

CHAPTER I

HOME

A Story of Today and of All Days

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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Red Hill was hemmed in by the breathing silences of scattered woods, open fields and the far reaches of misty space, as though it were in hiding from an age of hurry.

The church was but a symbol—a mere shell. Within it presented the appearance of a lumber room in disuse, a playground for rats and a haven for dust.

In the shadow of its walls lay an old graveyard whose overgrown soil had long been undisturbed.

On these evidences of death and encroachment the old church seemed to turn its back as if by right of its fresh walls and unbroken steeple it were still linked to life.

On a day in early spring Alan Wayne was summoned to Red Hill. Snow still hung in the crevices of East Mountain.

The colts, driven by Alan Wayne, flashed over the brim of Red Hill on to the level top.

For the first time in their lives the colts were being pushed, steadily, evenly, almost—but never quite—to the breaking point.

"Couldn't get here quicker if he'd let 'em bolt," said he, in subsequent description to the stable hand and the cook.

"Nary a drop," said Arthur, stable hand.

"And his face," continued the coachman.

"Most times Mr. Alan has no eyes to speak of, but today and that time Miss Nance struck him with the whip—member, cook?—his eyes spread like a fire and set up his face.

In truth Mr. Alan Wayne had been summoned in no equivocal terms and, for all his haste, it was with nervous step he approached the house.

Maple house sheltered a mixed brood. J. Y. Wayne, seconded by Mrs. J. Y., was the head of the family.

Alan placed his hands on the desk between them and leaned forward.

J. Y. kept his eyes down. "You know, more or less, Alan. We won't talk about that. I was trying to hold you. But today I give it up. I've got one more thing to tell you, though,

When Alan reached the house Mrs. J. Y. was in her garden across the road, surveying winter's ruin, and Nance with her children had borne the captain off to the farm to see that off-repeated wonder and always welcome forerunner of plenty, the quite new calf.

Clematis McAlpin, shy and long limbed, just at the awkward age when woman misses being either boy or girl, had disappeared. Where, nobody knew.

Alan was a man. Without being tall he looked tall. His shoulders were not broad till you noticed the slowness of his hips.

J. Y. began to speak. He spoke for a long quarter of an hour and then summed up all he had said in a few words.

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and there are mighty few people that know it. The Hill's battles have never entered the field of gossip.

"Here are five hundred dollars. It's the last money you'll ever have from me, but whatever you do, whatever happens, remember this: Red Hill does not belong to a Lansing nor to a Wayne nor to an Elton.

Joe was waiting. "Have we time for the long road, Joe?" asked Alan, as he climbed into the cart.

"I don't want to drive. Let him go and jump in."

The coachman gave the pony his head, climbed in and took the reins. The cart started out and down the lane.

Alan recognized Clem's voice and turned. She was racing across a cor-

ner of the pasture. Her short skirts flounced madly above her angular legs.

Alan leaped from the cart and picked her up, quivering, sobbing and breathless.

Alan half shook her as he drew her thin body close to him.

Clem stifled her sobs and looked up at him with a sudden gravity in her elfish face.

Once a poor actor was praying for bread. He was dying of hunger, and this fact contributed in making his speech and gestures eloquent.

New Don't. One absolutely guaranteed foolproof, safety-brat "don't" for hunters: Don't go hunting.

CHAPTER II

To the surprise of his friends Alan Wayne gave up debauch and found himself employment by the time the spring that saw his dismissal from Maple house had ripened into summer.

"And, do you know, this summer

Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry Lansing are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married.

"Perhaps when I'm really grown up I can call her Alx. I think Alx is such a pretty name, don't you?"

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"And, do you know, this summer

mons from old Captain Wayne reacted him.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the captain upon his arrival in town had gone straight to his club and forthwith become the sensation of the club's windows.

"In any time," remarked the captain. "A club was for privacy. Now it's a haven for bellboys and a playground for whippersnappers."

"Oh, I don't know," said Alan. "They've got a few in the army, and they seem to be doing pretty well."

"Huh, the army!" said the captain. He subsided, and made a new start.

GET NEWS BY TELEPHONE

In Stockholm All the Latest Information Can Be Had by Calling Up "Central."

A "telephone newspaper" is now in active operation here, according to a Stockholm correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle.

Devices of a similar sort have been used for some time in giving Sunday afternoon concerts. They are very popular on stormy days, when no one can go out, and one can sit at home in an easy chair and hear the best singers and reciters in the city.

Hollow Bricks Popular.

During the past few years the use of hollow blocks and hollow bricks has extended rapidly.

Curtain.

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Have you ever built bridges in South Africa and dreamed of—Home? Have you ever dug ditches in South America and had your little world turned upside down by the sight of a face from—Home? Have you ever been in exile and known that the Blue Peter would never fly for you—that the deep-throated siren of the homeward sailing steamer was only mocking the longing in your soul for—Home?