

# ISLE

## STORY FROM THE START

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

## CHAPTER II—Continued

Roused by this rude thought from the sweet fantasy of dreams, she got up from the couch, and felt about her with outstretched groping hands. Deciding, logically, to follow the walls until she came to the kitchen door, knowing she would find matches over the kitchen gas stove, she crept along the wall to the left, working her way, hand following hand, until she found them at last, struck two together, hurriedly, and was glad to have the full light of electricity flooding the room. Doors and windows stood open to the night as when Auntalmiry left in the afternoon. But on consulting her watch, Gay was amazed to find it was the hour of midnight.

"Well, I slept," she said philosophically.

On the kitchen table she found her basket of groceries, and feeling somewhat refreshed she took a real interest in unpacking its contents and arranging the neatly on shelves in the little wall cupboard. Carefully she closed and locked the doors and windows.

She opened a can of prepared soup and heated it, made toast, opened a jar of pickles.

For the first time since she left New York, she was sufficiently rested to feel a mental reaction to her environment.

She arranged her modest supper on a tray, and took it to the wall-seat by the window which looked down over the bay. The writhing, writhing lines of many little colored lights in the black showed where boats rode out the night at anchor. Intermittently the black was mellowed, turned to white mist, by the sliding rays of a lighthouse searchlight.

"Nice," she said to herself. "I like it. I'm glad I came. Auntalmiry is a dear, the Captain is a lamb, and that administrator person who tries to be so very bossy is a kind, sweet, generous fraud."

Remembering that she had not yet so much as seen the upper story of her new home, she left the tray in the window, and, cup of soup in her hand, went up at once to explore, switching on the lights of the stairway from the lowest step. She found it modest enough above the stairs, but clean and fresh, all to her liking. There was a large closet on the landing, and to the left, a nicely appointed bathroom. The bedroom was large and cheerfully bright in furnishing, a bed, an old bureau, a commode and two small chairs matching.

Her natural energy somewhat restored by the long sleep, Gay carried her bags upstairs and unpacked them, folding the little silken garments away into drawers that smelled sweetly of cedar. She had brought with her nothing but the sheerest necessities for wearing. Her weariness had been so great that her only desire, her only thought, had been to escape, escape from work, escape from the city, find rest.

Gay Delane, not a New Yorker by birth, had become one by labor. Work was her daily bread. She counted accomplishment the end of life, success its great reward. With Gay Delane there was no interest as to one's possession, from whence one came, nor from what family line had sprung. The sole point of personality to her was this: "What is he doing? What has he done?"

The death of both parents in quick succession had thrown her upon her own resources at the age of seventeen. The last of the family funds, the insurance, all had gone into a final year of practical preparation for life-work, in which, with the inconspicuously blended driving of necessity and desire, she had studied stenography, and at the same time continued her classes in art under the best teachers obtainable.

"I've got to work—but I am going to paint," she said.

From the strictly clerical work she had been obliged to accept at first, bread-and-butter work she called it, she had gradually worked away from it, getting into things more to her taste and her talent, and at last, when she was able, abandoning it altogether. Black and white copies of style figures, fashion plates, neck work of illustration, all came to her, and always, through the formative years, she kept some hours, mostly at night and on Sunday, for more advanced study.

For the definite business of earning a living, she had a remunerative connection with the advertising house of Barnham and Morey, for whom she did conventional paintings in bright colors at their order. The work was not only paid very well, but was varied in nature, usually interesting, and exercised the artistic virtues of a quick eye and finger for striking color effects. But always, besides this, she kept on, studying better things, painting in all her hours of leisure the things her heart desired.

From the day she had entered upon the study of stenography, in her seventeenth year, Gay had never allowed herself time for a full and complete vacation, sufficient to give both soul and body recuperation. She said she hadn't time, there was too much to learn, too much to do. Even her one memorable trip abroad, although it continued over a year, had afforded her no rest, for in addition to her studies she had taken with her also a contract for a series of pictures for the Sunday Magazine, so that she re-

## By ETHEL HUESTON

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turned to New York at last with zeal, and with ambition, and far less rested than when she went.

But outraged flesh and violated nerves claimed their revenge at last for the eleven years' defiance. For fully six months before the final June torrent of heat forced her into full surrender, she had been a prey to quivering nerves that jangled in a lured body, and when the inevitable forced itself upon her, she accepted it with a certain joy. If she must rest, she would make that rest a sport. If she must go into retirement, the exile should be a luxurious one. Perhaps—she knew—upon a good little island of idleness might lurk some stimulant for an ardent though flagging spirit. Adventure perhaps, amusement certainly, or even—ah, Romance!

Gay, most ardent of free-soul advocates, decrying though she did the hampering confines of marriage, turned always sensitive heart-strings to the strumming fingers of Romance.

Marriage, Gay argued, was not designed for the ambitious worker. For the complacent, for the self-satisfied, for the indolent, all very well; perhaps; but marriage and ambition, passion for accomplishment, were never messmates. Gay's first romance, tender sweet blossom of her ardent young womanhood, joyously promised the full fruition of marriage "when the war is over," lay buried with the soldier who did not come back. And Gay's first passion of grief soon subsided into a philosophical reflection that perhaps after all it was better so, that she was not domestic, not the type for humdrum home life. That experience confirmed her in her determination to live alone.

Ah, if on the good and idle island should come a fresh awakening for her stilled affections!

"Lumley Lane, for instance," she thought whimsically. "Lumley the lobster-man. A stern and silent nature, bronzed and bearded."

She smiled to herself as she turned out the lights and slipped into bed. The room was steeped in the essence of evergreen. Gay slept, glad for the silence of the idle island.

Next morning she wrote a note to her friend, Nancy Moore, asking to have her esauel crated and shipped to her, with her paints, her canvases, any many of the pretty useful things of her studio which would add to the charm of her new home.

"It is the Land of Leisure," she wrote, "the Land of Emotional Lethargy. It is Idle Island, the World of Wasted Effort, the Center of Silence. Every one works, but the work amounts to nothing. Every one is intensely busy, but it is the business of passing time. Every one is persistent intent on doing, but it is the doing of nothing at all. Soft, slow, unburied."

"Hullo!" It was a human voice that boomed out upon the silence like a neighboring foghorn that aroused Gay from the mellow mildness of her picture.

She ran to the door, startled at the sudden vocal crash in the stillness, startled more greatly when she saw the ferocious apparition at her door. An immense man, a monster of a man, with a tuft of bristling orange-colored beard, and a great shock of bristling orange-colored hair, and a great round face like a plant orange, with pink-rimmed pale blue eyes.

"Hullo," he boomed again, with a broad pink smile of greeting.

"H-hullo," stammered Gay.

"Lobsters," he shouted. "Auntalmiry says lobsters."

"Ah, yes." A fleeting reminiscent smile for the Lobster-man of her fancy.

"You are the Lobster-man?"

"Yup. That's me. Lumley Lane. How many?"

She told him to bring her a lobster twice a week.

"Lobsters," he shouted, "run about fifty or sixty cents."

Lumley said his woman would boil them for her without extra charge. He frowned portentously. "She'll boil them, that is, long as she's able. She's—speaking."

"Expecting?" Gay echoed faintly.

"Yup. Increase." His facetious grin was illuminating.

"Oh, how nice!"

"Well, yes. Unexpected. Very. Been married twenty year' oow. Nuthin' doin'." All of a sudden—yup, there 'ou are!—She's skeered." He volunteered cheerfully. "She's skeered o' dyin'." She says it a'n't according to nature."

"Oh, tell her not to be frightened." Gay comforted. "It often happens. And is there a hospital on the island?"

"She won't go to no hospital. She says she don't trust these newfangled nurses, high-tighty. She'd rather trust to the women comin' in, the old way."

## CHAPTER III

Midsummer was gala time for all the chilly little islands of the North.

Every day the Community house of the bay shore beneath Gay's grassy slope was open for bridge and tea, and every Saturday night offered its New England shore dinner, followed by dancing to the strains of a rag jazz orchestra with saxophone accompaniment, playing the popular song hits of the season not more than twice removed. There were auto parties, boating parties, beach parties, bathing parties. At dusk every five nights she could count the sittersy trees of half a dozen or more shore parties, where claims were baking, potatoes roasting, or lobsters broiling.

But Gay did not share in the gayety and the summer holiday life of the island. She reveled in rest, in freedom from the nervous pressure of an impatient city jogging her elbow. When her easel and paints arrived, she installed a studio in one corner of the big brick living room of the Lone Pine, and felt at peace with the world.

Auntalmiry was her friend. Auntalmiry was everybody's friend. She was a sort of unemended institution, she went with the island. But although Auntalmiry no longer worked for a living, not as we speak of working, she was very busy, she kept busy because she was what she could. Whenever there was fruit to can in the house of a native islander, jelly to make, or tomatoes to pickle, Auntalmiry, although not hired for the occasion, was always there, always at work.

For fifty years, she had presided at the arrival of all the small expectancies around Evergreen. She had sat up with the sick, mourned with the sad, wept over the dead. She kept everybody's children while mothers went shopping, played bridge, or had more children.

And for all these things, as Auntalmiry gave in service, she was paid in kind. Winter apples, potatoes, squashes, jellies and canned fruit filled her larder. She had a charge account at the grocery store, but her monthly bills were rendered, not to her, but to the administrator, as was right.

Auntalmiry had her own bank account, too. It was a small bank account, but like the widow's oil and meal it never diminished, but rather grew a little, curiously, now and then. Its nucleus was her identical bank account of thirty years before, when she was obliged after a severe illness to give up, once and forever, all actively remunerative labor.

No one, however, considered Auntalmiry an object of charity nor did she so consider herself. She did what she could. She received what she needed.

"Why, it is socialism," Gay cried enthusiastically. "The very principle of socialism, applied, effective and practical!"

But Mrs. Andover drew herself up coldly. "Not by any means," she said sternly. "Such an idea! Socialism is one of those new-fangled notions brought over from Russia or one of those bolshevik countries. We don't hold to such things on our island."

With the familiar and much loved paraphernalia of her profession about her, and with all of her pretty personal possessions to soften the rugged austerity of her surroundings, Gay settled down with comfortable anticipations of long and lovely leisure for leisurely work. Every day she went out for a long walk through the shimmering little forest that backed the cottage, and down to the rocky shore and as strength returned, her spirit of adventure quickened also. Each day she fared forth, always with greater joy, and daily daring steeper cliffs and rougher walls of rock.

Comprising in all some seven hundred acres, the island had originally been occupied exclusively by three families of sturdy seafaring stock: the Wallaces, the McAndlers and the Marlings. The first settler of all was the grandfather of the present Captain. He always referred to as the First Captain Wallace, had come there with his sons and daughters, his servants and his boats, and settled down to erry on a wide and prosperous fish and lobster traffic, incidental to his sailing trade. His children had married, cottages sprang up in the woods and the wild growth every year was pushed farther and farther back to make way for gardens, orchards and lawns.

Others came to the island, some for holidays, some in search of an unmarred, and remained. The early teachers of the little public school grew old in labor, and retired to private life, but did not go away. Lobster trappers came for a season, and settled for life. Later, as modern conveniences added comfort to island life, many who were engaged in clerical or professional work in Portland built permanent homes near the ferry landing, and crossed the bay to their work in the morning, and met to their island homes at night.

While many of the later generations of Wallace had gone into professional work and removed to other states, many also remained on the island, where they had married and intermarried, so that fully half the native population was linked up together by ties of blood and marriage, and oftentimes by both, a network so intricate that only the more obvious forms of relationship were given acknowledgement.

The island was three or more miles in length, barely one mile wide, a rugged line of rock fronting the Atlantic along the east, and drifting down gradually to a slow low valley slope of emerald green on the bay shore. A motor road led up from the landing beyond the Captain's house, and there at the bend, turned backward along the shore. But leading the other way, into the forest, were only dwindling trails. In the foreground of the forest lay a long row of pretty summer houses, fringing the woods and looking off down the grassy slope to the bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gossip is nothing to speak of.

## LEARN TO MAKE VARIOUS KINDS OF RUGS



Home Demonstration Agent Teaching Rug Making at Quincy, Fla.

The illustration shows a home demonstration agent in Glades county, Florida, teaching a group of women how to make various kinds of rugs. The meeting is being held in the women's club building at Quincy. Both braided and woven rag rugs interest a good many of the club members, and the making of hooked rugs is a revival of an old art that has become very popular all over the country. Through home industries of this kind, many rural women are increasing their cash income, and are being enabled as a result to get for themselves many household conveniences and labor-saving devices which they did not have a short time ago.

Artistic designs and patterns in beautiful color combinations are being standardized in this rug-making industry by groups of women who are working together in community or even county-wide organizations, known as county weavers' associations. Thousands of dollars have been cleared in one year's time by such groups of women working together in a single county. Community organizations have followed successful production and standardization work in rug making in a similar manner to what has been done in the co-operative marketing of other farm-home products.

## CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING RECIPE

### Have Been Kept for Year and Found Excellent.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The bureau of home economics of the Department of Agriculture gives the following recipe for a Christmas plum pudding:

- |                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 pound beef suet               | 1 cup English walnuts, cut fine |
| 1 pound flour                   | 1 cup dried raisins             |
| 1/2 pound granulated sugar      | 2 teaspoons salt                |
| 2 eggs                          | 1/2 teaspoon baking powder      |
| 1 pound seeded raisins, chopped | 5 teaspoons cinnamon            |
| 1 pound seedless raisins        | 4 teaspoons cloves              |
| 1/2 pound citron                | 3/4 teaspoon nutmeg             |
| 1/4 teaspoon allspice           | 1/2 teaspoon mace               |

Mix the ground suet with the sugar and the fruit and nuts with about one-half cup of flour. Separate the eggs and beat both the yolks and whites well. Add egg yolks to the suet and sugar put in the fruit and nuts, and then the cider. Sift together twice the spices, salt, baking powder and flour, mix well with the first lot, then add the beaten whites of eggs.

Tin cans of No. 2 size or baking powder cans are a good size to use. grease them well and put in enough batter to fill them about three-quarters full. Steam for three hours. These ingredients will fill seven No. 2 cans. The pudding will keep for weeks if the cans are covered with paper or with the same can tops. Before serving, set the can in boiling water for about three-quarters of an hour, so that the pudding will heat through. Serve hard sauce, made of butter and sugar creamed together, with this pudding. Any of the liquid or foamy sauces is also suitable. Some people like best of all to serve a spoonful of vanilla ice cream or mousse on the plate with the hot pudding.

The pudding can be steamed for one hour and fifteen minutes, then sealed and processed for thirty minutes at ten to fifteen pounds pressure. These puddings have been kept for one year and found excellent, according to the bureau of home economics.

## Recipe for Fish Mold by Bureau of Economics

Cooked fresh fish, such as haddock, halibut or cod, or any white-meat fish, or any preferred canned fish, as salmon or tuna fish, may be used in the following recipe from the bureau of home economics. The fish should be carefully picked over, and all bones and skin removed:

- |                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 2 eggs              | 1/2 teaspoon sugar     |
| 1/2 cup water       | 2 tablespoons gelatin  |
| 1/4 cup vinegar     | 1/2 cup cold water     |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt   | 1/2 cup cold water     |
| 1/2 teaspoon celery | 2 cups minced shredded |

Beat the eggs, add the seasoning, the vinegar and water and cook over boiling water until thickened. Soften the gelatin in cold water and add to the hot dressing. Then add the fish. Place in individual cups or one large mold, and let stand in a cold place until firm set. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

## Cheese Straws

Roll out plain rich pie crust to one-fourth of an inch thickness; spread one-half with grated cheese; fold over and roll again. Repeat the process three or four times. Then cut in thin strips and bake.

## Stuffed Dates

Stem the dates. Fill with cream cheese, nuts or fondant. Roll in powdered sugar. Wrap in small squares of waxed paper and send as dessert with the school lunch.

## AROUND THE HOUSE

A bunch of bitterweeds for the dark corner of the living room will brighten it up all winter long.

One of the best preservatives for a good disposition is a pair of comfortable shoes for every day.

Take the weight off your feet when getting ready by using a high stool at the kitchen sink and a chair at the kitchen table.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

"A little thing, a sunny smile, a loving word at morn, and all day long the day shone bright. The cares of life were made more light, and sweetest homes were born."

### HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE?

When one likes oysters there is no dish more pleasing to the taste than the oyster cocktail, a stew, or fried oysters.

**Blasque of Oysters.**—Put about two dozen oysters into a saucepan with the liquor, place over the fire; when plump drain and chop fine. Add to the saucepan one table-spoonful each of minced onion and butter; let fry until brown, sprinkle with a pinch of curry, salt, and a dash of cayenne. Add the oyster liquor thickened with one table-spoonful of flour and cooked five minutes; add a quart of hot rich milk and the oysters. Serve hot.

**Oyster Sauce on Toast.**—Put a quart of oysters into the boiling hot liquor of the oysters and cook until plump. Drain and chop the oysters fine. Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter, turn in the oysters and saute until well cooked but not tough. Add a half table-spoonful of curry, a table-spoonful of onion grated, one cupful of cream which has been cooked with a table-spoonful of flour; season well and pour over narrow strips of buttered toast. Garnish with a fried oyster.

**Pot Roast With Vegetables.**—Put a pot roast into a deep iron kettle and brown well all over in a little salt. When well browned add a table-spoonful of sugar, such seasonings as one likes, and no more than a table-spoonful of water. Cover tightly and cook until the meat is tender. Add water in the same amounts when needed. Cook a few carrots, potatoes and spinach in separate dishes, until tender. Mash and season and press into a small goblet or mold to make a little around the roast on a hot platter, alternating the colors. Reheat in the oven so all will be served hot.

**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.

**Cheese Puffs.**—Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter and mix with two table-spoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth and creamy. Add one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese. When the cheese is melted add one cupful of cooked rice, add three well-beaten egg yolks and mix well but lightly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a buttered baking dish, surrounded with water, and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

**Hints and Things.** If your dinner seems too heavy for a rich dessert, serve an ice of some kind, Pineapple, apricot or various other fruit ice, any one will be acceptable. Serve with sponge cake or a drop cookie.

A pumpkin pie may be made most festive by serving with whipped cream, topped with grated cheese.

The best kind of a pumpkin pie is made from the sweet pumpkin; cook down until it is a rich brown color. The canned pumpkin may be bought, it is good; but that, too, needs cooking down to bring out the flavor and richness. However, there is nothing to take the place of the old-fashioned pumpkin cooked and stirred for hours over a good fire. To make the pie:

**Pumpkin Pie.**—Take one and one-half cupfuls of the browned pumpkin, two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one-half table-spoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, one and one-half table-spoonfuls of ginger, two well-beaten eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Pour into the pastry-lined plate and bake quickly at first to bake the crust, then slowly to cook the custard.

**Steamed Squash.**—Steam a small Hubbard squash until tender. Let dry out, then mash and put through a colander. Reheat and add four table-spoonfuls of butter to a pint of squash, season with salt and add enough cream to make it like well-mashed potatoes. Beat thoroughly and serve piled lightly into a hot dish. Dot with cubes of butter.

**Chicken a la King.**—Heat two table-spoonfuls of butter until it bubbles, add one chopped green pepper, the seeds having been removed. Let cook slowly for three minutes, then add a table-spoonful of flour, salt and paprika to taste and enough rich milk to make a thick, smooth sauce. When the sauce is done add two cupfuls of cooked chicken and let it heat through. Serve on toast or in pastry shells or timbal enase.

If the winter is the time one is entertaining, canned corn, peas and beans which have been put up during the season of fresh vegetables will please the palate much better than the kind we may purchase in town. Drawn butter or tomato sauce is also good with chestnuts.

*Nellie Maxwell*

## Tributes to Dewdrop

Longfellow knew the glory of the dewdrop because he said "every dewdrop has a whole heaven within it." Milton called them "stars of morning which the sun impetuarily on every leaf and every flower."

## When Elephants Charge

An African elephant when about to charge gives vent to a shrill, loud trumpet, while the Indian elephant curls up its trunk and charges in silence.

## 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.

For Women, who need effective dosage power, see Wm. Sweeney's strongest medicine, safe and sure for circulars, E. J. Co., C. O. D., Wm. Sweeney Laboratories, 1017 Broadway, N. Y., Los Angeles, Calif.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG A DAY** selling new Anita tea. Guaranteed on any split trial. \$1.00 for sample. J. JACKSON, 10288, 10317 Grand River Ave., Detroit, Mich.

## To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

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

## DO YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMA?

Try Glaxo Tea. Inhale it to soothe throat and relieve congestion. Take internally to loosen mucus and remove inflammation from tissues of throat and lungs.

Light of Scriptures Given to the World

Through the efforts of the American and the British Bible association it would seem that there is no possibility that any human could fall to know of the Book.

The British and Foreign Bible society issued the Scriptures last year in a new language once every 20 days. The list includes the entire Bible in 144 languages, the New Testament in 138 others, and at least one complete book of Scripture in 311 forms of speech.

During 1926 over 1,500,000 copies of the Bible were circulated in continental Europe, 438,000 in Africa, 412,000 in Canada, 150,000 in Australia, 25,700 in New Zealand, 436,000 in South America and the West Indies, 80,000 in India, 64,000 in Ceylon, 194,000 in Malaya, and the East Indies, 236,000 in Japan, 64,000 in Korea, and 4,142,000 in China.

## World's Population

The population of the world is estimated at 1,900,000,000 by the World Peace foundation on the basis of figures prepared by the League of Nations. Former estimates usually placed the total population of the earth at between 1,600,000,000 and 1,700,000,000. Such estimates are naturally conflicting, inasmuch as in many parts of the world, such as in the interior of China, no census is ever taken. However, these figures probably represent the population of the world in a general way.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## Both Right

I lately complained of a lady who took the pronunciation "to-may-to" out of my mouth, and called it "to-mah-to." A gentleman writes we are both right. One of the best modern dictionaries gives "to-may-to" the preference. In fact, says "to-may-to" is the proper pronunciation in the United States; the English prefer "to-mah-to."

Here it is again: two people on exactly opposite sides of a question, and both right. I have noticed it in many other things.—Howe's Monthly.

## When You Feel a Cold Coming On

Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv.

## Rumored Beauty

Idle—Did you hear about Alice's brute of a husband disgracing her for life?

Maude—Heavens, no! Did he throw acid in her face?

Idle—No—he slashed her with a razor across both knees!

## Everything's Lovely

Brown—A taxicab hit you? Well, you seem to be pretty cheerful about it.

Smith—Sure. The company's going to settle with me, and I've already settled with the driver.

## Stop Coughing

There's no cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

## Boschee's Syrup

has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it. 35c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

## DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES

MITCHELL EYE SALVE heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure. Safe. Speedy. 25c at all drug stores. Hall & Huelski, N. Y. C.

## Oregon & California Directory

## HOTEL ROOSEVELT

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL. Every room with bath or shower. \$2.00 to \$3.00. Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.