

HER LACK OF FAITH

LUMBERTA
Young Bride Jealous of Own Note
Found in Husband's
Pocket.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Young Mrs. Dewey took her husband's brown coat and sat down in the sunny window to sew on a missing button.

Antoinette Dewey had been married only three months and she still believed Jim to be without a fault—unless it might be the minor one of twisting his coat buttons when he was talking busily.

"This is the third time I've sewed on this blessed button," smiled Antoinette as she snipped off the thread. At that moment her hand brushed the pocket of the coat and something crackled.

"I do wonder if he has forgotten to mail my letter to Edith! I forgot to ask him and he is so absent-minded. It's funny she hasn't answered it."

Antoinette's slim fingers had gone down into the inner breast pocket of the brown coat. They brought up a half a dozen letters, a railroad timetable and a leather card case.

She picked out the letter to Edith Delano and actually gave the brown coat a pinch as she tossed it on a chair. "I must telephone to her at once. What will she think of me?"

Antoinette sat down before the telephone and pulled the instrument toward her. While she waited for a response to her call, she stacked the other letters on the desk.

Just as Mrs. Delano's voice came thrilling over the wire, Antoinette, her eyes idly scanning the package of letters she had taken from her husband's coat, noticed that the top one was without an envelope. It was hastily written in pencil on a tiny sheet of paper and the signature was folded underneath. The writing was rubbed and blurred as if the note had been carried around in Jim's pocket.

"The idea!" breathed Antoinette quickly.

Then she had to talk to her friend and when apologies had been proffered and accepted and some girlish gossip exchanged, Antoinette rang off and slowly picked up the little note.

For a long time she sat there with it in her hand. She shrank from opening the sheet and reading the words—but she was Jim's wife and she ought to know! For it was a woman's writing—and that fact explained how Antoinette Dewey put her hand aside and deliberately read the note.

It was tantalizingly short—for one who wanted to know!

"Dearest: The days are 60 hours long while you are away. Come back soon to Your Own!"

"The hor—hor—horrid—creature!" sobbed Antoinette, after awhile. "The bold thing—to write like that to a married man! I never would have believed it of Jim—oh, Jim, Jim—Jim!"

Antoinette flung herself down on the couch and allowed her bitter tears to soak into the brown coat. After awhile she arose and removed the traces of tears. She stared at the reflection of her wan, white face and laid down the hand-mirror with a gasp of dismay. A few minutes later she put on her hat and a thick veil. She went to the corner drug store and when she returned she set forth on her dressing table a number of little jars and bottles.

Antoinette had never used rouge in her life but now to hide the ravages of grief, she restored her complexion to its usual brilliancy and the highly satisfactory result lent an equally artificial expression of happiness to her face. She put on a becoming frock of pale blue linen and plied her hair on top of her head.

When Jim Dewey reached home that night he found a pretty little wife waiting for him.

After his first quick kiss Jim drew back and stared hard at Antoinette; his look coldly impersonal and his manner stiff.

"What has happened?" he asked quickly.

"He has a guilty conscience!" thought Antoinette as she sat down hastily for fear her trembling knees would give way.

"What did you expect to happen?" she retorted lightly.

Jim looked at her closely and his mouth grew sulky. "Nothing," he said curtly; and with that word the conversation languished.

It was a hideous note to both of them. Antoinette scarcely touched her food and Jim refused dessert—it was his favorite pudding, too. Even Nora noticed that something was wrong and tried to patch up the quarrel in her own kind-hearted way, for when the meal was over and she was washing dishes in the kitchen they could hear her strong soprano singing lustily: "Tis Only Love Can Soothe a Broken Heart."

Jim settled down to read the evening paper and Antoinette picked up some sewing, but her fingers trembled and her eyes filled with tears. She was angry at herself for this display of emotion.

All the women she had read about in fiction or seen on the stage were marvels of calmness when confronted with the prows of a faithless husband. Tall and pale and cold and perfect mistress of herself even while she laid

bare the secrets of Jim's heart—thus would Antoinette have appeared if she had had her way.

On the contrary she was small and pliant looking—Jim called her a "black-eyed chickadee"—most of the time. Now, she wondered what he called that other woman—the one who confidently signed herself "Your Own!"

Jim was stirring restlessly in his chair. Antoinette could see the back of his head with its heavy crop of brown hair. She could close her eyes and see his regular features, hazel eyes, straight black brows and finely chiseled lips. A little sob broke from her at the recollection that Jim was not all hers—never had been!

Jim turned quickly—one might have suggested that he had been listening for some sound from the little form in the willow chair.

"What is the matter, Antoinette?" he asked quietly.

Antoinette lifted tragical dark eyes to his and placed on the table between them the blurred little note she had found in his pocket.

"This is the matter," she said unevenly. "I found it in your pocket when I was mending your brown coat—don't look so disgusted. I really read it—I'm glad I did! For it has opened my eyes to your deception!"

"Deception?" echoed Jim, jumping up and towering over his small wife.

"What harm is there—"

"Harm?" interrupted Antoinette angrily. "Harm—what harm would there be if you discovered I was carrying a love letter from some other man next to my heart!"

"From some other man? What would I do? Why, why, I suppose I'd punch his head," he said dazedly. "But what has that got to do with it? For the love of Mike, Chickie, tell me how you could raise a rumpus over that harmless little note, eh? Notice, I'm not saying anything about your rummaging through my pockets!"

"Harmless little note, indeed!" flared back Antoinette. "She called you her 'dearest'—she said the days were 'sixty hours long'—and she signed herself 'Your Own.' Tell me, James Dewey, who is this woman?"

Jim's lips trembled in a smile, stiffened sternly, and his eyes were quite hard when he asked: "Don't you really know who wrote that note, Antoinette?"

"How should I know?" she retorted. "I am sure it cannot be one of my friends—any way, it is such a common looking, grubby note; if I'm going to have a rival—I—" She broke down and sobbed brokenly.

A great tenderness came into Jim's eyes. He had never known Antoinette to be jealous before and he was touched by her grief.

He held the note before her eyes. Antoinette dabbed her handkerchief on her tear-wet face and it came back streaked with black and red and white like the Kaiser's war flag.

All in a flash Jim comprehended the reason for the rouged cheeks and lips and the dark pencil. Antoinette had been crying all day over this note!

"Chickie, what do you want me to do?" he asked finally.

"Destroy that note and promise me never to see her again," was Antoinette's quick reply.

"I can't do that, dear," he said gently. "In the first place the girl who wrote that note was my first sweetheart and she will be my last one; I carry it around in my pocket because I like to look at it occasionally and remember that she loves me as much today as she did when that was written."

Antoinette was as coldly composed now as she could have wished, only it was funny that her heart should feel so dead!

"Very well," she said listlessly. "I can go away."

"Chickie," said Jim again, "do you really mean to say that you don't recognize that note?"

"I only read it once."

"Well, read it again, word for word, read the address at the top. It is almost obliterated now—but read it. The envelope is locked up in my desk."

Antoinette held the ragged note close to the lamp and re-read the penciled words. A puzzled look came into her face.

"I can't remember anything about it—was she some one I knew?" she asked at last.

"Dear, you wrote it yourself!" cried Jim excitedly. "Don't you remember that time when you were stopping at Sea Sands with your mother? We had just become engaged and we quarreled over a necktie I was wearing? I went back to town and you wrote me this darling note and I've kept it ever since!"

And then, Antoinette vaguely remembered the hastily scrawled note. No wonder she had forgotten it in the whirl of her short, happy engagement to Jim!

There was only one thing to do and Antoinette did it. She laid her head on Jim's broad shoulder and begged forgiveness for her lack of faith.

A Future in Art.
"You say you are educating your boy for a theatrical career?"
"Yes."
"An actor or producer?"
"No. I want him to become prosperous as well as prominent. I am going to make a ticket speculator of him."

A Gentle Optimist.
"Who is your favorite poet?"
"I don't know his name. He's the weather expert who writes the 'fair and warmer' predictions."

FARM AND ORCHARD

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

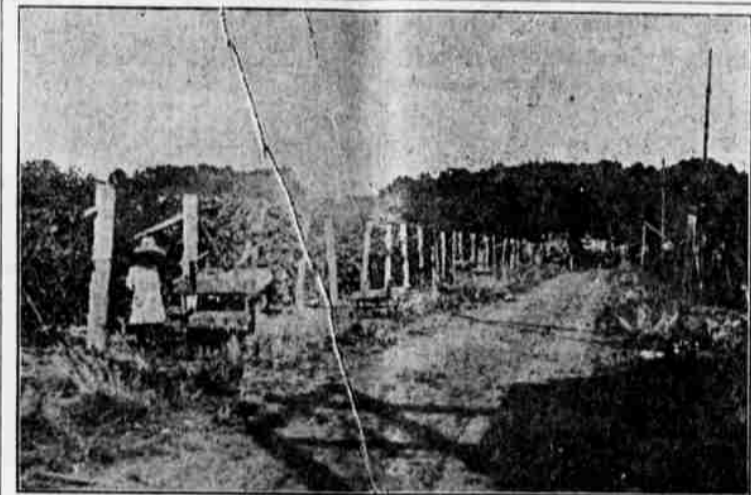
Uses and Care of the Loganberry.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The more the loganberry is studied the more wonderful its qualities appear. Possibly its greatest single asset is its remarkable keeping qualities. Who ever heard of a can of spoiled loganberries? Of course the careless and unsanitary handling given all fruit by some people would spoil anything, but if such treatment has resulted in producing bad cans or bottles of loganberries the case has not been reported.

Dried loganberries likewise have been on the market in limited quantities for several years and no loss from spoiled berries has been reported here, either by the dealers or consumers. It

"I am very enthusiastic over the possibilities of the loganberry juice; more enthusiastic now than I have ever been before. The results of our experiments with four or five of the products are results that we are proud of. Recently we made up some of this preserved juice for drinking, carbonated it and gave it out to a number of our friends to sample and test. Almost invariably they told us it was the best temperance beverage they had ever tasted. It had a wonderful color, a delightful aroma and a very pleasant flavor. In all these qualities it is superior to grape juice."

A strong association of loganberry growers has recently been formed, and a serious attempt will be made to



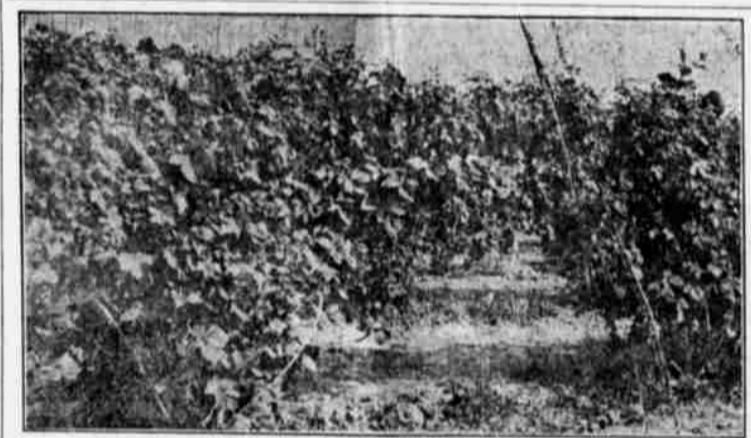
Handling Loganberry Crop.

is not only very resistant to the action of germs of decay, but appears not to be inviting to the common by-products pests.

Jams, preserves and jellies of most fruits are generally expected to display good keeping qualities, so that a great deal is expected of the loganberry in these forms. Nor has this expectation ever been disappointed, so far as reports show. Unlike the fruits that have to be heavily sugared and greatly concentrated by boiling, these loganberry products keep with a minimum of both. Hence the natural and distinctive loganberry flavors are preserved, offering the much-to-be-desired "something" different to discriminating tastes.

escape the pitfalls and hidden dangers that have attended the launching of the other great fruit industries of the Northwest. "No slump" sums up the ambition of these growers and Professor Lewis for the progress of this industry.

The association expects to accomplish this result largely by establishing rigid standards of products which all growers must adhere to in order to obtain the other advantages of the association. Every box of berries, every can, every package of dried fruit and every bottle of juice that goes out of the state is to be of first quality. The fine preserving qualities makes this ambitious program a little easier of accomplishment with the loganberry



Training the Loganberry Vines.

Most wonderful of all this berry's fine qualities is the self-preserving quality as shown in bottled juices.

The severe test of commercial fitness has been given all the foregoing products with the single exception of loganberry juices, and they have met the test in a most satisfactory manner. In addition to the commercial tests, the far more critical test of the laboratory has been applied to the products, including the juices, by the horticultural department of the Agricultural College. These tests have established beyond question the fact that the berry has very unusual preservative qualities. Concerning these qualities Professor Lewis, who conducted the tests, says:

"The loganberry has come to stay, and in it I believe that Oregon has one of its greatest horticultural assets. There are but few states that can grow good loganberries, and the demand for this berry is going to be tremendous. The output will doubtless be increased very greatly and I firmly believe the time will come when we shall ship out of Oregon ten million dollars worth of this fruit yearly."

"It is a splendid berry to work up into by-products by drying, canning and manufacturing into juices. These products will, I believe, be unsurpassed by any berry grown. It also serves as a basis for a long list of products, valuable in confections, ice cream and general city trade."

"We have conducted numerous experiments during the past year in drying, canning and juice-making with this berry, and hope to be able soon to give out the information we have gathered in handling this crop."

Lucky.

There was only a thin partition between the parlor and the taproom of the suburban hostelry, so that I could not help hearing what was perhaps a confidence about a certain Bill's terrible condition the previous day.

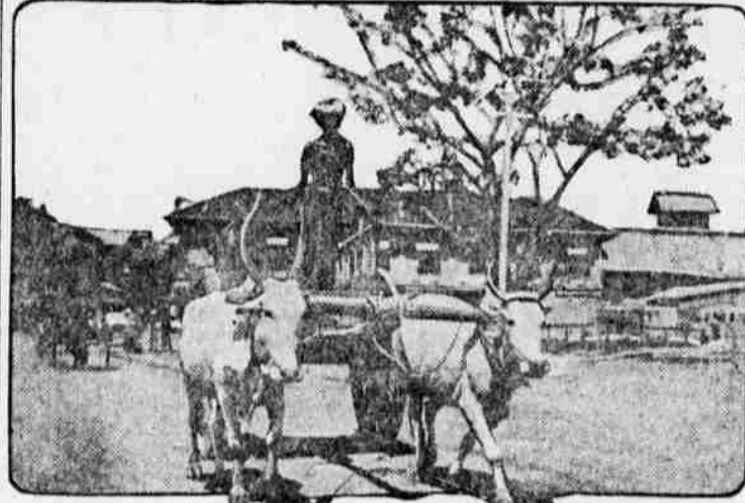
"Well, to cut the long story short," said the voice, which was husky, probably with emotion, "I had to set 'im on a doorstep and leave 'im there. 'E must 'a' fell asleep and 'is 'at dropped on t' footpath, an'—would yer believe it?—when 'e woke up there was 11 pence in it!"

Too Much for Him.

A Methodist bishop tells of a conversation he once had with a Wyoming man touching certain difficulties of the latter's religious tenets.

"Bishop," said this naive westerner, "I do not refuse to believe the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's great size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained, but when I am asked to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for 40 years in the wilderness I must confess that my faith breaks down."—Harpers' Monthly.

Way to the Middle East



TRANSPORT CART, BOMBAY

REMOTE as it is from the tourist trail, the "Middle East" is a region but little known to Americans. Each season scores of "trippers" get as far as Damascus, touch at scorching Aden's sandswep coast, or scurry by train across upper India on the beaten path "around the world." They swarm into Constantinople, too, and overflow the shores of the Mediterranean, seeking the levantine delights of Smyrna, Beirut and holy Jerusalem.

But Bagdad, Babylon and historic Ninevah—in fact the whole of Turkish Arabia and most of Persia—is still terra incognita to even the most hardened globe-trotters. Few travelers, indeed, aside from those who are forced by duty to make the arduous trip, ever penetrate this isolate though interesting region.

Shut off from the outside world by burning deserts and the hostile Persian gulf the middle East—the birthplace of nations—reflects to this day the simple, primitive life of centuries ago, uninfluenced by modern men. About Bagdad the desert Arabs live as in Abraham's nomad age, observing the same rites and customs described in the Old Testament.

Now the average American knows in a general way that Mesopotamia, Persia and Afghanistan are somewhere off in the scrambled geography of southern Asia. But let him be suddenly told to proceed, say to Bagdad, Heheran or Kabul—and he probably wouldn't know just which way to start. It was so with me—when I was ordered to Bagdad, writes Frederick Simpich in Los Angeles Times.

On the Map.

It took the tourist agency almost a week to "route" me. The ticket vendor at the desk—so often an omniscient person gossiped to sullen silence by myriads of fatuous questions, honestly admitted his ignorance when I named my destination.

"Here is Bagdad!" he pleaded, in a voice that spoke his shame.

I proudly showed him on the map—but I did not tell him how long I had hunted for it myself—locked in my room with an atlas of the world! Between us we discovered that freight for Bagdad and Persia is sent through the Suez—mostly via Bombay—and then across the Persian gulf and up the winding Tigris.

So it was my ticket read via Naples, Aden, Colombo, Bombay, Maskat, Basorah, etc. But to the very last the agent was dubious. He was loath to admit that Bagdad was really a town, and not a cigarette, a dead hero, or a strange disease. His last words were, "If you ever get there, let me know!"

At Naples the company's agent exchanged my ticket for another—bigger than the first—a sort of poster effect printed in four languages, and on which Bagdad was spelled with an "h" in the middle. And by the time the Lutzow had slipped through the Suez, and over Pharaoh's bones in the Red sea and down past "Old Aden, humped above," I was a marked man on board. I was known as "that man who is going to Bagdad."

At Colombo a Portuguese sailor got a glimpse of my trunk, with "Bagdad" painted on its end. He crossed himself nervously, and hurried into a drinking place run by a Malay. Later, at the Galle Face hotel, a Singapore man garbed in woman's clothes, selling Indian sapphires made in Paris, told me his brother had saved rupees 11 years that he might visit Bagdad. He had changed his mind at last, however, and bought a moving picture show.

Here in Colombo, Bagdad seemed fully as far away as it had in New York. But I owned a ticket—which said I might ride all the way—and three days out of Colombo I landed in seeking, milkweed Bombay, the market-place of the East.

I was glad when the red-faced "clerk" of the British-India Steamship company's office cautiously admitted, with frugal use of words, that a steamer would sail "up the gulf" next morning. From the reluctant way he let the information slip, I felt that I must be robbing the firm of an important secret. The clerk was not sure at what hour the Kola would sail; I could find out at the dock—"Really, you know, you Americans are deuced inquisitive!" Finally I coaxed him to the counter and induced him to sell me a ticket.

On the Kola's unscoured decks

camped a crowd I shall never forget, nor probably see the like of again. There were Sikhs, Singalese, Arabs, Afghans, Bagdaddies, Burmese and Jews. There were a few women, too, with rings in their noses and fancy open-work tatooing that took the place of stockings. It was a rare assortment of race, religion, language, color and clothes. The men carried knives; once there was a noisy row, and the British officers went in and disarmed the belligerents—not a simple task—and kept their knives away from them till the voyage was over. The night of the trouble, one man disappeared; he fell overboard, his companions said. Off to one side of the mass of men that littered the deck I saw a small band of Shia Musselmans bound for the shrines near Bagdad. They went through the movements of their prayers, kneeling and touching their foreheads to the deck, over and over again, and murmuring to themselves in the chant. Everyone seemed to have food and cooking-pots; some carried a live sheep, a coop of chickens, or a skin or dates. The Hindus got their food ready off in one corner, where it might not be "defiled" by contact with unbelievers. All around the deck this moving mass of humanity spread out, lying, sitting, squatting, eating, sleeping, smoking, swearing, praying, singing, gambling with greasy Turkish cards—and up from it all came more new and puzzling fumes to mix with the amazing stench of the Kola.

Barren, Dusty Town.
Two days out of Bombay—sailing northward along the flat, malarial Indian coast, past the Gulf of Cutch, we anchored at Karachee, the most important town in northwest India. From here the railway takes off to distant Quetta, on the northwest frontier; from here England flirts with the Ameer of Afghanistan safe in his forbidden retreat at Kabul—or keeps her ear to the ground to find out what Russia is doing on the north.

Karachee itself is a barren, dusty town of barracks, freight sheds and somber clay buildings. From the roof of one of the latter flew the American flag, and the consul, a genial gentleman from Tennessee, made me welcome. Long trains of camels, tied head to tail, filed through the wide streets bearing bales of goods for Baluchistan, the great province to the northwest. Karachee is the "boom town" of India. It has grown like our Seattle. Railroads and the export of grain have made it a city in a few years' time.

At Karachee the Kola took on mail for various British consuls up the gulf. Two boxes of ice, for the parboiled Englishmen at Maskat, were also taken on. Soon after sunset we sailed out to sea, making due west for Maskat and the Persian gulf—"The Gulf," sailors call it, and swear grimly.

Time Wanted.
Wanted—Time. Lady who spends her mornings at the dressmaker's, her afternoons at bridge and her evenings at the theater would like to get into communication with some efficiency expert who will be able to tell her how she can get more time. She requires time to get acquainted with her children, familiarize herself with a few of the most essential details of housekeeping, improve her mind by a little calm and serious reflection and develop an interest in an occasional subject of importance. Must be time heretofore not employed, and positively must not interfere with present activities. Money is no object whatsoever, and the highest price will gladly be paid for the requisite information. Address Exclusive, corner Rambler and Climber streets, Manhattan.—Life.

Circulation of the Blood.
The circulation of the blood through the lungs was known to Servetus, a Spanish physician, in 1553. Cesalpinus published an account of the general circulation, of which he had some confusing ideas, and his treatise was later on added to by others in 1569. The great Barpi of Venice discovered the valves which serve for the circulation; but there is no doubt that the real honor of positive discovery of the circulation of the blood belongs to William Harvey, between 1169 and 1628. The ideas of the ancients were too confused to be called a discovery, or even a theory.