingram, and his desire to buy the cottage, lent a sudden sinister aspect to the whole matter. Assuming that some lawless enterprise was afoot in the bordering woods, Rand quickly realized that the residence of Auntalmiry in the Lone Pine had constituted no menace to their security. Auntalmiry went to bed promptly with the dusk. Her strolling was limited exclusively to the pier, the grocery store, the church, and the homes of her friends. She never ventured along the shore, nor put foot in the forest, hence there was nothing to fear from her presence in the Lone Pine. The presence of this active, venturesome, keen-eyed young woman in the vantage-point on the fringe of the wood, constituted a constant menace, and her discovery of the body in the cove was evidence of the seriousness of this menace, so that she was subjected to constant unrelaxing vigilant guard.

Nor had Rand any difficulty in constructing an explanation of the body that washed ashore in the cove. The rope at the ankle showed that the body had been weighted to sink, but the washing of the waves, or the cutting of rocks, had severed the rope and released the weight. Gay had always felt that the body washed inshore, from sea. Rand, on the other hand, was strongly assured that it had been thrown into the deep water of the cove from the rocks at the farthest point of the peninsula, that it had come, not from sea, but from land, from the island itself; that murder had been done, not in the vastness of the wide ocean, but right there on the shore, within stone's throw from where they sat.

she could never bear to go away from the island for a minute now, for fear the commission of a crime would occur in her absence.

"Oh, to think of it," she cried ecstatically, "at my age! To think of living on so sordidly, so sanely, so unexcitingly, for so many years! And then, when I am almost an old woman, and very sensible, to come to a good little island like this, and stumble head-first into mystery, adventure and love. Oh, what luck!"

All day Rand worked about the house perfecting his arrangements to insure her safety as well as he could, and when he left at last, in the early evening, he called back to her gayly, in a loud voice:

"Good-by, Gay. See you in the morning! Eleven o'clock!"

Gay had expected him to come again in the evening, and would have called inquiry, invitation, after him, but he was gone.

When darkness had fallen she wished for him greatly. The very precautions they had taken tended to make her nervous, ill at ease, so that she started painfully at every real or fancied sound, and every low complaint of the rheumatic trees in the woodland set her shivering.

When at last came a quick knock at the door, without Rand's assuring whistle, for the first time, her thoughts leaped naturally to the pistol in her desk, and she ran for it quickly, grasping it in nervous fingers.

"Who—is—there?" she asked nervously, as she crept to the door.

"It is I, Ronald Ingram. Nothing important. I will come another time if you are busy."

"No."

Mindful of Rand's instructions to be friendly, and her fears instantly assuaged by the pleasant voice, she bravely opened the door. "How nice of you, Mr. Ingram. I was lonely tonight."

His eyes went quickly to the pistol in her hand. "Something frightened you," he said keenly. "Has anything happened?"

"No." She laughed lightly as she slid the pistol back into the drawer. "Nothing has happened, but you have all warned me so much about the deadly danger I am in that first thing you know you will have me frightened." She laughed disarmingly.

In face of his disarming friendliness, his regardful interest, Gay felt her suspicions of him slip away from her. A gang in the cove, yes; a band of murderous criminals, yes; the watchful Chinaman, yes. But never Ronald Ingram with the affectionately friendly eyes and the frank voice.

"You are the pluckiest girl I ever saw. But do, please, be careful. You are too young, and far, oh, far too pretty, to live here alone when the island is deserted."

"The united state of Maine agrees with you," she said. "I am afraid you men are losing your nerve.—We women now!" she cried cockily.

"You women are getting downright foolhardy. Some of you have paid for your folly, and more will pay. But I don't want you to pay." The honest voice was cordial, intimate.

He asked if she had by any chance reconsidered about selling the cottage, and she denied it quickly. "If you only came for that—"

"I didn't come for that. Let me be honest. I came only to see you. As a matter of fact, I came over this afternoon hoping you would give me tea and be nice to me, but I saw the Cavalier chap hanging around, and knew you would hold me dearer in my absence."

He talked pleasantly, smoking, told her of his plans for the forest peninsula, complaining of the high prices of labor and material.

"I feel like the Landing of the Pilgrims, bare rock on every hand. It's really a hard undertaking, too big for me. I am afraid, for I haven't much money. What does your Cavalier chap do in the winter? There seems to be nothing going on, shops closed, hotels closed, theaters locked up—"

"Yes, everything is dead, and the Cavalier, being addicted to meditation, is glad of it. He rests. He hibernates."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Roman Fountain Credited to Domitian

Rome has the reputation of being the city which possesses the largest number of artistic and monumental fountains, which all help to give her a most attractive aspect. But certainly very few people in Rome, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, could tell you which is the oldest of all, and guides often miss pointing it out to the tourists and other foreign visitors.

At the foot of the road leading to the Coliseum there lies the so-called Meta Sudans, a fountain whose name is probably derived from its conical shape, similar to the "metae" of the circus. The fountain is believed to have been erected or embellished by the Emperor Domitian, and it was reproduced on the special medal struck on the occasion of the formal opening of the Coliseum. The water issued

from numerous small holes in a bronze globe at the top and fell in a veil into a large circular basin, lined throughout with marble. This fountain is mentioned by the philosopher Seneca in one of his epistles, when he complains of the noise which was made by a showman who blew his trumpet close to the fountain.

Tuning Church Bells

It is said that an English clergyman was the first to call attention to the fact that bells are rarely in tune and that the fault can be remedied if a church bell was originally in tune with itself. According to his theory, a bell must have at least five tones at correct intervals to form a perfect musical chord.

At first the work of tuning was done with a hammer, a chisel and a file, and a magnificent tenor bell in Norfolk, England, was thus reduced three-quarters of a inch in diameter; but modern bell foundries employ a machine with a revolving cutter that shaves the metal near the crown of the bell until the tuner, aided by a tuning fork, has hit the right pitch

Made Name Famous

At first Napoleon was known by his full name, just the same as any other citizen or soldier of France. Later, when he became emperor, he assumed the name of Napoleon I. It is customary for kings and emperors to have but one name, as Wilhelm III of Germany, Nicholas II of Russia, etc. They also had family names, such as Hohenzollern and Romanoff, but these names are seldom used in referring to them

FARM POULTRY

TURKEYS REARED LIKE CHICKENS

Turkey rearing has been profitable when chick rations and methods of management have been used during growing period. The results of four years' experimental work with turkeys at Purdue university has shown that the turkey is very similar to the chicken in its feed and management requirements, in spite of the general belief that it belongs to the range country, must be hatched by hens, fed a special diet and given an endless amount of care the first few weeks of brooding.

Turkeys have been reared on limited grass range, confined to pens with outside platforms for direct sunlight and in pens with no direct sunlight when the ration carried 2 per cent cod liver oil.

The "all mash" and grain and mash type chick rations have been used with equally good results. When the "all mash" ration was used succulent feed, liquid milk, grit and grains were not fed, with apparently no unfavorable effect on the growth or mortality of the poults.

The factors that have been found most important for brooding are: 1. A good brooder with a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit under the hover the first two weeks and adequate heat as long as the poults show a need for it. 2. A good chick ration fed in the same way one would feed chickens. 3. A clean pen and clean range (if used) throughout the growing period.

Wet Mashers Should Be Fed to the Goslings

Goslings should be fed soft feeds, or in other words wet mash, made up of say four parts corn meal, three parts wheat bran and one part red dog. Five per cent of meat scraps should be added when one week old. This mash may be mixed with water or skim milk and fed in a trough, if scalded and allowed to cool so much the better. One precaution, which many beginners do not take, is necessary because goslings must have a certain amount of grit. This should consist of fine clean sand, which may be put in the bottom of the drinking dishes or added to the mash, one pound of sand to 100 pounds of mash. This mash should be fed four times daily for the first two weeks; three times daily for the next two weeks, and then, morning and night will do, provided, of course, they have plenty of range.

Heavier Breeds Useful for Raising Broilers

Heavier breeds should be used for broiler production, even though they do mature slightly less rapidly than light breeds. Any of the heavier breeds will be found satisfactory—the particular breed adopted for the purpose depending for its success upon the way it is handled. Just as we often make the statement that there is no best breed for egg production, so we will make the statement that there is no best breed for broiler production. There is a greater variation between the individuals within a breed than there is between breeds, and for this reason it is advisable to select the best that the breed offers and then proceed to handle the flock in the most approved manner to get the best results possible.

Close Inbreeding With Turkeys Is Dangerous

Close inbreeding with turkeys, as with all forms of live stock, must be carefully guarded to safeguard vitality. If you had but one old turkey hen so that you know that the young tom and young hens to which you refer are full brother and sister, there might be some danger in mating them, unless they are all especially strong and well developed. If you had more than one hen last year so that these birds might be only partly related the dangers would be much lessened; but vitality and development are essential even there and must always be guarded.

Favor White Hollands

White Holland turkeys are greatly esteemed by those who raise them. They are inclined to be more docile than the other breeds. Probably they are not quite as vigorous. The question of health is one of foundation stock and care.

Undoubtedly the feathers of the White Holland are more highly prized than those of other breeds. The Bronze is the largest breed and undoubtedly excels the other in vigor and vitality.

Renewing Hen Flock

It may not pay to replace entirely your older hens with pullets every year, especially if you have Leghorns which are likely to lay pretty heavily in their second season. The cost of raising an entire new flock may offset the gain from a larger egg yield. But about half the older birds ought to be replaced with pullets, and the sale of the old hens and broilers, together with the heavier egg production will usually show a profit from this course.

DAIRY THE DAIRY

AVOID LOUD TALK AT MILKING TIME

By loud talk or other unnecessary reasons the cow is blamed for giving down her milk, as we call it, while the milker and not the cow is at fault, says Wallace's Farmer.

The process of giving down the milk is governed largely by the nervous system of the cow. Anything that affects the nervous system of the cow affects her production. For this reason the milker has much to do with the amount of milk the cow gives. It is a recognized fact that the milk is manufactured during the few minutes occupied by the actual process of milking. This is the reason why the art of milking is of so much importance, and also the reason why the manner in which the cow gives down her milk is so largely influenced by the milker. It is also a reason why a cow should be prepared for milking before the actual process of milking begins, and also a reason why a cow properly milked three times a day will give more and richer milk than when milked only twice. It is also a reason why an excited cow falls to give down her milk freely and completely.

If the cow is approached quietly at milking time and is free from fear that she will be harmed the milk manufacturing organs work normally and at their best. The best method is to approach the cow in a quiet, friendly manner, wash the udder, teats and flank with a damp cloth. This rubbing of the udder before actually beginning milking stimulates the glands before the milking is commenced, therefore saving time to the milker.

Fall-Freshening Cows Best, Says Floridan

The dairyman who gets the best financial returns from his cows is the man who plans ahead far enough to have the majority of his cows freshen from September 15 to November 1 each year. This statement is backed up by John M. Scott, animal industrialist of the Florida experiment station.

The cows which freshen during this period are the cows that produce most milk when it is in most demand, and naturally brings a better price. The cow that freshens in the fall will likewise give the least amount of milk during the summer months when it is lower in price.

The dairyman who does not plan ahead and breed his cows from December 15 to February 1 each year will find himself faced with the facts that more of his cows will freshen in March and April than during the fall. In this case he will have his heaviest milk production at the season of the year when the demand is least. Now is a good time to make a start. Every dairyman who does not have a good bull should get busy and get one right away.

Good Grain Ration With Clover Hay for the Cows

Where clover hay only is available, the following mixture will make a balanced ration: Ground corn 600 pounds, wheat bran 300 pounds, linseed meal 100 pounds. Mix and feed one pound of the mixture for each three to four pounds of milk produced by each cow.

Cows Producing Milk Testing from 3 to 3.5 per cent fat should get about one pound of the mixture for each four pounds of milk produced by each cow while those producing milk testing about 5 per cent should get one pound of the grain mixture for each three pounds of milk produced.

When silage is not available it is not advisable to feed cottonseed meal to dairy cows since the cottonseed meal has a blinding effect on the bowels which may cause trouble.

Dairy Notes

- Hired help is the costliest item in milk production.
- Calf scours is caused principally by infection that calves may receive from many sources if they are not given careful attention.
- "Scoop shovel" feeding of dairy cows is unprofitable. A good practice is to feed each cow one pound of grain mixture for every three or four pounds of milk produced.
- Test your separator once in awhile by taking a sample of the skim to the cream buyer, or by sending some to your state agricultural college.
- The best time to separate is just after milking when the temperature is right. If the milk does get cold it will pay to set the vessel in warm water and get it up to 90 degrees at least, before running it through the separator.
- On one experiment with Holstein heifers, heavily-fed animals came into their first heat nearly four months earlier than light-fed ones, and with Jerseys heavy feeding hastened their sexual maturity about two and one half months.