Was he telling the truth, I won-

dered? Some tragic romance or other

concerning a woman had, I knew, over-

me. Outwardly he was as merry as

the others. But a heavy heart beat

gered him, crushing out all life and

'Come! Tell me-what ails you?"

and I want to discover the motive of

"What!" He Gasped Suddenly Turn-

"No, dead white, with a yellow fun-

"Yes." I cried. "You are right. I

"I took him for a Scotsman."

name as Philip Hornby?"

friend." I said meaningly.

sponse.

grew fierce, and he bit his lip.

"Because he put on a Scotch ac

"And the-the man who gave his

"You are right, Gordon-he is not

Well, to tell you the truth, I'm mys-

"But at any rate you know the men."

He shook his head, still disinclined,

for some hidden reason, to reveal the

my friend," was his slow, meaning re-

ing Pale, "the Lola?"

black funnel."

they opened Hutcheson's safe."

smile. "It'll pass."

"What's the matter, Jack?" I asked.

anger, half of deep regret.

The Czar's Spy

The Mystery of a Silent Love

By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX Author of "The Closed Book," etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

The yacht Lola uarrowly escapes wreck in Legisors harbor. Gordon Gregg, locum tenens for the British consul, is called upon by Hernby, the Lola's owner, and dines aboard with him and his friend. Hylian Chater. Aboard the yacht he actidentally sees a room full of arms and ammunition and a torn photograph of a young girl. That night the consul's safe is nobbed and the Lola pris suddenly to the a. The police find that Hornby is a trailed and the Lola's name a false one. "No. But y

CHIPTER 1-Continued.

"I'zfortunately the telegraphic replies from England are only to hand lishmen abroad, you know." ashore, and walked away into the merrily away with them." town, the woman seeming to walk "But the man and the woman who past, at Portsmouth, we had been

the vessel?" I suggested.

"Of course, had I but known, I could | her owner had presented himself at showed a lot of ingenuity." the consulate, and was recognized as a respectable person, I felt that I could whole affair was most cleverly not interfere without some tangible in- planned." formation-and that, alas! has come too late. The vessel is a swift one, mory. and has already seven hours start of out a couple of torpedo-boats after her, aroused my suspicions." but, unfortunately, this is impossible, attend the naval review at Spezia."

sat listening with wide-open eyes.

You dined with them last night, reptitiously stolen your keys."

"They may," was my answer. "Prob-

The captain of the port elevated his shoulders, exhibited his palms, and de- tiously, I think." clared: "The whole affair from beginning to end is a complete and profound mystery."

CHAPTER II.

Why the Safe Was Opened.

That day was an active one in the and sagely declared it to be burglarproof, had not the thieves possessed;

Probably while I sat at dinner on board the Lola my keys had been stolen and passed on to the scarred Scotsman, who had promptly gone ashore and ransacked the place while I had remained with his master smoking and unsuspicious, but as far as Francesco and I could ascertain nothing whatever had been taken. The detective on duty at the railway station distinctly recollected a thin, middleaged man, accompanied by a lady in deep black, passing the barrier and entering the train which left at three siclock for Colle Salvetti to join the Rome express. They were foreigners, therefore he did not take the same notice of them as though they had been Italfans.

The description of the Lola, its owner, his guest, and the captain were circulated by the police to all the Mediterranean ports, with a request that the yacht should be detained. Yet if the vessel were really one of mystery. as it seemed to be, its owner would no doubt go across to some quiet anchorage on the Algerian coast out of the track of the vessels, and calmly proceed to repaint, rename and disguise his craft so that it would not be recognized in Marseilles, Naples, Smyr. sa, or any of the ports where private yachts habitually call.

For purposes of their own the police mept the affair out of the papers, and when Frank Hutcheson stepped out traordinary story.

small, strong leather hand-bag he Mackintosh." was carrying, and which contained his jealously-guarded ciphers, "By Jove!" | awoke to find itself gay with bunting, ne laughed, "how disappointed they the Italian and English flags flying

public at home appears to think."

uable documents belonging to Eng-

this morning," he went on, "because "Certainly. But there's nothing in I had taken a boat out to the Buljust before two o'clock this morning there just now. No, my dear Gordon, wark, the great battleship flying the adthe harbor police, whom I specially depend upon it that the yacht running miral's flag, and was sitting on deck yacht has upset you. You can't deny the cleverest pair in all Europe. And erd red to watch the vessel, saw a ashore was all a blind. They did it so with my old friend Capt. Jack Durn- it. book come to the wharf containing a as to be able to get the run of the con- ford of the Royal Marines. Each year man and woman. The pair were put sulate, secure the ciphers, and sail when the fleet put into Leghorn we hard set. He knew something con- Gordon, let me be frank and open

with considerable difficulty. The boat left the yacht an hour before she close friends, and now he was able returned, and an hour after, to the sailed, and who slipped away into the to pay me annual visits at my Italian complete surprise of the two de- country somewhere! I wonder who home tectives, steam was suddenly got up they were? Hornby distinctly told He was on duty that morning, thereand the yacht turned and went me that he and Chater were alone, and fore could not get ashore till after yet there was evidently a lady and a luncheon. "Leaving the man and the woman?" gentleman on board. I guessed there "Leaving them, of course. They are was a woman there, from the way the night, old chap," he said. "And you probably still in the town. The police boudoir and ladies' saloon were ar- must tell me all the news. We're in are now searching for traces of them." ranged, and certainly no man's hand here for six days, and I was half a "Fut could not you have detained decorated a dinner table as that was mind to run home." decorated."

"Yes. That's decidedly funny," rehave torbidden her departure. But as marked the consul thoughtfully. "They deck-chair, and gazed away at the

"Ingenuity! I should think so! The

us. I've asked the admiral to send away in one of the cabins. They back in November, and I really shan't

as the flotilla is sailing in an hour to mine," replied my friend. "Yachts car- week, you say? Lucky devil to be ry arms for protection in many cases, your own master! I only wish I were. I told him how the consul's safe had especially if they are going to cruise Year after year on this deck grows been opened during the night, and he along uncivilized coasts where they confoundedly wearisome, I can tell must land for water or provisions." I told him of the torn photograph.

he said at last. "They may have sur- which caused him some deep reflect ten much on naval affairs, and was

ably they did. But with what mo- torn up. Had there been a row on miralty do not encourage officers to board-a quarrel or something?"

identity of the original."

of the firm, however.'

questara, or police office, of Leghorn, the whole occurrence, as British sub-Detectives called, examined the safe, jects are under suspicion," Hutcheson



of the sleeping car from Paris on to said. "We'll see whether Scotland the platform at Pisa a few nights aft- Yard knows anything about Hornby erwards, I related to him the ex- or Chater. Most probably they do. I'll write a full report in the morning The scoundrels wanted these, that's if you will give me minute descriptions evident," he responded, holding up the of the men, as well as of the captain,

Next morning the town of Leghorn side by side everywhere, and the con-"It may be so," I said, as we entered sular standard flapping over the con-

the midnight train for Leghorn. "But sulate in the piazza. In the night the my own theory is that they were British Mediterranean fleet, cruising beneath his uniform. searching for some paper or other that down from Malta, had come into the roadstead, and at the signal from the "What can my papers concern flagship had maneuvered and dropped had become drawn and haggard. He them?" exclaimed the jovial, round- anchor, forming a long line of gigantic more the appearance of a man who his chin. faced consul. "I don't keep bank notes battleships, swift cruisers, torpedo- had been struck a blow that had stagin that safe, you know. We fellows in boat destroyers, torpedo-boats, disthe service don't roll in gold as our patch-boats, and other craft extending hope. for several miles along the coast. Ly-"No. But you may have something ing still on those calm waters was a in there which might be of value to force which one day might cause nathem. You're often the keeper of val- tions to totter, the overwhelming swered hoarsely. "Really nothing- will tell me nothing!" force which upheld Britain's right in

that oft-disputed sea.

"I'll dine with you, of course, to-

"Your time's soon up, isn't it?" I remarked, as I lolled back in the easy white port and its background of purple Apennines.

The dark, good-looking fellow, in his smart summer uniform leaned over "You said something about an ar- the bulwark, and said, with a slight sigh, I thought: "Yes. This is my "Yes, there were Maxims stowed last trip to Leghorn, I think. I go be sorry. Three years is a long time "They would not have aroused to be away from home. You go next you, my dear fellow."

Durnford was a man who had writaccepted as an expert on several "I wonder why the picture had been branches of the service. The adwrite, but in Durnford's case it was "It had been destroyed surrepti- recognized that of naval topics he possessed a knowledge that was of use, "Pity you didn't pocket the frag. and, therefore, he was allowed to ments. We could perhaps have dis- write books and to contribute critical covered from the photographer the articles to the service magazines. He had studied the relative strengths of "Ah!" I sighed regretfully. "I never foreign navies, and by keeping his thought of that. I recollect the name eyes always open he had, on many occasions, been able to give valuable in-"I shall have to report to London formation to our naval attaches at the

"I go as soon as vou've sailed. I only stayed because I promised to act for Frank," I said. "And, by Jove! a astride with his hands behind his charge-a real first-class mystery."

"A mystery-tell me," he exclaimed. suddenly interested. "Well, a yacht-a pirate yacht, I be-

lieve it was-called here." "A pirate! What do you mean?"

I'll tell you the whole affair. It'll be paint and alter her appearance. But at this very moment!" something fresh to tell at mess, for I the dining saloon. Was there a long know how you chaps get played out carved oak buffet with a big, heavy quired. of conversation." "By Jove, yes! Things slump when

center-and were there not dolphins we get no mail. But go on-I'm listen- in gilt on the backs of the chairsing," he added, as an orderly came up, an armorial device?" saluted, and handed him a paper. "Well," I said, "let's cross to the remember them! You've surely been other side. I don't want the sentry on board her!"

to overhear." "As you like-but why such mystery?" he asked, as we walked togeth- American of a rather low-down type?" er to the other side of the spick-andspan quarterdeck of the gigantic bat-

tleship. gether beneath the awning, I related Frenchman, as he wishes." to my friend the whole of the curious

circumstances. "Confoundedly funny!" he remarked "A mystery, by Jove, it is! What name did the yacht bear?"

"The Lola." "What!" he gasped, suddenly turning pale. "The Lola? Are you quite sure it was the Lola-L-o-l-a?" "Absolutely certain," I replied. "But why do you ask? Do you happen to tell me all you know concerning him? to leave to attend to her aged mother.

know anything about the craft?" He paused a moment, and I could up the mystery." see what a strenuous effort he was making to avoid betraying knowledge. tified myself. I can't yet discern their "It's-well-" he said hesitatingly, motive."

with a rather sickly smile. "It's a girl's name-a girl I once knew. The name brings back to me certain memories."

"Pleasant ones-I hope." "No. Bitter ones-very bitter ones," truth to me.

"What have you to say for your-

who they really are."

"Dat hose wasn't foah fillin' pails at -all; it was foah fillin' automobile tiahs!"-Judge.

Candy From the Fields.

of the future may be grown in the fields. Alfalfa is the medium. A man who owns food mills in Idaho and Montana announces that he can make at least seventy-five different kinds of candy from alfalfa. There is also a mill in California that makes meal from alfalfa, which is for the raw material of the candy maker. A rich if they do make mistakes? They can grade of sirup may also be made from alfalfa. The discoverer is so enthusiastic over the results of his alfalfa research that he is planning for the manufacture of alfalfa flour, which he asserts will be superior to all other dis mawnin', I filled a bucket wif flours for baking. This mill will prob-

One of the latest promises from modern discoveries is that the candy has said in substance:

could not." "How was that?" "He looked so cheap when she turned him down that she snapped

he said in a hard tone, striding across "You saw no woman on board?" he the deck and back again, and I saw asked suddenly, looking straight into in his eyes a strange look, half of my eyes.

"No. Hornby told me that he and Chater were alone."

"And yet an hour after you left a man and a woman came ashore and shadowed his life in the years before disappeared! Ah! If we only had a we had become acquainted. But the description of that woman it would rereal facts he had never revealed to veal much to us."

"She was young and dark-haired, so the other fellows who officered that the detective says. She had a curious huge floating fortress; on board he fixed look in her eyes, which attracted was a typical smart marine, and on him, but she wore a thick motor veil, shore he danced and played tennis so that he could not clearly discern and flirted just as vigorously as did her features"

"And her companion?"

"Middle-aged, prematurely gray When he returned to where I stood with a small, dark mustache." I saw that his face had changed; it Jack Durford sighed and stroked

"Ah! Just as I thought," he exclaimed. "And they were actually here, in this port, a week ago! What a bitter irony of fate!"

"I don't understand you," I said "Nothing, my dear old chap," he an-"You are so mysterious, and yet you

"The police, fools that they are only a touch of the blues just for a moment," he added, trying hard to have allowed them to escape, and they will never be caught now. Ah! you "What I've just told you about that don't know them as I do! They are they have the audacity to call their He started. His mouth was, I saw, craft the Lola-the Lola, of all names! were inseparable, for in long years cerning that mysterious craft, but with you, my dear old fellow. I would not tell me. "Why are you silent?" I asked slow-ly, my eyes fixed upon my friend the stand!" And his final words seemed officer. "I have told you what I know, to choke him.

I stood before him, open-mouthed in the visit of those men, and the reason astonishment.

"You really mean-well, that you "I admit that I have certain grave are in fear of them-eh?" I whis suspicions," he said at last, standing pered.

> He nodded slowly in the affirmative adding: "To tell you the truth would be to bring upon myself a swift, relentless vengeance that would over whelm and crush me. Ah! my dear fellow, you do not know-you cannot dream-what brought those desperate men into this port. I can guess-I can guess only too well-but I can only tell you that if you ever do discover the terrible truth-which I fear is unlikely-you will solve one of the strangest and most remarkable mys teries of modern times."

"What does the mystery concern?" I asked, in breathless eagerness. "It concerns a woman."

CHAPTER III.

The House "Over the Water."

I had idled away a pleasant month up in Boston, and from there had gone north to the Lakes, and it was one hot evening in mid-August that I found myself again in London, crossing St James' square from the Sports club. I had just turned into Pall Mall when a voice at my elbow suddenly ex claimed in Italian:

"Ah, signore!-why, actually, my pa drone!"

And looking around I saw a thinfaced man of about thirty, dressed in neat but rather shabby black, whom I instantly recognized as a man who had been my servant in Leghorn for two years, after which he had left to better himself.

"Why, Olinto!" I exclaimed, sur he left noble personification of wis- pleting the background. funny thing occurred while I was in back, his sword trailing on the white prised as I halted "You-in Lon deck. "You say that the yacht was don-eh? Well, and how are you get called the Lola-painted gray with a ting on?"

"Most excellently, signore," he an swered in broken English, smiling "But it is so pleasant for me to see "Ah! Of course," he remarked, as my generous padrone again. What "Well, she was English. Listen, and though to himself. "They would re- fortune it is that I should pass here

"Where are you working?" I incornice with three gilt dolphins in the "At the Restaurant Milona, in Ox first portrait, which was destroyed,

ford street-only a small place, but we gain discreetly, so I must not complain. I live over in Lambeth, and am on my way home."

When we halted before the Na tional gallery prior to parting I made "The captain, who gave his name to some inquiries regarding Armida, the you as Mackintosh, is an undersized black-eyed, good-looking housemaid whom he had married.

"Ah, signore!" he responded in a voice choked with emotion, dropping cent," he laughed. "He's a man who into Italian. "It is the one great sor-"You'll understand when I tell you can speak a dozen languages brokenly, row of my life. I work hard from the story." And then, standing to- and pass for an Italian, a German, a early morning until late at night, but what is the use when I see my poor wife gradually fading away before my very eyes? The doctor says that she Durnford's mouth closed with a cannot possibly live through the next with his dark eyes fixed upon mine. snap. He drew a long breath, his eyes winter. Ah! how delighted the poor girl would be if she could see the pa-

"Ah! I see he is not exactly your drone again!" I felt sorry for him. Armida had been a good servant, and had served me well for nearly three years. Old Rosina, my housekeeper, had often "Then why not be outspoken and regretted that she had been compelled Frank Hutcheson is anxious to clear | The latter, he told me, had died, and afterwards he had married her. He asked so wistfully that his wife might see me once more that, having nothing very particular to do that evening, and feeling a deep sympathy for the poor I argued. "You can at least tell us fellow in his trouble. I resolved to accompany him to his house and see whether I could not, in some slight manner, render him a little help. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Child's Allowance.

Should boys and girls have their own allowance, in proportion to the means of the parents, as soon as they are old enough to know the value of money? This is what many a parent

"Certainly. An allowance is the best safeguard against the habit of ex travagance, if the child is taught to spend the money judiciously and to keep a strict account of all expenditures. It is absurd to think that a boy is not capable of buying his own neckties or a girl her handkerchiefs. What be taught to profit by them and they must learn to rely upon themselves sooner or later. Children like to be trusted and will seldom betray confidence.'

A Bargain. "She intended to refuse him, but she is such a lover of bargains that she

attempt to elope.

The last sitting given by Washing- | the man to whom it was intrusted was ton was for Sharpless, who made a afraid to keep it in his house for fear

THE JOYOUS FOURTH

By William Gerard Chapman

Gee, don't I wish the Fourth wuz here!

It seems like I can't wait

That blame' red-figger date.

Oh, more'n you could think,

So shiny makes you blink.

Until the days jest catch up with

A bully cannon, too, of brass,

The minute when I get awake,

Bout four o'clock or so,

An' grab my box an' go

An' light my punk -- an', say!

You won't hear nothing much but noise

The rest o' that whole day.

But, gosh! that ain't a circumstance

You'll see some doin's, then!

An' shoot them all around the town;

Afore each house we'll set one down

Then jest you hear the din!

An' pour the powder in,

Some folks'll come a-runnin' out

An' raise an awful row;

But most'll laugh like fun an' shout

But Ma sez, "Mercy me!

Why you're so set on gettin' burns

A boy's Ma never learns

A-gettin' of those burns.

As how he has jest loads o' fun

portions of the subject's features.

that he kept his subject from self-

dom and serenity to the American peo-

ple in the person of the first president

In color and finish, as well as in life-

like resemblance of features, no Wash-

ington artist has approached him. At

was probably traceable to this fact.

was made expressly for the Marquis

of Lansdowne, who was so delighted

with the canvas that he declared it

was only his advanced years which

prevented his crossing the ocean to

thank Washington for allowing this

Although several copies of this paint-

ing were made by Stuart, the painting

in the White House, so long/consid-

ered his, was not done by that master.

It is the work of an obscure artist.

who substituted his own copy for an

original which the government pur-

picture to be taken.

chased for \$800.

country.

of the nation.

An' blisters, I can't see."

"Jest get along, boys, now."

Oh, gee, I wish the Fourth wuz here!

But shucks! who cares for things like that?

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

An' set the other top of it --

We'll break in Si, the blacksmith's, shop

Then there'll be noise, don't doubt!

To what'll happen when It gets right dark. You jest be there;

An get his anvils out

You bet I'll hustle in my clothes

A-kitin' out behin' the barn

I got a lot o' fire-works,

mathematically correct profile which of being punished by English invaders furnishes the authority for the pro-As Stuart did not excel in represent ing Washington's figure, this picture Of all painters, none achieved more does not meet all the requirements of than Gilbert Stuart, who, it is general- a good painting. The hand is said to ly agreed, has given to the world the be too small, as Stuart used the was best likeness of the man. Stuart's model of his own hand in making the success was probably due to the fact | picture.

Stuart's famous Washington por consciousness by entertaining him. In trait, made for Mrs. Washington, was the two originals of this artist, and in never entirely finished, because the the twenty-six copies which he made, artist always managed to delay com Washington, after frequent sittings became annoyed and told the artist that he would sit no more, but to send

the picture home when it was finished Later, when he saw the advantage which having such an original afford ed Stuart, who was thereby enabled to make numerous copies, he told the artist that he himself would be satis-

the time of the Stuart sitting Washington's mouth appeared rather unnatural on account of two new seahorse ivory front teeth which substituted for fied with a copy. the general's own. The failure of the It has been the original of this picture which has been perpetuated by The Stuart picture of Washington standing with a sword in his left hand

thousands of copies distributed throughout the world. It is now the property of the Boston athenaeum Stuart's freshness of color, his skill ful modeling of the forehead, the dignity yet kindliness shown in the picture, image all that a grateful people expect to find in the sublime character of the father of his country. The artist realized that he was

painting for future generations, for when someone suggested to him that he had made Washington's eyes too blue, he answered that in a hundred years the color would be just right.

With the excellence of Stuart's features, with the exactness of Peale's Another interesting fact about this and Trumbull's figures, and the life picture is that during the time when cast of Houdon, it remains for a modthe British were in Washington in ern master to make a composite pic 1814 it stood out in inclement weather ture of Washington which shall satisfor several days. This was because fy all demands.



Not to be outdone by France or Ger- | him round and, Poland having no many, "bleeding Poland," today a na- further attraction for him at that time. tion only in the wonderful unity of its he came to aid the struggling colopeople the world over, and in revolu- nists in America. Through Franklin's aid he was given tionary times in last throes of in-

voluntary dissolution, sent her sons a place on Washington's staff, and to wage in America the struggle for afterward made colonel of engineers, freedom that had gone against them a position for which he was eminently at home. So Count Casimir Pulaski fitted by a careful military training in and Thaddeus Kosciuszko came to this the best schools of Europe. He was with Gates at Saratoga, with Greene To tell of the life of Kosciuszko in the Carolinas, and again in charge would be to tell of a wonderful old- of the fortification of West Point on world romance, of love and hardships, the Hudson.

of discouragements and great tri-When he had finished at West Point

that place was considered the strong-Son of a Lithuanian noble, he came est fortress in America, and Washingto this country as a result of a love ton took pains to pay tribute to Kosaffair with one of higher rank than he, ciuszko's genius. At the end of the bearing with him, it is said, a blood- war he was a major general in the stained handkerchief, the only memen- Continental army. Then he went back to Poland to

to of the girl who had won his heart, fight for his own people. His efforts only to be snatched away from him by force, at the conclusion of a dramatic were unsuccessful, and, after a checkered career, he died in 1817 at Soleure, The couple were overtaken and Kos- Switzerland. His heart was buried ciuszko was left all but dead, the for under a monument there, and his body gotten kerchief on his breast. But his embalmed and afterward laid at rest

youth and iron constitution brought at Cracow.

CREDIT THIS TO "DRUMMERS" didn't know how to go about it; she Knights of the Road Put Up Shrewd Scheme to Aid Widow in

Dire Situation. "That the drummer is the right sort of chap was demonstrated to me today," said a Pittsburger, "Coming in on the train was a widow woman with band had just died and left her a gum "ou could tell she had seen done you good." good, easy times, but maybe there was some neglect about insurance. What GOT HOLD OF WRONG HOSE with the kids and other reasons you could see she was nervous about this traveling. Anyhow, we hadn't gone far before the conductor found out that she was on the wrong train. Then she broke down, but she was as proud as a well-bred woman could be. It didn't take the drummers-there were six of them-long to find out that she was so man. hadly fixed that she had spent her last dollar on tickets and was like to be asked the court. stranded with the kids in a place

was so darned reserved that no one self?". had the nerve to offer to pull her out. But finally they got in the smoke room | a little white cloud and coughed up and figured out the thing on a time enough flour to make a batch of bistable. They all chipped in and then cuits. called in the conductor. He was the right sort of a fellow. The way he done it was fine. He walked back to three kids. From the amount of her said he had telegraphed to New York drapery she had on I guess her hus and had had the tickets changed. To see that woman's face would have ble a half-smothered "No."

Covered with white from head to foot, the prisoner looked like a snow

where she didn't want to land. The cer 666, "and I thought he was trying an'-an' den it happened!" drammers wanted to help her, but they to blow up a building."

"Can't you speak?" A negative shake of the man's head the lady with a thoughtful air and hair from a woolly dog.

Colored Man Intended to Make Paste, But Instead He Landed in the Police Court.

"With what is this man charged?" "I saw a white cloud," replied Offi- wouldn't turn. I gabe one big twist, out to be a reality, there may be ex-

For answer the prisoner puffed out

sent flour into the atmosphere like "Are you a baker?" This time the man managed to mum-"Then what on earth are you?"

er finally blurted: "Bill poster." "Did you fall into a flour bin?" Rubbing his face until a dusky skin began to show through its white coating, the prisoner explained:

After several false starts the prison-

"No, sah. W'en I run out ob paste flouah an' went across de street, where ably be ready in six months. He has I saw a big hose by de side ob a build- a mill in Idaho that has been making ing. I put de nozzle ob de hose into a balanced food for live stock out of de bucket, but at first de handle "What happened?"

alfalfa. If the candy experiment turns pected a large increase in the acreage of the planting.