

Swift Retribution for Mrs. Andrews,—"Love Pirate"

The Clouded Honeymoon of the Lady Who Charmed Away and Married Her Friend's Fiance Undergoes a Complete and Miserable Eclipse

WHEN a person is an invited guest in the home of an unsuspecting family it is not right for him to make use of this fine opportunity to pocket the spoons. He should prove himself a respecter of the sacred rites of hospitality.

It is the same in the case of a "love pirate." She should do her love pirating on the broad high seas, not in the sheltered cove of domesticity. It is not right for her to accept the enthusiastic friendship of a young engaged girl and then repay that unspontaneous devotion by stealing the betrothed husband and marching him off to the altar for her own.

Every right thinking person will applaud these sentiments. They are quite generally accepted in civilized society. Yet you should not be wholly without sympathy for Mrs. Donald Shields Andrews. Drop one gentle tear upon her withered orange blossoms. Her act of treason to her trusting friend, Miss Elizabeth Strong, was followed by swift retribution. The Yale College youth, prize of her piracy, has gone back to his father. His fifty thousand dollars a year income never materialized during that honeymoon of four short weeks, and the love pirate, on her own confession, is six thousand dollars poorer than she was before. Poor Mrs. Andrews! And having dropped that one crystal token of sympathy, observe the lasting good that may be expected to result from this brief exploit in unprofessional and wholly reprehensible love piracy.

Everybody concerned has received a valuable lesson. Henceforth Mrs. Andrews will be careful not to steer her pirate craft into sheltered domestic harbors. Already the disenchanted young Mr. Andrews, for the first time in his life, has gone soberly to work. Pretty Miss Elizabeth Strong has escaped the all but impossible task of converting a rich and idle "rah, rah" college boy into a satisfactory husband. His father's copper mines in Michigan are performing that prodigy with infinitely better prospects of success—for some other girl, when the love pirate bonds have been lawfully shattered, or perhaps for little Miss Strong herself—who can say?

How could the American home-sheltered fiancée of Donald Shields Andrews be expected to resist the fascinations of the brilliant, worldly-wise young woman who confessed that she was of royal birth, daughter of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the heroine of his tragic romance, Marie Vetsera? Especially as she had a little son who was, accordingly, the rightful heir to the throne of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph—though the then Mrs. George Osborne Hayne declared that never would she permit them to make an emperor of her innocent child. She was divorced from her cruel, non-supporting husband, which made her all the more an object of admiration and sympathy for this little engaged girl of Cleveland, Ohio.

The divorced Mrs. Hayne gained Miss Strong's friendship when both

Mrs. Donald Shields Andrews and Her Pet Dog. She Has Engaged Lawyers to Try and Compel Rich Papa Andrews to Respect Her Marital Claims.



Why Stolen Happiness Can Only End in Unhappiness

By CLARA MORRIS

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AND so Mrs. Donald Shields Andrews's hasty romance with a youth who scudded from the side of his betrothed to elope with her has gone all to pieces! And this in less than six weeks after the great illusion, passion, love or whatever you want to call it threw its veil over both and made them break one of the conventions which society has laboriously through the ages striven to uphold. For while it is true that the only redress a girl whose troth has been plighted to a fickle lover has is a civil suit for damages, it is nevertheless true that human society as a whole feels that the taking away of a girl's beau by another woman is distinctly a dishonorable act.

The reason for this is plain. We all of us have had beaten into us respect for other people's property. And love is as much a bit of property as anything else. We impose rigorous penalties upon the man who takes away our money or our goods and who breaks into our house at night. But we have not yet gotten educated up to the point of imposing such penalties upon those who steal love. Nevertheless, the feeling that there ought to be more rigorous penalties is in every right-thinking person's mind, and a suit for civil damages is a somewhat inadequate expression of this belief.

It was inevitable that, circumstances being as they were, the romance of young Mr. Andrews and the lady he made his wife should come to grief. The astonishing thing is that it came to grief so soon.

The reason for this is plain. Although there are persons who defy the conventions few, if any, of these ever "get away" with it. The conventions are wise rules of human conduct which humanity has beaten out through the ages. They are, in fact, paths of eternal justice, and if you wander from them you take the consequences. Back in the earliest days of men when a member of another tribe tried to steal a sweetheart of another man the aggrieved lover usually meted out justice with a club if he could, and the tribe found his act right. Because even then love was beginning to be considered in the light of a possession.

But there is another and deeper reason why such things cannot work out happily. When a man makes love to a girl and asks her to be his wife and she consents, and then suddenly some other woman attracts him away from that girl it argues strongly for a lack of steadfastness in the man. Without steadfastness there is no success or any thing which actually contributes to happiness. At the same time, when a woman enters another woman's house as a guest and fascinates deliberately and then runs away with the man that she knows is to be married to that other woman, it argues a certain lack of conventional ethics in that woman, which is in turn so dishonourous with the mass of common thought that it must bring unhappiness. In this case both elements were strongly present.

What happened? The youth taken suddenly out of his own environment, knowing that he had run counter to the rules of his class, was unhappy. Unfortunately we have memories and habits, and when the first flush of excitement was over these memories and habits crowded in. It is conceivable that his bride found him very uninteresting and annoying indeed. The two could not make a code of their own unless they lived alone on a desert island. They simply couldn't be happy and be a part of the rest of the world. And then came the crash.

Mr. Andrews is young, and it may be that this trying experience will teach him such a lesson that he will rapidly turn into a very creditable citizen, indeed. It may be that the little girl he deserted still loves him, and if he shows that he has become different that they can take up their romance again where it was so rudely broken. If this is so it may all work out very happily. Mr. Andrews most probably would never do such a thing again, and so his first love will have nothing to fear after marriage—as so many women have.

And if she does not take him back she is still lucky. It is a strange and not unexpected sequel of being married in haste. There is much to be said for the new idea of pedigrees for the candidates for marriage. The pin-feather youth who fancies a mature enchantress can at least learn something of her romantic past, more, doubtless, than she will choose to tell him. The idea of a marriage candidate record office is not half, nor a quarter bad. The smitten youth, tormented by Cupid, would not be wholly dependent upon the veracity of the woman of his feverish adoration. He would have a sufficiently lucid interval in which common sense would prod him to candidates' office.

Why not have a matrimonial Dunns or Bradstreets? The States that are so much interested in posterity that they are passing summary laws governing it, could establish such bureaus. Every youth or maiden could have free access to the bureau and there discover whether the candidate could show clear title to his or her affections.

But the love-sick youth must wait the process of license granting and while he is doing so he may, indeed he must, scan the record of his bride-to-be. Her age is thus recorded, her real age. Her names. The number of her marriages. Her reputation for stability or the contrary in affairs of the heart. These would face him, and the display might be such as to fan his ardor, or it might give him pause, perhaps permanent pause so far as that particular enamourista is concerned.



"Practically from Before the Very Altar and His Bride-to-be, Young Mr. Andrews Vanished with Mrs. Hayne."

"And in Six Short Weeks—Back to Home—His Bride Sent Him Packing."

Mr. Donald Shields Andrews, Who Has Had Such a Hard Lesson in Love.



were staying at Camden, S. C. She heard all about Miss Strong's engagement to marry the young Yale undergraduate, Donald Shields Andrews. The little Ohio trusting fiancée was unreserved in her confidences, as she was in her adoration of her charming and brilliant guest. When "Alma Vetsera" left for New York it is said that Miss Strong wrote to her fiancée giving a glowing description of her new friend, and ending:

"Be sure and call on her. You'll find her perfect love. Your devoted Bess."

Young Andrews proved to be an obedient fiancée. He called on Mrs. Hayne at her studio apartment, Central Park South, New York. He found her attractions quite up to Miss Strong's specifications. They dined at the Plaza. They did not neglect each other appreciably after that. Perhaps Mrs. Hayne learned interesting things about the elder Andrews and those Michigan copper mines, and young Andrews's fifty thousand dollars a year income. At any rate, about a week after the meeting which little Miss Strong had engineered, they went to Mamaronock and were married, and sailed for Europe.

Two months later the deserted and betrayed little fiancée—if she read the newspapers—learned that Donald Shields Andrews had returned from Europe alone; that he did not return to Yale; that he graduated with the rest of his class; but that he did have a heart-

to-heart talk with his father, and was later found doggedly at work in the paternal copper mines out in Michigan.

Still later pretty, deserted Miss Strong probably learned from newspaper cable dispatches from London how her erstwhile friend, the love pirate, had acknowledged herself a "biter bitten;" how she had "plucked a lemon in the garden of love." And last month when the poorer, but wiser, love pirate returned to New York to engage lawyers and lay siege to the Andrews fortress, to extort recognition of her marital rights, she added other details. Here are the highlights of the sad story:

In London and neighboring fashionable resorts the young couple received much convivial attention. Upon one such occasion young Andrews, being in an expansive mood, remarked quite pub-

licly: "I married this little lady, and my income was cut off."

This announcement producing a rather startling effect, he added: "I should explain that before my marriage, while I was at Yale, my income was \$50,000 a year; now I have to get along with only \$25,000."

"Great heavens!" exclaims the deserted love pirate wife. "I supported him from the moment I married him to the day of his return to America. I spent \$6,000 on him. I even paid for his clothes. Before leaving New York he bought fourteen pairs of boots, and charged them to me. He was not satisfied with the love I gave him."

Here's another moral for you: Marry a love pirate and you can't live on love alone—you instantly contract a gnawing passion for boots.

"When he ordered \$100 worth of shirts," Mrs. Andrews went on, "I was forced to refuse the order, as I didn't have enough money to pay for them."

"When we went to England he had with him four revolvers. He slept with one of them under his pillow."

"I was given to understand that money would be sent to Mr. Andrews. None came, and presently I had spent all I had. I was stranded. I advised him to go home to his mother. We had some words about it several times. I was in perpetual fear. He got into a habit of threatening to commit suicide. There were his four revolvers, and besides, he showed me a bottle of poison he had compounded in the Yale laboratories. It was terrible!"

Well, that bottle of poison may come in handy yet. Mrs. Andrews says she contemplates going on the stage. Somebody has written a play for her called "Suicide," and she has the poison bottle ready for the opening night.

The elder Andrews—of the Michigan copper mines—when young Mrs. Andrews's tale of woe was recited to him, said: "All rot, every word of it. Donald made his mistake and I am helping him try to forget it."

How the deserted and betrayed fiancée is succeeding in that direction is not on record. She must find some consolation, at least, in this latest public demonstration of the doubtful rewards of love piracy.