Idle Island

By ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awaking from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. She settles down in her new home, anticipating months of well-earned rest and recuperation.

CHAPTER III—Continued

The farthest of these houses, built at the last stand, where the forest and the shore-line merged, was the Lone Pine. Beyond all others, farther, higher, alone it stood, aloof, remote. Beyond the Lone Pine, on the peninsula of forest land that ended in sheer rocky cliffs, was but one other building. This was known as the Little Club house.

The Little Club had been a daring social venture for a group of Portland business men in the years when sailing was the foremost summer sport along the coast. In those days, every man of means in the city had his own boat, and the Little Club house was their summer rendezvous.

As the men of Portland took up motoring, the vogue for sailboats passed. Year by year the Little club in the cove saw less and less of social life, and finally, for a period of seven years, it had been opened but once each summer, when the remnant of the old group came by motor boat for a great week-end orgy of lobster, fish, and, it was rumored, forbidden brew. For the last three years even this mild burst of diversion had been abandoned, and the famous old Little club was as dead as the oldest gray pine in the woodland.

The Little Club house was built with the natural rock of the shore as a general base, as indeed were most of the island houses along the coast. A wide piazza circled three sides of the house, and on the north gave it a far view of sea and sky. Gay was not long in discovering this deserted piazza, and sometimes went with her sketching pad, which she carried on all occasions, and sat there, idly drawing in the pleasant shade.

Gay often leaned far out over the piazza railing, trying to see beneath, wishing the distance were less, that she could drop down. And then one day, when her strength had come again, and her most venturesome mood was upon her, she slipped under the railing on the eastern side of the club house, and holding with both hands, now to the wild branches that grew in the crevices, now to the rough and ragged rocks themselves, slowly, stumbling, falling, splashing herself with water in the lower places, cutting and bruising her hands, she struggled on until she reached the little stretch of sheltered beach.

"I knew I could do it," she said cockily, waving away the reproachful stinging of her torn hands. "I said I would, and I did."

She ran at once to the club house, under the piazza. She found a full lower story of the house showing there, with a wide door, and two windows, but they were heavily framed in wooden shutters, further protected by stout iron gratings, and secured with heavy patented locks.

Gay shook the rusted lock impatiently.

"I'd love to get in," she thought wistfully. "Perhaps it is a haunted chateau. Whoever heard of an island without a haunted chateau?"

The little cove was a pretty one, marvelously well protected. On the left side the rocky ledge ran far out, curving like a bow. It was among the rocks on the left that the old boathouse stood, but although Gay pulled at the lock, even banged at it with a stone, it would not yield. Every crack was sealed, and the windows were boarded and barred. "Stingy things," she said crossly. "The way they keep themselves locked up you'd think they were a band of bootleggers."

As she stood in the sandy beach, looking out, her eyes shone with pleasure. She forgot the hard struggle with the rocks, she did not think of her torn and bleeding hands.

The tide was coming in, nearly full, and she was obliged to move back a step or two to avoid a wetting. But she could not tear herself from the place. And then, as she stood, she saw the incoming waves bore freight—a barrel—no, a sack—no—

Gay watched it curiously and felt the little thrill of excitement that always comes with thought of treasure borne by the sea.

"Treasure trove," she whispered. "Pirate's prize. Finders keepers."

Now it swept far forward on the wave. Then it receded again, sucked back by the outgoing water. But caught full at last by the surging tide, it swept close in to shore.

"Oh, I do believe, it is a sea-chest—wrapped in rugs—or—something," she cried aloud joyously. "Oh, I believe it is!"

She ran out a few steps, regardless of the water that splashed about her ankles, leaning far forward, ready to catch hold when it came nearer. Suddenly it turned, swung toward her. Gay cried out, faintly. She saw it, plainly. It was the body of a man. The hands beneath the water showed faintly radiant, the face shone pately. Grating in the sand, surging in the water, it slid up on the shore, swung at her feet, and the receding waves sucked at it jealously.

Stifling her innate repulsion, Gay thrust out a stiff, resentful, unwilling hand, closed her fingers firmly on the flapping lapel of the coat, and with the help of the next incoming wave, she drew it high up on the sand beyond the water line.

No hope of resuscitation for that unfortunate. Already it was set in the rigidity of death. And over the temple gaped a great dark bullet-wound, where the stiff hair, dripping salt water, clung thickly in the blood that had drenched it, the edges washed flabby-white.

Gay turned away from it, instinctively recoiling, her natural thought to run quickly far from the terrible sight. But as she turned her eyes fell on the hand that lay flung out on the sand, a long fine hand, a hand that even in death suggested the emotions of life, desire, tenderness, passion, that had tingled in its fingertips.

Gay's eyes hung to it, spellbound, and then, slowly, swept to the face again. It was a tired face, worn, all set into grim hard lines; had probably been a handsome face in life, the head finely shaped, the forehead high, the chin slender and clear-cut. The lips had been delicate and fine before that last grim anxiety had locked them into this hard cast.

Gay shuddered, buried her face in her hands. Then she stood up, suddenly determined, and called for help again and again, her clear high voice ringing and reverberating among the

She Struggled On Until She Reached the Little Stretch of Sheltered Beach.

rocks that bound the cove. It was seldom that strollers came through the woods so far, and the cottages were far removed. There was no answer, although she continued to call even when she had ceased to expect response.

And so at last, bravely, she took responsibility to herself, set her lips hard and bent down to draw the body higher on the sand, beyond reach of the tide at its highest point. She lifted the outthrown hand and laid it gently back upon the breathless breast, and spread her wispy handkerchief, pitifully, over the pale set face. Then, in a fresh accession of horror, she ran wildly upon the rocks of the cliff, clambering over them, struggling feverishly in her haste, and her terror was magnified by her flight, so that she sobbed aloud, fell often in her foolish frenzy, and cut herself, but did not feel the pain.

Out of the rocks, disheveled, soiled, her pale face streaked with tears, she stopped to recompose herself, adjusted her blouse and belt, and tried to wipe the telltale marks of fear from her face. In a semblance of order at last, she ran through the woods, and down the lane to the Captain's house.

The Captain, shocked by her white and frightened face even more than by the incoherent tale she told, extricated himself from the fold of dog and cats with nervous impatience, and brushed against two granddaughters in his haste to get Gay into a chair before she fainted.

"Do tell," he chattered gently, "dear, dear, now, what are things coming to?—Lida, give Miss Gay here some good hot tea, I'll go right down there and—"

"I'll go back with you and show you," Gay proffered quickly.

"No, no, miss, tea's what you need, quiet's what you need. Lida, give her some more tea—I'll take the boys with me. We'll have to work it up over those rocks some way."

He hurried away, an eager, brave, frail little figure.

Naturally, the Captain did not go direct to the cove. He went first to the Pier grocery store to recount the grewsome tale. Then he stopped by the way to pick up the Budlong boys, two drivers from the taxi stand, Mr. Allenby, the weather man, and Lumley Lane. With these enforcements, and followed by a troop of a dozen or more small boys shouting directions and calling inquiries, with two or three of the hardier native women trudging along at a respectful distance in the rear, they at last began the hard descent over the rocky cliffs and ledges that bordered the cove.

Helping one another as best they could, scrambling each man to keep pace with the man ahead, all alike anxious for the first frightful, horrid view, they stumbled over the rocks, grunting, swearing softly in the nasal New England drawl, and reached the cove at last, leaning forward, staring about them.

Then they stood erect, with sheepish grins, and looked the length and breadth of the cove. There were many footprints in the sand, there were scattered logs, bits of driftwood, the wreck of an old boat, there were shells and seaweed and fallen trees. But there was no drenched sea-washed body on the sand, no trace of red blood on the clean yellow, no sign of human driftwood from the sea.

CHAPTER IV

Satisfied at last that their eyes did not deceive them, that in very truth there was no body in the cove, the men of the searching party drew together, looked from one to another with sheepish deprecating grins.

"By gar, she done us," roared Lumley Lane with his great guffaw. "The little New Yorker done us right."

Led by the Captain, they tried the doors of the boathouse, of the Little club itself, but all were locked secure and silent. They called a few times, loud hallocs, but received no answer.

"Was she flim-flammin', Gamp?" asked one of the Budlong boys.

"No," said the Captain, with his usual soft decisiveness. "She was cryin', her face all streaked and white, tremblin' all over. She didn't aim to flim-flam nobody. She thought she saw something, that's all."

They returned the way they had come, and although the men hung about the Captain's door, hoping for a glimpse of the erratic New Yorker who had sent them on their hard chase for the wild goose, the Captain, considerately, left them without and closed the door behind him.

The Captain looked compassionately at Gay. "There wa'n't nobody drownded," he said gently. "There wa'n't nobody shot. There wa'n't nothing but sticks and stones in the cove."

Gay leaped to her feet giddily, and the women fell back, respectfully, to give her room.

"There—wasn't?" she gasped. "But there was! He had dark hair, and long fine hands—oh, nonsense!—I can see him this moment as plainly as—My handkerchief, I spread it over his poor face. Did you bring my handkerchief?"

"You're all tired out, Gay," he said gently. "You work too hard. You seen a hallucination, that's all. It was driftwood ridin' in. Seaweed, maybe. Things allus looks like men under the water. There a'n't nobody in the cove, Gay."

Gay brushed past him, her hand on the door.

"Where you goin'?"

"To the cove. To see for myself. I don't believe a word of it," she declared feverishly, with no thought for the rudeness of her words in the shock of her surprise. "You haven't been there at all. You are deceiving me. Of course there is a body in the cove!"

With ineffable patience, despite his weariness, the Captain set out to follow. After a few hot running steps Gay waited for him to come up to her.

"You needn't go, Captain," she said kindly. "You are tired, and it is such a hard way."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm still good on my legs."

"You oughtn't to live there by yourself, Gay. Women ha'n't no call to live alone. It a'n't accordin' to natur' They get queer. They get to thinkin' things, they get to seein' things—ghosts an' sech. You better go to the hotel, Gay, for the rest of the summer. I'll let you off on the rest of the house. It a'n't accordin' to natur', livin' alone."

Gay made no answer, but she smiled at him, and when they came at last to the precipitous cliffs that girt the cove, she led the way, stumbling, sliding falling, while the Captain grunted and softly swore beneath his breath behind her. In the cove, at last, she turned with her usual brisk assurance, and flung out a hand toward the spot where the body had lain.

Then her eyes widened, her lips parted and she stared, aghast.

The captain was right. There was no body on the sand. Except for themselves, the cove was void of life, as it was void of death. Flashes of light swam before her eyes, and she swayed dizzily.

"I'll just sit down a minute to get my wind back," the Captain panted, and dropped down heavily on a low rock, mopping away great beads of perspiration with his red handkerchief.

Gay pulled herself together.

"Somebody took him away while I was gone," she said in a low voice. "I was not fooling you. I left him right here. See, the sand is wet from where he lay."

"It splashed from the surf," he said.

"I put his hand on his breast, and my handkerchief I spread over his face. Captain, do you think I'm crazy?" she demanded indignantly.

"No, Gay, no, I don't think you're crazy," he said stoutly. "But you hadn't ought to live alone. It a'n't good for women, makes 'em queer; a'n't accordin' to natur'."

Gay smiled rather wanly. "I am sorry for all the trouble I have caused you. I am sure you know that I had no desire to deceive you, deliberately. I am very sorry. Will you go on home now, and leave me? I have my sketch pad in my pocket. I am going to draw the face from memory, and perhaps you will recognize it. I want to do it while it is all fresh in my thought."

The Captain demurred, but Gay stood firm against him, and his objections dwindled. He went off at last, a sturdy little figure, for all his frailty and his bent shoulders.

Gay picked out a seat for herself among the rocks and fell at once to work. She could see it all so vividly that her flesh crawled as she reproduced the picture from memory—the small bit of sand below the rocks, the limp body in its drenched clothes, the dark hair, the fine head, the gaping wound, and outflung on the sand the pale hand, long, slim and powerful, the hand of a gentleman, hand of a scholar, hand that betrayed intensity of feeling. It was the hand that had stirred Gay most deeply, and when it lay before her in her penciled sketch, delicate and strong, she buried her face in her two hands and burst into nervous weeping. But in a moment she controlled herself, shook away her tears crossly, and dabbed at her eyes with the back of her hand lacking the wispy handkerchief that was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

VARIETY OF GOOD THINGS

When serving boiled fish cook it in a cheese cloth well tied up and drop into boiling, slightly acidulated water. Serve with:

Drawn Butter Sauce.— Measure one-third of a cupful of butter. Melt one-half of the butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, pour on gradually one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Boil five minutes, remove from the fire and add the remainder of the butter in small pieces.

Spice Pudding.—Take one cupful of dried bread crumbs, add one pint of hot milk, cover and let stand until the milk is absorbed. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of molasses, one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoonful of cloves, the same of nutmeg, mace, ginger and allspice. Add two-thirds of a cupful of raisins that have been steamed five minutes. Add one well beaten egg, mix well and turn into a greased pudding dish and bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

Fish Souffle.—Make a sauce of two cupfuls of scalded milk, one-eighth cupful of butter, the same of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half cupful of soft bread crumbs and cook two minutes; remove from the fire, add two cupfuls of shredded cooked fish, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley; then fold in the well beaten whites. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake thirty minutes or more in a slow oven. Serve with:

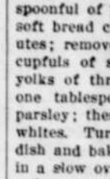
Caper Sauce.—Divide one-third of a cupful of butter into two parts. Melt one-half the butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, add seasoning of salt and pepper, boil five to eight minutes until the starch in the flour is thoroughly cooked, add the remaining butter in small pieces. Add one-half cupful of capers drained from their liquor. This sauce is also good with mutton.

Corn Soup.—Rub one cupful of canned corn through a sieve. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter and when bubbling hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook until smooth, then add slowly three cupfuls of milk, and the corn, cook eight minutes and serve. A few kernels of freshly popped corn sprinkled over each serving adds to its appearance and flavor.

Cottage cheese, cream cheese, or any kind of cheese is good for lunch.

This and That in Foods.

As game and wild fowl are in season, it is well to consider a few ways of preparing it.



Wild duck, mud hens and wild goose as well as fish are often rather gamey in flavor. To remove some of this flavor there are many methods. To parboil with carrot, celery and a sliced onion is one of the best. Then drain and proceed with the cooking in any way desirable, such as frying brown in butter or roasting in a hot oven.

A young bird of any kind, after a little parboiling as above, will, if brushed with butter and an onion and a few stalks of celery is placed inside, then browned in a brisk oven, be found especially appetizing.

One housewife who was fortunate enough to have some venison, more than her small family could consume, prepared it for mincemeat, making an especially well-flavored mixture.

Any game birds are good served with sliced oranges as a salad. Serve them in overlapping slices, covered with a well-seasoned French dressing.

Finely shredded cabbage, covered with cold water to crisp it, then well drained and covered with cream, sugar and a dash of vinegar, is another worthwhile way of serving a salad.

Date, Apple, Onion Salad.—Take a slice or two of Spanish onion finely diced, or chopped fine, add to a quart or less of finely diced apples and a cupful of minced dates. Season with salt and dress with any good boiled dressing. Serve on lettuce with a bit or parsley for garnishment. With the beautiful red apples hollowed out and filled with this mixture or with the Waldorf salad, which is celery, nuts and apples, one has not only a table decoration but a most appetizing salad.

Eclipse Sauce.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one of flour and when well blended add one cupful of water in which a cucumber has been cooked. Season with salt and cayenne and pour over a well-beaten egg; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and reheat carefully. The chopped, stewed cucumber may be added, which makes this a delicious sauce.

Baked Potatoes.—Select even-sized potatoes and bake in a hot oven. When well done slash at right angles on the flat side and press up the potato. Drop a spoonful of butter in each and sprinkle with a dash of paprika.

Nellie Maxwell

Song of Praise

"Hallelujah," or "Hallelulah" as it is sometimes spelled, literally means "Praise ye Jah," "Jah" being a variation of the Hebrew word "Jehovah." A song or exclamation of gratitude or praise to God is called a hallelujah.

Sincerity's Complement

Some one has remarked that "enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity." He means sincerity backed by passion. It was that which built the mighty things of the world.—Exchange.

Medical Sermonettes

By W. E. LEONARD, M. D.

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Know thyself.—Solon.
Avoid excess.—Cleobalus

Of the mottoes of the seven wise men of Greece, inscribed on the Delphic temple, these two have medical significance. Nowadays, when periodic physical examinations are everywhere preached—and somewhat practiced—there is no real excuse for anyone not knowing himself in every detail. It is only when the small beginnings of disease are recognized that true preventive measures are of use. Later, when nature rebels outright and begins to torture her victim, it is generally too late to stay the course of an ailment.

"A stitch in time saves nine" is always true in medical matters, and the wise man takes note and acts accordingly. Being checked up physically once a year, or oftener in age, is a duty one owes to himself and his family, if he places a normal value upon life and usefulness.

As to excess, anyone who stops to think at all knows what a train of woes it brings, both immediately and finally. Moderation in all things pays immensely, from the cradle to the grave.

• • •

"A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years." To demonstrate this, sit year after year in a doctor's consultation room and listen to the queries of the long procession of patients, both wise and foolish, who come to air their doubts and confess their sins. This is no crusty, fault-finding with human nature, but a sober statement of fact. The patience of Job was a remarkable quality of that mythical old philosopher, but I opine he must at some time have practiced medicine in the villages of Palestine, for in no other occupation could he have so well acquired his most deserved reputation.

Few people consider the necessity of being brief and to the point when they purchase an hour's time of a doctor. He is there for that purpose and is being paid to listen, but how hard it often is on him, even with his recompense in willing sight! "Foolish question No. 8364" follows the previous number and still no real clew to the disease in question. Have a heart, O patient, and have more patience, O doctor.

• • •

"'Tis nothing when you are used to it." No one could have better proclaimed the tyranny of habit than does the caustic old Dean Swift in this proverb. Habit grows by what it feeds on and subtly chains its victim long before he realizes it. Therefore the need of watching for the first signs of the chains. The simple act of wrong eating, oft repeated, becomes more and more difficult to overcome. Not only habits of the table but all sins against right living grow upon one insidiously until it requires great determination and will power to throw them off. Generally the awakening comes only after nature begins to cry out in pain and suffering, and even then one warning is seldom sufficient, but the sinner experiences several strong hints before he turns right about and reforms. It is far easier to be wise beforehand and to proceed moderately at all times, and thus avoid the extremes that lead to suffering and disaster. Many illustrations could be given, recognizable by all. Perhaps the most common is the habit of too rapid eating, which grows upon most of us before we become aware of it. With very few exceptions, as the years go by, it leads to all manner of dyspepsia, ulcers of the stomach or intestines, or even worse.

• • •

"Masticate your food thoroughly—fletcherize"; that is, chew each mouthful before taking another, allowing thirty minutes to each meal. Try it for one meal only. You will find that the flavor of the food is much finer and more thoroughly enjoyed, that digestion proceeds more easily because a complete mixture with the juices of the mouth prepares the food mass for further contact with other digestive fluids lower down, and, best of all you are not, almost unwittingly, overloading your stomach with more than you really need. Dogs always bolt their food and are always constipated, while cats, who are dainty and leisurely eaters, and cows, who chew the cud, never have any such difficulty. Why not imitate more closely our domestic friends! While greater variety in food is necessary to us than to animals, we can assimilate and use almost any nourishing article, provided we start it down the "grand canal" (prima via, in the old Latin) properly. Our teeth are put there for that purpose and it pays to use them on all occasions.

Undeniable Qualification

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to square root he is there.

Spirit's Needs

Man does not live by bread alone. The spirit must have food, or it perishes.—William J. Locke.

In a Nutshell

A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitly chosen is a life-long friend.

Poor Paint Expensive

When you buy paint to dress up and protect your house, don't let a "low price" blind your good sense. Thousands of home owners are bewailing a "cheap" paint job this very minute and paying the penalty in hard cash.

Toad Gardener's Friend

A toad is valued at $24 by the United States government. Toads are busy during the night destroying worms and beetles that forage only in the darkness.

Children of Lepers Saved From Disease

In 1925 a plan for saving the unaffected children of the Culion leper colony in the Philippines was instituted by the office of the public welfare commissioner at Manila. In order to prevent these children contracting leprosy from their parents they are removed from the colony and placed in institutions or private homes. By January, 1926, 285 children under fifteen years of age had been removed.

The youngest children are cared for in a public nursery near Culion, and if it is not possible to place the older ones with relatives or friends they are put in institutions where their care can be supervised by the office of the commissioner. Periodical health examinations are given to detect any early signs of leprory which may appear. School training is provided, and as far as possible the children are being prepared for happy, useful lives. They are encouraged to correspond with their parents, who are advised by monthly reports from the institutions of their children's progress.

The discovery of a cure for leprosy makes possible the hope that the children may eventually be restored to their parents.

Old Colonial Houses Built for Permanence

Back in the early days of America, when the family's interests of necessity were almost entirely centered about the home, the permanence of the materials in its construction was the paramount consideration, and out of this honest use of good materials came the early Colonial architectural designs which are today the subject of deep study by architects because of their fidelity to classic grace, combined with a certain freedom of interpretation.

One splendid example of this dignified spirit of home building is that of Upsala house, Germantown, Pa. The home, erected in 1798, has been in the continuous possession of the family since its building and stands today in as sound condition as when it was first constructed.

The builders of Upsala house spared no pains to make it of permanent construction. Its stone walls are protected by copper gutters and rainpipes.

Weaving Pioneer Honored

In honor of Alexander Morton, first to recognize that hand-loom weaving must give way to the power loom, and inventor of chenille fabric and the madras material, a memorial is being erected on the Kilmarnock main road between Deavel and Newmiln, Scotland. Morton died in 1923, and in the valley near the memorial are 20 factories, most of which are supervised by men who were once his foremen. The memorial contains a bronze portrait bust of Morton, and two stone figures, which will occupy pedestals at the extreme ends. These figures, a "boy with a sickle" and a "girl with a shuttle," symbolize agriculture and weaving. Panels in the wall depict the old and new weaving machines.

To Cure a Cold in one Day

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Sugar From Dahlia

At last botany has found an esthetic source of sweetness. Sugar-cane is unconvincing in appearance, the sugar-beat unbelievably oafish in its coarse white dress, but now the dahlia, so long grown in our gardens for its handsome flowers, comes as a rival to these sordid sources of saccharine. The tubers, which are found to yield a sugar one and a half times as sweet as beetroot sugar, are more easily grown than beet. The cost of production is about the same, but the great advantage of dahlia sugar is that, unlike beet, it can be taken by people suffering from diabetes.

Molly Pitcher Honored

To Molly Pitcher goes the honor of being the first woman to have an American highway named for her. In Pennsylvania, the highway which extends through Carlisle, Shippensburg and Greencastle will be known as the Molly Pitcher highway. Molly Pitcher, so the story goes, took her husband's place when he was killed in the act of firing a cannon in the battle of Monmouth in 1778. She vowed revenge for his death and proved a fearless soldier. Later she was made a sergeant and commended by George Washington.

Ray Times Horse Races

An automatic wireless timekeeper for horse races has been tried out with success at a track at Cape Town, South Africa, recently. It is worked by an invisible ray from a lamp in the judges' box focusing on a point of light one-fifth of an inch in diameter on a selenium cell fixed in the winning post. Anything crossing the invisible ray, extinguishes the point of light, and the clock ceases.

Kept Clock Moving

When a broken pin caused the faithful clock in St. Paul's cathedral, London, to stop men acted as the works. Recognizing the fact that thousands depended on the clock for time, officials of the church placed behind the face of the timekeeper men who turned the hands every minute during the daytime and until repairs were completed.

Love conquers all things; let us yield to love.—Virgil.

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Three two thousand-year-old Roman coins, worth nothing at face value but priceless as relics, have been presented to the Toledo Museum of Art by Thomas Winezop. The coins were found by Winezop, hidden in a crucifix brought to this country from his mother's home in Switzerland seven years ago. Winezop said the crucifix in which the relics were found had been in his mother's possession about 60 years. He did not know the history of the image before those years.

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Plea for Historic Building

An appeal has been made to Yale alumni for aid in obtaining a tenant for Plasyn-Yale, or Yale hall, in Yale valley, near Wrexham, Wales. Yale hall belonged to the family of Elihu Yale, founder of Yale university. The present tenant, a disabled war veteran, suggests that Yale men might use the estate as a vacation camp.

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