

# HOME

A NOVEL  
By  
**GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN**  
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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-bye.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Mance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix. Alix is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Alan leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple house Collingford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

Collingford heard someone speak of Mrs. Lansing and he said to Mrs. J. Y., "I know a Mrs. Lansing—a beautiful and scintillating young person—the sort of effervescence that flies over to Europe and becomes the dismay of our smart women and the fate of many men."

Mrs. J. Y. for a second was puzzled. "That isn't Mrs. Lansing—it's Mrs. Gerry you're thinking of. Mrs. Lansing is her mother-in-law. They live next door."

The next morning, with Clem as cicerone, Collingford went over to The Firs to pay his respects to Alix. They found her under the trees.

"How do you do?" said Alix. "The Honorable Percy, isn't it?"

"What a memory you have for trifles," said Collingford, laughing. "May I sit down?"

"Do," said Alix. She was perched in the middle of a garden seat. On each side of her were piled various stuffs and all the paraphernalia of the sewing circle. Collingford sat down before her and stared. Clem had gone off in search of game more to her taste. Alix seemed to him very small. He felt the change in her before he could fix in what it lay. She seemed still and restful in spite of her flying fingers. Spiritually still. Her eyes, glancing at him between stitches, were amused and grave at the same time.

"Doll's clothes?" said Collingford, waving at a herbiboned morsel.

"No," said Alix.

Collingford stared a little longer and then he broke out with, "Look here, what have you done with her? Over there, the young Mrs. Lansing—spice, devilry, scintillation and wit—blinding. Over here, Mrs. Gerry—demure and industrious. Don't tell me you have gone in for the Quaker pose, but please tell me which is the possessive; you now or the other one."

Alix laughed. "I'm just me now, minus the devilry and all that. Come, I'll show you what I've done with it."

They threaded the trees and came upon a mighty bower, half sun, half shade, where in the midst of a nurse and Clem and many toys a baby was enthroned on a rug. "There you are," said Alix. "There's my spice, devilry, scintillation and wit all done into one roly-poly."

"Well, I'm blowed," said Collingford, advancing cautiously on the young monarch. "Do you want me to—to feel him or say anything about his looks? I'll have to think a minute if you do."

"Booby," said Alix, "come away."

But Collingford seemed fascinated. He squatted on the rug and poked the monarch's ribs. Nurse, mother and Clem flew to the rescue, but to their amazement the monarch did not bellow. He appropriated Collingford's finger. "I wonder if he'd mind if I called him a 'young 'un,'" soliloquized the attacking giant. Then he pulled the baby's leg. "When he grows up tell him I was the first man to pull his leg. My word, he hasn't a bone in his body, not even a tooth."

"Silly," said Clem, "of course not."

"What are you staring at him that way for?" said Alix. "Can a baby make you think? A penny for them."

"I was just thinking," said Collingford gravely, "that a baby is positively the only thing I've never eaten."

A horrified silence greeted his remark. The nurse was the first to recover. She strode forward, gathered up the baby and marched away. Alix and Clem fixed their eyes on Collingford. He slowly withered and drew back.

Then the judge and Mrs. Lansing came out to them. Collingford was introduced. Mrs. Lansing turned to Alix. "Have you asked Mr. Collingford to stay to lunch? The judge has asked himself."

"No, mother," said Alix. "I'm afraid we couldn't give Honorable Percy anything new to eat. He says—"

"My dear Mrs. Lansing," interrupt-

ed Collingford. "It's all a mistake. I positively loathe eating new things, no matter how delicious and rosy and blue-eyed they look."

"Are you speaking of cabbages?" inquired the judge.

"No, babies," said Clem. "He wanted to eat the baby."

Mrs. Lansing laughed. "I don't blame him," she said. "I've often wanted to eat him myself."

Collingford spent a good deal of his week at The Firs. Clem went to see the baby daily as a matter of course and he went along, as he said himself, as another matter of course. Clem talked to the baby, Collingford to Alix. He said to her one day, "I've read in books about babies doing this sort of thing to gad-about—"

"Gad-about," interrupted Alix, "is just, but cruel."

"Well, butterflies," compromised Collingford. "But I never believed it really happened."

"Oh," said Alix. "It wasn't the baby. Not altogether. You see, Mr. Collingford, Gerry Lansing—I'm Mrs. Gerry—disappeared over a year ago—before the baby came. He thought I didn't love him. I might as well tell you about it. I believe in telling things. Mystery is always more dangerous than truth; it gives such a lead to imagination."

So she told him and Collingford listened, interested. At the end he said nothing. Alix looked at his thoughtful face. "What do you think? Isn't there a chance? Don't you think he's probably—probably alive?"

The judge was not there to hear the meek appeal of faith for comfort. Collingford met Alix' eyes frankly. "If I were you," he said, "I would probably believe as you do. I've met too many dead men in Piccadilly looking uncommonly well ever to say that a man is dead because he's disappeared. Then there's the other side of it. Bodsky says a man is never dead while there's anybody left that loves him."

"The judge told me about Bodsky. He's the man that said there had been lots of murderers he'd like to take to his club. He must be worth while. I'd like to talk to him."

"I don't suppose," said Collingford absently, "that Bodsky has talked to a woman since he killed his mistress."

Alix started and looked up from her work. "Don't you think you had better come back—and bring the talk back with you?"

It was Collingford's turn to start. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You are right, I was in another world. Only you mustn't get a wrong impression. Everybody says it was an accident—except Bodsky. He has never said anything."

CHAPTER XII

Alan Wayne had been away for a year. He had not returned from Montreal but had gone one from there to work in South America and, later, to Africa.

He had been in town for several days when he met the judge one afternoon in November on the avenue.

"Judge," he said without preamble, "what's this I hear about Gerry disappearing?"

"It's true," said the judge and added grimly, "he disappeared the day you went to Montreal."

Alan colored and his face turned grave. "I am sorry," he said. "I didn't know it."

"Sorry for what?" asked the judge, but Alan refused the opening and the judge hardly regretted it. They were not in tune and he felt it. His heart was heavy over Alan for his own sake. He had broken what the judge had long reverenced as a charmed circle. He had exiled himself from that which should have been dearer to him than his heart's desire. The judge wondered if he realized it. "You're not going out to Red Hill?" he asked, trying to make the question casual.

Alan glanced at him sharply. What was the judge after? "No," he said after a pause, "I shall not break the communal coma of Red Hill for some time. I'm off again. McDale & McDale have loaned me to Ellinson's. I've become a sort of poobah on construction in Africa. They get a premium for lending me."

Alan's speech habitually drawled except for an occasional retort that came like the crack of a whip. The judge looked him over curiously. Alan's dress was almost too refined. His person was as well cared for as a woman's. Every detail about him was a studied negation of work, utility, service. The judge thought of Collingford's story and wondered.

They walked in silence for some time and then Alan took his leave. The judge followed his erect figure with solemn eyes. Alan had deteriorated. One cannot be the fly in the amber of more than one woman's memory without clouding one's own soul, and a clouded soul has its peculiar circumambulation which the clean can feel. The judge felt it in Alan and winced.

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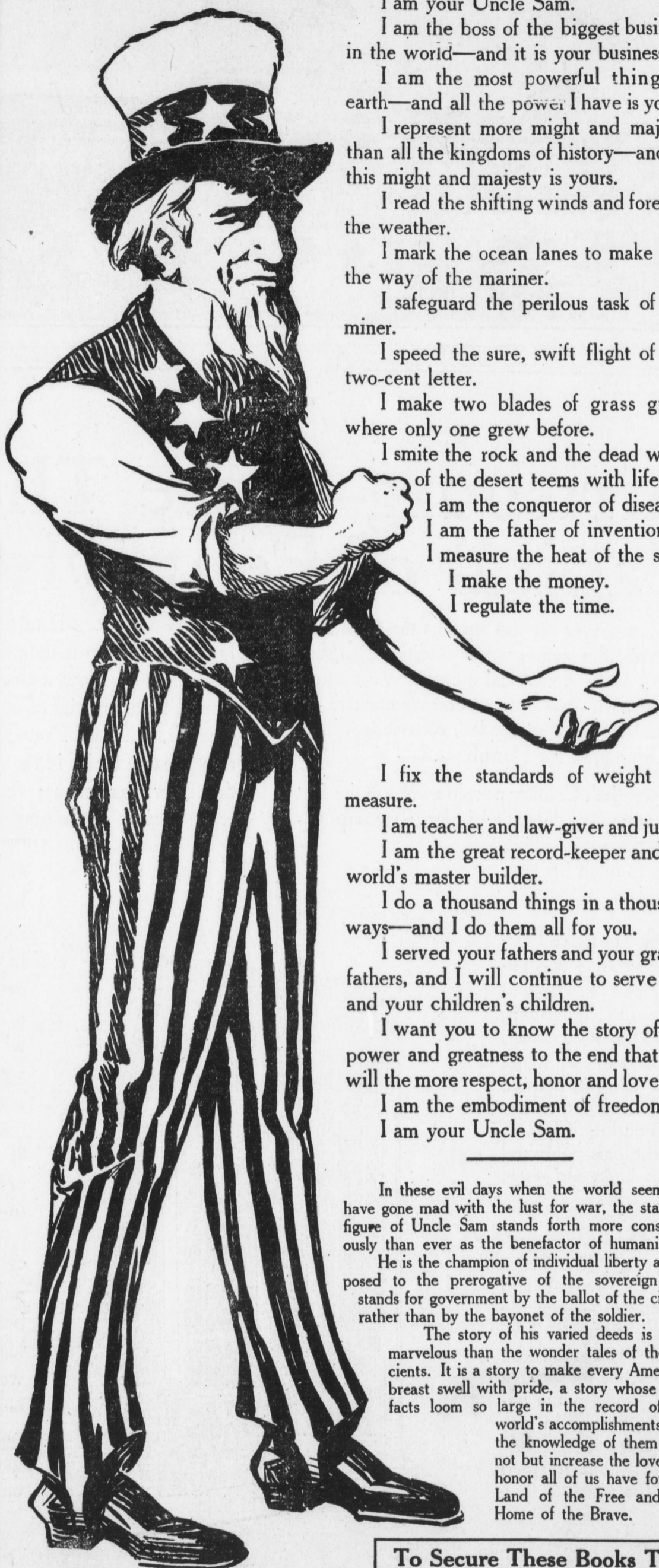
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(To be continued.)

# Here I Am, Citizens!



I am your Uncle Sam.  
I am the boss of the biggest business in the world—and it is your business.  
I am the most powerful thing on earth—and all the power I have is yours.  
I represent more might and majesty than all the kingdoms of history—and all this might and majesty is yours.  
I read the shifting winds and forecast the weather.  
I mark the ocean lanes to make safe the way of the mariner.  
I safeguard the perilous task of the miner.  
I speed the sure, swift flight of the two-cent letter.  
I make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.  
I smite the rock and the dead waste of the desert teems with life.  
I am the conqueror of disease.  
I am the father of invention.  
I measure the heat of the stars.  
I make the money.  
I regulate the time.

I fix the standards of weight and measure.  
I am teacher and law-giver and judge.  
I am the great record-keeper and the world's master builder.  
I do a thousand things in a thousand ways—and I do them all for you.  
I served your fathers and your grandfathers, and I will continue to serve you and your children's children.  
I want you to know the story of my power and greatness to the end that you will the more respect, honor and love me.  
I am the embodiment of freedom.  
I am your Uncle Sam.

In these evil days when the world seems to have gone mad with the lust for war, the stalwart figure of Uncle Sam stands forth more conspicuously than ever as the benefactor of humanity.  
He is the champion of individual liberty as opposed to the prerogative of the sovereign; he stands for government by the ballot of the citizen rather than by the bayonet of the soldier.  
The story of his varied deeds is more marvelous than the wonder tales of the ancients. It is a story to make every American breast swell with pride, a story whose hard facts loom so large in the record of the world's accomplishments that the knowledge of them cannot but increase the love and honor all of us have for the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

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"Mayor of Philadelphia."

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—**JOHN BARRETT, Director.**

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—**S. B. MCCORMICK,**  
"Chancellor, University of Pittsburgh."

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—**P. C. KNOX,**  
"Ex-Secretary of State."

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—**J. D. EGGLESTON, President,**  
"Virginia Polytechnic Institute."

"I have carefully gone over your book, 'The Panama Canal,' and find it accurate, comprehensive, and written in a style that will appeal to all. I have read all available canal literature, and I consider your work far superior to the other books. It is the kind of a book one will read again and again and hand down to his children."  
—**C. A. HEARNE,**  
"Quarantine Officer, Christobal."

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—**JOHN F. FITZGERALD,**  
"Ex-Mayor of Boston."

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