

## 

Collingeford broke the spoll. He

jumped up and said he had come for

just one thing-to take her out for a

walk. It was one of those nippy ear-

ly winter afternoons cut out to fit a

walk. Alix must put on her things.

She did and together they walked the

long length of the avenue and out into

By that time they had decided it was

quite a warm afternoon after all-al-

nost warm enough to sit down. They

tried it. Collingeford sat half turned

on the bench and devoured Alix with

his eyes. And just as he was going to

say a word Alix gave him a full, meas-

uring look and said, almost hastily, "It

is too cold, after all. Quite chilly. It

was our walking so fast deceived us."

She rose and started tentatively to-

ward the gate. "Come on, Honorable

Collingeford caught up with her and

said moodily, "If you call me Honor-

able Percy again I shall dub you Hon-

They were walking down the ave-

nue. "Honest Alix Isn't half bad,"

he continued thoughtfully. "The race

"Speaking of riding, Mr. Collinge-

Percy," she said playfully.

asked.

the park.

est Alix."

on a search of its own.

## SYNOPSIS.

-2--An Wayne is sen away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral additure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by. Cap-tain Wayne tells Alan of the failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healey defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Aliz, Gerry's wife, meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation. At home, eloping, drops everything, and goos to Pernambuce. Alix leaves Alan on the origin and goes to Piranhas. On a dage trip ke meets a native girl. The hingeford tells how he met Alan-"Ten by Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to affice. Colling-ford meets Alix and her of perform tells how he met Alan-"Ten by cent Wayne'-building a bridge in Affice. Colling-ford meets Alix and her days and gives her encouragement about dery marries her. At Maple house Col-inge ford tells how he met Alan-"Ten by cent Wayne'-building a bridge in Affice. Colling-ford meets Alix and her dery and go be home. He makes several cells in the city. Gerry begins to improve Mar-ger diteh. In Africa Alan reads Clem's is the city. Gerry begins to improve Mar-ger diteh. In Africa Alan reads Clem's is the severation and builds an irright is diteh. In Africa Alan reads Clem's is the severation and builds an irright is diteh. In Africa Alan reads Clem's

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TO YOU WOMEN

## CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

has got into the habit of yoking the word honest to our attitude toward Gerry still waited. It was terrible other people's pennies but it's a good to wait. Then she called to him, old word that stands for trustworthy, "Geree! Geree!" He leaped up sincere, truthful and all the other adand pounded on the door but nobody jectives that fit straight riding." came. Yesterday they had all been servile to him; today he was nothing. ford, you're riding for a fall." Allx He shouted, "I am here! I shall always be here." She did not call again. glanced at him meaningly. "How did you know?" he stammered He paced up and down the veranda and then went on rather sufferiy. saying to himself, "A little roll of blue 'Anyway, you're wrong. I'm not. But ribbon-a little roll of blue ribbon!" He stumbled on the saddle that Lieber I was just going to." He prodded viciously at the cracks in the pavement had sent him. It held his eye. He with his stick. picked up the bridle and ran down to "Don't," said Alix. "Don't do that, the pasture. He caught the oldest and I mean. You'll break your stick and gentlest of the horses, opened a gap it's the one I like." in the fence and led him out. Then Collingeford turned a flushed face he called Bonlfacio. "Listen," he said. to her. "Look here, Alix," he said, "you must take the fattest of the steers-the red one with the blazed face--- you must drive him into town and sell him." The darky demurred. "It is too late for market, master." "It does not matter. You must do as I say," said Gerry angrily. "You must sell the steer. If you cannot sell him you must give him for blue ribbon. Do you understand? You must bring back blue ribbon for your mistress. She says you must have a little roll of blue ribbon." Hours passed and Bonifacio returned. He laid a little package and some money beside his master. He unsaddled the old horse and turned him into the pasture; then he came back. sat down at Gerry's feet and slept. Gerry looked with wonder on his nodding head. Then the door opened and Dona Maria came bustling out. "Come in," she cried; "thou art the father of a man child." Gerry went in and knelt beside the bed. Margarita looked at him and smiled faintly, proudly. He laid the little roll of blue ribbon in her weak hand. She turned her head slowly and looked down. She saw the glint of blue and understood. She turned ber eyes, swimming black pools in a white, drawn face, to Gerry. To sacrifice she added adoration.

Alix' pale beauty, would have seemed | England. He was to sail the following hard to match. Seen together, they afternoon. He looked so glum over it were wonderfully in tone. Allx grew that Alix consented to lunch with him grave under inspection, Collingsford and see him off.

He came for her the next day a litnervous. "There is no news?" he tle late but, when she saw his face. she felt a shock and forgot to chide "None," said Alix and a far-away look came into her eyes as if her mind him. Her eyes mirrored the trouble in were off, thousands of miles, intent his but somehow she felt that it was not the parting from her that had

turned him pale in a night. He helped her into the waiting cab and then sank back into his corner.

Alix laid her gloved hand on his knee. "What is it?" she asked. Collingeford's face twitched. He fixed his eyes through the cab window on nothing. "Bodsky," he said, "is

dead. He has been dead for months." "Oh," cried Alix, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you." She did not try to say any more. She had put all her heart into those few words. Collingeford drew out his pocketbook and took from it a soiled sheet of paper-a leaf torn from a field notebook. He held it out to her with trembling hand. "I wouldn't show it to anyone else. Trouble has made you great-bearted. Read It."

Allx puzzled over the slip of paper. "What's the name of the place? I can't make it out."

"It's a little hole on the borders of Thibet. That paper's been handed along for five months. The envelope it came in was in tatters."

"Dear Old Pal," read Alix, "Do you remember what I used to tell you? When a man has seen all the world he must go home or die. When we last parted I had three places left to see, but they haven't lasted me as long as I thought they would. I have sent you my battery. The bores are a bit too big for the new powder and you can't use the guns, I know, but you'll have a home, old man, and you can give them a place in a rack. They will make a little room as wide as the ends of the earth. I didn't kill her. I

made her kill herself. Bodsky." Allx was puzzled again but then she remembered. "So he didn't kill her, after all," she said.

"Kill her! Kill what?" said Collingeford. "Oh, yes. I remember. As

if that mattered." "It matters. It does matter," cried "you are honest and sincere and all Alix, outraged.

"Forgive me." said Collingeford.

- suren

understand. Have you ever sat in the desert on a moonlit night and looked at the Sphinx? It holds you-it holds yours eyes in a vice. You wonder why. I'll tell you. It knows. That's the way it was with Bodsky. He only towered-knew-understood. If that is nothing, Bodsky was nothing." They were silent. Presently Collingeford helped her out and together

they passed through the rich foyer, the latticed paim room, and up the steps into the latest cry in dining rooms. A little table in the far corner had been reserved for them. As they crossed the crowded room a hush fell over the tables. Some looked and were slient

because Alix was beautiful and daintily gowned and Collingeford all that a man should be, but those who knew looked because Allx was Allx and Colingeford was Collingeford. These soon

fell to whispering, predicting a match. Alix bowed abstractedly here and there as she followed the head waiter to her seat.

They sat down, each half facing the room. Alix caught her breath. "Whifting the old air?" asked Collingeford. "No," answered Alix. "Only sighing. I feel so out of it and that al-

ways makes one sigh whether one wants to be in it or not." Alix paused. "Go on," said Collinge-

ford. "There are only a few men in the room, but almost all of these women have husbands. The husbands are in two tenses-past and future. There must be a present but it is nebulous. I didn't know before but I know now that in time these women will go back or forward to their husbands. Some day they will get dizzy and fall and

the shock will wake them up." "You see, you understand, you are prophetic," said Collingeford, smiling. "But I do not tower like your Bodsky," said Alix and then bit her tongue at the slip.

A shadow seemed to fall on them The room's high, delicate paneling and the painted oval of the ceiling seemed to hover over a suddenly darkened emptiness. The hum and chatter of the throng became little and far away. Collingeford and Alix felt as though they sat alone and yet not alone. Collingeford nodded as though Alix had spoken. "Yes," he said, "Bodsky has come back to us. Don't regret it. I don't know how it is with you but I feel that we two are alone with him

and that it's worth while. He's come on us like a cloud. "But I like clouds," he continued. "big black clouds. If it were not for them you couldn't see the lightning or

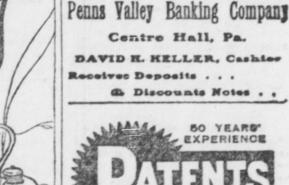
hear the thunder. They make lightning and thunder-the arm and the voice of the gods.

"Bodsky was elemental. He was an element. He could not produce but he could make fertile the lives of lesser men. I've sat at his feet ever since the first time he spoke to me. I didn't know I was doing it but I can see it

down." now. And the result it this: Bodsky He turned under her hands and she

ease.



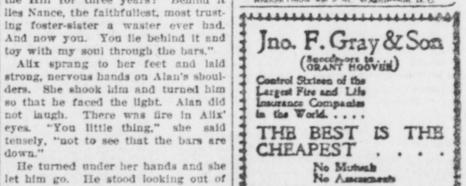




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The calm which had settled on Alix' life puzzled her. She wondered if she was beginning to miss Gerry less. She was still debating the point when Col-Alix. As she came into the room he home." felt a strange fluttering in his throat. It stopped his words of greeting. He stuttered and stared. He had never feit so glad at the sight of any one.

"What are you looking so dismayed about?" cried Alix with a smile and holding out her hand. "Has a short year changed me so much? Am I so thin or so fat?"

Collingeford recovered himself. "Nelther too thin nor too fat. It is perfection, not imperfection, that dismays a man. You call it a short year?" he added gravely. "It's been an eterwity-not a year!"

But Alix was not to be diverted from her tone of badinage. She looked aim over critically. "Well," she said, "I congratulate you. I didn't know before that bronze could bronze. What a lot of health you carry about with 4'0U.'

Collingeford smiled. "Clem said I ooked as though I had been living on It burts a woman to be forgotten." ables."

They sat and stared at each other.

-not just now. If your bad luck had forgotten that you never knew doesn't let up---if you learn anything--anything you don't want to know-I

ose things I said. Don't let's hedge

can't say it right out-would you-

d'you think you ever would-" Alix did not smile. He was too much in earnest and she liked him too much-was too much at one with him -- not to feel what he was going through. "I like your Honest Alix," she said, after a pause, "and I'm going to let her do the talking for a moment. If I learned absolutely thatthat Gerry can never come back to me, there is no man that I would turn to quicker than to you." Collingeford gave her a grateful look and the flush under his tan deepened. "Don't misunderstand me," she went on "I like you a whole lot, but I have never thought of marrying anyone but Gerry. I'd like to marry Gerry. I've never married him yet. Not really."

They walked on for some time in siience. Collingeford's thoughts had raced away southwards and Alix' followed them unerringly. "Don't make one horrible mistake, Percy." she said when she was sure. "Don't imagine that I could ever love the bearer of ill tidings."

Collingeford flushed, this time with shame. "No, of course not," he stammered.

"You see-or can't you see?" she vent on, "that all this new life of nine I've hung on to a single hook of faith. I could not break out from this probation for any other man. I do not mean that a woman can love but

Bodsky. You said yesterday that Bodonce-not necessarily. But I do think that one's life must spring from a new sky used naked language. You were right. Bodsky undressed things. Just chrysalls to meet a new love fairly. Second loves at first sight have a tang as some people see red and some blue, lingeford arrived in the city. Upon of the bargain counter and the ready Bodsky saw things naked. He could arrival he called on Mrs. J. Y. and made. Love is not a chance tenant. look through a black robe of rumor then on Nance and then, of course, on He must build or grow into a new

They walked on in a full silence. Collingeford's shoulders drooped. For the first time in his life he felt old. could have accomplished anything-"You are right-you are always right," he said at last. "I shall go uwaysomewhere where it's easy to sweat." "Somewhere where it's easy to sweat!" exclaimed Alix. "What an ugly thought."

reminiscently. "Bodsky says you can drown any woman's memory in sweat. Good old Bod! I wonder where I shall | er used a stale cartridge-his gun never missed fire." find him."

"Oh," said Alix, "if it's Bodsky's. one musn't quarrel with it simply because it is ugly. But-" "But what?" said Collingeford.

"I was going to say, 'But what naked language!' Perhaps it is one of those truths one shrinks from because it starts in by slapping one's face. Anyway, even if it is a truth, it's horrid.

said and stopped before an up-town

spangled with lies and see truth paked. He was naked himself-naked and unashamed. It's hard for me to make you see because you did not know him. Bodsky was one of those men who

Bed.

only he didn't. He sifted life through a big mesh. All the nonessentialswith Bodsky was a volition, measured, weighed, and then hurled. That's why "It's only Bodsky." said Collingeford | if you knew him you knew that in his hands a crime was not a crime. That's why I know that he is dead. He nev-

> Alix mused. "I can't see him-I can't quite see him. A man who can accomplish anything and doesn't seems wrong-a waste."

"You don't see," said Collingeford. "because you are facing my point of view. You must turn around Bod-

a soul, but it took a tragedy to make thing to shake.' a man. His tragedy was that life cut

creator, he was a creation. Genera- me." Each found the other good to look up- ticket agency. "Do you mind?" he tions, races, cons, created Bodsky and

in the fragile quality of went in and he bought a passage for He had but one mission-to see and tion.

couldn't go home. But I can and I'm going home before I've seen the whole world. Only-only I wish I could take you with me."

"There, there," said Alix, playfully, but her eyes were soft. "We must go now or you will miss your ship."



As Alix and Collingeford left the dining room she said, "They weren't all butterflies after all. I saw a man and a woman."

"Not really?" said Collingeford. 'Who?" "Alan Wayne and Dora Tennel."

At Alan's name Collingeford's face lit up with interest. "Ten Percent Wayne, eh? Yes, you're right. He's a man. And Dora Tennel, ex-Lady Braeme. Yes, she's a woman too-in a way.'

"Has she a tarnished reputation?" Gerry Went in and Knelt Beside the with tarnished reputations."

> Each followed the train of his own thoughts until they reached the pier. Alix did not get out of the cab. She leaned from the window and said good-by. Collingeford held her hand and her eyes long, then he turned away and hurried into the elevator. When Alix got home she sat down and wrote a note to Alan-just a line to tell him that she was ready and wished to see him. He came the fol-

too much not to betray his nervousness. But the sight of Allx put him the trivialities-fell through. An act at his ease. She had become a true woman-true in the sense of honorand she was tempered as steel, but soft with the softness of motherhood. About her there was the peace of an Inner shrine. She drew him into it un-

> clean just as he had felt unworthy on that other day when he had recoiled neck.

"You're not looking very well, Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

just now," replied Alan. "Touch of sky used to say that all humanity had river fever. It's like memory-a hard

"I'm not trying to shake mine," said Collingeford smiled. "Just so," he him out from the herd. He wasn't a Alix caimly. "My memories have made

"No wonder you don't quarrel with in. Seen alone, Collingeford's tall, asked, with a wave of his hand. They left him standing like a scarred crag. them," said Alan in frank admira-

let him go. He stood looking out of the window at the bare trees. Alix watched him. "Alan, you can come to the Hill tonight. They-we-are all going to be together here. It's Clem's birthday. If you can feel the pale, that's enough for me. I want you to

3

B

"You're Not Looking Very Well, Alan."

There is a pale. Behind it lies Red

Hill. Do you know I haven't been to

the Hill for three years? Behind it

lles Nance, the faithfullest, most trust-

ing foster-sister a waster ever had.

toy with my soul through the bars."

And now you. You lie behind it and

Alix sprang to her feet and laid

strong, nervous hands on Alan's shoul-

ders. She shook him and turned him

so that he faced the light. Alan did

not laugh. There was fire in Alix'

eyes. "You little thing," she said

My world has left yours behind.

be with us." "Allx, believe me or not, it's because I feel the pale that I won't come. If there's a ship sailing for the ends of the earth before night it shall carry me. This big city isn't big enough to hold all the Hill and leave me room to wander outside."

"Then why-why-" "I'll tell you. The last time I saw J. Y., he said to me among other things, 'Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think, Alan, that it is because

understand?"

Clem is there that you have not come. Well, there it is in a nutshell. I bear the mark of the beast. Do you think I want Clem to see it?"

Collingeford stopped short in his stride and looked keeply at Alix. "My dear lady," he said, "that is a question one does not put to a man. However, it doesn't embarrass me to answer it in this case. She has not. What on earth put it into your head?" "I don't know," said Alix. "Oh, yes I do. I remember. Someone told me once that Alan surrounded himself

since you saw her. You used to think me beautiful-" valuing glance at Alix' pale beauty. me beautiful. Beside Clem with her heaps of brown bair and deep blue eyes, I am nothing. I am worse-l

strange wisdom and strength of her own. The world has never reached ner-will never reach her. She's made her own world and she's made it right. lowing afternoon. At first he was a And yet-the wisdom in her deep eyes, little awkward, straining just the least Alan. She knows-she knows it alland you know that she knows, only, faith sits enthroned." "Faith sits enthroned." repeated Alan; "that's why I can't come tonight." He looked around for his hat and stick.

"By the way," said Allx, "why J. Y. and why Mrs. J. Y.? I've always wonhesitatingly and he suddenly felt undered." "I don't know," said Alan. "I've

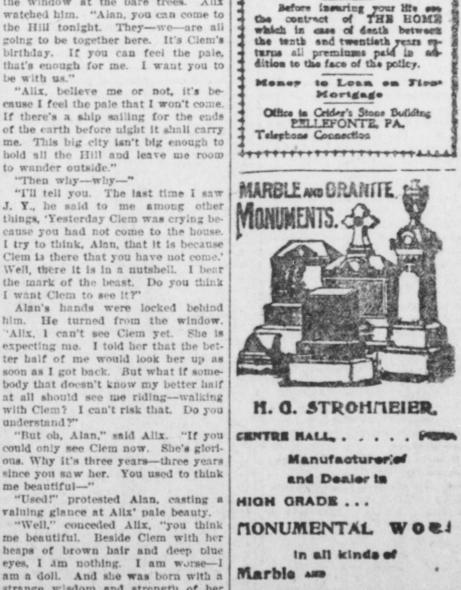
always wondered too, I suppose. But from Nance's loving arms around his here's the judge. He can tell you." "Tell what?" asked the judge as he

walked in and took Alix' outstretched

hand. "No, I'm not on the top of the wave 2\* Considering his past delin-

quencies, do you believe that Aian Wayne has a moral right even to hope for Clem's hand in marriage? Will this fine, clean girl look on Alan with favor?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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