Rune Stone a Fake

Concerning the authenticity of the Kensington Rune Stone, Dr. Walter Hough, head curator of anthropology of the Smithsonian institution, makes the following statement: "This stone was established as a fake by the confession of the man who inscribed it. The work was cleverly done and deceived many, but a scholar found that a few runes not in use in 1362 were used and finally the faker made a clean breast of it."

Talking About Oneself

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I know one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself"; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth .- Ba-

Cities of Glass

Buildings and whole cities of glass are predicted by a well-known architect. There would be two shells of glass to a high building, 18 inches or so apart, leaving space to be made into at least a partial vacuum. Glass buildings would probably be heated and cooled in the same way as a thermos flask is used to maintain heat

Haydn's Nationality

Haydn has always been considered a German, but Rahran, the village in which he was born, changed rulers when Germany annexed it. Before then it was Croatian. His music has more of the Slav character about it than Teutonic, but no doubt some of it is susceptible to German influence.

Formality

Little Jean was visiting her small cousin. They were playing and having a glorious time together when Jean's father came to take her home. After she had donned her coat and hat, she turned around and said: "Say, come back to me, somebody!"

Atomic Energy

According to the theory of Dr. Robert Millikan, the cosmic rays which physcists detect coming to the earth from interplanetary space are the form of energy freed by the breakdown of atoms in the process of creation of new atoms.

How Compass Works

The compass does not point exactly to the geographical North pole, but to the magnetic North pole, which is some distance away from it, its approximate position being 70.8 degrees N. latitude and 96 degrees W. longi-

How Blood Travels

Assuming the heart to beat 69 times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood courses through the veins at the rate of 207 yards in a minute, or seven miles an hour, 168 miles a day, and 61,320 miles a year.

Have Hard Task

To develop the wisdom of serpents while they retain the guilelessness of doves is the task which faces the rein the moral regeneration of society.—

Purhold Niehbuhr

-until you are sure."

Ronald Ingram flung himself against

Keeping Up With Junior

On the whole, it's wiser not to start making a pal of the boy till after the boy finishes with periphrastic Latin conjugations and quadratic algebraic equations.-Arkansas Gazette.

Desire Never Fulfilled

Our desires always disappoint us: for though we meet with something that gives us satisfaction, yet it never thoroughly answers our expectation,-Rochefoucauld.

But They Get the Coconuts It is said of native Sumatrans that

they are too lazy to climb coconut trees so they train monkeys to go up the trees and get the fruit for them.

Probably Hot Music

Scientists have been able to set fire to wood by sound waves, produced probably by some jazz band instrument.-New York Herald Tribune.

Orchid Matures Slowly

Nearly five years are required for an orchid plant to mature under glass from a seed and only about one seed in a million produces blossoms.



Idle Island



ETHEL HUESTON

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Now, I won't bite you," he said, "don't be afraid of me. Just be a good girl and do as I tell you, andsweet papa!" He laughed lightly at his own humor, then he added briskly, "See here, Ron. You'll have to be married at once. If anybody should come on board to look us over, you smuggled the girl aboard without my knowledge or consent. She is your sweetheart, see? And you did it. So they'll have nothing on the ship. Now if you get married at once it will clear me of any suspicion of complicity."
"Y-yes sir," stammered Ronald

faintly, his eyes pleading with Gay. "N-no," she gasped.

"Yes. You came for that, did you not?" There was severity beneath the captain's amorously playful tone. "You came for it-now you get it. Not all women are so lucky. We'll have Bates and Hodge come up to witness it. Only takes a minute. nothing to it, really. Otherwise, Gay," he explained kindly, "it is an irregularity and we have many reasons for not wishing to subject ourselves to an investigation. You, who know everything, know that."

Ronald's eyes begged her for assent, for acquiescence, promised protection. But Gay did not look at him.

"Captain," she pleaded desperately, 'I-I did think so. I-I did want to. But now-suddenly-I am frightened, I am not sure. He seems different to me. My-my heart falls me."

"Ah!" The brown eyes were narrow black slits. The voice sank to a purr. "You know-what you know. Much. One shrinks from a lawfully wedded husband who happens to be-at odds with the law?"

"Oh, no, it is not that." She flashed a sudden warm look full upon him. "Not that. What is the law to a womar who-really loves? But do I? Or was I only thrilled for a time, stirred by mystery? Really, I do not feel the same to Ronald. I thought him so rugged, so big, so virile. Now beside you he seems-young-inefficient. Can he hold my love?"

The captain's head went back in a great soft laugh. His eyes upon Ronald Ingram were straight and unfathomable. "Oh, that is fair, is it not, Ron? She must be sure of herself. But you cannot stay here while you decide. Not the thing, you know. Come with me. The captain is the official guardian ligio-moral forces if they would aid of his guests. I will take care of you

the door.

"No," he shouted. And then more faintly, "Never."

The captain's pleased eyes did not wander from Gay's vivid face, where fear and daring struggled for control. He did not so much as vouchsafe a glance to the officer who defied him. But the silken voice purred.

"Oh, yes, Ronald. Oh, yes. Come Gay."

Ronald Ingram slid slowly away from the door, his eyes upon his boots, and stood motionless while the captain, with Gay's hand in his, led her back to the room from which he had brought her. "You're not only a very pretty girl,

you're a very wise one," the captain said, as he helped her, solicitously attentive, from the big slicker, and put her coat, gloves and leather hat upon a hook on the wall, beside his own coat. "I like that," he smiled, giving it a little pat. "Looks nice and domestic. Sit here."

He put Gay into a big chair, and glanced appraisingly the length of the slim young figure, in its knickers and boots and flannel shirt. Gay self-consciously straightened her tie and smoothed her sleek dark hair. Now that the protection of the high collar and the low-set cap was gone, wearlness, exhaustion, showed in her face, and her eyes were fringed with black.

He touched the bell, and stood in the door to answer it. "Some port," he said, "two glasses. You are tired," he said to Gay. "Are you hungry?"

"No. But I feel-very tired." The boy passed in the tray at the door, and the captain quickly filled a small glass for her.

"Take this. And then you shall rest. But first, let me tell you this. No, drink it. It will quiet your nerves. It has been a shocking night." His kindness was disarming. Gay drank slowly, felt the grateful warmth in her throat, at her heart. She smiled

at him. "Now you are going to sleep, but these things you must bear in your mind. You can see that you are tied to the boat as long as you live, can't you? Now, is there any reason why you should limit yourself by marrying a young subordinate? People are only married for the eyes of the world. Well, the eyes of the world aren't going to see much of you. We'll go through a sort of form-to get the papers right-and I'll sign you on. But you would be very foolish to tie yourself to-an underling-unless you are very sure you are very much in love, would you not?"

"I-suppose so."

"I'll say so. Of course, all this is only laying up trouble for myself. Ronald, who has been my friend, will be my enemy, but I can take care of Ronald. Our doctor is a rank idlot when there's a skirt about, and there'll be trouble with him, and trouble with the crew, and trouble at the ports. But then, I've had trouble before." He smiled at her. "You are a very pretty girl-and a very brave one. I think it's the nerve of you that really gets me. Worth a bit of trouble, I fancy."

A short rap at his door caused him to pull himself up, impatiently. "Not now, not now. I'm busy," he said sharply, although he barely raised his voice above its wonted softness.

"Sir, beg pardon-it is very important."

The captain, with a bare sign indicating Gay to move back into the shadow of the room and remain quiet, went to the door. A seaman passed him a folded bit of paper on a tray. The captain read it, nodded his head reflectively, glanced back at Gay.

"Send the chief engineer to me," he directed the man.

And then he came to Gay. The companionable frankness of his voice was gone, instead it dropped to its most silky fineness, a fineness she already earned meant danger.

"Now tell me, who knew that you came aboard this boat?" His eyes hypnotized her.

"Nobody," she said quickly. "I give you my word. Nobody knew ft." "Who would discover your absence, and search for you?"

"Nobody. I am an orphan, an artist, I live alone. The people on the island will think I have gone to New York for a visit. Nobody will seek me. I am a free soul. Ask Ronald Ingram. He knows."

The engineer touched the door, opened it and came in. He did not glance at Gay in the corner. The captain handed him the bit of paper.

"Shall we show them our heels?" The engineer considered. "How are the papers? Everything tight?"

"Tight as a drum. Except this woman-who smuggled herself aboard. But we can fix that up. The papers are perfect."

"Then I say we lay to, and give 'em the gab. What to run for? Then they know it's guilt. Face 'em, and flaunt ft, I say."

The captain smiled at him, nodded assent. "You're right, or course. All right, then. I'll be right down." The engineer went out.

The captain came to Gay and took her hand. His voice was soft, his touch caressive.

"Now, Gay, this is your chance. A boat is drawing up to us to look over our papers. You can go back on it if you wish. Would you like to?"

Wild hope throbbed in Gay's heart, beat such a tumult of glorious relief she felt he must have heard its music. But she remembered what Ronald Ingram had said, she was warned by the silken softness of the captain's voice. Stilling as best she could the hope that swelled in her heart at the thought of rescue she said faintly:

"Oh, no. Not yet. Can't I just stay on-with the boat? Can't I wait till am sure?"

"Are you sure you want to?" His voice was a velvet breath. "This may be your last chance to go back. Are you sure you wish to stay on?"

"Yes, please. I am not afraid now. You will take care of me. I took a chance and came. I'd rather take another chance and stay. If you'll let

"Good for you!" His voice was warm and hearty. "I see we're going to hit it off first rate. I'll fix it up with Ronald. Stick to the original story, Gay. You smuggled aboardunder my own bunk-I always tell the truth when convenient-and I didn't see you until I had finished my paper work ready to turn in. I was just going to marry you to Ronald when they signaled us to lay to. Now you've got balance, and you've got nerve. You'll get through it. Right?"

Gay nodded briefly. "Stay right here. I won't have you up at all unless I have to." He pulled a book from the rack on the shelf and threw it on the table. "Marriage service," he said. "Just ready to read the lines over you. That'll clinch it. Don't be frightened, Gay. They may be only rum runners. They've nothing on us. Just sit tight, and"he kissed her hand-"I like you. Poor Ronny !"

Then he went out unhurriedly, smiling back at her.

Gay turned off the light in the room, got her coat and hat, and crouched by the door which she held ajar, listening. When the moment came, she intended to run out boldly and demand a rescue.

The captain stopped to speak to Ronald, to explain Gay's new status, and the two men went on deck together. Already a small boat manned with twenty men had put out from the coast patrol and was drawing swiftly up to the Roger Williams.

"Don't look so good," said the captain slowly, scanning the horizon, for lying about them lay six boats of the little coast guard fleet, completely hemming them in. "It's something more than rum," he said. "I wish we could get rid of that d-d girl."

CHAPTER XIV

With the captain and his chief officer in the bow of the boat putting out for the Roger Williams, stood Ran | which they are so proficient,

dolph Wallace, and he was laughing. "I know that boat," the captain said, "she's been held up time and time again, but she always manages to get clear. Slick as the dickens, that gang. Money back of them. That's how.'

"She's a beauty," Rand said, admiring eyes on the Roger Williams.

The coldness of the morning air, the grayness of the pale dawning, the tang of salt on his lips and in his nostrils, exhilarated and thrilled him. "What'll they do with her, I wonder -the boat? I know there's a big reward out for this gang, but I think I'd rather have the boat. Do you suppose they would give her to me, in stead of the reward? I feel just like settling down to a profession this morning. The last of the Captains Wallace. I think I'll go to sea. Gosh, how Gay would laugh."

The captain laughed, too, companionably. "They'll put her up at auction," he said, "and if you really want her-and if your charges against the gang hold water-they'll fix it up so you can bid her in. They couldn't give her to you outright-at least, I don't think so-too much red tape But they could let you in on the bidding, and see that you had the money.'

Rand's eyes, already shining with pride of ownership, roamed the Roger Williams, showing strong and stanch in the gray light, coasting the waves.

"I wonder I never thought of it before," he mused thoughtfully. "Yeh-Captain Wallace, last of the line. Pleased to meet you." He grinned joyously to himself, thinking of Gay. As they pulled alongside he spoke again, suddenly.

"Any red tape to keep me from going aboard first? I want to make sure of a good looking chap, with sad

The captain laughed and motioned him up, so that the first feet aboard the Roger Williams were not those of



The Roger Williams, Showing Strong and Stanch in the Gray Light.

active United States service, but the idle wandering ones of Randolph Wallace. Naval officers, however, were close behind him, followed by twenty

service men. man stepped up to them quietly, all at ease. "You say you're after an escaped convict, but you come well heeled for a single stowaway."

"You have found no stowaways aboard, then?" asked the officer cour-

teously. "Well, a sort of one. A womanrunning after one of my officers. We discovered her under my own bunk, if you can imagine such gall. I was just going to marry them when we got your message. Only this woman." "Will you bring your passengers up

and let us look them over?" "We are only a freighter, as you know. But we carry up to twenty passengers on the side. Sublimated steerage passengers they are, cheap. Their papers are all right. I went over them myself."

"We'll look them over, if you don't mind.

Captain Garman gave a quiet order in an unruffled voice, and a man detached himself from the group and ran down to put it into execution.

"We're taking you back with us, captain," the officer went on slowly. "We have the goods on you. If you want to go peaceably, all right. Or if you want a scrap, we have the guns

"What charges, sir?" "Oh, a nice variety. Running

Chinese, for one thing. Getting crooks out of the country on our side, and bringing them in on the other. Little matter of murder, too, if I am not mistaken.'

fiber, they become dissatisfied, appar-

ently because they are forced to re-

The birds are known as "weavers,"

Tropical Birds Happy Only When Employed In the tropical bird house at the The weaver comes from the Trans-Audubon Park zoo, New Orleans, lives vaal and lake regions of Africa, southa collection of birds said to be the ern Asia and Australia. When the most industrious creatures of all liv-'raffia" is placed in the bird house the ing beings. They are so industrious, little workers start weaving nests. say the zoo supervisors, that mate-When the supply of material is exrials with which the tiny creatures hausted they start tearing down nests carry on their unceasing labors are already woven and rebuilding them. withheld from the spacious bird house Thus they occupy themselves until all except during certain hours. When the but exhausted. birds are deprived of this material, known as "raffia," a kind of palm

Not of Rose Family

The name "Rose of Sharon" is given to an ornamental shrub called Hible cus syriacus. The Rose of Sharon re getting their name from the work in ferred to in the Bible was probably a kind of narcissus.

How Much Water Should Baby Get? A Famous Authority's Rule

Captain Garman's eye furned slowly

out to sea, swept the horizon. His

men were willing to fight, and the ship

was built for speed as well as for

endurance. But what chance, with

six of the steel gray service dogs

lurking watchfully at bay, hemming

them in. Rather match wits with the

lawyers in the courts, which he had

done before, and come off never sec-

"You'll find everything O. K., 1

fancy," he said imperturbably, "but of

course if you insist I will return with

The passengers were hurrled up from below, huddled back against the

railing, and with them Gay, once more

in her dark slicker and leather cap,

who had slipped among them as they

passed the captain's door. Gay's heart

was glad in the knowledge that she

was saved. But when, in the rear of

that group on dec., she saw Rand, deb-

onair, triumphant, smiling, her first

feeling of heart-bursting joy that he

was safe gave way to one of humilia-

tion and shame. Rand came in tri-umph, with the United States navy at

his back, to find her here, knickered

and booted, like a thief among thieves,

captured, disgraced and bandied light-

ly from man to man. She sank back

farther into shadow, almost pre-

ferring the hazards of the sea with

Garman and the Roger Williams, to

humiliation before the dear loved eyes

"Go over the lot of them," came the

crisp order. "Look for papers, espe-

cially, and weapons. Lieutenant, take

the second detail, and search the

Gay coward farther into the corner.

Search her! She watched the ap-

proach of a brisk young officer with

horrified staring eyes. She bit her

lips until she tasted blood; she would

not move, she would let him handle

her, let him search. At the sudden

slap of his hand upon her hip she

shrank back silently. Feeling the

bulk of the pistol in her pocket, he

thust his hand roughly inside her coat.

"Oh, no:" Her faint gasp was irre-

pressible, instinctive. But soft as it

With a bound, Rand leaped from his

posture of careless grace against the

He caught Gay's arm, and drew her

"That't the stowaway," the captain

"Gay," stammered Rand, "Gay, is

it you? But it can't be you! But

Gay cowered before him. "Oh, Rand," she sobbed, "I thought they

had captured you and I came to be

with you, and they hadn't, and you

She was a pitiful, ridiculous figure

"Gay," Rand repeated, helplessly,

"Rand," she pleaded tearfully.

'Please! He can marry us, the cap-

tain, he can narry anybody. Rand-

"Well, there's no reason why he

quickly of the officer who commanded

"Not if you make it snappy," said

the officer, laughing in huge enjoy-

ment of this unexpected turn. "Be-

"Oh, we'll be snappy, that's the

thing we do best. Gay, think a min-

ute! Pull yourself together. Are-

"Well, how about it, captain?

"Marry her! Marry you!" ejacu-

lated the captain, dazed with the sud-

denness of this surprising new de-

mand. "You! Good lord! Another

one! Came on board after Ingram,

switched over to me, and now got the

for a hundred crimes in half a hun-

face, renounced her freedom forever.

[THE END.]

You've no objections, have you?"

Rand

staring at her, unbelieving. "It can't

in the flapping slicker. The faint morning light showed her wan face,

explained silkily. "Found her under my own bunk. I was just going to

marry her to my second officer."

rail, and hurled the astonished group

was, it carried across the deck.

from side to side before him.

about, amazed, incredulous.

"See here!"

it is you!"

weren't, and-'

smeared with tears.

be you-it isn't-"

just to please me.

"Oh, Rand!"

the capture.

you-sure?"

hours."

"Oh, Rand!"

an't, is there?"

"Gay, do you mean-"

fore I take over the boat."

of Rand.

ship."



Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eightpound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast-fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle-fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't, give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable-the recipe is on the wrapper-and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold.

Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty-cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

Street to Be Ballroom

Entertaining guests together and using the street as the ballroom is the plan being worked out by residents of one side of North street, London. Under the shadow of Westminster the neighbors of the small and ancient street have become well acquainted, and as their homes are too small for entertaining on a large scale, they propose to cover the pavement with an awning and throw open their respective houses, which will be used as places for sitting out. Dinner will be served in each house so that guests will have the choice of at least a dozen meals.

Tactfulness Rewarded

As a reward for their tactfulness during the great strike in Great Britain in 1926, policemen of Edinburgh, Scotland, are to have a recreation building. A fund for the purpose was raised by people of all ranks, most of whom were opposed to each other during the strike, and were kept in order by the police.

Poetry on Production Basis Two high school boys called on William Herschell, poet of the Indianapolis News, asking him to honor their yearbook with a poetical introduction. "Why, yes, boys, I'd be glad to write a little verse or two for your annual. When do you want it?" "Oh," replied the boys, "we'll just

Safe Guess

sit here and wait for it."

"How much do you think I made last year?" "About 50 per cent."

"Fifty per cent of what?"



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every druggist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red:



of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid