IDLE ISLAND

By ETHEL HUESTON

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CHAPTER I

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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 tie 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 of you?"

"One. Me. Just myself, no more."

"You don't want a house all by yourself."

All of outraged New England convention spoke in his slow low voice.

"Oh, yes, I do. Not a very big house, but a house."

"But you can't stay nights in a house by yourself—"

Gay cut in briskly: "Now, the chances are that I know 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 mentioned 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, now," he said deprecatingly, with a sidelong look at her flushing face.

The cottage was built of weather-stained 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 protested. "Our pounding would have awakened the—the druids by this time."

"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 window 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 glassed-in 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.

"A darling fireplace," Gay exulted.

"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 Angel—wishes to rent it, well and good. Otherwise I shall simply throttle him, and burn his remains in my fireplace. Lead on, MacDuff."

The boy eyed her warily as she marched before him down the grassy slope and through the orchard.

But he reassured her about the cottage. He said the Captain would surely rent it, because it was for rent. Naturally, that settled it. If Gay wanted it, it was hers. And Gay wanted it.

The house to which he took her was but a short distance up the same lane.

"If you make the deal with the Captain you'll get it cheaper," he cautioned 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 Captain and stick to it. You'd better go to the kitchen door, miss. If you go to the front door they'll think you're company."

Gay nodded back at him, smiling, and crossed a velvety lawn to the kitchen door which was opened to her 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 gentle voice he greeted her.

"May I speak to the Captain?" she began brightly.

"Well, now, I guess you can, seein' 's I'm the Captain myself," he said sociably, and stepped out discreetly to the porch, making as if to close the door behind him.

But his attempted secrecy failed. The closing door was suddenly arrested.

A firm hand appeared in the aperture, and closed upon his arm. The Captain looked back with gentle impatience.

"Lady wishes to consult with me—personally—" he protested mildly.

"Now, Gramp, you wouldn't keep the lady standing," remonstrated a firm voice from within. And the door opened, the Captain was drawn back to the kitchen.

"Come right in, miss, and do excuse our looks, won't you? But it is right in the midst of cleaning and—"

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 between two cats and a huge 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 pipe.

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 unconscious backs of the three women, who, for all their immersion in their household tasks, had missed not so much as a syllable of talk, nor a thread of fringe on Gay's smart knickers.

Suddenly a sharp knock on the kitchen door, which immediately opened from without, and before either face or form appeared, a brisk voice called with a great assumption of good cheer:

"Good morning, all!"

The words were followed by a woman, elderly, but tall and straight, with a face which had carefully schooled its every line to dogged optimism.

"Good morning, all," she repeated, on her full appearance, and added, rather sternly, "Good morning, John."

Then she turned to Gay with elaborate affability. "Good morning. I saw you looking at the Lone 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 you want it for the entire season?"

"Well, yes, I think so." Gay turned doubtfully toward the Captain, who had acknowledged ownership. "But it seems to be occupied—"

"Oh, no," he denied promptly, and for all his slowness, and his gentleness, he was deft in the insertion of his opinion. "Not yet. But I never 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 course a boat now—"

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 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 firm.

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

"John."

"Whose cottage is it, anyway?" Gay put in curiously.

"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' 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, glorious."

Regardless of the mooted five dollars, 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.

"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 Apple Tree."

At Gay's start the Captain shook with soundless chuckles, and the administrator lapsed into a severe smile.

"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 a Persian Peach—"

"John! Go tell Auntalmiry."

John reached beneath his big rocker and pulled out a dusty battered cap, turned it upside down to empty it of two kittens asleep therein.

"I can't go now, Alice," he objected. "Not just this minute. I got to go right up to Mrs. Willoughby's cottage and fix that leaky roof of hers."

His eyes strayed to the clock on 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-five."

"John Wallace. Tell Auntalmiry—"

"Looks like rain, miss—think? I should 'a' fixed that roof yesterday, or day before. Seems like there's so many things to do that I just naturally don't get at any of 'em. Good-by miss. I'll come and see you."

As the door closed beneath the gentle, frail, dignified little figure, the strong voice called in his wake:

"John—Auntalmiry—"

She was an attractive woman, admirable, rather, Mrs. Andover, tastefully dressed, with a general air of well-being, well-keptness. She dismissed her brother with a wave of the hand, and smiled upon Gay with more spontaneity now that she was relieved of the necessity of supporting his softness with her personal firmness.

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."

"Well, there are one or two," she confessed reluctantly. "Not so very old. But they are—queer."

"Oh, so am I," said Gay sturdily. "Very queer indeed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blessing the Beasts

A quaint ceremony is that still obtaining in some parts of Normandy, the benediction des bestiaux. The oxen and the draft horses are assembled in front of the church. There may also be a bullock or two and perhaps some cows. The procession of peasants, clad in their very best, issues from the church to the sound of a chant that is droned by the priest. The venerable cure sprinkles a few drops of water on the heads of the beasts and when all the animals have received the benediction the next feature of the ceremony is to place at the pedestal of the cross facing the church certain bundles tied in coarse linen. These bundles contain bread and salt, which are to be given to those beasts not able to attend the ceremony, says the Washington Star.

Let hope for what we will, but let us bear what befalls us.—Cicero.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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I believe if we had a larger conception of our possibilities, a larger faith in ourselves, we could accomplish infinitely more. And if we only understood our divinity, we would have large faith. There is no inferiority about the man God has made. The only inferiority is what we put in ourselves. What God has made is perfect.—Marden.

"Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner."

DINNER DISHES

For a beginning a cocktail of fruit, or a clear soup makes a good start for the meal. There are so many good canned soups on the market that one need not bother to prepare one at home—just open a can, add stock if at hand, or milk if a thicker soup is desired. Here is a good one:

Tomato Soup.—Scald one quart of milk with a slice of onion, remove the onion after it has flavored the milk. Take four tablespoonfuls of flour and enough cold milk to mix and add to the hot milk; cook ten minutes, stirring often. Cook one-half can of tomatoes fifteen minutes, with two teaspoonfuls of sugar, then add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda and rub through a sieve. Combine the milk with the tomato, reheat, add butter, salt and pepper and serve at once.

Fillet of Beef With Vegetables.—Put a half-pound of butter into a frying pan, melt it and lay in a fillet of beef, turn until well seared and browned; cook slowly for half an hour. Remove the meat to a serving dish and garnish with cooked and seasoned carrots and peas. Season well and add one-half pound of mushrooms cooked in a little of the butter. Serve with:

Brown Mushroom Sauce. — Dry mushrooms or the canned variety may be used for this dish. Soaking the dry ones for several hours will make them tender. Save the water to use in the sauce. Prepare with butter and flour, add the liquor with cream, and cook.

Beef Pot Roast.—Flour the meat and brown on the top of the stove in a heavy iron pan. When thoroughly seared on all sides pack into a casserole or bean pot with one cupful of water; put into a moderate oven. Cook four hours, adding more water if needed, a very little at a time. Add seasonings when the meat is rolled in the flour.

Various Good Things.

For a simple dessert the following may be enjoyed as they are easy to prepare and economical, the best of recommendations:

Chocolate Custard.—Take one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk, one square of chocolate, one-half cupful of sugar. Cook together and add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin. When beginning to thicken add the whites of two eggs stiffly beaten. Serve with custard made of the yolks of the eggs, one cupful of milk and one-third cupful of sugar cooked until creamy and flavored with vanilla.

Caramel Pudding.—Brown one cupful of granulated sugar on a granite saucepan, stirring until melted and light brown in color. Pour into this one pint of scalding milk, add one beaten egg, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of cornstarch wet with a little of the cold milk. Let boil up five times; flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

Angel Food.—Take one cupful of pastry flour, one cupful of fine granulated sugar, one cupful of egg whites, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, add a pinch of salt, one-half of the cream of tartar when beating, then add the sugar very gradually and lightly, flavor to taste and fold in the flour. Pour into a tube pan and bake in a slow oven one and three-fourths hours. Have the heat very low for the first hour, then increase and brown at the last. A cake baked in this way will be as tender as an omelet.

Fifteen-Minute Pudding.—Take one cupful of flour, add one teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt, mix with enough milk to make a drop batter. Drop a tablespoonful into a greased cup, add a spoonful of canned cherries, juice and all, cover with another spoonful of batter. Set to boil in water (covered) 15 minutes.

Rice and Graham Griddle Cakes.—To one cupful of cooked rice add one cupful of sour milk, one-third teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one tablespoonful of melted fat; add graham flour with a beaten egg—enough graham to make a little thicker than the ordinary griddle cake batter.

Frozen Tomato Cream.—Cook one can of tomatoes, a slice of onion, a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley with any herbs liked until the water is evaporated. Press through a sieve—there should be a cupful of thick puree—add salt and paprika to taste and fold in one cupful of thick cream beaten stiff. Turn into a mold or baking powder can and let stand in equal mensures of salt and ice until frozen. Serve, cut in slices, on lettuce leaves, with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell

Uncle Eben

"Don't mind de man who tells you to laugh at yoh troubles," said Uncle Eben. "Take 'em serious an' git rid of 'em. Laughin' is liable to make 'em want to hang around and be sociable."—Washington Star.

Superstitious Idea

"Moon magic" refers to the magical effects the moon is supposed by the superstitious to have on human affairs, especially in the way of love and romances.

Howe About—

By ED HOWE

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I lately met a rather noted character who was actually an old bum.

He did not realize the importance of being a gentleman. His ideas were those of an old bum; he regarded eccentricity as genius, and as sufficient excuse for his wasted life.

I do not like old bums in literature, politics, or anywhere else.

I expect men to realize their responsibilities, and meet them with some success.

The undoubted literary ability of Oscar Wilde did not excuse him for his disgusting habits.

When a man dies, people should at least be able to forget him, and not recall his immoral atrocities.

* * *

Collection of alimony has become a business, as has the collection of funds for welfare work. . . . And the collection of alimony has ruined many a useful business concern; as has welfare work. I know half a dozen business concerns that have been crippled by welfare work; by members of the firm engaging in it, in addition to giving too much, at the instigation of professionals. A business man who engages in welfare work not only causes his neighbors to hate him, and trade elsewhere, but he neglects his business.

* * *

We cannot possibly accomplish every reform recommended. Of the dozens we are told are necessary to save civilization, what are most important? I should say that as important as any is convincing yourself, and others when possible, that there is nothing in the old preaching that pleasure is found only in the broad road that leads to ruin. That is the most mischievous, untruthful doctrine that can be taught. The greatest pleasures are found in amounting to something; in the esteem of friends, neighbors. The unsuccessful, unreliable know little joy or content. There can be no pleasure in being chased by collectors, policemen, or lectured by charity workers.

* * *

A certain expert travels about to doctor sick business houses; he tells me the trouble almost invariably is bad management of sons and sons-in-laws, and the clamor of widows for incomes.

The country is full of business houses founded by hard-working and capable men. Now their concerns are in charge of sons and sons-in-law who have had little training except in college, golf, tennis or society, and widows demanding dividends.

* * *

When you're having a good time, you are not accomplishing anything else, unless it is accumulating a best head for next day.

* * *

I often hear that the young of the present generation have more problems to meet than I had.

There are no new problems; there has not been a new one in a hundred years.

Whether one eats from silver or pewter, he must not eat too much.

Whether a man rides in airplane, automobile or buggy, he must watch out.

I remember that in the old-horse-and-buggy days, the horse occasionally got the lines under his tail, and ran away.

* * *

I was lately talking with a cattle man in Texas, and he told me that seven-tenths of men of his calling became bankrupt in the hard times following the war. I asked him what per cent of bankers went broke as a result of standing by the cattle men. He thought awhile, and expressed the opinion it was about seven-tenths, also. Are bankers as much devoted to the interests of their communities as they should be, and sometimes a little more?

* * *

We hear of degrees in a college, some of greater importance than others. Likewise in life there are studies of more practical use and importance than others. First of all is industry. Theodore Roosevelt had a habit of saying good things; one of his best was that in all history no idler is mentioned as worthily distinguished. After industry comes fairness, politeness, the accumulation of useful knowledge, good reputation, and a willingness to assist in such charity and progress as ordinary men find profitable and possible.

* * *

A strong impression in my late years is I have never known anyone to take care of himself as well as he might have done; there are always shots in every man's locker he has not used in his fight with life. He will usually assist in efforts to save the world, by means of religion or politics, and neglect himself. A man's big problem is himself, and it is usually the problem he neglects most.

* * *

Old Silerius, the Roman, said the best way to convince a man is to present the facts in a simple, logical way; the best way to convince a woman, to lie to her.

* * *

The duties of a good man are easier and pleasanter than those of a bad man. Idleness is finally a greater task than productive and good work.

* * *

I do not wish to fool any man; I want no follower who neglects his own duties to oblige me. All I hope to accomplish is to inspire men to take a little better care of their own selfish interests, and encourage me in taking care of mine.

* * *

I believe others admire them, but I do not care for broad-minded people. Everyone of that description has too much charity for evil-doers and evil acts. The world should be considered not with a broad mind, but with a just, an exact and intelligent mind.

Business Contacts No Longer Made on Links

Golf is losing out as a business getter. Since the habit of playing has become nearly universal among executives, mere common interest in the sport no longer brings individuals together. Devotion to the game has become so general that it has lost its competitive advantage as a business asset to a large extent.

In the early days of the ancient Scottish game, when golf players were few in number, a common interest in the same hobby made buddies out of bankers and customers, lawyers and clients. Now golf—like all nonbusiness activities—serves merely to create an attitude of friendliness and to break down the formality of purely business contracts. But a mere capacity to play golf is no longer enough to bring in business. In this sense, the collateral advantages of golf have been overdone. Popularity breeds innocuousness.

Incidentally, the tremendous expansion of facilities for playing golf in this country is tending to keep many men of wealth, who formerly went abroad each year, at home in the summer.—Nation's Business.

6822 Deaths from Whooping Cough

Whooping cough is the most neglected of children's diseases, and one of the most dangerous. There are 6822 deaths reported in a single year in the United States from this disease. There is no cure for whooping cough, it usually runs its course, but relief can be given and its duration shortened. A few drops of Dr. Drake's Glessco will relieve the most violent paroxysms of coughing, and given regularly it will lessen the severity of the attacks and bring quicker recovery. Endorsed by physicians and sold by druggists on guarantee of complete satisfaction. 50c by all dealers everywhere.

Still Seek for Gold in the Black Hills

By searching for gold in her leisure hours many a farm wife in the Black hills of South Dakota adds to the pin money yielded by poultry flocks and gardens.

Every farm in the hills has its roaring mountain stream, the sands of which contain gold dust for those patient enough to seek it. Using the same primitive methods of placer mining employed by seekers of wealth in the early days, several farm women diligent at their tasks pan $4 or $5 worth of dust a week. Occasionally a nugget is found worth several dollars.

Prospecting days are over in the hills, but every bank vault in the vicinity has its little bottle into which are poured the gold dust gleanings of country women.

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 30c.—Adv.

The Relic

"The last livery stable in town was torn down last week to make room for a filling station," said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "If it could have talked it might have related some mighty interesting stories of the days that are gone. It might speak of the horseshoe pitching matches that went on back of it, the crap games inside, the occasional fights and the drinking on the sly. It might also relate the cases of the young fellers who came all dressed up in their Sunday-go-to-meetin's and got old Dolly and Prince, to take their gals out buggy riding. Eh-yah—if it only would it could tell some funny stories."—Kansas City Star.

Joys of Motoring

"We had engine trouble, two flat tires, and lost the way once."

"I know—you've been on one of these pleasure trips!"

That Cold

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There's a way to do it—HILL'S. Does the four necessary things in one. Stops the cold in twenty-four hours, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the entire system. That's the aid you need. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Go right now and get HILL'S, in the red box. 30c.

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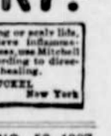

Put one on—the pain is gone

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

A Healing Antiseptic

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

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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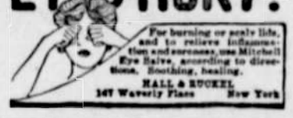
HALL & RUCKEL, New York

EYES HURT?



For burning or sore lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Mitchell Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing.

HALL & RUCKEL, 167 Waverly Place, New York

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 50—1927.

Adam didn't know whether he would rather have been a bachelor or not. It wasn't left to chance.

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