EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916.



PRELUDE

N AN Indian summer Oafternoon of not very ng ago Red Hill drowsed brough the fleeting hours a though not only time aut mills, machinery and railroads were made for slaves. Hemmed in by aut mills, machinery and raliroads were made for slaves. Hemmed in by the breathing silences of acattered woods, open fields and the far reaches

ef misty space, it exemed to forget that the traveler, studying New England at the opening of the twentleth century brough the windows of a hurrying train, might sigh for a vanished ideal and con-cel age.

cial age. For such a one Red Hill held locked a message, and the key to the lock was the message itself: " urn your back on the paralleled rivers and railroads and plunge into the bywrys that lend into the eternal hills, and you will find the world that was and still is." cial age.

Let such a traveler but follow a lane Let such a traveler but follow a lane that leads up through willow and elder-berry, ansafras, laurel, wild cherry and tabiling clematic; a lane aligned with slender wood-maples, hickory and moun-tan-sah, and anked where it gains the open with acattered juniper and oak, and he will come out at last on the scenes of a country's childhoo...

of a country's childhoot. At right angles to the latter, a broad way, cutting the length of the hill, and leging itself in a dip at each end toward the valleys and the new world. The broad way is shaded by one or two trees -the domed maple or the stately elm. At the summit of its rise stands an old church, whose green shutters blend with the carcesing follage of primeval trees. Its white walls and towering steeple dominate the scone. White, too, are the stated bouses that gleam from be-hind the verdure of unbroken lawns and shrubbery, white all but one, whose time-

sattered bouwes that gleam from be-hind the verdure of unbroken lawns and shrubbery, while all but one, whose time-rained brick glows blood-red against the black-green of clinxing ivy. Not all these homes are allve. Here a charred beam tells the story of a fire, there a mound of trailing "ines tenderly hids from view the hanne of a ruin, and here again stands a tribute to the power of the new ag -a house whose shutters are closed and barred, white now only in patches, its scaling walls have taken as the duil gray of aestected pine. For generations these houses have sent at men, for generations they have taken them back. Their cupboards guard trophies from the seven seas, paid for with the Yankee nutmeg; swords wrought from plowshares and christened with the blood of the oppressor, a long line of collegiate sheenskins, and last, but by nomeans lesst, recipes whose faded ink at brittle paper sum the essence of ages of uninary wisdom. Bane of these clustered homes dive the war round at full swing, but the life of

Same of these clustered homes dye the

for eminary wisson. Some of these clustered homes dwe the par round at full swing, but the life of some is cut down in the winter to a minimum, only to spring up afresh in some of the new stalk from a treas-ued but, of such was the little king-dem of Red Hill. Me Hill was very still on this Indian some's afternoon as though it were in bling from the railroads, mills and high-ways of an age of hurry. Upon its long, free creat it bore but three contres of life and a symbol: Maple House, The Fire and Elm House, half hidden from the road by their distinctive trees, but as life as the warm eyes' of a veiled woman; and the church. and the church.

The church was but a symbol-a mere bill. Within it presented the appear-able of a lumber room in disuse, a playround for rats and a haven for dust. But without, all was as it had ever been;

THE NOVEL OF * THE YEAR %% BY GEORGE A.CHAMBERIAIN

fly, seriously cordial to the stranger with-in the gates. Then she slipped away to speak a word to the kitchen and to glance

speak a word to the kitchen and to glance over the great table in the dining room, for tonight Eltons, Lansings and Waynes were to dine at a single board. They gathered 20 strong, a sturdy lot. From old Captain Wayne to little Cle-matis McAlpin, promoted for a night from the children's table, they bore the stamp of fighters, veterans and veterans to be. Life had marked the faces of the men and time had mellowed the faces of the women. In the cheeks of the young color glowed and in their eyes a fire burned. Life challenged them, Their spirits were eager to take up the gage. On Red Hill the mountain-ash thicket that gave the place its name was in its

On Red Hill the mountain and inicket that gave the place its name was in its full glory. Its carming flame called de-flance at the disappearing sun. The old white church caught the flery light of the

white church caught the flery light of the sun in the small panes of its windows and sent back a measage, too, across the valleys and over the hills, but there was no deflance in it—only a cry to the world that the old church still stood. Night fell on the Hill. The stars came out and with them a glow of light and warmth lit up the windows of Maple House, Elm House and The Firs. A smell of hot biscuit lingered in the still air. The soft voices of women hushing children to sleep came like the breath of life from the quiet houses.

life from the quiet houses. Here a song, sifting softly through the rustle of many trees, there the crying, quickly hushed, of a frightened, wakened baby, and far up the road the trailing whistle of a boy, signaling good-night, passed into the silence. Lastly the moon burst over the ridge of East Mountain, and in the path of its soft light the old church stole back into the picture.

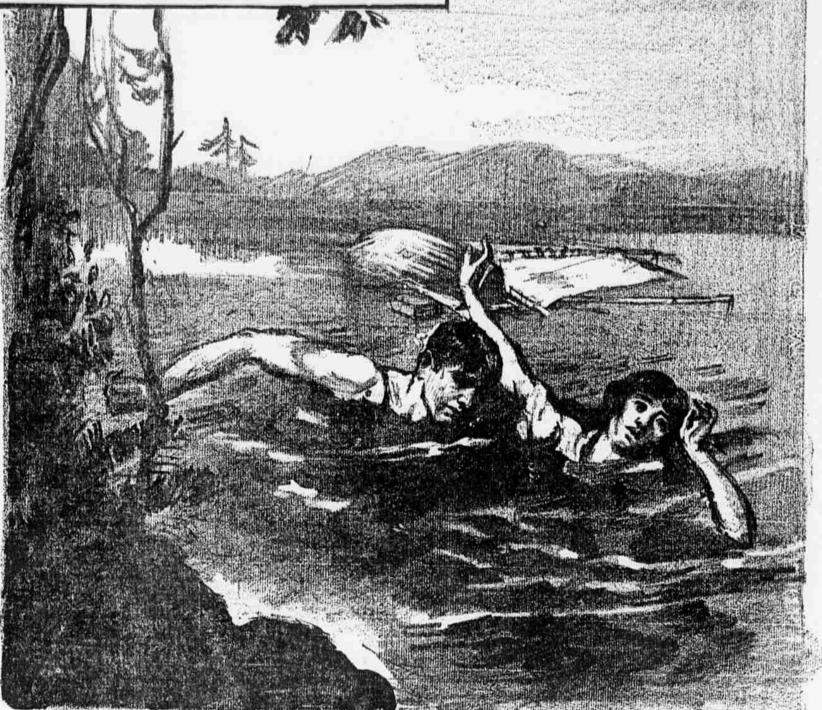
CHAPTER I Exiled

AUTUMN passed and winter, then on a day in early spring Alan day in early spring Alan Wayne was summoned to Red Hill. Snow still hung in the crevices of East Mountain. On the Hill the ashes, after the total eclipse of winter, were meekly donning pale mean The elims of Film

green. The elms of Elm House too were but faintly outlined in verdure and stood like empty sherry glasses waiting for warm wine. Further down the road the maples stretched out bare, black limbs whose budding tufts of leaves served only to emphasize the nakedness of the trees. Only the firs, in a phalanx, scoffed at the general spring cleaning and looked old and sullen in consequence. consequence.

The colts, driven by Alan Wayne, flashed over the brim of Red Hill on to the level top. Conchman Joe's paw was the level top. Conchman Joe's paw was hanging in awe and so had hung since Mr. Alan had taken the reins. For the first time in their five years of equal life the colts had felt the cut of a whip, not in anger but as a reproof for breaking. Conchman Joe had braced himself for the bolt, his hands itching to snatch the reins. But there had been no bolting, only a sudden settling down to business. For the first time in their lives the colts were being pushed, steadily, evenly, almost-but never quite-to the breaking puint Twice in the long drive Joe

point. Twice in the long drive gathered up his jaw and turned his head, preparing spoken tribute to a master hand. But there was no speaking to Mr. Alan's face. At that moment Joe was a part of the seat to Mr. Alan and, being a coachman of long standing in the family, he knew it. "Couldn't of got here quicker if he'd let 'em bolt," said he, in subsequent de-scription to the stable-hand and the cook scription to the stable-hand and the cook. He snatched up a pail of water and poured it steadily on the ground. "Jest like that. He knew what was in the colts the minute he laid hands on 'em and when he pulls 'em up at the barn door there wasn't a drop left in their buckets, was there, Arthur?" "Nary a drop," said Arthur, stable



Gerry had deliberately slapped her across the mouth, "Put one hand on my shoulder, I'll tow you to shore," he said.

In a word he had the perfect proportion that looks frail and is strong. As he stood before his uncle, his eves grew dull. They were slightly blood-shot in the corners and with their duness the clear-cut lines of his face seemed to take

Gerry's face was white and stern. "Put

CHAPTER II

Accidental

shore.

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

"Put me on Hidden Rock." said "I prefer to wait for a boat."

one hand on my shoulder and kick with your feet," he said. "I'll tow you to

be high-strung, nervous and impulsive a combination that led people to consider her flighty. On the day of the wreck Gerry had shown himself to be a man rull grown. He had mastered her: she thought he could hold her.

Then came could hold her. Then came calculation. Allx was out of the West. All that money could do for her in the way of education and culture had been done, but no one knew better than she that her culture was a better than she that her culture was a mere veneer in comparison with the in-grained flower of the Lansings' family oak. Here was a man she could love and with him he brought her the old home-stead on Red Hill and an older brown stone front in New York whose position was as awkward as it was socially un-assailable. Ally reflected that if there was a fool to the bargain it was not she. All Beat Mill and

All Red Hill and a few Deerings gathered for the wedding and many were the remarks passed on Gerry's handsome bulk and Allx's scintillating beauty, but the only saying that went down in history came from Alan Wayne when Nance, just a little troubled over the combination of Gerry and Alix, asked him what he thought of it. thought of it.

Alan's eyes narrowed and his thin lips curved into a smile as he gave his ver-dict: "Andromeda, consenting, chained to the rock."

CHAPTER III Warning TO THE surprise of his

I friends Alan Wayne

gave up debauch and found himself employ-ment by the time the spring that saw his dis-missal from Maple House had ripened into summer, He was full of preserve He was full of prepara-tion for his departure for Africa when a summons from old Captain Wayne reached him.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the Captain upon his arrival in town had cone straight to his club and forthwith be-come the sensation of the club's windowa. Old members felt young when they caught sight of him as though they had come suddenly on a vanished landmark restored.

"How do you do, air?"

"How do you do, ar?" "Huh!" grunted the Captain. "Sit down." He ordered a drink for his guest and another for himself. He glared at the waiter. He glared at a callow youth who had come up and was looking with speculative eye at a neighboring chair. The waiter retired almost precipitously. The youth followed.

"In my time," remarked the Captain, "a club was for privacy. Now it's a haven for bell-boys and a playground for whippersnappers."

whippersinappers." "They've made me a member, sir." "Have, eh!" growled the Captain and glared at his nephew. Alan took inspec-tion coolly, a faint smile on his thin face. The Captain turned away his bulg-ing eyes, crossed and uncrossed his legs and finally spoke. "I was just going to say when you interrupted." he began, "that engineering is a dirty job. Not, however," he continued, after a pause, "dirtler than most. It's a profession, but not a career." not a career."

"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. "What's your appointment?" "It doesn't amount to an appointment. Just a tab as assistent to What's when the

Just a job as assistant to Walton, the engineer the contractors are sending out

for the old church was still beloved. Its fresh while walls and green shutters and ampiring steeple, towering into the , denied neglect and robbed abandonment of its sting.

In the shadow of its walls lay an old Fraveyard whose overgrown soll had ing been undisturbed. Along the single had which cut the crest of the Hill from sorth to South were ruins of houses that sade had sheltered the scattered congre-sation. But the ruins were hard to find or they too were overgrown by juniper tematis and a crowding thicket of mountain-ash. On these evidences of death and enmountair

treathment the old church seemed to urn its back as if by right of its fresh wals and unbroken steeple it were still inked to life. Through its small-paned Windows it seemed to gaze contentedly scrows the road at the three houses, sidely separated that half faced it in a ing perspective. The three house ded towards the sunrise; the church

towards its decline. The supper call had sounded and the duldren's answering cries had ceased. Along the ribbon of the single road Gurried an overladen donkey. Three leagths of logs bobbed at varying angles her fat sides. Behind her hurried a nurse, aghast for the hundredth time if the donkey's agility, never demon-inated except at the evening hour. Halfway between Maple House and The

The steed two bare-legged boys working their tors into the impalpable dust of the readway and rubbing the grit into ankles in a final orsy of dirt before the evening wash. They called derisively to be donkey load of children, bound to be with the setting sun.

On the veranda of Elm House an old the veranda of Elm House an old an in shirt sloeves sat whitting on to a sat, specially laid at his feet. Heside the fluid pillars of the high portice hes and very small. and wind pillars of the high portice he made very small. The big, still house and the tall eims that crowded the lawn memed to brood over him as though they have that he was not only small but pinsemerely one of the many genera-tions of Elions they had mothered and fainters through the long years that is light of a single life. From the barn behind the house came is simp of the outpin and a sudden

from the barn behind the house came man of the oatbin and a sudden area of eager whinnles. The whinnles are answered from the roadway." The set man looked up. A wagconette appeared on the brow of Red Hill. It was drawn bring han, well-conditioned bays whose and, quick stride reached out for stables are the way constite was crowded. sais. The wagonette was crowded. and has answered cries and waving and his eyes followed the bays the road and twinkled as they saw agonatic nette swerve and plow through surrendering the right of way

fram surrendering the right of way the fat donkey. At The Firs, home of the Lansings even the firs, home of the Lansings even the Eltons had come to Elm tes, the veranda was vacant; but a thair was still slowly rocking. Be-the hay a pile of snowy sewing, hastily upon. An overturned work basket dis-tract a tunnied work basket disa tangied medley of skeins pins and scraps. A fugitive thim a wide circle and brought f one of the veranda posts. distant kitchen came the smell the & Kim Ho:

bing burning. House and The Firs there was peace, but down the road at peace, but down the road at fouse, home of the Waynes, life alone on this autumn evening. We arrival of the wagonetic and all was commotion. A stable out to take charge of the bays, children left their supper and on being kissed all around by comera. Youth called to age and shed back. A hostess with quist sensed welcome, playfully affec-to returning members of the fam-

hand. hand. "And his face." continued the coach-man. "Most times Mr. Alan has no eyes to speak of, but today and that time Miss

Nance stuck him with the hatpin-'member, cook?-his eyes spread like a fire and eat up his face. This is a black day for the Hill. Somethin' going to

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. There was no den, no sanctuary beyond a bedroom for any one at Maple House. No one brought work to Red Hill save No one brought work to Red Hill save such as fitted into swinging hammocks and leafy bowers. Library opened into living room and hall, hall into drawing

living room and hall, hall into drawing room and drawing room into the cool ahadows and high lights of half-hidden mahogany and china closets. And here and there and everywhere doors opened out on to the Hill. A place where summer breezes entered freely and played, sure of a way out. Hence it was that Maple House as a whole became a tomb on that memorable spring morning when the colts first feit a master hand-a tomb where Wayne hisa master hand-a tomb where Wayne his-tory was to be made and buried is it had

on a perceptible blur.

woman struck.

on a perceptible blur. 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. "Two been no uncle to you, Alan, I've been a father. I've tried to win you, but you were not to be won. I've tried to hold you, but it takes more than a Wayne to hold a Wayne. You have taken the bit with a vengeance. You have left such a wreckage behind you that we can trace your life back to the cradle by your failures, all the greater for your many successes. You're the first Wayne that ever missed his college degree. I never asked what they expelled you for and I don't want to know. It must have been don't want to know. It must have bad, bad, for the old school is lentent, and proud of men that stand as high as you stood in your classes and on the field. Money-I won't talk of money, for you

thought it was your own." For the first time Alan spoke. "What do you mean, sir?" "What form straight

With the words his slight form straightened, his eyes blazed, there was a slight quivering of the thin nostrils and his features came out clear and strong. J. Y. dropped his eyes. "I may have J. Y. dropped his eyes. "I may h been wrong, Alan," he said slowly, ' I've been your banker without tel you. Your father didn't leave much. 'but telling

you. Your father didn't leave much. It saw you through Junior year." Alan placed his hands on the desk between them and leaned forward. "How much have I spent since then—in the last three years?" 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 ons more thing to tell you, though, and there are mighty few people that know t. The Hill's battles have never entered it. The Hill's battles have never entered the field of gossip. Seven years before you were born, my father-your grand-

you were born, in ranger-you grand father-turned me out. It was from this room. He said I had started the name of Wayne on the road to shame and that I could go with it. He gave me five hundred dollars. I took it and went. I sank low with the name, but in the end I brought it back and today it stords high on both sides of the water.

<text><text><text><text>

pointed face. Her eyes were large and shadowy. Two tears had started from them and were crawling down solled cheeks. She was quivering all over like

Alan swung around and strode up to grass at the roadside. her. He put one arm around her thin form and drew her to him. "Don't cry, Clem." he said, "don't cry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

For one moment she clung to him and buried her face against his coat. Then she looked up and smiled through wet eyes. "Alan, I'm so glad you've come!" Alan caught her hand and together they Alan caught her hand and together they walked down the road to the old church. The great door was locked. Alan lossened the fastening of a shutter, sprang in through the window and drew Clem after away' ilm. They climbed to the belfry. From he belfry one saw the whole world, with He stooped and kissed her.

Red Hill as its centre. Alan was disap pointed. The Hill was still half naked-almost bleak. Maple House and Elm House shone brazenly white through budpointed. ding trees. They looked as if they had · CEST crawled closer to the road during the win er. The Firs, with its black border of ast year's foliage, looked funereal. Alan turned from the scene, but Clem's little

shins against the centre-board in Gerry Lansing's sailing boat on West Lake, it is possible that the would in th. end have married Alan Wayne in-stead of Gerry Lansing. When two years before Alan's dismissal Nance hand drew him back. Clematis McAlpin had happened between generations. Alan, Nance, Gerry Lanaing and their friends had been too old for her and Nance's children were too young There were Elton children of about her age, but for years they had been abroad. Consequently Clem had grown to 15 in a

sort of ioneliness not uncommon with single children who can just remember the good times the half generation before them used to have by reason of their numbers. This loneliness had given her in certain ways a precocious development, while it left her subdued and shy even when among her familiars. But she was shy without fear, and her shyness itself had a flower-like sweetness that made a oold appeal. his hoat running free before a

"lan't it wonderful, Alan?" she said. "Yesterday it was cold and it rained and The Hill was black, black, like The Firs. Today all the trees are fursy with green and it's warm. Yesterday was so lonely

and today you are here." Ahan looked down at the child with glowing eyes.

glowing eyes. "And, do you know, this summer Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married. Lo you think it's an right for me to call her Mrs. Gerry, like everybody

Alan considered the point gravely. "Yes, think that's the best thing you could call her." 'Perhaps when I'm really grown up

cry," she gasped—and cried. Gerry was big, strong and placid. Ac-tion came slowly to him, but when it came it was sure. He threw one knee over the tiller and gathered Altx into his arms. She isy like a hurt child, sob-bing against his shoulder. "Poor little girl," he said, "I know how it burts.

"Perhaps when I'm reality grown up i can call her Alix. I think Alix is such a pretty name, don't you?" Chem flashed a look at Alan and he nodded; then, with an impulsive move-ment she drew close to him in the half-wheedling way of women about to ask a favor. "Alan, they let me ride old Dubbs when he isn't nlowing. The old donkey-Cry now, because in a minute it will be all over. It will, dear. Shina are like that." And then, before she could master when he isn't plowing. The old donkey-she's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day, when you're not in a great hurry, will you let me ride with her sobs and take in the unconscious humor of his comfort, the boat struck with a crash on Hidden Rock.

Alan turned away briskly and started Clem," he multered. "Not this summer. Clem," he multered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had left the Come on. When they had jett the church he drew out his watch and started. "Run along and play, Clem." He left her and hurried to the barn. Joe was walting. "Have we time for the long road, Jue" asked Alan, as he

Joe was waiting. "Have we time for he long road, Joe" asked Alan, as he imbed into the cart. "What is a she imbed into the cart." "Oh. yes, air; especially if you drib, "I don't want to drive. Let him go and amp is." limbed into the cart.

Mr. jump in.

of the pasture. Her short skirts flounced

"It will take an hour for a boat to get here," answered Gerry. "I'm going to tow you in. If you say another word I madly above her ungainly legs. She tried to take the low stone wall in her stride. Her foot caught in a vine and she pitched headlong into the weeds and shall slap you again.' In a dead silence they plowed slowly to shore and when Gerry found bottom he stood up, took Alix into his arms and

Alan leaped from the cart and picked her up, quivering, sobbing and breath-less. "Alan." she gasped, "you're not going away?" strode well up the bank before he set her

During the long swim she had had time Alan half shook her as he drew her, thin body close to him. "Clem," he said, "you mustn"t. Do you hear? You mustn"t. Do you think I want to go to think, but not to forgive. She stamped her sodden feet, shook out her skirts and then looked Gerry up and down. Gerry with his crisp light hair; blue eyes, wide with his crisp light hair; blue eyes, wide apart and well open, and six feet of well-proportioned bulk was good to look at, but Alix's angry eyes did not admit it. They measured him scornfully, but it was not the look that hurt him so much we have she turned from him with a Clem stifled her sobs and looked up at him with a sudden gravity in her elfish face. She threw her bare arms around his neck. "Good-by, Alan." as the way she turned from him with a little shrug of dismissal and started along

the shore for camp. Gerry reached out and caught hold of her arm. She swung around, her face quite white. "I see," she said in a low

volce. "You want it now." Gerry held her with his eyes. "Yes," he answered. "I want it now." TF ALIX DEERING had not barked her pretty shins against the centre-

"Why did you yell at me to jump into your horrible boat"" "I took you for Name."

"You took me for Nance," repeated Alix with a mimicry and in a tone that left no doubt as to the fact that she was

in a nasty temper. "And why," she went on, her eyes blazing and her slight figure trembling, "did you strike me-slap me across the face

"Because I love you," replied Gerry and Alan would make. But it happened steadily.

"Oh!" gasped Alix. Her gray-slate even that Alan was very much taken up at the time with memory and anticipation of a certain soubrette, and b fore he awoke went wide open in unfeigned amazement and suddenly the tenseness that is the to Alix's wealth of charms the incident of the shins robbed him of opportunity. Gerry, dressed only in a bathing suit, essence of attack went out of her body. Instead of a self-possessed and very angry young woman she becams her natural self-a girl fluttering before her brink first really thrilling situation.

breeze, had swerved to graze The Point, where half of Red Hill was encamped, when he caught sight of a figure lying There was something so childlike in her sudden transition that Gerry was moved out of himself. For once he was not slow. He caught hold of her and drew her to-

prone on the outermost flat rock. He took it to be Nance. "Jump!" he yelled as the boat neared the rock. The figure started, scrambled to its But Alix was not to be plucked like ripe plum. She freed herself gently but firmly and stood facing him. Then she feet and sprang. It was Alix, still half asleep, that landed on the alightly canted floor of the boat. Her shins brought up with a thwack against the centreboard and she fell in a heap at Gerry's feet. smiled and with the smile she gained the upper hand. Gerry suddenly became awkward and painfully conscious of his bare arms and legs. He feit exceptionally Her face went white and strained, for a second she bit her lip and then, "I mus cry," she gasped-and cried. for a naked.

"When did it begin?" murmured Alix.

"What?" said Gerry. "It," said Alix, "When-how long have you loved me?"

Gerry's face turned a deep red, but he Gerry's face turned a deep red, but he raised his eyes steadily to hers. "It be-gan," he said simply, "when I took you in my arms and you laid your face against my shoulder and cried like-like a little kid." "Oh!" said Alix again and blushed in her turn. She had lost the upper hand and knew it. Gerry's arms went around her and this time abs raised her face and

The nearest Gerry had ever come to

her and this time she raised her face and let him kiss her. "Now." she said as they started for the camp. "I suppose I must call you Gerry." "Yes." said Gerry solemnly. "And I shall call you Little Miss Oh!"

The nearest Gerry had ever come to drowning was when he had failen asleop lying on his back in the middle of Weat Lake. Even with a frightened siri clinging to him it gave him no shock to find himself in the water a quarter of a mile from shore. But with Alix it was different She gamed and in Someouence shall call you Little Miss Oh!" So canual an engagement might easily have come to a casual end, but Gerry Lansing was quietly tenacious. Once moved he stayed moved. No woman had ever atirred him before: he did not imagine that any other woman would ever atir him again. To Aliz, once the shock of finding her-self engaged was passed, same full renitsation and a certain amount of isval-headed calculation. She knew herself to different. She gasped and in consequence

We're going to put up a bridge so where in Africa.

"That's it. I knew it." said the Cap-in. "Going away. Want any money?" The question came like solid shot out of tain. four-pounder. Alan started, colored and

smiled, all at the same time. "No thanks, sir," he replied, "I've got all I need."

The Captain hitched his chair forward, placed his hands on his knees, leaned forward and glared out on the avenue,

"The Lansings," he bergan, like a boy reciting a plece, "are devils for drink, the Waynes for women, Don't you ever let 'em worry you about drink. Now-adays, the doctors call us non-alcoholic. In my time it was just plain strong heads for wine. I say, don't worry about drink. There's a safety valve in every Wayne's gullet.

"But women, Alan!" The captain "But women, Alan!" The captain slued around his bulging eyes. "You look out for them. As your great grandfather used to say: 'To women, only perishable goods-sweets, flowers and klasses.' And you take it from me, klasses aren't al-ways the cheapest. They say God made everything-down to the little apples and Lorsey lightfung. But when he made Jersey lightning. But when he made women the devil helped." The captain's nervousness dropped from him as ho deliberately drew out his watch and fob. "Good thing he did, too," he added, as a pleasing afterthought. He leaned hack in his chair. A complacent look came over his face.

over his race. Alan got up to may good-by. The cap-tain rose, too, and clasped the hand Alan held out. "One more thing," he said "Don't forget there's always a Wayne to

"Don't forget there's always a Wayne to back a Wayne for good or bad." Back in his rooms Alan found letters awaiting him. He read them and tors them up-all but one. It was from Clem. "Dear Alan." she wrote. "Nance may you are going very far away. It am sorry, It has been raining here very much. In the hollows all the briddes are under water. I have invented a new game. It is called 'steamboat." I play it on old Dubbs. We go down into the water around the bridges. He puffs just lik a steamboat and when he sets out he stokes all over. He is too fat fhope you will come back very soon. Clem." Gerry and Alix were spending the summer at The Firs where Mrz. Lansing. Gerry's widowed mother, was still nomi-Gerry and Allx were spending the summer at The Firs where Mrs. Lansing, Gerry's widowed mother, was still nomi-nally the hostess. They had been marked two years, but people still spoke of Alls as Gerry's bride, and in so doing stamped her with her own scal. To strangers they carried the air of a couple about to be martied at the rational close of a long engagement. No children or thought of children had come to turn the channel of life for Alls. On Gerry, marriage sat so an added habit. Where duller minds would have dubbed Gery the Ox. Alan had named him the Rock, and Alan was risht. Gerry had a dignity beyond more buik. He had all the powers of resistance, none of ar-ticulation. Where a pin-prick would easy to exist took an upheaval to move Gerry, an upheaval was on the way, but Gerry had as the life was yet after off. The first summer after the marriage houghts and talk turned constantly toward Europe. She even suggested a dying true for the fail, but Gerry reseased to be dragged so far from gelf and mar-ten and the store dore also far in the lastes began to turn and eiter ton-

the leaves began to turn a sented to move back to tr

(CONTINUED IN MONDAY'S EVENING LEDGER)