

# The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS

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Pictures  
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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Eleanora de Toscano was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is ac-

**CHAPTER II—Continued.**  
There was a minute wrinkle above the unknown's nose; the shadow of a frown. "She is very beautiful."  
"Bah! Did she send you after me? Give me her address. I have come all the way from Burma to see Flora Desimone."  
"To see her?" She unguardedly clothed the question with contempt, but she instantly forced a smile to neutralize the effect. Concerned with her own defined conclusions, she lost the fine ironic bitterness that was in the man's voice.  
"Aye, indeed, to see her! Beautiful as Venus, as alluring as Phryne, I want nothing so much as to see her, to look into her eyes, to hear her voice!"  
"Is it jealousy? I hear the tragic note." The certainty of her ground became as morass again. In his turn he was puzzling her.  
"Tragedy? I am an American. We do not kill opera singers. We turn them over to the critics. I wish to see the beautiful Flora, to ask her a few questions. If she has sent you after me, her address, my dear young lady, her address." His eyes burned.  
"I am afraid." And she was so. This wasn't the tone of a man madly in love. It was wild anger.  
"Afraid of what?"  
"You."  
"I will give you a hundred francs." He produced a crisp note. "Do you want it?"  
She did not answer at once. Presently she opened her purse, found a stubby pencil and a slip of paper, and wrote. "There it is, monsieur." She held out her hand for the banknote which, with a sense of bafflement, he gave her. She folded the note and stowed it away with the pencil.  
"Thank you," said Courtland. "Odd paper, though." He turned it over. "Ah, I understand. You copy music."  
"Yes, monsieur."  
This time the nervous flicker of her eyes did not escape him. "You are studying for the opera, perhaps?"  
"Yes, that is it."  
"Good night," he rose.  
"Monsieur is not gallant."  
"I was in my youth," he replied, putting on his hat.  
The bald rudeness of his departure did not disturb her. She laughed softly and relievedly. Indeed, there was in the laughter an essence of mischief. However, if he carried away a mystery, he left one behind.  
The young woman waited five or ten minutes, and, making sure that Courtland had been driven off, left the restaurant. Round the corner she engaged a carriage. So that was Edward Courtland? She liked his face; there was not a weak line in it, unless stubbornness could be called such. But to stay away for two years! To hide himself in jungles, to be heard of only by his bareheaded exploits! "Follow him; see where he goes," had been the command. For a moment she had rebelled, but her curiosity was not to be denied. Besides, of what use was friendship if not to be tried? She knew nothing of the riddle, she had never asked a question openly. She had accidentally seen a photograph one day, in a trunk tray, with this man's name scrawled across it, and upon this filmy base she had builded a dozen romances, each of which she had ruthlessly torn down to make room for another; but still the riddle lay unsolved. She had thrown the name into the conversation many a time, as one might throw a bomb into a crowd which had no chance to escape. Fizzles! The man had been calmly discussed and calmly dismissed. At odd times an article in the newspapers gave her an opportunity; still the frank discussion, still the calm dismissal. She had learned that the man was rich, irresponsible, vacillating, a picturesque sort of fool. But two years? What had kept him away that long? A weak man, in love, would not have made so tame a surrender. Perhaps he had not surrendered; perhaps neither of them had.

And yet, he sought the Calabrian. Here was another blind alley out of which she had to retrace her steps. Bother! That Puck of Shakespeare was right: What fools these mortals be! She was very glad that she possessed a true sense of humor, spiced with harmless audacity. What a dreary world it must be to those who did not know how and when to laugh! They

talked of the darting of the American woman; who but a Frenchwoman would have dared what she had this night? The taxicab! She laughed. And this man was wax in the hands of any pretty woman who came along! So rumor had it. But she knew that rumor was only the attenuated ghost of Ananias, doomed forever to remain on earth for the propagation of inaccurate whispers. Wax! Why, she would have trusted herself in any situation with a man with those eyes and that angle of jaw. It was all very mystifying. "Follow him; see where he goes." The frank discussion, then, and the calm dismissal were but a woman's dissimulation. And he had gone to Flora Desimone's.

The carriage stopped before a handsome apartment house in the Avenue de Wagram. The unknown got out, gave the driver his fare, and rang the concierge's bell. The sleepy guardian opened the door, touched his gold-braided cap in recognition, and led the way to the small electric lift. The young woman entered and familiarly pushed the button. The apartment in which she lived was on the second floor; and there was luxury everywhere, but luxury subdued and charmed by taste.  
She threw aside her hat and wraps with that manner of inconsequence which distinguishes the artistic temperament from the thrifty one, and passed on into the cozy dining room. The maid had arranged some sandwiches and a bottle of light wine. She ate and drank, while intermittent smiles played across her merry face. Having satisfied her hunger, she opened her purse and extracted the banknote. She smoothed it out and laughed aloud.  
"Oh, if only he had taken me for a ride in the taxicab!" She bubbled again with merriment.  
Suddenly she sprang up, as if inspired, and dashed into another room, a study. She came back with pen and ink, and with a celerity that came of long practice, drew five straight lines across the faint violet face of the banknote. Within these lines she made little dots at the top and bottom of stubby perpendicular strokes, and strange interlinear hieroglyphics, and sweeping curves, all of which would have puzzled an Egyptologist if he were unused to the ways of musicians. Carefully she dried the composition, and then put the note away. Some day she would confound him by returning it.  
A little later her fingers were moving softly over the piano keys; melodies in minor, sad and haunting and elusive, melodies that had never been put on paper and would always be her own; in them she might leap from comedy to tragedy, from laughter to tears, and only she would know. The midnight adventure was forgotten, and the hero of it, too. With her eyes closed and her lithe body swaying gently, she let the old weary pain in her heart take hold again.

**CHAPTER III.**  
**The Beautiful Tigress.**  
Flora Desimone had been born in a Calabrian peasant's hut, and she had rolled in the dust outside, yelling vigorously at all times. Specialists declare that the reason for all great singers coming from lowly origin is found in this early development of the throat. Parents of means employ nurses or sedatives to suppress or at least to smother these infantile protests against being thrust inconsiderately into the turmoil of human beings. Flora yelled or slept, as the case might be; her parents were equally indifferent. They were too busily concerned with the getting of bread and wine. Moreover, Flora was one among many. The gods are always playing with the Calabrian peninsula, heaving it up here or throwing it down there; it terremoto, the earthquake, the terror. Here nature tinkers vicariously with souls; and she seldom has time to complete her work. Constant communion with death makes for callousity of feeling; and the Calabrians and the Sicilians are the cruelest among the civilized peoples. Flora was ruthless.  
She lived amazingly well in the premier of an apartment-house in the Champs-Elysees. In England and America she had amassed a fortune. Given the warm beauty of the southern Italian, the passion, the temperament, the love of mischief, the natural cruelty, the inordinate craving for attention and flattery, she envied the nations with her affairs. And she never put a single beat of her heart into any of them. That is why her voice is still splendid and her beauty unchanging. She did not dissipate; calculation always barred her inclination; rather, she loitered about the Forbidden Tree and played that she had plucked the Apple. She had an example to follow; Eve had none.  
Men scattered fortunes at her feet as foolish Greeks scattered floral offerings at the feet of their marble gods—without provoking the sense of reciprocity or generosity or mercy. She had worked; ah, no one would ever know how hard. She had been crushed, beaten, cursed, starved. That she had risen to the heights in spite of these bruising verbs in no manner enlarged her pity, but dulled and vitiated the little there was of it. Her mental attitude toward humanity was childlike, as when the parent strikes, the child blindly strikes back. She was determined to play, to enjoy life, to give back blow for blow, nor caring where she struck. She was going to press the juice from every grape. A thousand odd years gone, she would have led the cry in Rome—"Bread and the circus!" or "To the lions!" She would have disturbed Nero's complacency, and he would have played an obbligate instead of a solo at the burning. And she was malice incarnate. They came from all climes—her lov-

ers—with roubles and lire and francs and shillings and dollars; and those who finally escaped her enchantment did so involuntarily, for lack of further funds. They called her villas Circe's tales. She hated but two things in the world; the man she could have loved and the woman she could not surpass.  
Some one was at the speaking-tube. The singer crossed the room impatiently. "What is it?" she asked in French.  
The voice below answered with a query in English. "Is this the Signorina Desimone?"  
"Yes. And now that my identity is established, who are you and what do you want at this time of night?"  
"I am Edward Courtland."  
"Well, what is it you wish?" amiably, "You once did me an ill turn," came up the tube. "I desire that you make some reparation."  
"Sainted Mother! But it has taken you a long time to find out that I have injured you," she mocked.  
"Will you give me her address, please? Your messenger gave me your address, inferring that you wished to see me."  
"It? There was no impeaching her astonishment."  
"Yes, madame."  
"My dear Mr. Courtland, you are the last man in all the wide world I wish to see. And I do not quite like the way you are making your request."  
"Do you not think, madame, that you owe me something?"  
"No. What I owe I pay. Think, Mr. Courtland; think well."  
"I do not understand," impatiently.  
"Ebbene, I owe you nothing. Once I heard you say—I do not like to see you with the Calabrian; she is—well, you know. I stood behind you at another time when you said that I was a fool."  
"Madame, I do not forget that, that is pure invention. You are mistaken."  
"No. You were. I am no fool." A light laugh drifted down the tube.  
"Madame, I begin to see."  
"Ah!"  
"You believe what you wish to believe."  
"I think not."  
"I never even noticed you," carelessly.  
"It is easy to forget," cried the diva, furiously. "It is easy for you to forget, but not for me."  
"Madame, I do not forget that you entered my room that night."  
"I shall give you her address," interrupted the diva, hastily. The play had gone far enough, much as she would have liked to continue it. This was going deeper than she cared to go. She gave the address and added: "Tonight she sings at the Austrian ambassador's. I give you this information gladly because I know that it will be of no use to you."  
"Then I shall dispense with the formality of thanking you. I add that I wish you two-fold the misery you have carelessly and gratuitously cost me. Good night!" Click! went the little covering of the tube.

With the same inward bitterness that attends the mental processes of a performing tiger on being sent back to its cage, Courtland returned to his taxicab. He wanted to roar and lash and devour something. Instead, he could only twist the ends of his mustache savagely. It did not seem possible that any woman could be so full of malice. He simply could not understand. It was essentially the Italian spirit; doubtless, till she heard his voice, she had forgotten all about the episode that had foundered his ship of happiness.  
Her statement as to the primal cause was purely inventive. There was not a grain of truth in it. He could not possibly have been so rude. He had been too indifferent. Too indifferent! The repetition of the phrase made him sit straighter. Pshaw! It could not be that. He possessed a little vanity; if he had not, his history would not have been worth a scrawl. But he denied the possession vehemently, as men are wont to do.  
Too indifferent! Was it possible that he had roused her enmity simply because he had made it evident that her charms did not interest him? Beyond lifting his hat to her, perhaps exchanging a comment on the weather, his courtesies had not been extended. Courtland was peculiar in some respects. A woman attracted him, or she did not. In the one case he was affable, winning, pleasant, full of those agreeable little surprises that in turn attract a woman. In the other case, he passed on, for his impressions were instant and did not require the usual skimming.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Preaching That Uplifts.**  
The world seems a pretty bad place to most of us at times. There are so many things which take the heart out of our optimism, that seem to make it a meaningless hope rather than any solid reassurance. But the kind of preaching that comes from somebody who is better than we are, some life that lifts up the standard of human worth and reveals what it may be made to stand for—such preaching is likely to answer the cry within us for something that is true and genuine and dependable.—Haverhill Gazette.

**Failure of Artificial Food.**  
That it is possible to live on artificial food, or at least on the concentrated extracts of certain staples, is a common belief, and it has even been predicted that some day our diet will consist of tabloid food. One might live for a short time in that unsocial way, but recent investigation of diseases like beri-beri, scurvy and pellagra, which are almost certainly caused by a deficiency in the diet, prove that such a life would be one of disease and could not last long.

## FARM AND ORCHARD

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

### Sheep Raising in Oregon.

By E. L. Potter, Head of Animal Husbandry Department, O. A. C.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The wool industry of the United States is one of very great importance. We produce in this country about 325 million pounds of wool, which is worth to the farmers something over 60 million dollars. This enormous amount of wool, however, does not meet the demands of the American people. Our mills consume approximately 500 million pounds. This extra amount must be imported from some foreign country. Australia is the greatest wool producing country in the world, producing about three times as much wool as the United States. South America also produces about twice as much as is produced in the United States.  
The production of wool is so intimately connected with the raising of mutton that the two cannot be separated. In the raising of beef cattle the production of milk is almost entirely overlooked, while in the production of milk the beef end of the industry is of practically no importance. The sheep, however, is strictly a dual purpose animal, and in practically no

must go hand in hand and the question of which predominates will depend very largely upon conditions under which the sheep are managed.

### May Grow Cauliflower Out of Doors All Year Round

Cauliflower that will grow out of doors all the year and that matures before the Christmas holiday season, has been grown by Professor John W. Hotson, of the department of botany in the University of Washington, after continued experiments.  
Four varieties of the species have been found, all of them belonging to the family of broccoli. The seed, which Professor Hotson got from England, is planted out of doors about May 1, is transplanted again the middle of June, and matures for the first time about December 15. The second date of maturity is some time in January.  
The advantage in growing this vegetable, according to Professor Hotson, is that the use of greenhouse or hotbed facilities is obviated, all the growth taking place naturally under outdoor conditions. Professor Hotson says the vegetable thrives excellently in the Puget Sound climate.



Oregon Farmers Judging Sheep at O. A. C. Short Course.

case has it proven possible to raise sheep for either mutton or wool exclusively. According to the report of the tariff board for the year 1910, the average receipts per head of sheep in the United States west of the Missouri river was \$2.44. Of this amount \$1.05 was derived from wool and \$1.39 from other sources; thus for all the sheep west of the Missouri river, which includes approximately seventy per cent of the sheep in the United States, the income from wool amounts to forty-three per cent of the total gross income.

This proportion varies a good deal when we compare different flocks. It perhaps varies some with the different states of our Northwest, but in no case do the receipts from wool exceed the receipts from other sources. In the states east of the Missouri river the proportion of the income derived from wool is somewhat less. At the same time it is a large and important item. In much of our Western country the ranchmen say that they are raising sheep for wool, while some farmers in the Eastern states say that they are raising sheep for wool, while some farmers in the Eastern states will say that they are raising sheep for mutton.  
Such statements, of course, are not designed to be taken literally. It is true that many of our Western ranchmen manage their sheep primarily with the idea of the greatest possible production of wool and take such income from other sources as they may happen to get. In the management of their flocks and in the selection of their sheep, these men consider the quantity and quality of the wool the prime factor, while on the farms of the eastern states the farmers manage their sheep and select breeding stock almost entirely from the standpoint of mutton production.  
It has been found, however, that neither extreme works to the best advantage. Sheep breeders have so far been unable to develop a strain of wool producing sheep which will produce enough more wool than the average sheep to make the cost of mutton negligible, nor have they been able to produce a strain of mutton sheep of sufficient merit that that quality alone that they can neglect the wool end of the industry. A detailed study of the books of a very large number of northwestern sheep raisers by the Tariff board shows, however, that as an average those sheep men who derive the larger percentage of their income from other than wool are, on the whole, making a larger interest on their capital than those that do not derive so much of their income from these other sources. This would indicate that our western sheep men are on the whole devoting rather too little attention to the production of mutton. This, of course, does not mean that the wool production must be forgotten, but both

### Free Camp and School For Prize-Winning Boys

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—All aboard for Salem. One whole week of camping, special lessons, drills and games at the State Fair. Two boys from each county, 68 in all, who have excelled in some form of Industrial club work will be invited to take the train for this week's work and pleasure, which will be provided without expense to them.  
There are no limitations as to what the projects shall be or who are eligible to compete, provided they are members of the Industrial club. All that is required is that they shall excel in some form of Industrial club work. The winners will be given a week of camping and school work, admittance to the fair, mess and shelter, absolutely free.  
Railway fare to Salem at reduced rates, and an inexpensive, serviceable uniform are the only necessary expenses not covered by a special appropriation of \$500 made by the Oregon State board of fair directors. It is expected that local and county school and club officers will provide traveling expenses, and possibly the funds for purchasing cadet uniforms, costing about \$3.00.  
Boys who enter the contest and try to win, will win whether they gain the trip or not. The very things necessary to win are the things that are in themselves worth most to the boys, so there is no chance to lose. The free camp and school were designed to awaken so deep an interest in the useful industries that great good will come to all who try for the camp and school prize.

### Nature Fakers.

"Bur-reds is intelligent," Mrs. Brannigan observed, as she encountered her friend Mrs. O'Brian. "Ye can tache 'em anyting." Me sister has wan as lives in a clock, an' whin it's toime to tell th' toime it comes out an' says cuckoo as many toimes as th' toime is."  
"That's wonderfull!" said Mrs. O'Brian.  
"It is, indade," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' th' wonderfull part of it all is, it's only a wooden bur-red at thot!"—Judge.

### Erasing Robert.

"S-a-s-sus-say, ma," stammered Bobby, through the suds, as his mother scrubbed and scrubbed him, "I guess you want to get rid of me, don't you?"  
"Why, no, Bobby dear," replied his mother. "Whatever put such an idea into four mind?" "Oh, nuthin," said Bobby, "only it seems to me you're trying to rub me out."—Onward.

### Convincing Evidence.

Mrs. Pester—"Don't you really think that women have more patience than men?"  
Mr. Pester—"I'm sure of it. I've been watching you play solitaire all evening with a deck that's four or five cards short."—Chicago Daily News.

### Helped His Wardrobe.

Ragged Rogers (with newspaper)—Listen ter this, Happy. It's been dis-kivered dat silk is made er tin, of termatter cans an' de like.  
Happy Hooper—"Dat so! Den I'll wear me drinkin' cup for a silk hat an' be in style."—Boston Transcript.

## NOTES OF THE POULTRY YARD

### Whitewash Improves Looks of House and is Good Disinfectant—Give Turkeys Free Range.

(By MRS. A. J. WILDELL)  
Lime is a very good thing to use about the poultry houses. An occasional coat of whitewash on walls and on the nest boxes greatly improves the looks of the house, besides being a good disinfectant and vermin killer.  
Pullets hatched in April or the first of May, make late fall and winter layers, and they are the ones that pay. Hatch all you can of them.  
If a sitting hen leaves the nest, do not throw away the eggs unless they are cold. If you have another broody hen, put her on the nest. She will finish the hatching, and it will save her just so much time, as well as saving the eggs.  
Give the little chicks skim milk to drink. It is very good for them, as well as for the older fowls. The more milk your poultry drink, the less meat it will be necessary to feed them.  
Do not keep too many hens in one flock. Much better results are obtained from the smaller flocks, and it is the results that count.  
If you want the pullets to mature early, and begin laying at five or six months old, feed them properly and well from the start. Give them a properly balanced ration, and crowd



A Nice Sunny Yard for the Chickens is Necessary.

them as fast as you can. There is no need having to feed pullets from eight to ten months, before getting any returns.  
Hasten the growth of young cockerels, by feeding them all they will eat. Keep them fat enough for the table all the time, and they will reach the required weight for the market much sooner. It is the earlier markets that pay the best prices.  
Don't make the mistake of thinking you can half feed your hens and make a success of the poultry business. The wants of the hen's body comes first. If there is any surplus it goes into the eggs. Where there is no surplus there are no eggs. It is your business to provide enough food for the body and the eggs.  
If you are keeping hens for egg production only there is no need for keeping any males. It costs about \$1 to feed each one, and their room might better be given to that many more hens.  
Turkeys must have free range in order to do well. Do not keep them closely confined. If you have fed them regularly, they will continue to come up at that time for their feed, even if allowed to run free.

### PRODUCTION OF GOOD EGGS

#### Wisconsin Expert Emphasizes Importance of Clean, Whole Food—Keep Nests Clean.

Just because an egg is freshly laid by an apparently healthy hen it can not be assumed that it is a good egg, according to James G. Halpin of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, who emphasizes the need of clean, wholesome food for the production of first-class eggs. Hens that are forced to obtain the greater portion of their living as scavengers and given a poor range to work on cannot produce eggs of as good quality as can a flock which regularly is fed a good ration.  
Eggs lacking in protein have a watery white and the shell is apt to be thin owing to the partial absence of lime. Such eggs, besides being of less value as food, are more than likely to bring forth young chickens of low vitality, subject to white diarrhea and an early death. With proper quantities of wheat, bran, clover, oyster shell and sound grains in the ration fed to laying hens, eggs with firm shells, rich in protein and delicately flavored are sure to result, providing of course, that the flock is given clean nests and runs and is kept free from mites.  
**No Use for Cholera.**  
If it were not for hog cholera pork raisers would be living in the lap of luxury. The time will come when there will be no more excuse for hog cholera than for human cholera that until a century or so ago periodically devastated Europe and America. Both are essentially filth diseases.