

CHAPTER I.

At the Stage Door.

Courtlandt sat perfectly straight; his ample shoulders did not touch the back of his chair; and his arms were folded tightly across his chest. The characteristic of his attitude was tenseness. The nostrils were well defined, as in one who sets the upper jaw hard upon the nether. His brown eyes—their gaze directed toward the stage whence came the voice of the prima donna—epitomized the tension, expressed the whole as in a word.

Just now the voice was pathetically subdued, yet reached every part of the auditorium, kindling the ear with its singularly mellowing sweetness. To Courtlandt it resembled, as no other sound, the note of a muffled Burmese gong, struck in the dim incense cavern of a temple. A Burmese gong; briefly and magically the stage, the audience, the amazing gleam and scintillation of the Opera, faded. He heard only the voice and saw only the purple shadows in the temple at Rangoon, the oriental sunset splashing the golden dome, the wavering lights of the dripping candles, the dead flowers, the kneeling devotees, the yellow-robed priests, the tatters of gold-leaf, fresh and old, upon the rows of placid grinning Buddhas. The French horns blared and the timpani crashed. The curtain sank slowly. The audience rustled, stood up, sought its wraps, and passed toward the exits and the grand staircase. It was all over.

Courtlandt took his leave in leisure. Here and there he saw familiar faces, but these, after the finding glance, he studiously avoided. He wanted to be alone. Outside he lighted a cigar, not because at that moment he possessed a craving for nicotine, but because like all inveterate smokers he believed that tobacco conducted to clarity of thought. And maybe it did. At least, there presently followed a mental calm that expelled all this confusion. The goal waxed and waned as he gazed down the great avenue with its precise rows of lamps. Far away he could discern the outline of the brooding Louvre.

There was not the least hope in the world for him to proceed toward his goal this night. He realized this clearly, now that he was face to face with actualities. A wild desire seized him to make a night of it—Maxim's, the cabarets, riot and wine. Who cared? But the desire burnt itself out between two puffs of his cigar. Ten years ago, perhaps, this brand of amusement might have urged him successfully. But not now; he was done with tomfool nights. Indeed, his dissipation had been whimsical rather than brutal; and retrospection never aroused a furtive sense of shame.

He was young, but not so young as an idle glance might conjecture in passing. To such casual reckoning he appeared to be in the early twenties; but scrutiny, more or less infallible, noting a line here or an angle there, was disposed to add ten years to the score. There was in the nose and chin a certain decisiveness which in youth is rarely developed. This characteristic arrives only with manhood, manhood that has been tried and perhaps buffeted and perchance a little disillusioned.

What was one to do who had both money and leisure linked to an irresistible desire to leave behind one place or thing in pursuit of another, indefinitely? The inherent ambition was to make money; but recognizing the absurdity of adding to his income, which even in his extravagance he could not spend, he gave himself over into the hands of grasping railroad and steamship companies, or their agencies, and became for a time the slave of guide and dragoon and carrier. And then the wanderlust, descended to him from the blood of his roving Dutch ancestors, which had lain dormant in the several generations following, sprang into active life again. He became known in every port of call. He became known also in the wildernesses.

Whatever had for the moment appealed to his fancy, that he had done. He was alone, absolute master of his millions. Mammals with marriageable daughters declared that he was impossible; the marriageable daughters never had a chance to decide one way or the other; and men called him a fool. He had promoted elephant fights which had stirred the Indian princes out of their melancholy indifference, and tiger hunts, which had, by their duration and magnificence, threatened to disrupt the efficiency of the British military service—whimsical excesses, not understandable by his intimate ac-

quaintances who cynically arraigned him as the fool and his money.

But, like the villain in the play, his income still pursued him. Certain scandals inevitably followed, scandals he was the last to hear about and the last to deny when he heard them. Many persons, not being able to take into the mind and analyze a character like Courtlandt's, sought the line of least resistance for their understanding, and built some precious exploits which included dusky island princesses, diaphanous dancers, and comic-opera stars.

Simply, he was without a direction; a thousand goals surrounded him and none burned with that brightness which draws a man toward his destiny; until one day. Personally, he possessed graces of form and feature, and was keener mentally than most young men who inherit great fortunes and distinguished names.

Automobiles of all kinds panted hither and thither. An occasional smart coupe went by as if to prove that prancing horses were still necessary to the dignity of the old aristocracy. Courtlandt made up his mind suddenly. He laughed with bitterness. He knew now that to loiter near the stage entrance had been his real purpose all along, and persistent lying to himself had not prevailed. In due time he took his stand among the gilded youth who were not privileged (like their more prosperous elders) to wait outside the dressing rooms for their particular ballerina. By and by there was a little respectful commotion. Courtlandt's hand went instinctively to his collar, not to ascertain if it were properly adjusted, but rather to relieve the sudden pressure. He was enraged at his weakness. He wanted to turn away, but he could not.

A woman issued forth, muffled in silks and light furs. She was followed by another, quite possibly her maid. One may observe very well at times from the corner of the eye; that is, objects at which one is not looking come within the range of vision. The woman passed, her foot upon the step of the modest limousine. She whispered something hurriedly into her companion's ear, something evidently to the puzzlement of the latter, who looked around irresolutely. She obeyed, however, and retreated to the stage entrance. A man, quite as tall as Courtlandt, his face shaded carefully, intentionally perhaps, by one of those soft Bavarian hats that are worn successfully only by Germans, stepped out of the gathering to proffer his assistance. Courtlandt pushed him aside calmly, lifted his hat, and smiling ironically, closed the door behind the singer. The step which the other man made toward Courtlandt was unequivocal in its meaning. But even as Courtlandt squared himself to meet the coming outburst, the stranger paused, shrugged his shoulders, turned and made off.

The lady in the limousine—very pale could any have looked closely into her face—was whirled away into the night. Courtlandt did not stir from the curb. The limousine dwindled, once it flashed under a light, and then vanished.

"It is the American," said one of the waiting dandies.

"The icicle!"

"The volcano, rather, which fools believe extinct."

"Probably sent back her maid for her Bible. Ah, these Americans; they are very amusing."

"She was in magnificent voice to-night. I wonder why she never sings Carmen?"

"Have I not said that she is too cold? What! Would you see frost grow upon the toreador's mustache? And what a name, what a name! Eleonora da Toscana!"

Courtlandt was not in the most amiable condition of mind, and a hint of the ribald would have instantly transformed a passive anger into a blind fury. Thus, a scene hung precariously; but its potentialities became as nothing on the appearance of another woman.

This woman was richly dressed, too richly. She was followed by a Russian, huge of body, Jovian of countenance. An expensive car rolled up to the curb. A liveried footman jumped down from beside the chauffeur and opened the door. The diva turned her head this way and that, a thin smile of satisfaction stirring her lips. For Flora Desimone loved the human eye whenever it stared admiration into her own; and she spent half her days setting traps and lures, rather successfully. She and her formidable escort got into the car which immediately went away with a soft purring sound. There was breeding in the engine, anyhow, thought Courtlandt, who longed to put his strong fingers around that luxurious throat which had, but a second gone, passed him so closely.

He turned down the Rue Royale, on the opposite side, and went into the Tavernes Royale, where the patrons were not over particular in regard to the laws of fashion, and where certain ladies with light histories sought further adventures to add to their heptamers. Now, Courtlandt thought neither of the one nor of the other. He desired isolation, safety from intrusion; and here, did he so signify, he could find it. He sat down at a vacant table and ordered a pint of champagne, drinking hastily rather than thirstily.

Would monsieur like anything to eat?

No, the wine was sufficient.

Courtlandt poured out a second glass slowly. The wine bubbled up to the brim and overflowed. He had been looking at the glass with unseeing eyes. He set the bottle down impatiently. Fool! To have gone to Burma, simply to stand in the golden temple once more, in vain, to recall that other time; the starving kitten held tenderly in a woman's arms, his own scurry among the booths to find

the milk so peremptorily ordered, and the smile of thanks that had been his reward! He had run away when he should have hung on. He should have fought every inch of the way.

"Monsieur is lonely?"

A pretty young woman sat down before him in the vacant chair.

CHAPTER II.

There is a Woman?

Anger, curiosity, interest; these sensations blanketed one another quickly, leaving only interest, which was Courtlandt's state of mind when he saw a pretty woman. It did not require very keen scrutiny on his part to arrive swiftly at the conclusion that this one was not quite in the picture. Her cheeks were not red with that redness which has a permanency of tone, neither waxing nor waning, abashed in daylight. Nor had her lips found their scariest moisture from out the depths of certain little porcelain boxes. Decidedly she was out of place here, yet she evinced no embarrassment; she was cool, at ease. Courtlandt's interest strengthened.

"Why do you think I am lonely, mademoiselle?" he asked, without smiling.

"Oh, when one talks to one's self, strikes the table, wastes good wine, the inference is but natural. So, monsieur is lonely."

Her lips and eyes, as grave and smileless as his own, puzzled him. An adventure? He looked at some of the other women. Those he could understand, but this one, no. At all times he was willing to smile, yet to draw her out he realized that he must preserve his gravity unbroken. The situation was not usual. His gaze came back to her.

"Is the comparison favorable to me?" she asked.

"It is. What is loneliness?" he demanded cynically.

"Ah, I could tell you," she answered.

"It is the longing to be with the one we love; it is the hate of the wicked things we have done; it is remorse."

"That echoes of the Ambigu-Comique."

"Would you spare me a glass of wine? I am thirsty."

He struck his hands together, a bit of orientalism he had brought back with him. The observant waiter instantly came forward with a glass.

The young woman sipped the wine, gazing into the glass as she did so.

"Perhaps a whim brought me here. But I repeat, monsieur is lonely."

"So lonely that I am almost tempted to put you into a taxicab and run away with you."

She set down the glass.

"But I shan't," he added.

The spark of eagerness in her eyes was instantly curtailed. "There is a woman?" tentatively.

"Is there not always a woman?"

"And she has disappointed monsieur?" There was no marked sympathy in the tone.

"Since Eve, has that not been woman's part in the human comedy?" He was almost certain that her lips became firmer. "Smile, if you wish. It is not prohibitory here."

She lifted the wine-glass again, and then he noticed her hand. It was large, white and strong; it was not the hand of a woman who dallied, who idled in primrose paths.

"Tell me, what is it you wish? You interest me, at a moment, too, when I do not want to be interested. Are you really in trouble? Is there anything I can do . . . barring the taxicab?"

She twirled the glass, uneasily. "I am not in actual need of assistance."

"But you spoke peculiarly regarding loneliness."

"Perhaps I like the melodrama. You spoke of the Ambigu-Comique."

"You are on the stage?"

"Perhaps."

"The opera?"

"Again perhaps."

He laughed once more, and drew his chair closer to the table.

"You followed me here. From where?"

"Followed you?" The effort to give a mocking accent to her voice was a failure.

"Yes. The idea just occurred to me. There were other vacant chairs, and there was nothing inviting in my facial expression. Come, let me have the truth."

"I have a friend who knows Flora Desimone."

"Ah!" As if this information was a direct visitation of kindness from the gods. "Then you know where the Calabrian Hives? Give me her address."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Believed Him Honest, But—

Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati said the other day of a notorious political boss:

"They who call this fellow honest have to stretch the truth a little. They have to stretch it like the old colored farmer of Paint Rock."

"This old farmer said to a young chap:

"'Lock, heah, Calhoun, Ah don't min' yore cotin' mah gal Lillian, but Ah'd ruther yo' wouldn't come round mah house no mo'."

"'Time fo' de las' wot yo' wuz heah, Calhoun, Ah missed a watah bucket, and de las' time de bridle wuz gone, and now as Ah has use fo' de saddle, Ah'd ruther yo' wouldn't come round no mo'."

"'Ah don't say yo' hain't honest, fo' Ah b'lieves yo' is; but sich cu's things happens while yo's in de neighborhood; so, jes' ter please an ole man, wot ain't enjytin' de best er health, please don't come round dis house no mo'."

As They Danced.

"I believe in a girl having a mind of her own," said she. "I, for one, am not easily led."

"So I perceive," he ventured gently between dips.

FARM AND ORCHARD

Notes and Instructions from Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations of Oregon and Washington, Specially Suitable to Pacific Coast Conditions

Handling of Fruit and Vegetable By-Products

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis.—With the purpose of finding some way in which all the grades and parts of fruit and vegetable products can be utilized and putting an end to the enormous waste, a new bulletin on handling fruit and vegetable by-products has been issued by the Extension division of the Agricultural College. It is pointed out in this bulletin that the profits of orchard and garden business are often practically wasted through failure to make a proper disposition of inferior grades and waste products. The ideal purpose for which it is intended all fruit growers should strive is the selling of as much of the first grade fruit in a fresh state as possible and then converting the remainder into the highest by-product form for which it is fitted. In order to do this there should be a

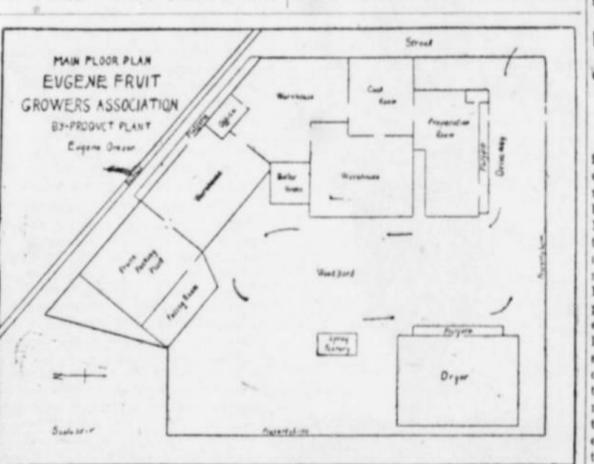
series of by-product plants established by each association or center of fruit growers and by-products industries. This point is illustrated in the use of apples. It is comparatively easy to sell the first grades in a fresh state, since the demand and high price for them justify the expenses of production and marketing. The inferior sorts of apples instead of being put upon the market greatly to the detriment of the fruit growing business, are converted either by canning, evaporating, or vinegar works into the form best suited to the character of the fruit and the nature of the market. Varieties of apples such as the Gano and Ben Davis are known to be but poorly suited to the making of vinegar but are said to be excellent when evaporated. Other varieties that do not command good prices in a fresh state make an excellent canning product. Still others are especially adapted to the use of jelly and butter making. The whole idea is to have a series of supplementary plants in each

When the rapidly changing market demands it pools may be declared weekly or even daily. When the products of the association are pooled, they have all the expenses of grading, preparation and marketing together with their share of the overhead charges of interest, insurance and depreciation charged against them, and are credited with the value of their product on the market. When produce is brought from a grower that is not a member of the association, the grower is given somewhat less per pound than it is estimated the produce will bring to members. The association then enters the pool with this produce and the profits from the transaction go into a reserve fund for use in permanent improvements and for such other purposes as the bylaws may indicate.

It is pointed out that Oregon has a law that permits of the organization of co-operative associations. An explanation of the conditions to be complied with and of the purposes and benefits of joining the association, are



made quite plain. Sample contracts are also presented so that a study of the bulletin will give prospective association members a very definite idea of their privileges and obligations. A good deal of information valuable to growers is given in tabular form. Table 1 gives the name of the fruit, varieties recommended for certain use, date of harvesting, average yield per acre, and average price paid. Table 2 deals with vegetables for canning, gives the names of the vegetables recommended, tells when seeded, gives cultural distance, date of harvesting, average yield per acre, and average price paid. With this definite information at hand it is possible for the growers to estimate the amount, and value of their different kinds of crops and thus enter intelligently into a contract with the handling association. Other features of very general interest to the growers are the amount of capital required to establish an association factory, the general and special officers necessary to conduct it, the volume of business required for success, the location and construction of the plant. A full page photograph of the Benton County Growers' Association canning factory and floor plans of the Eugene Fruit Growers' Association by-products plant, make these explanations clear.



center so that the best possible use shall be made of each grade of stuff and each variety of all kinds of fruit and vegetables.

The same process of sorting and conversion into various by-products is applicable to the materials that at the present time are generally wasted. Cores and peelings go readily into jells and vinegars. Peelings can be dried to excellent advantage and later worked into jams and jellies. By working this combination waste is practically eliminated, losses reduced to a minimum, and profits are put on substantial basis.

Before establishing a factory for canning these fruits and vegetables several important things should be taken into consideration. Determining factors are the kinds of produce that can be raised, the amounts produced within service distance, the amount of capital available, general conditions of manufacturing, water supply, transportation facilities, and character of the markets. Under the separate heads of the canning, vinegar manufacturing, and evaporation, the requirements for each of these industries are dealt with. A careful study of these requirements will put the association in a position to determine the type of factory it had best establish.

"The efficiency of a growers' asso-

In Days Gone By.

Pat one day bought a sack of flour and was proceeding on his homeward journey with the flour on his back, when he resolved to take a car. When he got up into the car he still retained the flour on his back, standing up all the while. A stout old lady, being the only other occupant of the car, asked: "Why don't you put your flour down on the floor, Pat?" "Well," says Pat, "the poor old horse has enough to pull wild the likes of you and me, so I'll hold the flour meself."—Louisville Courier Journal.

ciation depends in a large measure upon the nature of its contract with the grower. In selling the growers' product the association must sign contracts to supply certain amounts of fresh or manufactured goods to the buyer. It follows that the association must be given a fairly accurate estimate of the produce to be grown as a basis of information upon which it can make such contracts. Furthermore the grower must bring all his produce to the association so that he shall not be a competitor of the organization that is trying to further his interests, and equally the association must give its best service to the grower in every possible way.

Products marketed by the association are usually sold in pools. Each kind of fruit or vegetable has its own pool. When there is but little fluctuation in price as with canned goods, dried prunes, etc., these pools need be formed but once during the season.

No Need for Esperanto.

"Oh, dear, Max, what a prosaic person you are; I'm afraid we shall never understand each other very well."

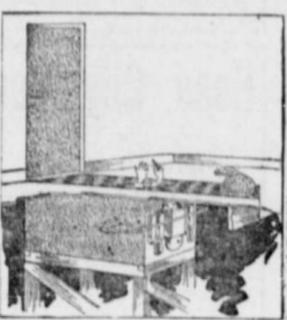
"Don't you worry; you understood my proposal all right, and that was in the baldest prose."—Fligende Blaetter.

Mrs. Bryde—I told my husband I was going to give him something of my own cooking and he said I'd rather try it on the dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion? Her Friend—Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs.—Boston Transcript.

UNIQUE TRAP FOR BURGLARS

Intruder is Dropped Into Pit, Alighting on Pneumatic Shock Absorbers to Avoid Injury.

A burglar trap, consisting of a false floor constructed in front of the office safe, a counter in a jewelry store or similar places, has been invented by an Englishman, says Popular Mechanics. The floor covers a pit and is supported by projecting pins, so adjusted each night that the weight of a person upon the floor will cause it to fall, dropping the intruder into the pit, where he alights upon springs or pneumatic shock absorbers, provided so that he may not be injured. The



Novel Floor Trap.

dropping of the floor operates a lever which causes a sliding floor to close over the mouth of the pit.

FIND MAGNETIC SUN FIELDS

Interpretation Suggested by Prof. George E. Hale of Meaning of Double Lines Confirmed.

Professor Zeeman confirms the interpretation suggested by Prof. George E. Hale of the meaning of the doubled lines seen in the photographs made at the Mount Wilson observatory of the spectra of sun spots, namely, that sun spots are strong magnetic fields, the direction of which is mainly perpendicular to the sun's surface, says Youth's Companion. The behavior of a spectral line emitted by iron vapor between the poles of an electromagnet, says Professor Zeeman, cannot be distinguished from the radiation of iron vapor immersed in the interior of the solar vortices photographed by Professor Hale, although the latter are situated nearly ninety-three million miles away. If this interpretation is confirmed, Professor Zeeman adds, it will afford a vera causa for the perturbations of the electric and magnetic equilibrium of our earth and its atmosphere.

NOTE DISTANT EARTHQUAKES

Observations Made at Isle of Wight and in Austria Confirmed Next Day by Telegraph.

An interesting example of the way in which modern seismographs record earthquakes occurring at a distance of many thousands of miles is afforded by a recent occurrence. Professor Milne at the Isle of Wight, Eng., noticed shocks whose point of origin was about eighty degrees distant, corresponding to the distance of Japan, San Francisco and Mexico. He thought it probable that the true point was in the east. At the same time Professor Dejar, at Laibach, Austria, noticed the shocks, and declared that the center of the disturbance must be about three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles to the east. The next day the telegraph brought the news of a great earthquake, which had occurred at the time of the observations in Laibach, Asia, the town of Belput having suffered severely.

NOTES OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Ottawa (Ont.) observatory is to have a 73-inch telescope.

One of the principal by-products of the national forests of Japan is mushrooms.

Automatic rewinding reels for motion picture films have been invented by an Ohioan.

Fish guano as a supplemental food for cattle, hogs and poultry is coming into general use in Germany.

The thumb print as a means of identification is used in a new English time recording machine for workmen.

With apparatus of his own invention an Indiana university scientist has successfully photographed sound waves.

A recently patented wood-screw carries a sharp blade under the head to reach out a place to receive the head.

Shirts for outdoor sleepers have been patented with clasps on the shoulders to hold blankets in the proper position.

A gyroscope for stabilizing an aeroplane has been designed so it also can be used for changing the direction of the machine should the motor stop in midair.