IDLE ISLANI

CHAPTER I

It might have been a tall, straight, slim young boy who stood alone, far up in the bow of the white steamer as she nosed from island to island in her run up Casco bay; boylike the feet planted squarely in sturdy English walking boots, the hands thrust deep into the pockets of smartly tailored knickers; boylike the set of the straight shoulders in the wine-red suede jacket with the soft silk mannish collar and tle showing at the throat; boylike most of all the sleek bobbed head in Jaunty leather hat. But all the boyish cast of Gay Delane was given the lie by the softness of her slender face, the delicacy of her throat as it curved into the mannish collar, the dark weariness of her grave eyes, the tired drooping of her fine red lips.

The rest that Gay Delane came seeking in the Northland, she had earned indeed. Years of wilful slavery to paint brushes and palette, dogged persistence at her easel in the face of physical exhaustion, led inevitably to relinquishment of hopes, ambitions and plans, and Gay Delane was obliged to turn the key at last upon her pretty studio in Greenwich Village and go in search of recreating rest among the cooling breezes along the pine-girdled coast of the North.

Her slender sturdy foot was first upon the gangplank, and it was she who led the stream of eager tourists ashore, making her way with impatiently quick assurance to the head car of a line of waiting taxis. Her brisk gesture of intent to ride brought up a tall, fair, freckled lad, who came with slow but willing gait, an ambling roll to his locomotion that was almost seaworthy.

"I want to look at cottages," she said briskly.

"Well-all right," he assented slowly, in the soft New England drawl that curiously harmonized with his walk, Gay thought. He cranked the car and slid into the driver's seat. Gay swung up beside him.

"Now, I'll tell you exactly what I want," she began, "and you can take me to it. A small cottage, preferably, off by itself somewhere, with trees around it, and near the water. Quiet, very quiet. I am going to sleep for two weeks. If I can't find a cottage, I will take a suite of rooms in a private house. With an old couple, if possible, deaf and dumb and a bit crippled, if you have them. No hotel, no boarding house, no summer colony. Now, there it is. First choice, small, quiet, furnished cottage. I don't care if it is only a shed, if it is quiet, and cool, and alone."

"Well, now, that ought to be easy," he said slowly. "How many are there

"One. Me. Just myself, no more." "You don't want a house all by your-

All of outraged New England convention spoke in his slow low voice. "Oh, yes, I do. Not a very blg house, but a house,"

"But you can't stay nights in a

Gay cut in briskly: "Now, the chances are that I knew what I want better than you do. All you have to do is to find it." Then, as she noticed that his eyes fell and a slow flush rose in his fair face at her rebuke, she added pleasantly: "I have lived alone for eight years. In New York, too, that den of depravity. I fancy there is no more rampant danger here than there."

"Another one of them nutty New Yorkers," the boy thought, but his impassive face did not betray him. He drove slowly from house to house, descanting on their various virtues, decrying their obvious faults, specifying the number of rooms, the condition of the plumbing and the amount of rent.

Gay was difficult to suit. While her own notion of what she wanted was indefinite enough, she was quick to decide what she did not want. One cottage was too close to neighbors, one was in a swampy marsh, one looked cockroachy.

"I never heard tell of any cockroaches there," he said thoughtfully. "Seems like folks would have mentloned it."

But Gay waved him on.

"There's the Lone Pine," he reflected at last, hard pressed for further resources. "But it's off by itself on the hill, and at the edge of the woods. You'd be afraid there. But it's high And it looks out to sea."

"The Lone Pine," she repeated, and her voice warmed. "I feel the vibration of a responsive chord. Lead me to It."

He stopped the car at last in a narrow lane. A grassy slope rose steeply beyond a small orchard, and crowning the hill, seeming a growth of the rocks themselves like a giant mushroom, a small cottage showed in the fringe of a little wood.

Gay breathed a rapturous "Ah!" She got out without a word, and the lad followed her through the orchard.

"I will have it," she said, looking up with joy in her eyes, "I will have it if I have to commit murder. Those birches are going to sentinel my sleep. Those rocks shall be my anchorage. Murder, arson, theft-what are these to me? The Lone Pine will give me sleep."

"Well, new," he said deprecatingly, with a sidelong look at her flushing

By ETHEL HUESTON

wanted it.

pany."

slope and through the orchard.

But he reassured her about the cot-

tage. He said the Captain would sure-

ly rent it, because it was for rent.

The house to which he took her was

"If you make the deal with the Cap-

tain you'll get it cheaper," he cau-

tioned her. "But they may try to wish

you off on Miss Alice, 'cause she's the

administrator, and she holds out for

more money. You ask for the Cap-

tain and stick to it. You'd better go

to the kitchen door, miss. If you go to

Gay nodded back at him, smiling,

and crossed a velvety lawn to the

touch by a little old man, very gray,

very frail, very gentle. If he felt

surprise at sight of the boyish girl in

khaki gray and red leather on his step

he gave no sign, but in a soft and gen-

"May I speak to the Captain?" she

"Well, now, I guess you can, seein's I'm the Captain myseif," he said

sociably, and stepped out discreetly to the porch, making as if to close

But his attempted secrecy failed.

The closing door was suddenly ar-

A firm hand appeared in the aper-

ture, and closed upon his arm. The

Captain looked back with gentle im-

"Lady wishes to consult with me-

"Now, Gramp, you wouldn't keep the

lady standing," remonstrated a firm

voice from within. And the door

opened, the Captain was drawn back

"Come right in, miss, and do ex-

cuse our looks, won't you? But it is

Gay lightly nodded away the need

for apology, and sat down on the edge

of a little straight chair beside the

stove, while the Captain returned to

his own big rocker by the window be-

tween two cats and a nuge dog, who

curled his thick lips over his teeth in

resentment at this intrusion in his

kitchen. The three women retired at

once to their work in different parts

of the room, and the Captain filled his

At Gay's eager inquiry he admitted

his ownership of the Lone Pine, agreed

that it was for rent, and said of course

she could have it. Gay beamed upon

him joyously, beamed at the uncen-

scious backs of the three women, who,

for all their immersion in their house-

hold tasks, had missed not so much as

a syllable of talk, nor a thread of

kitchen door, which immediately

opened from without, and before either

face or form appeared, a brisk voice

called with a great assumption of good

The words were followed by a wom-

an, elderly, but tall and straight, with

a face which had carefully schooled

"Good morning, all," she repeated.

on her full appearance, and added,

rather sternly, "Good morning, John."

Then she turned to Gay with elab-

orate affability. "Good morning. I

saw you looking at the Lane Pine, and

then as you came on here I knew you

wanted it, so I came right over. How

lucky you are—the dear little cottage!

And cheap, my dear, dirt cheap. Do

ant for my own house; rent out half

of garage; why not make deg house

"You bet it does. Let top floor to

a Pekingese. Belongs to man down

street who hasn't room even for a

Language of Diplomacy

tensively in Europe in the Twelfth

and Thirteenth centuries. The French

literature was greatly developed and

spread throughout the various coun-

tries, and persons of culture studied

the language in order to be able to

read the literature. Many foreign

students were attracted to the Uni-

versity of Paris, and this also helped

to spread the language. As a lan-

guage for treaties and foreign inter-

course among nations, French became

English Cathedral City

Kent, England, on the right bank of the Medway. It really forms one

large town together with Chatham and

Strood. Charles Dickens, who lived

at Gad's Hill, three miles from Roch-

Rochester is a cathedral city of

general in the time of Louis XIV.

The French language was used ex-

bird cage."-Ladies' Home Journal.

pay its own way?"

"And does it?"

"Well, yes, I think so." Gay turned

its every line to dogged optimism.

knock on the

fringe on Gay's smart knickers.

Suddenly a share

"Good morning, all!"

cheer:

Solving One Problem of the Crowded City

"I shall be glad to see Hector, your | apartment for a still smaller dog on

big Saint Bernard, again," said the the top floor. Got good top-floor ten-

ing surprise. "You surely don't mean ester, frequently introduces the city

right in the midst of cleaning and-"

personally-" he protested mildly.

tle voice he greeted her.

began brightly.

the door behind him.

rested.

patience.

to the kitchen.

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The cottage was built of weatherstained shingle and natural rock, and stood on a ledge where the grassy slope dwindled to solid stone. Before its door stood one twisted, craggly pine, and behind it, so that indeed it stood in its very portal, the little forest of birch and pine rustled and shivered in the sea breeze.

The doors of the cottage were closed and their knocking produced no answer. The lad was loath to accept this inadmission. He knocked and knocked, frowning dissatisfaction at the unfriendly silence.

"Oh, there's nobody here," Gay pro-"Our pounding would have awakened the-the druids by this "She must be here," he insisted.

"She's always here. Auntalmiry!" he called. "Auntalmiry!" Gay laughed at his persistence. "If she's here, she's deaf," she said, and walked around the cottage, from win-



"A Darling Fireplace," Gay Exulted.

dow to window, peering in. And the more her spying showed her, the more warmly she wanted it.

The lower floor of the cottage consisted of one large room, the small kitchen being no more than a glassedin porch adjoining. It was lined throughout with pine, darkly stained. Windows opened on the four sides of it, to the forest, to the orchard slope and the valley, to the quiet bay, and to the full Atlantic and the farther islands. The room was chastely furnished, with occasional bright splashes of color on the walls or in the upholstering. The fireplace was wide and high, built of island stone, with corner benches of the dark pine.

"Rand did that. Folks mostly thought he wasted a lot of time on

it," the boy vouchsafed pleasantly. "Come here," Gay called to him. And directing his eyes to a bright corner of the room she said, "Look! Do you see that wide soft couch, with that woolen robe, and the fat cushions? I shall be sound asleep there in twenty minutes. Do you suppose folks would be surprised if I should break the door down and go right in and fall asleep?" "Well, yes, I rather think maybe they would."

"Now! Take me to its Guardian Angel. But it is mine already. If he-that is the Guardian Angelwishes to rent it, well and good. Otherwise I shall simply throttle him, and burn his remains in my fireplace. Lead on, MacDuff."

you want it for the entire season?" The boy eyed her warily as she

visitor to the suburbs as the flivver

"Had to get rid of that dog," said

"No, but he took up too much space.

Saint Bernard's almost as big as a

calf. Belongs to past age, when peo-

ple had barnyards and real estate

wasn't so valuable. A one-family dog

"One-family dog house? You don't

"Surely do. Had dog house re-

modeled when I got rid of Hector.

Found, as I expected, that if I got a

compact terrier there'd be a nice

Presumptuous

Brummell, the famous fop, to dinner,

and asked him to name his own party.

He accepted, and chose to the number

"That," said his host, "will make

"An even number?" queried the

"Your friends, ten; yourself and

"Good gad!" said Brummell, affect-

you are going to be one of the party!" | into his novels.

of eleven, including himself.

just an even number."

beau. "How is that?"

myself-twelve in all."

A newly rich man once invited Beau

house is economic waste nowadays.

the modern suburbanite crisply.

rolled along

mean to say-

"Bite somebody?"

seems to be occupied-"

for all his slowness, and his gentleness, he was deft in the insertion of his opinion. "Not yet. But I never marched before him down the grassy worry about that cottage, not that one. It always rents. Popular, the Lone Pine. Well built, snug-like a boat, something like a boat, but of Naturally, that settled it. If Gay course a boat now-" wanted it, it was hers. And Gay

but a short distance up the same lane.

"It a'n't wuth more'n forty-five," said the Captain gently. "Now, Alice, she don't want to pay fifty a month. Tain't wuth fifty a month. We never got fifty for it yet. The young lady-"John. Fifty dollars. I am the administrator." The voice was low and

the front door they'll think you're comkitchen door which was opened to her

put in curiously.

Andover, Mis' Alice Andover."

"The administrator," she amended grandly, trying vainly to frown her brother into silence. "The cottage has been thoroughly renovated, and modern improvements installed. It is well furnished, as you know. I saw you looking in the windows. It has electric lights, fireplace, bath-only fifty a month. My, dear, think of the view. Think of-of the fireplace. My dear, it will break your heart to leave the place. Perhaps you can stay through September. Glorious in September,

"Oh, my dear, it is a happy summer before you," she crooned. And then, with one of her swift changes from soft to severe, she turned to the Captain. "John, you go right down and tell Auntalmiry to move into the Ap-

with soundless chuckles, and the ad-

"It a'n't a tree, child, it a'n't a tree," he explained. "It's our house. Down in the orchard. We name all our houses for trees, or such. We've got an Acorn, and a Cherry Stone, and

and pulled out a dusty batte two kittens asleep therein.

and fix that leaky roof of hers."

the kitchen wall. It was two-thirty. "Gosha'mighty, I promised Mrs. Willoughby I'd be there at one, sharp. Good-by, miss. You'll like that cottage, but it a'n't wuth more'n forty-

"Looks like rain, miss-think? I the Clarion the other day. "I'm frankshould 'a' fixed that roof yesterday, or | | y afraid o' war and hereafter I wanta day before. Seems like there's so many things to do that I just natural-More than once-and this is true o' ly don't get at any of 'em. Good-by many a soldier includin' the bravest-

tle, frail, dignified little figure, the strong voice called in his wake:

"John-Auntalmiry-" She was an attractive woman, admirable, rather, Mrs. Andover, taste- his wife. fully dressed, with a general air of well-being, well-keptness. She dismissed her brother with a wave of the fly, "she licked me!"—Australia Huhand, and smiled upon Gay with more | mor. spontanelty now that she was relieved

As an administrator, she was direct, efficient and businesslike. In return for Gay's check, she sat down at the kitchen table and from a velvet bag on her wrist took out a fountain pen and a book of receipt forms, one of which she filled in, carefully, and handed to Gay with a set of keys for the cottage.

"And if you can stay in September, you will love it," she said warmly. You will adore it. When will the rest of your family be up?"

"There is no family. I am alone." "You-you-you are going to live alone-in a house? Without a-a man, or-anybody?"

"It is better than living with a man who doesn't belong to me, is it not? Are there no other women who live alone on the Island?" "Well-there are a few. But they

are-old." "Less able to protect themselves, then, than I. But are they all old? Every one? Think hard."

old. But they are queer."

doubtfully toward the Captain, who had acknowledged ownership. "But it

"Oh, no," he denied promptly, and

The oratorical voice cut in upon him. "A most desirable cottage. Only fifty dollars a month, my dear. Only fifty."

"It a'n't wuth it, Miss, I assure you, it a'n't," he persisted. "I built it— me and Rand, that is—"

"Whose cottage is it, anyway?" Gay

"Oh, it's all in the family as you might say," the Captain explained. "I get the rent, but she collects it. She's the administrator. My sister, Mis'

glorious."

Regardless of the mooted five dolars, Gay's mind was made up. She wanted the Lone Pine. She knew that she could never rest until she felt the pillows in its window couch beneath her head. She explained that she had left her bags at the hotel in the city, and asked if the cottage could be ready for her arrival on the first boat the next morning. The administrator, torn between glowing at Gay, and glowering at her brother, assured her that all would be in readiness.

At Gay's start the Captain shook ministrator lapsed into a severe smile.

a Persian Peach-"John! Go tell Auntalmiry."

John reached beneath his big rocker turned it upside down to empty it of

"I can't go now, Alice," he objected. "Not just this minute. I got to go right up to Mrs. Willoughby's cottage

His eyes strayed to the clock on

"John Wallace. Tell Auntalmiry-" miss. I'll come and see you."

As the door closed beneath the gen-

of the necessity of supporting his softness with her personal firmness.

"Well, there are one or two," she onfessed reluctantly. "Not so very "Oh, so am I," said Gay sturdily. "Very queer indeed."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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physical condition.

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to the pleasure I get

from their fine flavor,

they have never cut

my wind to any no-

ticeabledegree.Final-

ly, I never suffer with

sudden coughing

which might be very

dangerous for me

when there's a scram-ble on the ice."

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CARTER'S INTERPILLS

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arking question, a Western inventor

has devised a skyscraper roundhouse

for storing cars. It is simply a large

spiral with wide passageways for run-

ning the autos up or down, and with

storage space for many machines on

each floor. The spiral has an easy

grade, requiring little effort to

ascend, and exits may be made in

safety .- Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Old Rascal

in your valuable li'l paper," said

Joshin' Jim Jopples to the editor of

be called a battle scared veteran.

I should 'a' been decorated for pallor."

Took the Count

An old offender, being tried before

the bench, was accused of assaulting

"Liquor?" asked the magistrate.

Looks Suspicious

leave a deposit with our bank?

cashier take off his hat.

Bank President-Why won't you

Man-I will if you make your

"No," answered the prisoner, gloom-

-Farm and Fireside.

"I want you to make a correction

Americans' Hockey Team

wind"says Billy Burch,

Billy Burch

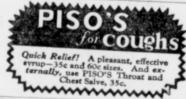
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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 6-1928.

Team Work

To comply with the law, all studios have schools for the children who work in the various productions.

At Fox's recently, there were two urchins who did not take kindly to lessons between scenes. Often they had to be rounded up and sometimes could not be found at all. The climax came one day when the teacher found this note on her desk:

"Jim can't come to skul, heez got the beleak. Im helping him."

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