

The PLACE OF HONEY-MOONS

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Pictures
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CHAPTER I.

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 tenseness. 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 stage whence came the voice of the prima donna—epitomized 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 incensed cavern 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 splashing 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 conduced to clarity of thought. And mayhap 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



A Woman Issued Forth.

goal this night. He realized this clearly, now that he was face to face with actualities. A wild desire seized him to make a night of it—Maxim's, the cabarets; 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, indeterminately? 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 dragoman 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 port 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. Mamas 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's, sought the line of least resistance for their understanding, and built some precious exploits which included dusky island princesses, diaphanous dancers, and comic-opera 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 prefer 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 dwindled, 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

ber Bible. Ah, these Americans; they are very amusing."

"She was in magnificent voice tonight. I wonder why she never sings Carmen?"

"Have I not said that she is too cold? What! Would you see frost grow upon the toreador's mustache? And what a name, what a name! Eleonora 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 setting 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 the laws of fashion, and where certain ladies with light histories sought further adventures to add to their heptamersons. Now, Courtlandt thought neither of the one nor of the other. He desired isolation, safety from intrusion; and here, did he so signify, he could find it. He sat down at a vacant table and ordered a pint of champagne, drinking hastily rather than thirstily.

Would monsieur like anything to eat?

No, the wine was sufficient. Courtlandt poured out a second glass slowly. The wine bubbled up to the brim and overflowed. He had been looking at the glass with unseeing eyes. He set the bottle down impatiently. Fool! To have gone to Burma, 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.

"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 but 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. "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 sha'n't," he added.

The spark of eagerness in her eyes was instantly curtailed. "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 idled 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."

"The opera?"

"Again perhaps."

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

"You followed me here. From where?"

"Followed 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



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

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.)

DEPORTED A TWO-YEAR-OLD

Governor of Russian Town of Kursk, Sent Baby Away With Strong Escort of Soldiers.

A baby was arrested and by means of a formidable-looking order, properly signed, sealed and delivered, the governor of the town of Kursk, in central Russia, has made himself sufficiently ridiculous to insist upon the solemn deportation, under a stern escort of armed soldiers, of an innocent two-year-old baby boy! The child is the son of a Jewish dentist, M. Kohan. The latter, with his wife, was ordered to leave the town a few days ago. The couple complied with the order, but left their infant son with friends, as he was in too delicate a state of health to travel during the cold weather. Under the pretext that Jewish children must not live without their parents outside a certain prescribed area, the zealous police arrested the baby and ordered the friends of M. Kohan to take immediate steps to send the boy away. M. Kohan's friends asked for a delay so that they might communicate with the parents, but the governor ordered the baby to be sent away under an armed escort comprised of soldiers with fixed bayonets. This implies traveling with criminals in rough conveyances and sleeping in prisons en route until the infant reaches his parents.

Inherited Character.

It has been explained that character and behavior of all organic matter, plants as well as animals and human beings, is determined by what are known as character units. Thus in taking a hypothetical case of the shrewd, cruel father and the shiftless, kind mother, we have four distinct character units, which through inheritance reappear variously grouped in the offspring.

Some of our joys and most of our sorrows are due to ignorance.

Butte, Montana, Rioters For Time Control City

Butte, Mont.—An attempt to lynch two special deputy sheriffs, efforts to throttle the newspapers, intimidation of the fire department of the city and general rioting featured the Monday disturbance brought about the schism in the Miners' Union, which became wide Sunday during the celebration of the organization's 34th anniversary and was capped by the dynamiting of the homes of two officers of the union by insurgents.

Early in the afternoon a crowd took two prisoners from the jail; later took possession of an aerial fire truck, which was moved through the street by the city authorities in an effort to disperse the crowds, and threats to lynch Special Deputies Owen Cribben and Martin Harkins, failed to materialize only when police, with drawn guns, rescued the two men and backed down an alley with them.

Two miners who had threatened the lynching were arrested and taken from the mob by the same stroke that saved the deputies and were placed in the jail, but later the mob became so menacing that Chief of Police Jere Murphy ordered the two prisoners released. The crowd carried the two away on their shoulders.

When the city attempted to move the fire truck through the streets on a false alarm the rioters climbed into the machine and began to run it, but gave it back to the firemen after cautioning them not to attempt again to run through the crowd in the street.

Delegations went to two fire stations and told the firemen not to take machines from the building until they were certain there was a fire. The crowd followed the machine back to the station, broke several windows and did minor damage.

The remainder of the day was spent in parading the streets until the members of the newly-appointed executive committee of the insurgent miners, constituting themselves a law and order committee, informed the agitators that no more disorder would be tolerated, and succeeded in dispersing the gathering, the miners going to their homes.

A delegation visited the three newspaper offices and demanded that no further mention be made derogatory to the I. W. W. and that the words "mob" and "rioters" not appear in any newspaper story.

Ex-Vice Pres't Stevenson Dies While Unconscious

Chicago—Adlai E. Stevenson, vice president of the United States through the second Cleveland administration, died here late Monday at a hospital after an illness of several months.

His three children were at his bedside when death came.

Mr. Stevenson was 78 years old. His last illness followed a five months' vigil at the bedside of his wife who died six months ago. Mr. Stevenson suffered a nervous breakdown, and a month ago he came to Chicago from his home at Bloomington, Ill., for treatment. His condition gradually became worse and he entered a hospital. The burden of his years and the oppressive heat of the last week contributed to the fatal termination of his illness.

He became unconscious Sunday morning and was revived long enough to recognize relatives, then relapsed. He was unconscious at the end.

The three children who survive him were at his bedside.

Sale of Two Battleships May Involve United States

Washington, D. C.—The United States is in danger of becoming involved in a serious controversy with Turkey as a result of the proposal of Secretary Daniels to sell the two battleships Idaho and Mississippi to Greece.

The Turkish ambassador, in accordance with instructions of his government, has addressed inquiries on the subject to Secretary Bryan, and has made it clear that these vessels will be used against his country if transferred to the Greek flag. Naturally this would be resented by the Turkish people. Inquiries also have been made by certain European nations which believe that if the Greek navy should not be increased peace would be preserved.

It is known here that Greece will not initiate war against Turkey until she obtains possession of two American battleships. The moment the Grecian flag is hoisted over these craft that moment she will take hostile measures against her historic antagonist.

Fight Is Man's Nemesis.

San Francisco—Joseph Jones, a carpenter, entered a grocery store Monday, quarreled with a clerk, swung his fist at him, missed the blow and, losing his balance, struck his head on a stone coping and was killed, according to the findings of the police. The police had first arrested the clerk on a charge of manslaughter, but later released him.