

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is *not* Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

For Galled Horses

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not useful. All dealers.

"Sunshine Clothes" Coming?

Sunshine baths may be taken in "sunshine clothes" in the near future, following a discovery by Prof. A. M. Lowe of England. He has found that by a simple and inexpensive treatment some types of cloth can be made permeable to the ultraviolet ray, which means that the value of the natural ultra-violet ray in the ordinary sunlight and daylight can be received by the body, and that wearers may enjoy their sunshine baths while pursuing outdoor sports or work. The professor recently reported his discovery to the New Health society, under whose auspices his committee has been working.

Seagulls Brought Friends

One day two seagulls alighted on the lawn of the Peterson home at Los Angeles. They were fed with great delight. Nothing more was thought of the incident until a few days later a large flock made their appearance and waddled around expectantly. Of course they were fed. The Peters now wonder how many friends the two seagulls will bring along on the next trip.

Varies Egg Production

A hen that belongs to William Johnson of Oelwein, Iowa, lays a double-yolk egg for him every Wednesday—and has been doing it week after week since the first of the year, when he started watching her. On the other days of the week she lays an ordinary egg.—Indianapolis News.

Knew His Stuff

Manager—He told you to outguess the other fellow!
Battered Pupil—The other fellow wasn't doing any guessing.

Success is frequently the result of your ability to persuade others to accept you at your own valuation.

Is It Your Nerves?

Bakersfield, Calif.—"I had a nervous breakdown, unable to leave my bed. I was under the care of a doctor, but was not getting well as well as I thought I should, so I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is the tonic and nerve restorer that restored me to health. Its soothing effect upon my nerves was wonderful while taking the first bottle, but I continued its use until I had taken five bottles and was then completely restored to health. I have never had a physical or a nervous breakdown since, which proves the thoroughness of the 'Prescription' in reaching the source of the trouble and then over-coming it."—Mrs. Gertrude Higley, 1224 Truxton Ave. All dealers.

TODAY'S WINNERS

Are you getting "yours," or are you bodily infirmities holding you back? The sprightliness of youth, health, strength, success may be yours if you keep your system in order.

GOLD MEDAL

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
and plenty of fresh water will work wonders for you. All druggists have these. Accept no substitutes.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 13-1928

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

To live in love is to live in everlasting youth. Whoever enters old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. Instead of finding himself descending the hills of life, he will find it up hill all the way, into clearer air. There the vision reaches further; there the sunsets are more golden, and the twilight lasts longer.

NOVEL HOT BREADS

Hot breads add much to the pleasure of breakfast, luncheon and that coziest of all meals, the informal Sunday night supper. With a hot drink of tea, coffee or cocoa and a jam or marmalade, one can almost make a meal of hot bread, if there is enough of it. Muffins, waffles, biscuits and scones are all well known, but have you tried these:

Sunday Hot Bread.—Cream together three-fourths cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, add one egg well beaten and mixed with two-thirds of a cupful of milk, then add one and one-half cupsful of flour, sifted with three teaspoonsful of baking powder, add two tablespoonsful of orange juice and spread the mixture with granulated sugar and the grated rind of an orange. Bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Orange Waffles.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar, add two beaten eggs. Sift two and one-half cupsful of flour with one teaspoonful of cinnamon, add alternately to the first mixture with one-half cupful of sour milk to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Add the juice and rind of an orange and bake on a hot waffle iron. Serve with orange marmalade.

Golden Corn Bread.—Sift together one cupful of flour, one cupful of corn meal, one-half cupful of sugar, two and one-half cupsful of baking powder, add one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of orange juice. Mix well and add the beaten yolk of an egg and two tablespoonsful of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven forty to fifty minutes.

Rice Delight.—Add one-fourth of a cupful of cooked rice, one cupful of scalded milk, one beaten egg, cook over water until smooth and the egg is cooked, adding three tablespoonsful of sugar, salt to taste, one-half cupful of orange juice and a little of the rind. Serve with whipped cream.

Planked Meats.
It is necessary for many cooks to get away from the idea that planked meats are fussy and too much bother to prepare. The contrary is true. With a good well seasoned plank kept for meats alone another for fish, one has a convenience which may be used frequently and is always a welcome dish on the dinner table.

Steaks and chops are expensive but there are any number of good things that one can prepare with leftovers or small pieces of meats as well as the cheaper cuts. The great advantage of the planked food is that the entire main part of the meal can be served on it thus eliminating several serving dishes. Another point not to be forgotten is that the plank holds the heat much longer than the usual platter, so the food is kept hot.

The more a plank is used the better and more valuable it is. An eighteen inch plank will serve four generously, and six if other dishes such as a substantial salad are served.

Planked Chicken.—Cut up a fowl and stew as usual, adding plenty of seasoning. Remove the larger bones and roll the meat in seasoned flour, place on a plank and surround with mashed potato piped around in nests, in which to place hot buttered peas, just before serving. Prepare the mashed potato as usual, adding to each water two egg yolks and the stiffly beaten whites, added at the last. Dot the chicken with fat and brown in the oven. Fill the nests as serve.

Planked Ham.—Take broken slices (these being less expensive), cut into two-inch pieces. Rub the ham with a mixture of mustard, brown sugar, a clove of cut garlic and a little vinegar. Place on a hot plank and surround with halved sweet potatoes which have been spread with sugar sirup and dotted with butter. Fill the spaces between with flowers of cauliflower, sprinkled with grated cheese. Bake as usual.

Planked Lamb.—Take two pounds of the neck of lamb, cut into pieces and cook in boiling water to which salt, peppercorns, celery, onion, mint or bayleaf have been added. When tender cool and drain; roll in seasoned flour after removing the bone, if desired. Place on a hot greased plank with molds of curried rice surrounding it. Dot each mold with butter and place hot buttered carrots and peas between the molds of rice. Bake as usual and serve garnished with parsley.

An oak plank is considered the best and should be well seasoned before using.

Nellie Maxwell
Beyond Recall

Lost—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with 90 diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

Confederate Memorial

After the evacuation of Richmond, the archives of the Confederacy were removed to Danville, Va. The building used by President Jefferson Davis as his last capital became a Confederate memorial and museum.

Idle Island



By
ETHEL HUESTON

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

—17—

The captain studied the papers again.

"Pulled a boner bringing that fool Besser on board," he said softly. "What am I to do with him?"

"Sorry, but I had to bring him. I couldn't let him go. He had been snooping about, and I didn't know how much he had picked up."

"Why didn't you?" The captain's gentle voice trailed off suggestively.

"Two reasons, and both d-d good ones. We couldn't get rid of him in that case. You ought to know that—My God, I'll never forget poor Blakely, and how he kept coming in on every wave. That cave, I tell you, is a trap. The tide gets nothing out, brings everything back. Five times Blakely came in—the men cursing and praying—crossing themselves. And at the last we had to keep him there in the shack till he rotted. I tell you, rotted. Besides," he said, "that was my bargain with you. I told you in the beginning that I stuck at murder, and I still do. D-d if I'll kill them unless I have to."

"A good preacher was lost in you, Ronnie," the captain said affectionately. "You've got a conscience—or a weak stomach—same thing—Why, what's one crook more or less in a world full of 'em?"

"Blakely was no more a crook than I am," Ronald muttered doggedly.

The captain laughed jovially. "Well, bless us, boy, what else are you? Come, have more coffee. You've got the blues." He touched the bell. The captain glanced at the list of names in his hand. "Bring Mr. Rivers," he said to the seaman who answered.

"There's a reward of three thousand for him, but he had plenty on him, so I said five."

One of the men from the Little club came in, his hat in his hand. The two officers nodded to him curtly, without offering him a chair. He laid his papers before the captain.

"John D. Rivers, London. Passports, visas, birth certificate, everything O. K.—Ninety dollars, Mr. Rivers. I understand you are going home on this old freighter because of the economy. Sorry we can give you no better accommodations," he said suavely, "but we do not cater to passengers, really—Fare, ninety dollars."

The man Rivers without a word counted out five thousand from his wallet, and laid it on the table. Ingram handed him a receipt for the money.

One after another the men from the Little club were ushered into the captain's room, their papers examined with great attentiveness, their money taken—usually fat rolls of bills for which a form receipt was given in exchange.

When the last man had gone out the captain figured swiftly on the back of an envelope for a moment. Then, detaching a small amount from the heap in his open drawer, he counted out a portion of it, and put it in a section of the wall safe beside the desk.

"One thousand eight dollars for the good ship Roger Williams," he said. "Twelve stalwart passengers at ninety dollars a head."

The rest of the money he tucked quickly into a steel box, and touching a secret spring in his table, fitted the box within it, closed it again. "And for the brains and blood behind the Roger Williams—a wee mite more," he said laughingly.

They smoked for a moment in silence. The captain poured out fresh coffee. "The papers were good," the captain said in a tone of satisfaction. "He's getting better and better. We may need to get a friendly oversight on him. He's getting almost too good. Well, let's turn in. I'm tired. You look like the face on the bar-room floor, Ronnie. Cheer up. Things are looking up to heaven. That takes care of everything, doesn't it?"

One instant they both paused, on the edges of their chairs, for a final pull at their cigarettes. And in that moment Gay wriggled out from beneath the bunk silently and took one firm but fearful step toward them.

"It—doesn't take care of—me," she stammered weakly.

CHAPTER XIII

"Gay Delane!" The exclamation was Ronald Ingram's.

Even in that terrible moment Gay was quick to observe the sinister change that came over the captain's face. His air from one of rich well-being became portentous and greatly still. The soft brown eyes receded in themselves, became fathomlessly deep and dangerous. His lips showed a straight red line between the black of his mustache and beard. One quick appraising look he gave her, a look that swept her from leather boots to leather cap, and then he turned about in his chair and looked at Ronald Ingram.

His voice was a dangerous purr. "This, Mr. Ingram, is a flagrant infraction of rules, as you know very well. You have deliberately disobeyed the one order to which I have held every one around me in all of my various sailings—No women aboard is a strict rule—and no women aboard applies right now. There was a slight return to something of sanity beneath his anger as he turned to Gay.

"Madame, I am sorry. I can understand that a woman may have quite as good reasons as a man for wishing to sail without the fanfare of publicity. The ladies, I imagine, have my sympathy, but they do not sail on my ship." He bowed mockingly, the red lips curving into a derisive smile. "Sorry, very sorry, but law's law. The charm of your presence, the warmth of your beauty, the brightness of your eyes, serve to strengthen me in my conviction that women play the devil on shipboard. Sorry, I have never had a woman aboard, and—"

"But—I am aboard," said Gay faintly.

"You are, yes. Worse luck to all of us. But you won't be—very long. Where are your papers?"

"Sir," interrupted Ronald Ingram quickly, "I beg your pardon, but—you do not understand. Miss—the lady is—not a fugitive. She is my—my fiancée. We love each other—we—we could not bear to be separated."

The captain's dark eyes were still boring into Gay's face, and in that instant Ronald was able to flash her a warning signal with his eyes. Quickly she realized that he wished to help her, and the warm gratitude in the look she gave him might easily have been misconstrued by one who thought she loved him.

The captain's eyes had not wavered from her face. "How much do you know of our—business ventures?" he demanded curtly.

And then, in hope forgetting to seek advice in Ronald's pleading eyes, she blurted into her great error. Her desire was to intimidate the captain, show him her power, make him respect her for her knowledge, and she cried triumphantly:

"Everything! I know everything. Smuggling Chinese, forged passports. Yes, the murder of poor Blakely—everything!"

It was no less than murder that showed in the captain's black eyes then. His voice was a whisper, the beginning of a wild animal panting.

"So! Everything!" His eyes turned slowly upon Ronald Ingram. And Gay, following his glance, seeing his fury, seeing Ronald's consternation at her revelation, realized the gravity of her mistake.

"Oh, no," she gasped. "Oh, no." The captain's eyes traveled slowly that deadly trail from Ronald's eyes to hers again.

Gay pulled herself together. "He did not tell me," she disclaimed quickly. "He told me you were just independent shippers, running a tramp steamer wherever you could get a cargo."

"Who told you—everything—then? Not—Moy Sen?"

"Certainly not." But she gained confidence, strengthened by the firm timbre of her own voice. "But it was Moy Sen who first aroused my suspicions. I live in the cottage next to the clubhouse. Moy Sen watched me—and I caught him. That was curious. And then I put things together. Why Ronald went away so suddenly, why he had purchased the clubhouse, how Blakely's body came into the cove—I put everything together and it was strange. So—I—just snooped."

A quick flash of amusement lightened the black fury of the captain's face. "Oh! You snooped!"

"Yes, I—I loved him, and I had to find out where he was, and I had to crawl under and peeked through the oilcloth over the window and—I saw everything."

"And knowing—everything—still you took a chance and came along?"

"I could not bear to—to let him go away—into such danger—alone. Besides—it is all your fault," she said accusingly, but there was no very convincing quality in the accusation.

"You are older than he, you are magnetic, powerful. You led him into it. The captain laughed softly at that, but frowned again in a moment.

"This is a devilish kettle of fish," he grumbled anxiously to Ronald. "Where are her papers?"

"She has no papers, sir. She only decided to come tonight."

"How do you expect to get her ashore?"

"She won't go ashore, sir. She is an American citizen, so am I. She will stay on board when we are in foreign ports. And when we come back we can land her at the island—I couldn't come away—without her."

The captain lighted a cigarette, and bit the end of it thoughtfully. His mildness of manner had returned.

"I'm not blaming him, you understand, Miss—Miss—"

"Gay is my name, Gay Delane."

"Gay. That's nice. Like that. Call you Gay then, right off, since you'll sort of be my mate-in-law as you might say. You'll have to keep in your cabin, out of sight of the men. You understand how men are, miss, when they're at sea, no women, you know—goes to their heads—nice chairs, our men, fine chaps—but the thought of a woman goes right to their heads."

"I—I wouldn't cause trouble for anything," Gay said quickly, and hope sprang into her heart again. "I am sorry I came. I see now how foolish it was. But things just—went to my head, too, I suspect. Perhaps you'd be so good as to put me off and send me ashore in a small boat."

"I'd like to," the captain said pleasantly, and a smile showed in the dark mild eyes, "I'd like to first rate. But it's too late now. No, you'll have to stick it out with the Roger Williams this trip. Keep her in your cabin. Ronald, until—You'll have to be married! That's the dope. The men don't have much regard for women, but they show some respect to a wife."

Gay flashed a frightened, appealing look at Ronald. Married! "The captain marry us," he stammered. "At sea. Captain's privilege. Yes, that would be—best." But he did not meet her eyes.

"Yes. And me, please, keep her in your cabin, and out of sight." The captain's eyes wandered to Gay again, warmly appraising, slowly approving. "Maybe she'd better stay here. My cabin is safe enough, for woman, child or beast. I'll keep her for you."

"No. She'll be all right in my cabin—She is very nervous; I—I must console her."

"I could console her," said the captain, smiling broadly.

Ronald answered with a straight defiant stare. He stepped quickly to the door and opened it, then, after a moment's pause while he waited for a seaman to pass through the corridor, he took Gay's hand.

The captain, smiling, gave her a friendly touch on the shoulder. "Don't be frightened, little girl," he said. "I'm going to take care of you. I am the captain here. Don't be frightened."

"Th—thanks," stammered Gay weakly, and then, hurriedly by Ronald who held her hand, the ran, a boyish slim figure beside him, down the corridor to the farther cabin, and the door closed behind them.

Safe in their retreat, Gay faced Ronald Ingram defiantly, chin steadily upturned, hands in pockets, eyes stubborn. She was not afraid of Ronald Ingram.

"What—what in the—the name of—heaven and earth—" he began wildly, "what in the name of—heaven—"

"You said that once," she interrupted coldly. "Don't be silly. And then she whited suddenly. "I don't could me, I—I feel just—terrible. I—I know I'm going to cry." Then, remembering Rand, she stiffened, faced him furiously again, drove the quiver from her lips. "Where is he," she cried, "where is Randolph Wallace? What have you done with him?"

"Oh!" Ronald Ingram looked white and sick all at once. "Oh, the Cavalier!—So that's it. I might have known. Fool that I was, for a moment I believed—I thought—I believed you really did come—because you loved me—" His voice broke, and his eyes were smartingly bright.

But Gay was heartless. She caught his arm, held it in wrenching, strong young fingers. "You tell me," she commanded. "If you have hurt—one hair of his head—"

"I haven't seen him, Gay. I don't know anything about him. What has he to do with—us?"

Gay wilted again, broke into soft painful sobs. "Rand, Rand," she whispered through tears.

"Don't cry. Don't. He—he's all right. D—n him. I don't know where he is, but he's all right. Nothing ever—only us poor—devils—who—get—Don't cry, Gay." He put his arm about her tenderly, but Gay wept passionately and would not be comforted.

"What the dickens did you tell him all that for?" he broke in at last impatiently. "Nice mess you've got yourself into. Why didn't you keep your mouth shut, as I gave you a sign? Why do women always have to blab everything they know? You put your self in his power by your own words. If he thought you were innocent, knew nothing, he would send you ashore. But now, knowing you have his life in your hands, you are his slave for life. You'll never get out of his sight as long as you live. He wouldn't dare let you go."

"I was afraid of it," she said faintly. "I knew I had made a mistake when I saw his eyes. I was very foolish. I was never—very wise," she admitted pathetically.

"No. But you are—very sweet," he said sadly.

"Help me, Ronald. Won't you help me? You said you—liked me. I only came because I thought—"

"You thought that chap—the Cavalier—"

"I thought you would kill him, so I came—"

"To intercede for him—to save him?"

"Alas, no, I had no hope. I thought you would let us die together."

"I will help you, Gay. It is putting my nose behind the bars to run the risk, but I will do what I can. We must think, we must plan it out. We must pretend to be in love with me—keep away from the captain—fear him more than the men. Gay, I am afraid he will insist that you marry me. I almost hope he will."

"Oh, no, oh, no."

"You could easily have it annulled. Gay, don't be foolish—marriage would protect you—until you reach home. I would not—bother you. Gay, watch the captain. Do not think he would stick at murder? Don't you know that when a man is facing exposure, capture, death, he is mad—quite mad? Well, you mean those things to the captain, Gay, exposure, capture, death. He will keep you in his web like a spider. Remember Blakely."

"Blakely," she said sadly. "Poor Blakely!"

"You stand where Blakely stood. Watch the captain, and do not cross him, or you'll lie where Blakely lies. Blakely got in a mess—with a woman, too—no wonder Garman rules the women out; we've lost three good men because of them. Well, Blakely tried to swing Garman in to clear himself. You saw the end of Blakely. I tell you, Gay, watch the captain, and do not cross him."

"But, Ronald, I can't marry you. I—I love—"

"Sh!" He signaled her into silence, his manner changed. "I know, dearest," he said clearly, "but don't cry. Don't be afraid of him. We were very wrong to do this, and put him in such a position, but he has promised to take care of you and he will keep his promise."

He indicated for her to take her cue.

"I—I am afraid, Ronald," she said faintly at first, but gaining courage as she spoke. "I—I wish I could go home. Oh, why did you let me come? Why didn't you warn me? He hates me, I know. He looked very fiercely at me. He is handsome, is he not? But I know he hates me."

A brisk tap at the door, and it opened. The captain entered, and, one of the bravest of men, not without his smirk of satisfaction. His eyes upon Gay were amorous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proof Positive
To avoid chartering a special car to ship 200 pounds of Limburger cheese, a manufacturer packed it in a rough, oblong box and checked it as a corpse. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggage man was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked.

"Yes, it's my brother."

"Well, you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."

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And the programs NOW. Tonight! Tomorrow night! The headlines of music—of politics—of everything—are on the air—NOW. Don't put off buying your new Atwater Kent A. C. set until the last moment before the conventions. Enjoy the wonderful things radio brings now. When summer comes—you're ready.

Get the set that's always ready—for a convention, a concert, a fight or a frolic—the modern set—that has changed everybody's conception of radio—that is going into far more homes than any

other—the new, self-contained A. C. set—the Atwater Kent 37.

Batteries can't run down—for there are no batteries. The house current costs only a fraction of a cent an hour. And the FULL-VISION Dial, which you read at a glance! How swiftly and surely and clearly it brings in your station!

The modern, satin-finished cabinet is no larger than a child's suitcase. The price is compact, too—because public demand has permitted us to effect amazing economies of manufacture. The program you can't afford to miss is EVERY NIGHT. Listen with the Atwater Kent 37. You'll see!



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