# IDLE ISLAND

#### By ETHEL HUESTON

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STORY FROM THE START

lapse, due to overwork, Gay De-lane, 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."

#### CHAPTER II

Returning to the island on the early morning steamer, Gay was the only passenger to leave the boat at Evergreen pler, where she found no line of cars, no group of unhurried drivers, to receive her. While with her two hands she carried her heavy bags through the orchard and up the long grass-green slope to the Lone Pine, Gay's heart sang a soft little song of

"I shall sleep," she thought, "Oh. Idle, Idle little Island, how I shall sleep!"

As she stood at last beneath the eraggly pine, fumbling in her bag for the keys, it was the pride of possession which throbbed in her pulses. This was her summer heritage, the reward of ten years of constant labor;

Even with her hand on the knob, Gay readized that it was not she who opened the door of the cottage; that it opened to her, instead, from within. And as she stepped back, startled, she was confronted suddenly by a woman. not Mrs. Andover, not one of the three quiet figures from the Captain's kitchen, but one she had never seen before.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried, "I didn't know there was anybody

The woman did not speak for a moment, but stood peering up, nearsightedly, into Gay's face—a small woman, short and slight, and a soft flush gave her face a pleasant girlish look, although as Gay fearned later, she was very old, older even than Alice Andover. But for all her smallness and her pinkness, there was something impressively determined, something indomitable about her that was striking.

"Are you the Captain's wife?" Gay asked, as the woman stared at her, smiling faintly, puzzled.

"No, I'm not," she disclaimed quickly, half laughing. "I'm just Auntalmfry. Come in." She still stared, closely. "I— This light is bad," she added apologetically. "And my best glasses are broken. I can't seem to place you- 'Tain't Mary Grover,

"I am Gay Delane-the new tenant." The soft little figure became rigid. "The new tenant," she repeated. "Oh, they didn't tell you!"

"Tell me! Of course they didn't tell me. They were afraid to cowards!" But she said this in the most amiable and cheerful tone imag-"I wish Alice Andover'd tell me. I'd like to hear ner. I told her, with my own lips, that I wanted to stay here myself this summer."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. She must have forgotten it. I'll run right up and tell them-'

When Gay stooped to lift her bags, Auntalmiry insisted that she leave them. "You'll be right back," she said confidently. "They'll send me word. Alice Andover never misses a chance to send somebody word. Just leave the bags; you'll be right back."

Gay trudged rather crossly up the pleasant lane to the Captain's door. The disarray of her plans annoyed her, and her tired nerves resented the postponement of rest. She found the Captain in the kitchen in his favorite chair by the window, fondling the largest cat, while the dog sulked jealously beneath the table.

"Captain," Gay began curtly, "where is Mrs. Andover? The Lone Pine is not for rent. That woman-Auntalmiry-is going to stay there herself." "You don't say so," he ejaculated.

"Well, think of that now. What are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do about it?" she repeated, indignantly. "Nothing, What have I got to do about it? I will just take back my money-'

'I don't think you can do that," be said cautiously. "I don't think so." "Well, I think so. Renting a cottage that Isn't for rent! Whoever heard of such a thing? Of course I

can take it back." He shook his silvered head doubtfully. "You have rented the cottage," he said. "It is yours. If an outsider comes in on you-why, you'll have to

take measures to get her out. Gay stared at him. "But she was there first! I am the interloper."

"Then I don't think Alice will refund the rent. I don't think so." "Oh, if she is like that!" Gay said

scornfully. "She loesn't look so dis-

"Dishonest! My sister, Mis' Alice Andover? Dear, dear, what gave you such a notion as that? She's hones as the day-but she's a very good administrator, very good indeed."

"If she is like that," Gay said, "you will get the money back for me. You are her brother. You were a witness

He was deeply troubled. "I-I can't do that. Not teday I can't. Maybe tomorrow. But I got to go right up now and fix Mrs. Willoughby's roof-leaky roof-'fraid of rain. Looks like rain, think?"

"You fixed that roof yesterday," Gay said furiously.

"No, miss, I didn't get around to it." He sighed sadly. "Seems like I just can't get around to the things I got to do. There's Mrs. Willoughby's roof, and Miss Nixon's porch. Seems like I can't begin to get around to things any more. And I'd like to get a little work done on my boat if I could find time," he finished pathetically.

"Well then," she said kindly, unable to be very severe with one so lamblike, "just come along with me to get my money back from Mrs. Andover, and then you can hurry right along and get ever so many things done. It's

He sighed but put on his cap with disarming meekness, and they set out

"That's her cottage down there," he said, pointing off to the left. "It a'n't far. You go right down through that little gate, and see Mis' Andover. Be firm with her, miss, you be real firm. You hold out for your rights."

And with incredible celerity, before Gay could catch and hold him, he had shambled away out of sight around the cottage, and there was nothing for her to do but go on alone Her in lignation rose again as she cut down the pretty, green-bordered cinder path to Mrs. Andover's door, but she was met with great friendliness by that affable and efficient woman, who took both her hands in "ordial greting.

"My dear, how sweet or you to be so neighborly. How charming! You are a real acquisition to our summer

"Mrs. Andover, excuse me, but that cottage you rented me is not for rent.



"I Don't Think You Can Do That," He Said Cautiously.

Auntalmiry is keeping it herself this summer. So if you will kindly re-

Mrs. Andover's affability froze upon her face. "My dear, do you mean to tell me that that creature had the brazen effrontery, the unmitigated audacity, the-the-to stay there after John told her I had rented that cottage?"

"John didn't tell her. She didn't know it. The cottage was not ready for me as you promised-" "John didn't - John - John Wal-

lace Didn't you hear me tell him to tell her to-"

"Oh, yes, you told him. And that was the end of it. And as she is the original tenant, I have had all my trouble and worry for nothing."

And then, with reluctance, with innate delicacy, sparing Auntalmiry in every way possible, Mrs. Andover explained the situation. The little old woman in the cottage was not a tenant. She just lived there. She paid no rent, she had no money, and the cottage stood idle all winter without her. Much better for the house to be occupied, much better for Auntal-

miry who needed homing-"Oh, please," interrupted Gay, "let her stay then. Don't turn the poor thing out on my account-

And then Mrs. Andover grew really

withering in her retaliation. Turn her out! What kind of people do you think we are? Do we look like the sort to turn anybody out? We just want her to move down into her own house, the Apple Tree." "Oh, then she isn't so poor, if she

has a house of her own." But Auntalmiry did not own the Apple Tree. Auntalmiry did not own anything. Mrs. Andover said it was the Estate, the Estate which owned the land, the Estate which had built the little Apple Tree exclusively for Auntalmiry, for her very own, furnished it for her, maintained it for

The Apple Tree was a dear little It said, "Beware of the Bulk."

to the transaction. You go and get it | cottage, well built, charmingly located. Mrs. Andover said, rather petulantly, that it was the nicer of the two cottages, and the only reason Auntalmiry preferred the Lone Pine was simple and pure perversity. The Lone Pine was too big for her, it was more inaccessible away up on the bluffs, it was farther from the shops and from her friends, but she preferred it "for her Christmas party."

And then Alice Andover's voice sank to a whisper. "If she says anything about a Christmas party, you tell her John and I say she can't have a Christmas party this year. Tell her it is too expensive in the first place, and it wears her all out in the second place, and it's just nonsense anyhow. Tell her John and I say so."

But when Gay suggested that of course, she, herself, Mrs. Andover, was going 'own with her to give these explanations to Auntalmiry, the administrator was regretful, but tirm.

"I can't," she said. "I wish I could, but I can't. I—I am expecting guests to dinner." She looked at her watch. "Good heavens, it is after eleven, and the potatoes not so much as peeled. You see how it is. I wish I could, but I can't. You tell her. She'll understand. Just tell her you have rented the cottage, and paid the rent, and tell her we insist-John and both insist-that she give up the Lone Pine immediately. Tell her if she doesn't-we'll-we'll burn the Apple Tree to the ground, and sell the Lone Pine over her head."

So Gay Delane, alone, unaided by the lamblike Captain, unsupported by the efficient administrator, broke the news to the indomitable little old woman on the hill. As she repeated. very modestly, almost diffidently, the dire threats of Alice Andover, Auntalmiry broke into laughter so hearty it seemed impossible it could have emanated from so small a source.

"My dear," she gasped, wiping her eyes, "I wish they would. I'd like to Why, I'd have the law on them." She fell into helpless laughter again. "I'm a sort of a common-law wife, my dear. If you keep me long enough, you can't get shut of me. Such talk. Alice Andover indeed! Why didn't they come and tell me all these high doings?"

"The Captain had to fix Miss Nixon's porch, and Mrs. Andover is peeling potatoes for a company dinner, and-

"The Captain's been fixing that porch for four years, and never set foot on it yet. And as for Alice Andover, my dear, she never peeled a potato in her life. She's aristocratic. Peeling potatoes. My dear, Alice Andover wouldn't know a potato with the skin on if she saw it." "But Mrs .- Miss-

"Auntalmiry, dearle, just call me Auntalmiry. I'm not proud."

"Auntalmiry," Gay said ap ly, "see how I am fixed. I have paid fifty dollars rent-

"Fifty dollars For this shack? My dear, they robbed you. They never got more than forty for it in the world. Last year, they only got thirty-five. Poor child, poor dear, they robbed you."

"And see They have my fifty dollars, you have my house. I have noth-

"My dear, I'll go. I'll go right We'll show them they can't away. get away with this sort of thing with us. It won't take me long to pack up. I haven't got much."

While Auntalmiry bustled about, putting her things together, Gay, having removed her cap and gloves, set her bags in a corner out of the way and went to the wide couch. She was very tired. The window corner tempt-

"I'll lie down, if you don't mind," she said. "It will keep me out of your way. I may go to sleep."

She stretched herself out on the couch, luxuriously, and closed her eyes. The lids were dark, darkly The lips, in relaxation, drooped with weariness.

For two hours Auntalmiry slipped softly about the house, gathering to-gether her modest belongings, packing baskets, bags and bundles. And for two hours Gay slept without stirring, moaning faintly now and then. At one o'clock, Auntalmiry prepared dinner for two, with a great pot of strong het tea, and set the little gateleg table. Then, with a light touch, she wakened Gay.

"Come and eat, dearle," she said gently. "You can rest better on a

Gay smiled at her, yawning, stretching luxuriously. "You are a darling," she said. "I wasn't a bit hungry, and now I am." She stood up shaking herself.

Auntalmiry watched her shrewdly. "You didn't begin to rest any too soon," she said significantly.

"No. Almost too late, in fact. So far, I am too tired to enjoy resting, but after a while, a week, or a month,

how I shall revel in it." She curled the tips of her shoes, boyishly, about the legs of the chair at the table, and although she was not hungry, the tea she sipped with relish. And as they ate, Auntalmiry descanted at great length on the outrageousness of fifty dollars a month for that rock-pile, told her to look out for the draughty window on the ocean side, and enlarged on the condition of the kitchen woodwork.

She recommended Lumly Lane for lobsters, and promised to send him up for orders. And at Auntalmiry's suggestion Gay made out a grocery list to initiate her own light housekeeping, and gave it to that same small obliging person to leave at the Pier grocery store.

While they were still at the table, Gus, the taxi boy, came up for Auntalmiry's things, and trudged off down the hal, heavily laden, and Auntalmiry, hastily catching up an armful of coats and dresses, tripped after

Gay waved them away and turned back, yawning, into the pretty cottage, turned again, gratefully, to the wide couch in the shadowy corner, stretched herself out upon it, and closed her eyes.

The afternoon waned. A boy from the Pier grocery store brought her basket of groceries, and left it on the kitchen table without disturbing her.

Dusk crept out of the forest and darkened the windows. Once Gay stirred, restfully, sensed presence in her sleep, seemed to feel the gaze of human eyes upon her in the silence. Resentfully she forced the heavy lids to raise. In the shadowy, dying light she seemed to see a small figure crouching near her, and a small face, yellow and wrinkled like parchment, with pinched features and slanting almond-shaped eyes fastened hypnotically upon her eyes. Beneath one eye a small crescent-bowed scar shone in the yellow parchment. It was the scarred and wrinkled face of a little old Chinaman. Even in her sleep, Gay knew it could not be, and

smiled faintly at her foolish fancy. "It is a dream," she thought mist y. "Dream on."

She closed her eyes again,

The little yellow face receded into the dusk, the small figure faded noisely into the shadows, and there was not the slightest sound from the small, swift moving feet as he stepped over the sill of the window on the forest side, and padded away among the

Hours after, when Gay wakened from her sleep, the house was still and dark. The greatness of her relaxation pleased her.

"I shall go on like this for weeks," she thought blissfully, "smelling sweet scents of sea and woods, hearing strange noises of ghostly breaths and phantom footsteps, feeling the touch of fairy fingers- Oh, good heavens, I wonder where the matches are!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### "Adventure" Only for Man Physically Fit I find that most people think of "ad- | in any other serious work in life. The

venture" when the word "exploration" is used. To the explorer, however, adventure is merely an unwelcome inter ruption of his serious labors. He is looking, not for thrills, but for facts about the unknown. Often his search is a race with time against starvation. To him, an adventure is merely a bit of bad planning, brought to light by the test of trial. Or it is un fortunate exemplification of the fact that no man can grasp all the possibilities of the future.

Serious work in exploration calls for as definite and as rigorous professional preparation as does success

Satisfied

A short-sighted man who was also very inquisitive was walking in the country one day when he saw a notice board nailed on a tree that stood in a field. As he could not read the notice at that distance, curiosity prompted him to climb over the fence and walk across the field toward the tree. A few moments later he managed to

scramble back over the fence just in time to escape the horns of a raging "Well," he gasped breathlessly, "I

had the satisfaction of finding out what the notice was."

first qualification of an explorer is a sound and trained body. Exploring involves the hardest kind of physical exertion, and the capacity to endure such exertion under stress both for long periods of sustained endeavor and in the trying moments of emergency. How preposterous, then, it is for men who have lived at desks to maturity suddenly to attempt these arduous enterprises! - Roald Amundsen in World's Work.

Bagpipes in Spain

Specimens of bagpipes are found on old Spanish manuscripts. beautiful volume of the "Cantigas di Santa Maria," which was made in the Thirteenth century of King Alphonso the Wise, there are 51 separate figures of musicians. These form an introduction to the canticles. There are three pipers among them with bagpipes. Another Spanish manuscript of the end of the Fifteenth century, illustrated by a Flemish artist for Queen Isabella, shows many musical instruments, among which are bagpipes.

Way of the World Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and the world laughs at you

-Shoe and Leather Reporter.



pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore with proven directions.

#### Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

In Daze on Wedding Day

Three days after his wedding day, David J. James, who disappeared on the eve of the event, arrived at the home of his parents in Bridgen, Ireland. His clothes were wet, and he appeared dazed and was unable to give an account of himself. He could recall nothing about the arrangements for the wedding, but remembered being hit on the head while at work the day previous to his disappearance. The bride-to-be, Miss Ste. Hicks, had returned to her duties as nurse in the south of England, and the wedding guests, who were from out of town. had gone back to their homes.

#### When a Man Marries

"So you want to marry 'my daughter? Are you able to support a famfly?"

"I think so." "New think again, young man. There are seven of us."-Pittsburgh Sunday Telegraph.

### HEALTH HINTS

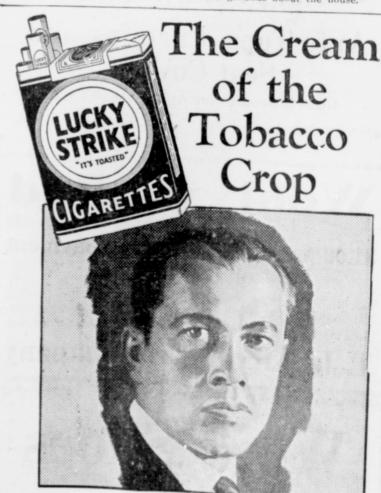
Keep your vital organs active and you can forget about your health. Aid nature and she will repay you with renewed life. Since 1696, the sturdy Hollanders have warded off kidney, liver, bladder, bowel troubles with their National Household Remedy—the original and genuine

GOLD MEDAL

For Pipe Sores, Fistula, Poll Evil Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers,

Radius Defined

Bill—"On what grounds does your father object to me?" Jenny—"Or the grounds about the house."



## Werrenrath, Concert Star, Finds Lucky Strikes Kindly To His Precious Voice

"In my concert work, I must, of course, give first consideration to my voice. Naturally, I am very careful about my choice of cigarettes as I must have the blend which is kindly to my throat. I smoke Lucky Strikes, finding that they meet my most critical requirements." Remard Herruroth

It's toasted No Throat Irritation-No Cough.