

The PLACE OF HONEY-MOONS

HAROLD MACGRATH

Pictures by C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Eleanora de Toscana 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 accosted by a pretty young woman. She gave him the address of Flora Besimone, vocal rival of Toscana, and Flora gives him the address of Eleanora, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanora's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanora, Courtland arranges for an alibi. Eleanora reappears and accuses Courtland of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtland also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanora, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtland into his favor at once. He introduces Courtland to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him. Nora's confessor suspects a mystery involving Nora and Courtland. He takes a strong fancy to the young man. Nora's suitors become more and more persistent.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtland went his way alone.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and chucked Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me?" cried the bewildered Harrigan.

"Look at those tennis shoes; one white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtland asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobody noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!" He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever shove a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He rammed one of the colonel's perfects (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh. "He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to bed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat out on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?"

"Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"Yes."

"A bunch of daisies?"

"Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp.

Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedrooms, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking off toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring Alpine rain, and a blue-gray monotone prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars of Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Barone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some trick of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on, his elbows propped upon his knees, his chin in his palms, and a quality of ecstatic content in his eyes.

"Play the fourth ballade," urged Abbott.

As Celeste began the andante, Nora signified to the Barone to drop his work. She let her own hands fall. Harrigan gently closed his book, for in that rough kindly soul of his lay a mighty love of music. He himself was without expression of any sort, and somehow music seemed to stir the dim and not quite understandable longing for utterance. Mrs. Harrigan alone went on with her work; she could work and listen at the same time. After the magnificent finale, nothing in the room stirred but her needle.

"Bravo!" cried the Barone, breaking the spell.

"You never played that better," declared Nora.

"That's some!" Harrigan beat his hands together thunderously. "Great stuff; eh, Barone?"

The Barone raised his hands as if to express his utter inability to describe his sensations. His elation was that ascribed to those fortunate mortals whom the gods lifted to Olympus. At his feet lay the lace hemming, hopelessly snarled.

"Father, father!" remonstrated Nora; "you will wake up all the old ladies who are having their siesta."

"Bah! I'll bet a doughnut their ears are glued to their doors. What ho! Somebody's at the portcullis. Probably the padre, come up for tea."

He was at the door instantly. He flung it open heartily. It was characteristic of the man to open everything widely, his heart, his mind, his hate or his affection.

"Come in, come in! Just in time for the matinee concert."

The padre was not alone. Courtland followed him in.

"We have been standing in the corridor for ten minutes," affirmed the padre, sending a winning smile around the room. "Mr. Courtland was for going down to the bureau and sending up our cards. But I would not hear of such formality. I am a privileged person."

"Sure yes! Molly, ring for tea, and tell 'em to make it hot. How about a little peg, as the colonel says?"

The two men declined.

How easily and nonchalantly the man stood there by the door as Harrigan took his hat! Celeste was aquiver with excitement. She was thoroughly a woman; she wanted something to happen, dramatically, romantically.

But her want was a vain one. Nora hated scenes, and Courtland had the advantage of her in his knowledge of this. Celeste remained at the piano, but Nora turned as if to move away.

"No, you must sing. That is what I came up for," insisted the padre. If there was any malice in the churchman, it was of a negative quality. But it was in his Latin blood that drama should appeal to him strongly, and here was an unusual phase in The Great Play. He had urged Courtland, much against the latter's will this day, to come up with him, simply that he might set a little scene such as this promised to be and study it from the vantage of the prompter. He knew that the principal theme of all great books, of all great dramas, was antagonism, antagonism between man and woman, though by a thousand other names has it been called. He had often said, in a spirit of railery, that this antagonism was principally due to the fact that Eve had been constructed (and very well) out of a rib from Adam. Naturally she resented this, that she had not been fashioned independently, and would hold it against man until the true secret of the parable was made clear to her.

Nora saw that opposition would be useless. After all, it would be better to sing. She would not be compelled to look at this man she so despised. At the beginning she had intended to sing badly; but as the music proceeded, she sang as she had not sung in weeks. To fill this man's soul with a hunger for the sound of her voice, to pour into his heart a fresh knowledge of what he had lost forever and forever!

Celeste turned from the keys after the final chords of "Morning Mood."

"Thank you!" said Nora.

"Do not stop," begged Courtland.

Nora looked directly into his eyes as she replied: "One's voice can not go on forever, and mine is not at all strong."

There was a knock at the door. The

managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jill to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his caesock, a sign of perturbation; Courtland continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasantly. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to himself in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practising infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtland, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictions.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving; you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always they turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing! She set down her tea cup and began the aria from La Boheme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odds Were Too Great.

Walter McQueen, a person of color, faced Justice Howard in the police court at Jackson, Tenn., the charge against him being assault and battery on the person of Lily Belle Hopper. In addition to the battered complainant three of her friends appeared as witnesses against him. The clerk read the warrant, beginning: "City of Jackson, Tenn., against Walter McQueen"—and so on. The prisoner scratched his head, meantime contemplating the glowering faces of the chief witnesses for the prosecution. "Please, sir, read that fust part over agin to me," he requested. "City of Jackson, Tenn., against Walter McQueen," obliged the clerk. "Well, Judge," said Walter, "ef de whole city of Jackson an' dese foah cullid ladies is organized ag'inst one nigger, what chance has he got? 'Is guilty!'"

Four Precepts.

Four precepts to live by: To break off old customs; to shake off spirits ill-disposed; to meditate on youth; to do nothing against one's genius.—Hawthorne.

VALUABLE TO FARMER

Hawks and Owls Destroy Many Voracious Rodents.

Ferruginous Roughleg Is One of Our Largest and Most Beneficial Birds, as It Feeds on Meadow Mice and Other Mammals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

According to biological authorities of the United States department of agriculture, certain hawks and owls are of value to the farmer in destroying voracious rodents. Notwithstanding the deep-rooted prejudice against these birds, it is the belief that the good they do overbalances the evil.

Hawks and owls may be divided arbitrarily into four classes:

1. Species wholly beneficial.
2. Those chiefly beneficial.
3. Those in which beneficial and harmful qualities about balance.
4. Harmful species.

It should be stated that several birds of prey belong to one or another class, according to locality. A hawk or owl may be locally injurious because at that place mice, squirrels, insects and other noxious animals are scarce, and consequently the bird is driven to feed on things of more or less value to man, while in other regions where its natural food abounds, it does absolutely no harm. A good example of this kind is the great horned owl.

To the wholly beneficial class, the squirrel hawk or ferruginous roughleg and the four kites—the white-tailed kite, Mississippi kite, swallow-tailed kite and everglade kite—belong.

The chiefly beneficial class contains a majority of our hawks and owls, and includes the following kinds: Marsh hawk, Harris hawk, red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, short-tailed hawk, Swainson hawk, broad-winged hawk, Mexican black hawk, Mexican



Sharp-shinned Hawk—The Enemy of Small Birds and Chickens—Upper Figure, Immature Female; Lower Figure, Adult Male.

goshawk, sparrow hawk, Audubon caracara, barn owl, long-eared owl, short-eared owl, great gray owl, barrel owl, western owl, Richardson owl, Acadian owl, screech owl, flammulated screech owl, snowy owl, hawk owl, burrowing owl, pygmy owl, ferruginous pygmy owl and elf owl.

The class in which the harmful and beneficial qualities balance includes the golden eagle, bald eagle, pigeon hawk, Richardson hawk, Aplomado falcon, prairie falcon and great horned owl.

The harmful class comprises the gyrfalcons, duck hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper hawk and goshawk.

The rough-legged hawk and the ferruginous roughleg, or squirrel hawk, as it is sometimes called on account of its fondness for ground squirrels, so destructive in the West, are among our largest and most beneficial hawks. The former breeds wholly north of the United States, migrating south in September and October and remaining until the following April. The latter breeds extensively through the great plains region. The winter range of the roughleg is determined more by the fall of snow than by the intensity of cold, the main body advancing and retreating as the barrier of snow melts or accumulates. Meadow mice and lemmings form the staple food of this bird. Lemmings do not reach our territory, except in Alaska, but in the north of Europe they occasionally form into vast, migrating, devastating hordes, which carry destruction to crops in the country invaded. The vole, or meadow mouse, is common in many parts of this country, and east of the Mississippi river, without doubt is the most destructive mammal to agriculture. It destroys meadows by tunneling under them and eating the roots of grass. This mouse also destroys grain and various kinds of vegetables, especially tubers, but probably does even more damage by girdling young fruit trees.

The roughleg is one of man's most important allies against meadow mice, feeding on little else during its six months' sojourn in the United States. This renders important service in checking the ravages of these small but formidable pests. The roughleg is somewhat crepuscular in habits, being on the alert during twilight and early dawn, when small mammals are most active. Other mice, rabbits and ground squirrels are eaten occasionally, and some of the older writers

state that waterfowl are captured by this bird, but there is no known instance of its attacking birds. Stomachs of specimens shot in locations teeming with waterfowl contained nothing but the remains of meadow mice.

The ferruginous roughleg is as fully beneficial as its relative, though the character of its food differs somewhat. In many parts of the country inhabited by it, meadow mice, which play such an important part in the economy of the other bird, are scarce or wanting, but are replaced by nearly as destructive rodents, the ground squirrels. Upon these this large and



Sharp-shinned Hawk—The Enemy of Small Birds and Chickens—Upper Figure, Immature Female; Lower Figure, Adult Male.

handsome hawk wages continuous warfare, and great is the service it performs in keeping their numbers in check. Rabbits, prairie dogs, and occasionally pouched gophers are eaten.

The marsh hawk is one of the most valuable on account of its abundance, wide distribution and habits. It is more or less common throughout the United States, and may be easily recognized by its white rump, slender form and long, narrow wings, as it beats untrilingly over the meadows, marshes and prairie lands in search of food. If it were not that occasionally it pounces upon small birds, game and poultry, its place in the first class would be insured, for it is an indefatigable mouser. Rodents, such as meadow mice, rabbits, arboreal squirrels and ground squirrels, are its favorite quarry. In parts of the West the last-named animals form its chief subsistence. Lizards, snakes, frogs and birds also are taken.

Abundant proof is at hand to show that the red-tailed hawk greatly prefers the smaller mammals, reptiles and batrachians, taking little else when these can be obtained in sufficient numbers. If hard pressed by hunger, however, it will eat any form of life and will not reject even offal and carrion; dead crows from about the roosts, poultry which has been thrown on the compost heap, and flesh from the carcasses of goats, sheep, and the larger domesticated animals are eaten at such times.

The red-shouldered hawk, or, as it is sometimes incorrectly called, the "hen hawk," is common, and very valuable to the farmer. It is more nearly omnivorous than most of our birds of prey, and is known to feed on mice, birds, snakes, frogs, fish, grasshoppers,



Great Horned Owl.

centipedes, spiders, crawfish, earthworms, and snails. About 90 per cent of its food consists of injurious mammals and insects, and hardly 1 1/2 per cent of poultry and game.

Danger in Mixing Salt.

There is risk in mixing salt in dry mash, as it is impossible to distribute it evenly. It is injurious to a fowl to eat too much of it. The only safe way is to give it in wet mash. The proper way of mixing is to use about a tablespoonful to a gallon of water. After allowing the salt to dissolve use the water for mixing the mash.

Good Chicken Matings.

Good matings are six to ten hens of the Asiatic class (Brahmas, Cochins, etc.); ten to fourteen of the American class (Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, etc.); and fourteen to twenty of the Mediterranean class (Leghorns, Minorcas, etc.).

LURED BY THE PHOTOPLAYS

Leo Delaney Has Right to Practice at the Bar, But Prefers the Life of the Stage.

There are few, even among the ranks of film men, who know that

Leo Delaney is fully entitled to practice as a lawyer before the New York bar. After completing his course at Manhattan college, he took up law at New York University Law school. But he was too good as an amateur actor for his safety, and the "boogie managers" got him. His long stage career includes six years with the Kirk La Shelle company and frequent appearances in New York with prominent stars. Then, six years ago, the motion picture, just beginning to reach out for recognized stage players, captured Leo Delaney. Equally at home in light comedy and dramatic roles, by virtue of his long training in the hard and painstaking school of actual stage work, it was not long before he was in filmdom's select society and recognized as one of the players with a following. If any proof of the strength of his popularity were needed the quickness with which he was invariably recognized by the fans at the recent New York exposition and the writer's cramp be developed on several occasions from signing autographs are all-sufficient.

In a Hurry to Get Back.

There's a story current in New York about Ed Coxen and his incurable love of the far West. The last time he was in New York, trying his luck at the theatrical office, he stayed at a Broadway hotel, where he became friendly with several young men in the legitimate, also looking for jobs. They used to meet in the hotel lobby at night and exchange the adventures of the day. Coxen never failed to pour out a flood of bitter reproaches against the sordid, iniquitous, altogether intolerable great city of the East.

One evening, as one of the other actors relates the incident, Coxen began as usual on his homestead trade, when, suddenly he stopped. Boarding the elevator, he shot up without a word. In less than fifteen minutes he was back, suitcase in hand.

"Good-by, boys, and good luck to you!" he cried. "I'm taking the Transcontinental express tonight to California." It's that same impetuosity that carries him along splendidly in film pictures.

Hawaii in the Movies.

Another nook of the world has been unlooked and is in the process of being made familiar to every film fan the earth over. Hawaii is the popular nook which has been scooped up most thoroughly and extensively by Henry McKee and his company, just recently returned from several weeks spent on the islands. Among some of the pictures made there are "The Island of Abandoned Hope," "Cast Adrift in the South Seas," "Lehua of the South Seas," and "Tribal War in the South Seas," picturing lively stories with the additional virtues of geographically correct backgrounds and much incidental information in regard to the manners, customs and beliefs of the Hawaiians.

German Inventor's Claims.

For the moment the most important news of the motion picture field seems too good to be true, and it is given here rather as a rumor than a definite fact. A German inventor professes to have accomplished the synchronization of the film and the talking machine, so that he can produce a play with the spoken words, or even an opera with that degree of realism which has been the hope of specialists here and in Europe for at least six years. Partly successful experiments along these lines will be recalled, but perfection has seemed unattainable.

Margaret Gibson Wins Prize.

Before a crowd of 50,000, and in a mile-long parade of automobiles passing before five judges, pretty Margaret Gibson won first place in the annual Bathing Girls' Automobile parade held at Ocean Park, Cal. In capturing first prize, Miss Gibson received a check for \$50, and in addition, a shining gold and silver loving cup.

Do It On the Spot.

A motion picture machine that may be packed away in a traveling man's kit has been invented, and it will hereafter be possible for the salesman to exhibit his wares anywhere. Heretofore managers have had to go to a studio or to some theater to see films demonstrated.

Leah Baird Changes Plans.

Leah Baird, who appeared for some time in the motion picture, has rejoined the studio where she made her debut as a screen player. Miss Baird has already taken part in a photoplay with her new company which will be presented in the near future.

Staging Famous Production.

Alan Dwan is staging the Famous Players' production of "Wild Flowers," by Mary Germaine. Marguerite Clark is to be featured in this picture, supported by Harold Lockwood.