& GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. and LILLIAN CHESTER ILLUSTRATED & C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

CORPORATION

--12-triffie and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tenement property of Market Square church. Gail tells Boyd that the cathedral Market Square church proposes to build will be out of profits wrung from squalor. At a meeting of the seven financial magnates of the country, Allison organizes the International Transportation company. Rev. Smith Boyd undertakes Gaff's spiritual instruction and Gail unconsciously gives Allison a hint that solves the Vedder court problem for him. On an inspection trip in Allison's new subway the tunnel caves in. Gail goes back to beer home in the West. Her friends lure her and Arty back to New York. In the midst of a struggle with the dregs of humanity in Vedder court Rev. Smith Boyd saddenly finds that he is a real living—and loving—man. He proposes to Gail but, on the verge of acceptance, she remembers their religious differences, and refuses.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Public Is Aroused.

Clad in her filmy cream lace gown, Gan walked slowly into her boudoir, a man whose features seem coarsened and closed the deor, and sank upon from the instant he is doomed to wear her divan. She did not stop tonight to prison stripes; and the fact which she tet down her hair and change to her particularly resented was that a pordainty negligee, nor to punctiliously | tion of the disgrace of Market Square straighten the room, nor to turn on all the electric bulbs blazing, she sat | why this should be; but it was. Aunt | study the whirl of her mind.

She was shaken, she knew that, shaken and stirred as she had never been before. Something in the depths of her had leaped up into life, and cried out in agony, and would not stop crying natil it was satisfied.

"I need you to walk hand in hand with me about the greatest work in the world!" That was it; the greatest work in the world! And what was that work? To live and teach ritual in place of religion; to turn worship into a social observance; to use help less belief as a ladder of ambition: to reduce faith to words, and hope to a recitation, and charity to an obligation; to make pomp and ceremony a substitute for conscience, and to interpose a secretary between the human heart and God!

For just an instant Gail's eyelids dropped, her long brown lashes curved upon her cheeks, while beneath them her eyes glinted, and a smile touched the corners of her lips; then she was serious again. No. she had decided wisely.

There was a knock on the door, and Gail smiled again as she said: "Come in."

Mrs. Helen Davies entered, tall and stately in her boudoir frills and ruffles. She sat down in front of Gail and prepared to enact the role of conscientious mother "Doctor Boyd proposed to you to-

night." she charged, with affectionate authority. "Yes, Aunt Helen," and Gail began

to pull pins out of her hair. A worried expression crossed the

brow of Aunt Helen. "Did you accept him?" and she fair-

ly quivered with anxiety. "No. Aunt Helen." Quite calmly, piling more hairpins and still more foto the little tray by her side, and shaking down her rippling waves of

Aunt Helen sighed a deep sigh of relief, and smiled her approval.

"Gaff, dear, you have shown a degree of carefulness which I am delighted to find in you. If you handle all your affairs so sensibly, you have a brilliant future before you."

"I must be an awful worry to you. Aunt Helen," observed Gail, and walking over, she slipped her arm around Mrs. Davies' neck and kissed her and looked around for her chocolate box. Gail's maid came in, and Mrs. Da-

vies bade her sister's niece good night most cordially, and retired with a great load off her mind; and half an hour later the lights in Gail's pretty little suite went out.

If she lay long hours looking out at the pale stars; if, in the midst of her calm logic, she suddenly buried her face in her pillows and sobbed silently; if, toward morning, she awoke with a little cry to find her face and her hands hot, all these things were but normal and natural. It is enough to know that she came to her breakfast bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked and casually, and lit upon the newest sensation of the free and entirely un-

curbed metropolitan press! The free and entirely uncurbed met- troubled burden. repolitan press had found Vedder

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church Gail Sargent tells Rev. Smith Eoyd that Market Square church is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Affison takes Gail riding in his meter car. She finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd. Allison sharts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gail becomes popular. Allison gains control of transcontinental triffic and arranges to absorb the Veder court tensor the veder court tensor that the condition was unbearable! The free and entirely uncurbed metropolitan press had taken up, with great enthusiasm, the work of poking the finger of scorn at Vedder court. It had published photographs of the disreputable ing, after all, the existence of the free did not seem to drip enough, the artists had retouched them. It had artists had retouched them. It had sent budding young Poes and Dick- caught at the very height of its frenzy, enses down there to write up the applauded, and ate its dinner in virtuplace. It had sent the sob sisters ous satisfaction; and Gail Sargent's there in shoats to interview the down- distress crystallized into a much eastrodden, and, above all things, it had put prominently before the public eye the immense profit which Market persisted in clutching its greedy hold Square church wrung from this organized misery!

and the dripping details, with many chosen well and wisely! variations, were in all of them. She glanced over toward the rectory and the dignified old church standing beyond it, with mingled indignation and humiliation. A sort of ignominy seemed to have descended up it, like church seemed to have descended with her chin in her hand, and, with Grace Sargent, bustling about to see The late arrival was Joseph G. Clark, kinds of delicacies than she could pos Chisholm, before he nodded to the oth-

coffee in bed, and she continued that ance to subside, and then he finished absorbing ceremony while she con- his speech. sidered her sister's news.

deeply affected by the occurrences of Square church has a mission, it is



Doctor Boyd Proposed to You Tonight," She Charged.

she could not sleep, and she's full of sympathy this morning, and afraid that maybe she made a mistake, and feels perfectly wretched."

Grace Sargent sat right down. "Did the rector propose?" she breathlessly inquired,

Mrs Davies poured herself

more bot coffee, and nodded "She refused him."

"Oh!" and acute distress settled on Grace Sargent's brow, with such a firm clutch that it threatened to homestead the location. Mrs Sargent shared the belief of Rev. Smith Boyd's mother, that Smith Boyd was the finest young man in the world; and Gail's aunt was speechless with dismay and disappointment

"I have ceased to worry about Gail's future," went on Mrs. Davies complacently. "It is her present condition about which I am most concerned She is so conscientious and self-ana lytical that she may distress herself over this affair, and I must get in Arly and Lucile, and plan a series of gayeties which will keep her mind occupied from morning until night."

In consequence of this kindly decision, Gail was plunged into gayety unsmiling with the pleasant greetings of til she loathed the scrape of a violin! the day, and picked up the papers The mere fact that she had no time to the Good Shepherd out of quietly conthink did not remove the fact that she had a great deal to think about and the gayety only added dismally to her he stated. "We have a moral obliga-

Meanwhile, the free and entirely up- ters of investment and profit within court and had made it the sudden curbed metropolitan press went mer these walls as if we were a lard trust focus of the public eye. Those few rily onward with its righteous Vedder We have neglected our moral obligawho were privileged to know inti- court crusade, until it had the public tion in Vedder court, until we are as company. "That figures to a spot-cash mately the workings of that adroit indignation properly aroused. The blackened with sin as the thief on the master of the public welfare, Tim Cor public indignation rose to such a cross." man, could have recognized clearly pitch that, if the public had not been his fine hand in the blaze of notoriety busy with affairs of its own, and if it at the young rector curiously. He was which obscure Vedder court had sud had not been in the habit of leaving puzzled over the change in him denly received. After having en everything to be seen to by the people dured the contamination and conta- financially interested, and if it had Doctor Boyd," Manning reminded him, gent. "The property is as valuable for

vocal cords, there is not the slightest two had met often in Vedder court doubt, it is worth repeating, that the public might have done something about Vedder court! As things were, it grew most satisfactorily indignant. It talked of nothing else, in the subways and on the "L's" and on the surface lines, and on the cindery commuter trains; and on the third day of the agitation, before something else should happen to shake the populace city." to the very foundation of its being, the city authorities condemned the Vedder court property as unsanitary, inhuman and unsafe, as a menace to the public morals, health and life, and as a blot upon civilization; this last being a fancy touch added by Tim Corements for so many years, the city man himself, who, in his old age, had had, all at once, discovered that the a tendency to link poetry to his pracment had been chosen. The public,

ier thing to handle; just plain anger! And so Market Square church had on a commercial advantage so vile that even a notoriously corrupt city Gail turned sick at heart as she government had ordered it destroyed! read. Uncle Jim permitted four Her mind was immensely relieved morning papers to come to the house, about Rev. Smith Boyd. She had

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rev. Smith Boyd Protests.

The doves which in summer flitted about the quiet little vestry yard, and cooed over the vestry door, would have flown away had they been at home: for it was a stormy affair, with loud voices and clashing wills and a general atmosphere of tensity, which was somewhat at variance with the the beautiful green light; instead, with | upon her. She could not make out | red-robed figure of the Good Shepherd in the pointed window of the vestry. her body perfectly in repose, tried to that Gail was supplied with more and his eye sought that of Banker sibly sample, saw that unmistakable ers and took his seat at the Gothic look of distress on Gail's face, and table. Rev. Smith Boyd, who was went straight up to her sister Helen. particularly straight and tall today. the creases of worry deep in her brow. and particularly in earnest, paused Mrs. Helen Davies was having her long enough for the slight disturb-

"That is my unalterable position in "I did not think that Gail was so the matter," he declared "If Market last night," she mused; "but of course the responsibility for these miserable human wrecks whom we have made

> 'We can't feed and clothe them.' objected Banker Chisholm, whose white mutton chops already glowed neath

"It doesn't pay to pauperize the people," supplemented Willis Cunningham, stroking his sparse Vandyke complacently. Cunningham, whose sole relationship to economics consisted in permitting his secretary to sign checks, had imbibed a few principles which sufficed for all occasions

"I do not wish to pauperize them." returned the rector. "I am willing to accept the shame of baving the city show Market Square church its duty. in exchange for the pleasure of replacing the foul tenements in Vedder court with clean ones."

Joseph G. Clark glanced again at Chisholm

"They'd be dirty again in ten years," he observed "If we build the new type of sanitary tenement we shall have to charge more rent, or not make a penny of profit; and we can't get more rent because the people who would pay it will not come into that neighborhood."

"Are we compelled to make a profit?" retorted the rector. "Is it necessary for Market Square church to remain perpetually a commercial landlord?"

The vestry gazed at Rev. Smith Boyd in surprised disapproval. Their previous rector had talked like that, and Rev. Smith Boyd had been a great relief

"So long as the church has property at all, it will meet with that persistent charge," argued Chisholm. "It seems to me that we have had enough of it. My own inclination would be to sell the property outright, and take up slower, but less personal, forms of of the red robe. investment."

Old Nicholas Van Ploon, sitting far enough away to fold his hands comfortably across his tight vest, screwed his neck around so that he could glare at the banker.

"No," he objected; for the Van Ploon millions had been accumulated by the growth of tall office buildings out of a worthless Manhattan swamp We should never sell the property "There are a dozen arguments

against keeping it," returned the nasal voice of old Joseph G. Clark. "The chief one is the necessity of making others. a large investment in these new tenements'

Rev Smith Boyd rose again, shutting the light from the red robe of centrated Jim Sargent's eyes. "I object to this entire discussion."

tion which forbids us to discuss mat-

Shrewd old Rufus Manning looked

"Don't swing the pendulum too far, gion of the Market Square church ten not consisted chieffy of a few active with a great deal of kindliness. These your purpose as it ever was."

passive than active."

It was, of course, old Nicholas Van Ploon who fell back again on the stock argument which had been quite for it, or, in other words, to make up sufficient to soothe his conscience for all these years.

"We give these people cheaper rent than they can find anywhere in the

"We should continue to do so, but in cleaner and more wholesome quarters," quickly returned the rector "This is the home of all these povertystricken people whom Market Square church has taken under its shelter, and we have no right to dispose of it."

"That's what I say," and Nicholas Van Ploon nodded his round head. 'We should not sell the property."

"We cannot for shame, if for nothing else," agréed the rector, seizing on every point of vantage to support his intense desire to lift the Vedder court derelicts from the depth of their degradation. "We lie now under the disgrace of having owned property so order it torn down. The only way in which we can redeem the reputation this hint, Allison withdrew, of Market Square church is to replace those tenements with better ones, and



She Came Into the Little Reception "Cosy" to Meet Allison.

conduct them as a benefit to the people rather than to our own pock-

"That's a clever way of putting it," commended Jim Sargent. "It's time fashioned the natty headpiece him we did something to get rid of our self It is not only very light in pink from the anger-reddened skin be. disgrace," and he was most earnest weight, but he claims that it is cheanabout it. He had been the most un- er than a straw "bonnet," lasts longer comfortable of all these vestrymen in and is absolutely rainproof. the past few days; for the disgrace | Whiting's tin hat has a luster all of Market Square church had been a its own, something that takes the very reliable topic of conversation in shine off all other hats. It is more Gail Sargent's neighborhood

> old Joseph G. Clark drawled into the little silence which ensued.

"What about the cathedral?" asked, and the hush which followed was far deeper than the one which he had broken. Even Rev. Smith Boyd was driven to some fairly profound thought. His bedroom and his study were lined with sketches of the stupendously beautiful cathedral, the most expensive in the world in which he was to disseminate the gospel.

"Suppose we come back to earth," resumed Clark, who had built the Standard Cereal company into a monopoly of all the breadstuffs by that process. "If we rebuild we set ourselves back in the cathedral project ten years. You can't wipe out what you call our disgrace, even if you give all these paupers free board and compulsory baths. My proposition is to telephone for Edward E. Allison, and tell him we're ready to accept

his offer." "Not while I'm a member of this vestry," declared Nicholas Van Ploon, swiveling himself to defy Joseph G. Clark "We don't sell the property."

"I put Mr. Clark's proposition as a motion," jerked W. T. Chisholm, and in the heated argument which ensued, the Good Shepherd in the window, taking advantage of the shifting sun, removed from the room the light

in the end, the practical-minded members won over the sentimental ists, if Nicholas Van Ploon could be classed under that heading, and Allison was telephoned. Before they were through wrangling over the decision to have him meet them, Allison was among them. One might almost have thought that he had been waiting for the call; but he exchanged no more friendly glances with Clark and Chisholm, of the new International Transportation company, than he did with any of the

"Well, Allison, we've decided to accept your offer for the Vedder court property," stated Manning.

"I haven't made you any, but I'm

willing," returned Allison. Jim Sargent drew from his pocket a memorandum slip.

"You offered us a sum which, at three and a half per cent, would accrue, in ten years, to forty-two million dollars," he reminded the president of the Municipal Transportation proposition of thirty-one millions, with a repeating decimal of one; so some-

"That offer is withdrawn," said Allison "I don't see why," objected Jim Sar-

body will have to lose a cent."

"I don't dispute that; but in that "Our sins, such as they are, are more offer I allowed you for the incomeearning capacity of your improved property. Since that capacity is stopped, I don't feel obliged to pay you to you the loss which the city has compelled you to sustain."

> "There is some show of reason in what Allison says," observed Joseph G.

> Chisholm leaned forward, with his elbows on the table, around the edge of which were carved the heads of winged cherubs.

"What is your present offer?"

"Twenty-five million; cash." "We refuse!" announced Nicholas Van Ploon, bobbing his round head emphatically.

"I'm not so sure that we do." returned Clark. "I have been studying property values in that neighborhood, and I doubt if we can obtain more." "Then we don't sell!" insisted Nicholas Van Ploon.

"I scarcely think we wish to take up this discussion with Mr. Allison until filthy that the city was compelled to | we have digested the offer," observed the quiet voice of Manning, and, on

He smiled as he heard the voices which broke out in controversy the moment he had closed the door behind him. Being so near, he naturally called on Gail Sargent, and found her entertaining a little tea party of the gayest and brightest whom Aunt Helen Da-

vies could bring together. She came into the little reception 'cozy" to meet Allison, smiling with pleasure. There seemed to be a de gree of wistfulness in her greeting of her friends since the night of her return.

"Of course I couldn't overlook an opportunity to drop in," said Allison, shaking her by both hands, and holding them while he surveyed her critically. There was a tremendous comfort in his strength.

"So you only called because you were in the neighborhood," bantered Gail.

"Guilty," he laughed. "I've just been paying attention to my religious du-

"I wasn't aware that you knew you had any," returned Gail, sitting in the shadow of the window jamb. Allison's

eyes were too searching. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAT IS INNOVATION TIN

Designer Puts Forth Many Reasons Why It Should Be Accepted as an Article of Attire.

The latest innovation in men's apparel has been sprung by W. H. Whiting of Jonesboro, Me. It is a tin hat, with a band made of copper. He

showy than Mambrino's belmet, made The pasal voice of smooth-shaven famous by Don Quixote. Whiting's hat is made of tin, common sheet tin, the same kind of tin that baked beans and sardines and tomatoes are put in. It is built on a 1915 model and no fashionable youth of the town can "put anything over" on him in the matter of style. It is neat, but not gaudy, a tin body with a copper band. not quite as brilliant as a ribbon with college colors, but more substantial and quite as attractive. At least, it attracts plenty of attention when Whiting wears it on the streets.

BUYS DOG TO RECOVER RING

Man Kills Animal and Finds His \$200 Gem in Stomach, as Ha Had Suspected.

While William A. Thompson was trying to drive a pup away from him the animal closed on his fingers and pulled off and swallowed a \$200 diamond ring. Mr. Thompson was not certain what had become of the ring, but when he failed to find it he sus pected the dog He bought the animal, nominally a ten-cent pup, from H. R. Rogers, the negro owner, for \$10 after much parley, took the dog home, killed him and found the dia-

mond ring in his stomach. He was luckier than a man in a neighboring town who owned a valuable vase, a family heirloom His dog poked his head into the neck of the vase and it stuck. The owner cut off the dog's head to save the vase and then had to break the vase to get out the dog's head to bury it .- Beckley (W. Va.) Dispatch to New York World.

Mobilizing Brains.

Some world-famous names appear on the list of the consulting panel which has been added to the inven tions board. Sir William Crookes, O. M., discovered thallium and invented the radiometer, among other valuable services to science, and has written books on such diverse subjects as beet sugar, dyeing, calico printing and fertilizers. Sir Oliver Lodge is a high authority on wireless telegraphy and other matters. The other names are equally distinguished and show that England has at last waked up to the necessity of mobilizing the brains of the nation.

A gentine Wines Production of wine in Argentina to one of the most important industries of the country. In 1913 the record production of 110,000,000 gallons was reached. Practically all of the wine produced in Argentina ir of a common variety, and for table use only. The exportation of Argentine wines is very

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