

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Schumann-Heink, the famous singer, is seeking a divorce from her husband in Chicago.

At Placerville, Cal., was born the largest baby on record. The child weighed 20 pounds.

Carranza delays his answer to the request of the mediators at Niagara Falls, to join them.

President of Bryn Mawr college in Philadelphia declares the present textbooks are antiquated.

The Progressive party state committee of New York, will make a plea to Roosevelt to run for governor.

Indictments have been found against plumbers of Des Moines, Ia., charging them with conspiracy for monopoly.

A double wedding of sisters finds them assigned to the wrong husbands, according to records in San Mateo, Cal.

The crater of Mount Lassen, in California is rapidly growing in size and is emitting steam of smoky hue and volcanic ash.

"Mother" Jones was barred by Canadian immigration officials, from boarding a steamer at Seattle that would take her to the strike scene in that country.

Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma report heat wave; Ohio severe hail storms that damaged crops, while six persons are injured in Pennsylvania by near-tornado.

Damage in Los Angeles county resulting from the overflow of storm waters during the floods of last winter approximated \$10,000,000, according to a report filed with the board of supervisors by a specially appointed board of engineers of flood control.

A disastrous storm has swept over Western and Southern Japan. Several hundred boats have been wrecked and hundreds of persons are believed to have been drowned. The steamer Mongolia rescued many seamen. A hundred houses in Nagasaki have been blown down.

"The man of mystery," who has been known only as "J. C. R.," by officials of the Oak Park Infirmary and by hospital attaches at Rochester, Minn., from which he escaped, was identified in Chicago as Earl W. Iles, a mining engineer, who has been missing since 1906.

A terrific thunder storm broke over Arlington National Cemetery while President Wilson was addressing a great crowd gathered for the unveiling of the monument erected there to the Confederate dead.

King Edward and Queen Mary held court at Buckingham Palace and in spite of all precautions a suffragette gained access to their presence and caused an interruption to the presentations. As she was passing the king the suffragette dropped on her knees and shouted: "Your Majesty, for God's sake, do not use force."

The old city hall at Olympia, Wash., built in 1842, was destroyed by fire. It was erected by public subscription, and in it was inaugurated Miles C. Moore, the last territorial governor.

Charles S. Mellen's recent testimony that he, as president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, allowed himself to be indicted in the Grand Trunk case to shield the late J. Pierpont Morgan was widely denied before the Interstate Commerce commission by Lewis Cass Ledyard, of New York, who is a director of the New Haven at the time.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c; bluestem, 87c; 88c; forty-fold, 86c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 85c; Millfeed—Bran, \$23.50@24 per ton; shorts, \$23.50@27; middlings, \$32@33; Hay—Choice timothy, \$16@17; mixed timothy, \$12@15; grain hay, \$11@13; alfalfa, \$11@12.50; Barley—Feed, \$20@21 per ton; brewing, \$21.50@22; rolled, \$23.50@24; Oats—No. 1 white, milling, \$22@22.50 per ton; Corn—No. 1 white milling, \$22@22.50 per ton; Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, 36 ton; Vegetables—Cucumbers, \$1.25 per box; eggplant, 15c per pound; peppers, 20@25; radishes, 15@17 per dozen; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; artichokes, 65@75c per dozen; celery, \$3.50@4 per crate; spinach, 5c per pound; tomatoes, \$2.25@2.50 per crate; horseradish, 10@12 per pound; rhubarb, 24@30 per pound; cabbage, 1c; asparagus, \$1@1.25 per dozen; peas, 5@7c per pound; beans, 7@10c; corn, 40@50c per dozen; Onions—Red, \$2.75@3 per sack; Green Fruit—Apples, \$1.50@2.75; strawberries, \$1.10@1.25 crate; cherries, 4@10c per pound; gooseberries, 34@50c per pound; apricots, \$1.25 box; cantaloupes, \$2.25@2.75 crate; Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case count, 20@21c; candled, 22@23c; Poultry—Hens, 15c broilers, 23@25; turkeys, live, 20@21c; dressed, choice, 25@26c; ducks, 12@12.5c; geese, 10@11c; Butter—Creamery prints, extra, 27c per pound; cubes, 22@24c; Pork—Fancy, 10@10.5c per pound; Veal—Fancy, 10@10.5c per pound; Hops—1913 crop, prime and choice, 14@16c; 1914 crop, 14@15c; Wool—Valley, 20@23c; Eastern Oregon, 16@20c; mohair, 1914 clip, 27@28c per pound; Cattle—Prime steers, \$7.75@8; choice, \$7.25@7.50; medium, \$7@7.25; choice cows, \$6.50@7; medium, \$6@6.25; heifers, \$6.50@7.25; calves, \$7@9; bulls, \$4@6.25; stags, \$5.50@7; Hogs—Light, \$7.50@7.90; heavy, \$6.50@6.90; Sheep—Wethers, \$4.20@4.75; ewes, \$3.25@4.25; yearling lambs, \$4.50@5; Spring lambs, \$5.50@6.

Peace Conference Counts On Aid From Carranza

Washington, D. C.—Every indication in Washington Wednesday night pointed to participation by the constitutionalists of Mexico in the mediation conference at Niagara Falls.

While final word was awaited by his agents here from General Carranza as to the answer to be forwarded to the South American mediators to their proposals, delay was accounted for by telegraphic disturbances between the United States border and Saltillo. It was expected the definite position of the constitutionalists would be communicated to Niagara Falls before many hours.

Some of those in touch with the chief of the constitutionalists insisted that the revolutionary leaders would not consent to an armistice in the campaign against the Huerta government, but that he would express willingness to acquiesce in peace proposals if they relate to establishment of a provisional government pending a general election, provided ample representation is given in the provisional government to the belligerents against Huerta.

Should Carranza refuse a cessation of hostilities, it seemed improbable here that his representatives would be received in the mediation conference, but this contingency failed to affect the optimism of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan as to the outcome of the Mexican difficulties.

This was accounted for in great measure by the suggestion from Niagara Falls that, whatever Carranza's answer might be, the peace proposals being discussed between the Huerta commissioners and those from the United States would be incorporated into a protocol; that the mediation conference then would take a recess and that the United States government would undertake negotiations with the constitutionalists with a view to procuring their consent to the provisional government proposal.

While the mediators and Mexican delegates were deliberating on the peace plan formulated by the Washington government, President Wilson and Secretary Bryan and John Lind, who represents the State department in negotiations with Carranza's representatives here, were in conference. Later, Secretary Bryan said that both the President and himself were hopeful of participation by the constitutionalists in ultimate plans for peace in Mexico.

U. S. Cutter Ordered to Go After Karluk's Crew

Washington, D. C.—The American revenue cutter Bear has been ordered to proceed from St. Michaels, Alaska, to Wrangell Island for the purpose of rescuing the members of the crew of the Canadian steamer Karluk, of the Stefansson Arctic expedition, who are marooned on that island. Captain Bartlett, of the Karluk, is at St. Michaels and will accompany the Bear on its rescue expedition.

Seattle—The revenue cutter Bear, ordered to Wrangell Island to take off the shipwrecked people from Stefansson's flagship Karluk, cannot enter the Arctic ocean for at least four weeks, until the ice shall have broken up.

The voyage to Wrangell Island is not more difficult than the one which the Bear has made to Point Barrow for many years, carrying mails and supplies. The Bear left Nome last summer for Point Barrow on July 7. There are 18 white men and four Eskimos in the refuge camp on Wrangell Island. With return of the wild fowl to the island, food probably will become abundant.

Broken Rail to Blame

Washington, D. C.—In a report to the Interstate Commerce commission on the cause of the wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford passenger train near Westbury, R. I., October 25, 1913, H. W. Belnap, chief inspector of safety appliances, finds that derailment of the train was due to a broken rail. The wreck resulted in the injury of 74 passengers and three employes. Mr. Belnap declared investigation had shown that the rail fractured under the New Haven train by reason of the presence of transverse fissures in its head, caused by "high wheel loads with their attending strains."

Four Are Killed in Auto

Goldfield, Nev.—Four prominent Knights of Pythias, all of this city, were killed early Wednesday in an automobile accident, while returning from a meeting of the Goldfield lodge at Tonopah. Dr. E. A. Wheeler, one of the best-known physicians of Nevada, who was driving the car, turned out to avoid another machine mired in the middle of the road, skirted the edge of an embankment too closely and plunged over it. Dr. Wheeler and Daniel Falvey were pinned under the car and killed outright.

Man of 90 Leads Veterans

Chillicothe, O.—Fewer than a dozen survivors of the Mexican war, 1846-1848, attended the National Association of Mexican War Veterans' annual reunion, which opened here, Captain John A. Fisher, of Chillicothe, president of the national association, despite his 90 years, welcomed the survivors. "If I were not blind," he said, "I would offer my services to my country in the event of another war with Mexico. My infirmities are great, but my love of country is not lessened by age."

Pollen Shower Beautiful

Klamath Falls, Or.—The yellow shower which visited several sections of Eastern Oregon, came to all parts of Klamath valley, but not at the same time. At Bonanza, it came in the shape of a cloud, drifting from the south on the wind and covering everything with what was at the time reported as sulphur, supposedly from Mount Lassen. It is considered generally to be pollen, but it is more plentiful than usual.

Columbia Highway Halted By Differences of Opinion

St. Helens—With the contract for the north half of the Columbia Highway in Columbia county let and the work already under way, a halt has been called in the proceedings for the balance of the road.

The delay was made necessary by the deliberations and conferences in regard to the location of the road between Scappoose, near the Multnomath county line, and Columbia City, a few miles below St. Helens.

What seemed to be an impending clash between the State highway commission and the County court was averted by a joint session of the two bodies and a continued meeting of the state engineer and the county court from which an understanding was practically effected resulting in the approval of the state officers' part to retain as much of the old road as was practicable and keep the highway through St. Helens if the court consented to a straightening of the road between Scappoose and Warren.

With what seemed to be a practical and satisfactory settlement still un-

Most All Wool Is Bought; Prices Unusually Good

Baker—That there will be no wool sales days in Baker this year is the opinion of woolmen of this vicinity, who say that the greater part of the wool in the Baker district has already been bought from the growers and at prices approximately 3 cents higher than those paid last year.

Growers have been paid from 16 to 17 cents for fine wool, while last year the ruling price was from 13 to 14 cents.

The clip in this section is about normal, but the world clip this year has been small, and at that account the prices are higher.

Prices on coarse wool this year are about 2 cents higher than those for fine wool. Ordinarily, the differential has been as high as 5 cents, but on account of a great deal of cross-breeding for mutton lambs in the last year or so the supply all over the country of

coarse wool has been increased and that of fine wool lessened. The prices are more nearly equal for the various grades of wool.

A few sales as high as 20 cents for coarse wool have been reported, but the ruling price is from 18 1/2 to 19 1/2 cents, whereas last year it was from 17 1/2 to 18 cents.

Wool shipments have been started by the buyers, who have already cleaned this territory. High prices locally, with clip up to or possibly a shade above normal, growers assert, will do much for the industry in this section. The condition is much better than usual, locally, despite the tariff reduction.

Had the tariff remained on, wool-growers believe this year would have stood forth as the banner year for the Eastern Oregon wool industry, while, as it is, it is well above the normal.

Disposing of Hood River Strawberry Crop Difficult

Hood River—The problem of disposing of the year's strawberry crop at prices profitable to the grower is one of the most difficult ever faced by the North Pacific Fruit Distributors, according to H. F. Davidson, president of the central selling agency.

"The crop has matured 10 days earlier than usual," said Mr. Davidson. "The first of the local berries came in competition with the fruit of California and now the berries from Missouri and other Eastern points are filling the markets of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota. The Utah crop is at its height and the crop around Seattle is moving. The latter crop for several seasons has been hurt by rainy weather, but it is good this year. Despite these conditions, although the figure is a little less than anticipated, the distributors are getting a fair price as compared with former seasons.

"The crates of this year contain 24 full pint boxes, whereas in former years they were composed of 24 quart boxes, slightly short. We figure the actual value of this year's crate at about 70 per cent of that of last year. The crates contain about 60 per cent of the quantity of last year's crates, but the cost of handling is a little heavier for the grower.

"About six carloads are being shipped out daily. The White Salmon crop, which is 10 days earlier, is dropping off rapidly."

Mr. Davidson says that the apple market has gone to smash in the East.

Long Fire Season Forecast

Eugene—With the snow off the mountains a month earlier than usual and the woods dry, a long, dangerous fire season is anticipated by the government forestry officials in charge of the Cascade reserve, covering a million acres in Linn, Lane and Douglas counties. Steps are being taken to open the protection work early. Although all the guards and rangers will not be stationed before July 1, practically all lookouts in the mountains will be connected up with phones and trails by June 15.

72 Vessels Carry Lumber

Astoria—During May, 33 vessels carrying 29,964,000 feet of lumber cleared from the mills in the lower river district. Twenty-nine of the vessels, with 22,467,000 feet of lumber, sailed for coastwise points, while four carrying 7,497,000 feet of lumber, went to foreign ports. In the same period 39 vessels loaded 40,726,615 feet of lumber at the upper river mills, making a grand total of 70,684,615 feet of lumber that was shipped in cargoes from the Columbia river during the month.

\$450,000 Left for Roads

Medford—According to County Clerk Gardner the cost of the Pacific Highway construction in Jackson county to date is \$59,000. This includes the cost of the concrete surface highway from Central Point three miles toward Medford and excavation for the highway over the Siskiyou mountains.

Of this amount about \$10,000 for the engineering expenses and machinery will be refunded by the state making a total net cost at the present time about \$50,000, leaving \$450,000 available from the sale of road bonds.

Farmers Sue Railroads

Sandy—Fifteen property owners of this vicinity, mostly farmers, have joined in a suit against the Multnomath Central Railway company to regain title to a right of way from Sandy to Cottrell. This right of way was granted on condition that the company build a railroad between Sandy and Cottrell within a year, which was not done. Subscribers to a bonus of \$5000 have recovered their money. The Brightwood postoffice has been discontinued, as John McIntyre, the postmaster, did not want the office longer.

Seaside Paving Streets

Seaside—Street paving and sewer laying are on full blast here now. The contractors are under bond to complete their work on the principal streets before the middle of June, so that the summer business will not be interfered with. Concrete sidewalks are to be laid throughout the city this year.



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 tenacious. 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 prima donna—optomized 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 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 spilling 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 realities. A wild desire seized him to make a night of it—Maxim's, the cabaret; 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 true 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, indeterminate? 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 court 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. Mammas 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 acquaintances 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, sought the line of least resistance for their understanding; and built some precious exploits which included dusky island princesses, diaphanous dancers, and comtempers 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 paused, 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 dashed, 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 treader's mustache? And what a name, what a name! Eleanor 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 settling 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 Taverne Royale, where the patrons were not over particular in regard to another woman.

"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 dined 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."

"Again perhaps."

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

"You followed me here. From where?"

"Following 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 lives! Give me her address."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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.

ma, 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 scarlet 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 not that 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.

"Why Do You Think I Am Lonely, Mademoiselle?"

"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 heeded.

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

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