

# HOME

A NOVEL

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS

...s than ever, against the rail the little coaster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan, whom he had made comfortable in a camp bed on the deck.

"It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there might be business waitin' for me at Pernambuco that I do'n' know nothin' about. I've got a hunch I'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled. "I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it's a wrong one. I'm all right. Weak, but I'll make it. Don't worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets, but even so his elbows were crooked. One foot was raised on a rail. He was careless as usual. His unbuttoned vest stuck out behind. His Stetson hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, "I've tol' you some things about Lieber an' you've seen some more. You know how he stands. Lieber's livin' in hell, like a rich greaser in the Bible with his tongue stuck out beggin' for one drop of water, only Lieber ain't got his tongue stuck out—he's bitin' it."

Kemp paused and Alan nodded.

"I was thinkin'," Kemp continued, "that perhaps you'n Mr. Lansing, with yo' folks he'pin', mought chuck him that drop of water when you got back to heaven, meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on Alan.

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry. If J. Y. Wayne & Co. haven't gone to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his water in a full bucket."

Kemp nodded and with a "So long and good luck," disappeared down the gangway.

At Pernambuco Alan found an accumulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the reef. She rode the swell a mile out from shore.

Alan lost no time in making his transfer. From the tender he was winched up to the deck in a passenger basket. As he left the wicker coop he smiled at himself in disgust. Ten Percent Wayne had often jumped for a gangway from the top of a flying sea; never before had he gone on board as cargo. But the smile suddenly left his face. He reeled and put out one hand toward a rail. Somebody caught his arm and led him to a long chair. He sank into it and shivered.

It was a girl that had helped him. As soon as she saw he was not going to faint she left him, to come back presently with the doctor and a room steward. They took charge of him.

Day after day Alan lay in his cabin, listless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the steward to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

With her own peculiar wisdom Clem had written not about him or herself, but about Red Hill. Alan read and then dropped the letter to his lap. His hands felt clenched at his sides. His eyes, grown large, stared out down the long vista of the mind. Walls faded away and the sounds of a great ship at sea were suddenly dumb. To his ears came instead the carolling of birds in evening song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed—like a little child—so it seemed a quite natural thing that the girl who had taken charge of him on his arrival on board should knock at his door and then walk in. She drew out a camp-stool and sat down beside him.

She was very small and very young, not in years but with what Alan termed to himself acquired youth. Her nearsighted eyes peered out through big glasses. They seemed to see only when they made a special effort, and yet they seemed to give out light.

"You are better?" she asked, and smiled.

Alan caught his breath at that smile. "Yes," he said, "I am much better today. I have had a letter from home."

"You must get up now and come up on deck," said the girl. "I'll wait for you outside." Her voice had a peculiar modulation. It attracted and soothed the ear.

Alan frowned and then smiled. "All right," he said, "wait for me." He dressed laboriously. His hands seemed weighted.

On deck she had his chair ready for him beside her own. She tucked his rug about him and then sat down. "Don't talk ever, unless you want to," she said. "Silent people are best."

"Why?" asked Alan.

"They are springs. Their souls bubble."

"And the people that chatter?" asked Alan.

"They are geysers," said the girl, and smiled.

(To Be Continued.)

## WIDE AWAKE "WAR BRIDE" TOWN OF MT. UNION WANTS WILLIAM PENN ROAD THROUGH ITS HEART



The upper picture shows just a small part of the number of men who reside in Mt. Union and who are compelled to take trains to get to their work at the powder plant. After leaving the train they must walk a mile to their work. If a bridge was built over the Juniata river the men could walk to the powder plant from their homes and would not have to walk any farther than they walk now. Below are three of the William Penn Highway boosters. They are, from left to right: Dr. C. E. Culver, R. B. Cassidy and Burgess A. S. Welch.

Boosters Are Planning to Build Bridge Across Juniata to Accomplish Their Object

Mount Union, Pa., March 18.—Along the entire tentative route of the proposed William Penn Highway, there is no town more interested and wide awake to the advantages the road offers than Mount Union. Yet, according to the route mapped out for ratification later, the town itself will not be on the highway. The boulevard, as now routed, will pass along the Juniata river shore on the opposite side from the homes and would not have to walk any farther than they walk now. Below are three of the William Penn Highway boosters. They are, from left to right: Dr. C. E. Culver, R. B. Cassidy and Burgess A. S. Welch.

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## DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

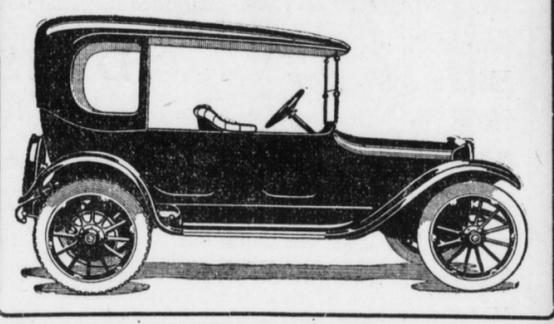
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Oxford, are among other Americans who were saved.

**Lull at Verdun**

Both allied and neutral capitals are displaying concern over the recurrence of submarine activity. The British government rate of marine insurance has not been raised.

The lull in the fighting around Verdun continues. Paris reports a quiet night on both banks of the Meuse, north of the stronghold, the only incident mentioned being an artillery duel in the Woevre district near Moulainville.

### Americans Are Missing After Torpedo Sinks British Horse Ship

Washington, March 25.—Consular reports to the State Department today says the Dominion Line steamer Englishman sunk near the British Isles, was torpedoed and that four Americans are missing. The Englishman was a horse ship.

The missing Americans are Peter McDonald, a horse foreman, of Boston; George McDonald, a trimmer, of Lawrence, Mass.; P. Buckley and M. A. Burke, addresses unknown.

### Sinking of Ships Raises Fresh Complications Between U. S. and Central Powers

Washington, March 25.—Destruction of the British steamer Englishman with the possible loss of American lives, and the explosion of the Channel liner Sussex carrying American passengers coming close on the alleged attack on the Patria and the sinking of the Tahiti, have served to unsettle the submarine situation again and raise possibilities of more complications with the Central powers.

### WAS ON BUSINESS TRIP

By Associated Press

New York, March 25.—Officers of the United States Rubber Export Company, which handles export business of the United States Rubber Company, with offices here, said today they had received no word from Edward Huxley, president of the export company, who was rescued from the Sussex in the English channel. Mr. Huxley left this city in January on a business trip to England and the continent. He was not accompanied by his family.

### SALYBIA SUNK

London, March 25.—Lloyd's report says the British steamship Salybia has been sunk and that the passengers and crew were saved.

In the last available shipping records the vessel is reported as having left Barbados on March 3 for London.

### AMERICANS DIE IN SEA DISASTERS

[Continued From First Page.]

Sussex and the names and nationalities of the passengers. Most of the passengers are believed to have been continentals. There were 270 women and children on the vessel.

The second boat which was lowered, containing 40 persons was overturned, and thirty drowned. A number jumped overboard. Gratings and pieces of furniture were thrown to them. More than half of those who leaped lost their lives.

### Five Bodies on Board

The foremast and wireless apparatus were blown away by the explosion. The wireless operator attempted unsuccessfully to rig a substitute.

Persons who embarked in the boats returned to the Sussex before dark. Rockets were fired during the early part of the night and at about midnight a trawler came to the rescue. It took as many as it could carry to Boulogne.

### 14 Americans Aboard

The following Americans were on board the Sussex:

Joshua D. Armitage, J. N. Baldwin, Helen Baldwin, Elizabeth Baldwin, Gertrude L. Barnes, Charles T. Crocker, Samuel Bemis, Henry Deer, Ida Deer, Lillian O. S. Parde, Edna S. Parde, Edward Huxley, Dorothy Phillips Hilton, Edna Frances Hilton.

Blown to Pieces

Edward Huxley, who witnessed the catastrophe from beginning to end, stated that several passengers and a crew member of the crew were undoubtedly blown to atoms by the explosion.

Mr. Huxley told the Associated Press a remarkable story of his manner in which the forward part of the Sussex was torn off at the captain's bridge. The remainder of the vessel was so little damaged that even the

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