Proving Happiness Cannot be Bought at the Cost of Si

The Miserable Finish of the Notorious and Clandestine Mott-Bowne "Romance," Whose Chief Actors Risked All There Is in Life on the Losing Chance That "True Love Excuses Everything."

'Repulsed by the women of her own race—even by Hong Kong's miserable social ou Frances Hewitt sits alone in the ashes of mance with nothing to do but wait—and for

PHOTO. BY FOLEY. N.Y.

Frances Hewitt Bowne, Who Deserted a Middle-Aged but Devoted Husband for a Dramatic Elopement with Jordan L. Mott, III.

An Execution in the Quarter of Hong Kong Where Mott and the Former Mrs. Bowne Now Live.

Hong Kong, China, Oct. 1.

ALL the English-speaking residents of the Reef are saying that once again it has been proven that you cannot buy happiness with the coin of sin. They point with frank fingers and nod with unmistakable heads at Jordan L. Mott, 3d, he who was an usher at the marriage of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Virginia Fair. They cannot point at the woman, who is his partner, in proving the wisdom of the world-old adage, for she is never visible. But they do crane their necks and stare insolently at the little house in which she waits, waits, they predict, with the accents of certainty, for a time that will never come.

Jordan L. Mott, 3d, believed, a year ago, that the world was well lost for love. He tossed away the world, his world, with a careless flick of his fingers, as he would toss away a bit of the ashes of his cigarette. And the woman beside him laughed as he threw it away. She was throwing away something, too, a middle-aged, but devoted husband, Walter Bowne, a wealthy resident of Flushing, L. I. To her it was as amusing as a scene in a comic opera. She had been a prima donna in "The Chocolate Soldier" before she became Mrs. Bowne, and it was delightfully dramatic to her to sail away in the freight ship Indradeo, she disguised as a stewardess and he as a steward.

"The Indradeo's name was so musical and alluring that we overlooked the dirt and deficiencies," she wrote. "The name made her look the trimmest of liners. Tramping on a tramp steamer is the only way to see the world, through new, rose-colored, romantic lenses."

Then—but now!

A year later come tidings that the young man, who turned his back upon his wife, his children, his fortune of many millions and the respect of his friends for a woman is earning a precarious livelihood as a free-lance newspaper writer in Hong Kong.

Clearly the romance has lost its bloom for him. When the necessity for unaccustomed work presents itself to the son and grandson of millionaires love hovers on the window-sill and seems ready to fly. But what is more to the point with Jordan L. Mott, 3d, who is young and not lazy, men do not scruple to call him a fool, and when they tell him so he, who is usually so glib, finds no words to reply. It is hard to be consistently and continuously classed as a fool. And what is still worse, there are men who regard him as a cad, a man who has no sense of honor. Men, charitable to the faults of their sex, draw the line at the man who deserts a wife for another woman. Hidden love affairs, hypocritical alliances, the "secret orchard in a man's life" men can forgive, but open desertion of a lawful wife for an unlawful partner they condemn, and young Mott is feeling the lash of their condemnation.

Tolerated as a visitor to the English Club, he has not been admitted to membership, nor could he afford it. But he knows that his friends are snubbed for taking him there, and he is seldom seen within the walls that would once have so hospitably received the grandson of the multimillionaire iron master.

Yet a few men will still slap him on the back, will still greet him as "Old chap," will drink with him, and his time is occupied, though with less profit than he could wish, for journalism is extremely conservative in Hong Kong.

But the rub is the woman. The ex-prima donna and husband-deserter cannot live on the Peak, the highest and most healthful part of the city, where reside the wives of the prominent citizens. She and her spectacular partner in picturesque flight cannot afford to live there, nor would the public sentiment in the town, governed by the most rigid English social customs, permit them to live there. Poverty and ostracism forced them to the foot of the Peak. They have been forced to live in the mixed district beyond the Queen's Road. Forced by their circumstances to live in a meaner part of the city, they have for neighbors Eurasians, persons, men and women, who become social outcasts by intermarriage with Chinese.

Moreover, another element of danger has entered into their defiant life together. Frances Hewitt Bowne has nothing to do. That is always a misfortune. To a woman of her active habits and vivacious temperament it is a calamity. Used first to the demands made by her professional career, then by her social duties on Long Island, she is now a woman with nothing to do but wait, and wait for what?

For her husband to finally cast her off by the aid of the courts? That he has done, and very recently married a beautiful friend and neighbor of hers, Mrs. Adele Taylor Manning.

For Mrs. Mott to divorce her recreant husband? That Mrs. Mott has vowed she will never do. As patiently and far more securely she has waited as the former Mrs. Bowne is waiting.

"I will wait till the end of my life if need be," she says. "Some time Jordan will come back to me. Men always come back to their wives. Sooner or later they long for respectability and try to find their way back to it."

Though Frances Hewitt helped to spend their money equivalent, the bread those checks bought was a bitter morsel on her tongue.

Twice checks have gone to young Mott, sent him from Boston. The checks bore his wife's name.

When he fled on the tramp steamer in search of happiness young Mott left not only his wife, but two children. The woman waiting there in Hong Kong for the divorce that will never come thinks often of those children. To a woman on whom, like herself, all the English women residents frown, she said:

"One woman can pull against another and stand a chance to win, but against children? That is nearly impossible. Every time Jordan comes home looking gloomy I think he wants to see his children. How long can I hold him against them? How long?"

In gay mood on her arrival in Hong Kong, Mott's companion, with glass of champagne raised, her eyes as bright as its contents, said, smiling across her glass at her companion:

"Here's to our happiness. Wicked I may be, but stupid I am not, and Jordan hates stupid women. Was ever a good woman anything else?"

Mott, borrowing the phrase from a much-quoted newspaper man, replied: "Why do we marry women to whom we cannot talk?"

But it is the gossip of English-speaking Hong Kong that between the pair conversation has become difficult. Through their open windows their curious Eurasian neighbors overhear bits of conversation in heated tones.

"If you hadn't," the woman's voice, high, musical, but fretful, begins.

"If you hadn't," the man's deeper voice, sharp with impatience, retorts.

Then a hand closes, with a bang, the windows of the little brown house, but not so soon that even the Eurasian neighbors have not understood that the romance has reached the danger line of crimination and recrimination, the death line of love.

It is told in the clubs that young Mott's hands doubled into his palms when an English magazine editor began a reply to his offer to write a series of articles on "An American Millionaire in China:"

"Sir, I do not know your ability, but I do know that I would not offend my readers by the sight of your name."

Yet the logic of the great English editor's words was indisputable. His cheeks flushed, his eyes smarting, Mott turned on his heel. That evening more high words were overheard by the Eurasian neighbors of the couple who live in the little brown house.

"I can bear a quarrel with Jordan better than silence. I cannot bear his sulks. Sometimes when he sits here a whole evening afraid that when I awa morning he will be gone, find a note telling me he back to his wife and worse."

She looks apprehen drawer where the "gu man always keeps pistol thieving Chinese neighbo

Frances Hewitt Bowne fear. All Hong Kong kn "wicked woman." They ran away from her hu know the man who sullen or quarrelsome to not of her name. The caste men who pass her insolently into the dared to try to push the door until she screa

"It is horrible," she ingly to a woman who herself from the obli decencies of life in the been wrecked on this "It chills my blood when men look at me in that her voice sank to a know what they think of

So in that strange, Frances Hewitt who was ago the toast of Broadwa the envied wife of a Islander, sits nearly alw always an object of pity is said, that she has game with her heart as so-called "romance" of become a tawdry, tar Upon her has been force tion that when a woman a man everything else herself cannot make up

"At heart a man He may be a hypocrite, taste for the outward virtuous living. He credited wife, undisp the respect of the men business and at the club to be able to be invited and to be able to face the table without fear violation of a man's said a prominent Engli Hong Kong. "Jordan all these privileges, and sworn them he is miser

"We are sorry for her pose we are sorry for man's wife of Jordan panion, whom, of course fused to meet. "We are painted woman of the cause we pity her is we should choose her ate, don't you know?"

So Frances Hewitt Bo in the ashes of her ro of Floretta Whaley, who marry finally; of Mrs. dam, who killed herself could not bear what bearing.

Jordan L. Mott is w to do. At best men are the pressure upon him is strong. His father re he returned from Eur would disinherit the m he left that woman sent the message Hector F the pair half round the livered to him when he $25,000 by separating the Jordan Mott had laughed

Now he is never bo and he seems to be poi thing of great weight to the Hagar-like woman the brown cottage on the

Mrs. Adele Taylor Manning Who Has Married the Husband Frances Hewitt Cast Off.

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