## The BOGIE of FEAR & Arthur Somers Roche

THE STORY.

ALLAYNE GUERNSEY'S bogie of fear is the dread of scandal. Her father committed suicide when he was discovered in a liaison with a chorus girl. Her mother died of a broken heart soon afterward. Therefore Allayne has no pity when SPENSER BOURKE, her flance, is arrested in a raid on a gay party at a roadhouse. She will listen to no explanations, and breaks the engagement forthwith. As a matter of fact, the raid was "framed" by

BENNETT HALSEY, a smooth crook who has sained an entree into society and has his eye on the inherited Guernsey millions. Somewhat to his own surprise, Halsey succeeds in playing on Allayne's outraged feelings and persuading her to marry him. They start on their honeymoon. They start on their honeymoon.

BOSA HALSEY, who has been the bridegroom's

## SECOND INSTALLMENT.

The Great War had broken out in 1914, just as Mrs. Guernsey had completed plans for a tour of Europe with Allayne. In the seven years that had elapsed Allayne had thought hundreds of times of the day when she would visit Europe. Halsey's glowing plans, so carelessly uttered, awakened a response in her. To see Europe in company with this charming, distinguished Englishman sought after by all of New York that . . . Having decided to accept Halsey, he became colored with that glamerous romance with which lovers are in-

If deep down in her heart she was regretful of young Spenser Bourke, the iron pride that she had inherited from her mother made her refuse to recognize regret. If her quick acceptance of Halsey was due in part to her sudden severing of her engagement to Bourke, if she even subconsciously wanted to show Bourke how little she cared, she was not aware of it. She agreed to marry Halsey as he wished. Geistein had become the least bit restive.

He wanted action. But when Halsey showed him the license, and told him where the ceremony was to occur, the Gelstein suspicions evaporated. He even insisted on sharing a pint of champagne, procured from some illicit source, with Halsey shortly before the ceremony. Thus started, Gelstein found it difficult to stop. The share of the pint was followed by a quart. His heart was mellow and his tongue was loose when he ran across, about the time that Allayne Guernsey was becoming Mrs. Bennett Halsey, Rosa.

Gelstein had not seen the woman for five years, but no one who had ever seen her Athe figure, slim, catlike, surmounted by the sullenly beautiful face, could ever forget her. It was on Broadway, near Times Square, and she was hurrying, apparently for a Subway entrance. Gelstein interposed his formidable bulk squarely in her path.

"If it ain't Rosa," he exclaimed cordially. The woman started. For a moment it seemed as though she meditated flight. Gelstein read her mind. He waved his hand. "It's all right, Rosa," he said, "me and Benny fixed up that money matter."

The color came back into her cheeks. She had been cognizant of the affair between Halsey and Gelstein. She could not be involved in it, nevertheless it was unpleasant facing Geistein if he happened to be in a

"I'm giad of that," she said cordially. It was true; she much preferred peace to war, honesty to dishonesty. "Benny never told me about it."

Gelstein waved a chubby hand; his huge diamond ring glinted in the sunlight. "Oh, it's been since you quit Benny that we fixed it up," he said.

'Oh," said Rosa. Her jaw dropped slight ly, so slightly that Gelstein did not notice the expression "Come in-have a cup of tea." invited

Rosa followed him into the corner hotel. She permitted her host to order tea for her, the while her sharp mind pondered on the meaning of what he had said.

"When'd you leave Paris?" asked Gelstein, as the waiter went off to fulfill the order. "Oh-a while back," said Rosa vaguely. You and Benny, he tells me, didn't hit it

leff very well," said Gelstein. Ross shrugged. Also, her glance was cov. Beneath it Gelstein felt his pulses beat a

"Kind of fun showing you the town, Rosa," he suggested. "I've heard worse propositions," she ad-

mitted. "How is old Benny?" she asked. If Benny Halsey was telling old acquaintances that he was through with her, she wanted

Geistein chuckled. "He's the same old Hve one," he said. "Can you imagine him bein' married?" "What?" Only by an effort did she re-

frain from screaming the question. Now, even liquor could not ordinarily make Gelstein incautious. But Rosa was, he thought, a very beautiful woman. Also, she was unattached. But in the past she had been devoted to Benny Halsey. Might not there still lurk within her breast some spark of attachment to Halsey? If so, it would interfere with his own sudden desire for her. So he forgot to be cautious.

'Sure. Today," he asserted. "You're crazy," she sneered.

"All right, then I'm crazy," said Gelstein. "Only, I left him half an hour, and he was on his way to the minister's then, with a ring and a license and everything, and tickets en the Montreal Express-you can get a drink up there without risking jail, you know. Oh, he's married, all right."

"Who's the woman?" demanded Rosa. Gelstein looked up. Something that he saw in her eyes frightened him. He pushed back his chair.

Say, look here, Rosa, what's eating you? What difference does it make to you whether Benny Halsey gets hitched or not?" "Answer me," she said.

Gelstein was afraid of no man who walked Women were different. Sometimes they cried and ran away, and sometimes they cried and ran right over you. Rosa's hand was resting on the teapot. She might, as he phrased it to

himself, "crown " him with it. "Gal named Guernsey," he said sullenly.
"Got a load of jack. What difference does it make to you, anyway?"

But Rosa didn't hear his question. Before Gelstein could interpose his fat bulk she had passed by his chair and was on the way from the restaurant.

So! Benny Halsey was double-crossing her,

going off with another woman. This was why he was going away on a business trip. . . Her brain seethed as she crossed the sidewalk and stepped into a taxi. But when wrath assailed her most strongly her brain was most clear. She did not know from which station the Montreal Express departed. She knew little of New York. But she did know that there was a ticket office, the Consolidated, on Forty-second street. Rather than waste time going from one station to the other, or by braving the telephone service, she drove to the ticket office. There she learned that the Montreal Express left the

Grand Central in ten minutes. A traffic block at Fifth avenue delayed her.

She reached the train gate just as Halsey and his bride were passing through. Halsey turned. Allayne did likewise. She saw the flaming eyes of the woman who seized Halsey's arm, shrank from them as though they were the fire that they seemed.

Incoherent, stumbling, Rosa could not make herself clear. Allayne heard the words -"No right to marry-mine-belongs to

woman's. Rosa fell back into the crowd about the train gates, and the bride heard her husband's cool voice say:

it. Never saw her in my life before." Then, dazed, shamed by the scene, Allayne stumbled along the platform to the train They had arrived at the last minute. Before they were settled in their drawing room the

"Sorry, dear girl," said Halsey. "Most embarrassing situation I ever encountered in my life. Demented woman annoying us that way! An outrage, an butrage."

Allayne stared at him. She had not the slightest doubt of Halsey. But her forehead puckered slightly.

" She didn't," he said.



to take her in his arms, and once again she avoided him."

her cry 'Benny,'" she said. "I remember it

Halsey frowned now in apparent bewilder-

"That make it more amazing," he declared. "I declare, the woman is a menace!" he cried. Allayne, shaken, sank down upon one of the seats. Halsey knelt beside her; his arms went around her lissome waist. He drew her close to him. She interposed her hands before his eager lips. One remembers, after the event, things that one did not know one saw while the event occurred.

"I thought," she said slowly, "that you recognized her when she screamed." Halsey laughed. "How could I recognize her when I never saw her in my life before?" Allayne's laugh joined his, only hers was shaken, uncertain. Doubt did not shake it.

make it uncertain. She was unnerved, unstrung, but still no suspicion of Halsey clouded her heart. But Halsey, himself dishonest and therefore always suspicious, read into her natural reaction following so violent, even though brief, a scene, the thing that was always uppermost in his own heart,

Allayne stared at him. Of course she believed him; was he not her lawfully wedded husband? But even as she was assuring herself that she did believe him, doubt, the doubt created by Halsey's own insistence, was being born in her mind. She pushed half consciously, Halsey's greedy lips farther away

"Why-why, Ben," she said, "you-youwhen she screamed—and you looked so queer—you said something, too. I remember it now. You said 'Rosa.' I heard you."

Now, Halsey had waited all his life for the big killing. It was at hand at last. He had that infinite patience which people, nations, sometimes possess until the sought for goal seems near at hand. Then patience leaves them and they are impetuous, casting away in a moment of rashness the thing for which they labored, perhaps, years.

Allayne Guernsey had been married to him an hour ago. Her lips belonged to him; her fortune was his. But at the moment he thought of her lips more than of her money. She was enticing, attractive, irresistible. That she had dismissed Bourke because of a carefully engineered scandal was all very well. But Bourke had not been married to her. He, Bennett Halsey, was.

"You heard nothing of the sort," he said. "You imagined it." Once again he tried to take her in his arms. and once again she avoided him. He laughed

It had never been his hope to hide from her all evidences of his past, among which Rosa must stand foremost. But he had known that not for the wealth of New York would Rosa permit him to marry, even for a moment, another woman. However, once the deed was done, Rosa would be enough of a philosopher, when she had time to think it over, to forget It and pocket her share of the loot. So Hall sey firmly believed. To avoid trouble he had

Why, his bride's hatred of scandal would in itself act in his favor! Well," said he, "suppose that I did know I don't owe her anything, you may be

arranged a quiet marriage. But now that

trouble had not been avoided, why worry?

sure of that." Allayne stared at her husband. Into her eyes crept that same fiery hardness that had been in them when she had sent from her side young Bourke. Had Halsey been used to dealing with gentlewomen, had his knowledge of well-bred people been something

deeper than it was, he would not have made the mistake of assuming-immediately-that the fire in Allayne's eye was that of anger, and that it was caused by jealousy.

He looked upon Allayne as a species of nut." He knew that she was obsessed by the fear of scandal. Yet, because his acquaintance with women was confined to Rosa Halsey's type, he believed that the main reason that Allayne had rid herself of Bourke was jealousy. Bourke had run around, as Halsey phrased it, with some careless women. At least, Allayne had thought so. Now, there'd be a few tearsand that would be all. Of course, if she really cut up. . . . But she wouldn't. She'd do anything rather than have scandal.

So he smiled and reached once more for

"She'll never bother us again, dear girl," he said. "So-let's forget her." Allayne sat bolt-upright.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded "I mean that I want to know exactly who

Let's not forget her " she said harshly

and what she is," insisted Allayne. Halsey shrugged. The conversation was beginning to annoy him. Also, it was getting beyond his depth. There were, of course, women-men, for that matter-who hated immorality of any sort. But that sort of woman asked only a clean slate from the wedding date. After the ceremony was performed even the most meticulous woman thought that the time for questions had

"She said," went on Allayne, "that you had no right to marry me; that you belonged to her. What did she mean?

Allayne was unsophisticated; Halsey recognized that. But he had failed to realize that there are certain situations in which the unsophisticated person is less likely to be deceived than the wisest cosmopolitan of us all. Sometimes too much of worldly wisdom dulls our perceptions. Children, who have no sophistication at all, are frequently conscious of an evil that escapes the vision of their elders.

So now, Allayne, unversed in worldly matters, had, by the knitting of her pretty brows as she fought for recollection of each quick incident of the scene by the train gates, worried Halsey, caused him to say more than he would have dreamed of saying to a wiser person. To a wiser person he would have offered a laugh. To Allayne he had overacted.

But the girl whom he had just married was a grown woman. They were starting on their honeymoon trip; she wanted her jealousy soothed; well, she had five million dollars, a large portion of which he intended to get, and she was lovely to look upon. She was entitled to a little soothing. This isn't quite the time, dear girl, to

discuss that sort of woman. Some time, when you're calmer-but not now." But once more she fended off his caress "Now," she said. "What is she to you?"

"Certainly nothing now," he said sullenly. "Can't you drop it? If it will make you feel any better-I knew her-yes. But she hasn't a claim on me. Is that enough?" She shook her head. Life was in ruins

about her. But Halsey did not know that. He thought that scandal was the horror of her life. For that matter, it was. But scandal, after all, was merely the trumpet that announced worse things, and it was the

worse things that Allayne hated. Why, if she hadn't a claim on you did she come to the train, scream, say that you had no right-"Women sometimes do those things," said Halsey. "Poor thing, she's probably gone a

Because of your desertion," flamed "Is it my fault that a woman loves me

little bit off her head--"

too much?" he asked. "I don't know." she retorted.

Into Halsey's laugh crept something brutal, something that Allayne had never heard there before.

"Don't you think you've been playing a tragedy queen long enough? Tragedy queen? Queen of melodrama! You're a grown woman, Allayne. Be sane. After all, "I understand that," she said quietly.

"But marriages can be unmade." "What do you mean?" he cried. "I mean that I want you to tell me ex-

actly what was your relation to that woman," she said Halsey laughed again. After all, perhaps it was easier this way. To get it over with

"The relation," he sneered, "was the usual Allayne's lips tightened. For a moment she looked something like her father, not

the man who had surrendered in a cowardly moment to despair, but the man who had fought his way up from poverty to wealth meeting every situation with every ounce of courage and ingenuity that he possessed. "The usual thing," she repeated slowly. Her voice was so calm that Halsey mis

took her attitude. "Of course," he said, pleadingly, "Nothing out of the ordinary-except that she made an idiot of herself at the train. She's probably ashamed of it by now. We'll never

hear from her again. It was nothing but an attempt at blackmail anyway." "I should think that she'd have tried it earlier," said Allayne. "She didn't know that I was going to be

married," said Halsey. Allayne's eyebrows lifted. "That, perhaps, was one of the reasons why you wanted so quiet a wedding. To escape from her." Halsey smiled patiently. The smile seemed

to say that Allayne was a persistent child, who must be humored, but who was making the matter difficult by her unreasonableness. "There wasn't any question of escape from

"You mean," said Allayne quietly, "that there shouldn't have been any such question; that you should never have left her." Halsey shrugged. "It's a bit late to dis cuss that, Allayne." She shook her head. "No, it isn't."

Halsey's eyes opened wide. "But we're "We had no right to be married," she exclaimed. "I deny that," he asserted. "But-any-

way-we are married!" And the marriage can be unmade," she For a moment their eyes met. Hers were

suddenly haggard, sunken. And through them she saw this man, her husband, as she had not seen him heretofore. All the glamour of his greater experience, the suavity of manner that travel had engenderedthese things were stripped from him. She saw him as a rascal who would not hesitate to treat a woman dishonorably. As compared with his offense the sin of Bourke eemed nothing. How could she, even for a moment, have judged so harshly the youth

God forgive her-she loved at this moment? For suddenly she realized that she had never ceased to love Bourke, that pride had driven him from her, had wrecked her life. Wrecked it: For upon the ruins that she

whom she had loved, whom

had made of life no clean and wholesome structure could ever be erected. What had happened could never be undone. For the noisome formalities of a divorce court would leave her always stained, soiled. And yet, what else could she do? This woman at the train gates-her claim was a prior one to that of Allayne.

Claim? She, Allayne, had no claim, no wish to maintain one. She only wanted to be alone, away, far from the filthy tangle in which she had become enmeshed. Something of what was going on in her

mind communicated itself to Halsey. His eyes, too, grew suddenly haggard, afraid. Look here, Allayne," he said, " you aren't going to be unreasonable, are you?' "Unreasonable? I'm going to ask you to

leave me," she said. Halsey tried to bluster. "That's nonsense." "I don't think that the conductor will say

so," said Allayne. He stared at her. "You mean that you'll disgrace yourself by-"I won't disgrace myself," said Allayne.

"I'll protect myself!" Once again their eyes met. Then his hands gripped her shoulders. But she was years younger than he, lithe, strong. She released herself easily, whereas the effort whitened his lips, made his heart, that tricky D heart of his, race and pound against his

"Will you go?" she asked quietly. "What will I say-to the porter-the conductor?" he asked. In this moment of crisis in his whole life, his usual wit deserted him. He thought, as people caught in a fire think of wastebaskets, of such matters as the opinions of the train hands.

"You had no difficulty in thinking of things to tell me," she said coldly. heart warned him against any violence prevented him from seizing her again, striking her. . . He had planned so highly, and had accomplished so lowly. . . . And he realized, as one realizes the inevitability of the oncoming sunset, that Allayne was unchangeable. That was the great outstanding quality of her. He knew exactly what she'd do. She'd divorce him. He knew that her lawyer would employ men who would find plenty of evidence of so many kinds against him that he would not dare to contest a di-

Out of the wreck he might gather a few thousands. . . To avoid scandal Allayne might pay. . . . That was dangerous and dubious. And yet Gelstein wouldn't wait. Gelstein would demand his money; failing to get it Gelstein would whisper into the ear of the nearest policeman. . .

Halsey almost staggered as he left the drawing room. Outside, in the small smoking room at the other end of the car, he sat down, a cigar clenched between his teeth, to think on what should be done. Hours he sat there, while the other passengers climbed into their berths and a surprised porter exchanged confidential whisperings with an amazed conductor.

Around midnight the train stopped. A man, carrying a handbag, paused in the smokeroom a moment, that the porter might examine his berth-check in the better light that the room afforded. Halsey recognized him, himself unnoticed. It was Bourke. The crook wondered what accident had brought Bourke aboard this train, what he would think if he knew of Allayne's wedding. O. well, the account of the marriage would be in the morrow's newspapers, and the account of the separation. .

The porter timidly suggested to him that he'd like to make up his own berth on the smokeroom lounge. Halsey wearily arose. "Have you a spare berth?" he asked. "My -wife isn't well, and-I thought I'd sleep

in a berth outside.' The porter grinned amiably. He picked up the handbag which Halsey had brought from the drawing room and led the way down the curtained car. Ten minutes later Halsey was in bed. Two hours later, still awake, he felt himself flying through the air.

He picked himself up, dazed, reeling from the frightful crash. Screams of agony tore the darkness. How he escaped from the blazing wreckage he never could coherently explain. He only knew that he found himself standing upon an embankment, free from the train, staring down upon the dreadful agony of scores of his fellows. Unhurt, he made no effort at assistance, though cries for aid came from every yard of the telescoped train.

A man staggered up the bank and dropped by his side. In the light from the burning cars Halsey could see him clearly. He marveled that so mutilated a body could have escaped, to live even for a moment. Even the face was unrecognizable.

It needed to be no physician to realize that he had died almost as he had dropped, wearied, tormented, upon the ground.

Halsey had been one of the first of those few who escaped. But now, from the other train into which, he judged, the Express had plunged, came passengers and trainmen to the work of rescue. The flare just below Halsey burned itself out. He sat in darkness, watching, in a daze, what went on a few yards below him, offering his weak heart as excuse for not joining in the rescue. From the farther end of the train he saw

two people stagger. The flame burned brightly there, and by its light he saw that one carried the other, and that the one being borne was a woman.

Shock had made him forget much. Stupidiv, incoherently, he had known that he

had married Aliayne, that she was aboard this train. . . . But self-preservation had been first in his frightened brain. And now, lightning-like, hope, that had been dashed from him, came back.

Suppose . . . If she were dead. . . His share of her estate . . . He crept along the bank until he could look down upon the couple. The woman was Allayne, and he might have guessed that the man would Bourke. And she was unhurt. A giance told him that. Bourke could not be badly injured, either, or he could not have torn her from beneath the blazing timbers, carried her to safety.

And she lay in Bourke's arms, her eyes opened, staring up at the young man. . . Halsey could read the future. There would be a divorce, and then-remarriage. Bourke would have the girl whom Halsey coveted, have her money, and he, Halsey, would rot in some jail. . . . He tiptoed away from the couple below. No thought of assertion of his marital rights entered his mind. He would not, he mused, put it past her to ask Bourke to drive him away.

Back, a score of yards away, beside the man who had died at his feet, Halsey cursed the fate that had let him live. If only he'd been killed in the wreck, to be forever free from the fear of jail. . . . And then he shuddered; he was a coward, and he feared death. Those blazing timbers just below, this dead man at his feet. . . . He looked down at the dead man. Idly he noted that the man's pajamas were of the same silken pattern as his own.

He sat suddenly down, overwhelmed with an idea. Fortune was lost, but-liberty not yet. If he were supposed to be dead, Gelstein would forget him, pocket his loss, and let the matter fade from his memory. To begin all over again, with the inestimable advantage of being thought forever gone from this world. . . . London, Paris; these were again open to him if once he were believed to be dead. New York was lost, but -New York was not everything. He was fascinated by the thought. If the Continental police thought him dead they would cease all further search for him. .

He looked at the mutilated face beside him. Put a card, a letter with the address of Bennett Halsey in the man's pajama pocket. . . Better still, take the pocketbook that was in his own pajama pocket, remove the money that he needed, put # in the pajamas of this dead mar., remove the dead man's purse-he, too, carried him valuables in his breast pocket-and Bennett Halsey would be written down as killed in a railroad accident.

The man's face was unrecognizable. There would never be the slightest suspicion. Gelstein would be thrown off the trail. . He could even write, secretly, to Rosa, beg her forgiveness for what he had done-Rosa was easy; he'd square it with her. And he'd like to have Rosa with him again. He was fond of Rosa. . . . He was transferring identifying articles to the dead man's pajamas even while his brain raced ahead te

Men were coming along with lanterna, summoned from nearby farm houses. They put him in a motor car. They took him into a warm kitchen, gave him hot coffee, he mentioned the vital business appoint ment in Montreal with which not even the wreck could be permitted to interfere. The man's sympathy was easily aroused; he drove Halsey to a nearby railroad junction. And there, shortly thereafter, Halsey caught a train, not for Montreal, but back to New

To another farm house nearby Allayne was carried. There, in the morning, the news was broken to her that her husband's body had been identified. It was Bourke who arranged for the funeral; it was Bourke who, hiding his shock at learning of her wedding. took the widow to New York, attended to those hundred and one things that must be done. Tactfully, gently, he filled the place that a brother might have filled. And when, finally, there was no more to be done for

her, he bade her good-by. She gave him her hand. 'Spence," she told him, "you've been good to me. The kindest man-Spence, I was very

unjust to you a while ago." That was all she said; she could hardly say more. Bourke merely stammered some thing incoherent and left her. Yet he knew that he was coming back. She knew that he was coming back. It was wrong of her to know it, to permit herself to know it. But it had not been accident that made Bourke on a business trip, board the ill-fated train: it had been Destiny. And she knew it. For the heart will never listen to the brain. The brain may insist that a thing is wrong, but the heart does as it wills. And youth is youth and will not be denied. She loved, had always loved, would always love, Bourke. And for him there was no other woman in the world. That she had sent him contemptuously from her meant nothing; that she had married another man meant nothing. When she would come to him his arms. until then aching for her, would be wide to

Twelve months later they were married. -The wedding was quiet, but the newspapers would not be denied. She was wealthy; she had been married quietly once before and had lost her husband in a dreadful tragedy a few hours later. Here were the elements of a first page story, and the newspapers

Allayne smiled at the extravagant accounts in the press; she was amused at the details given later, of her marriage, in the so-called society magazines. She was grateful that nothing of Halsey's past had leaked out. Only Bourke knew of that scene at the train gates. And the woman who had created that scene had apparently faded out of existence. The station police had let her go. Allayne supposed. Bourke, at Allayne's behest, had tried to locate her, but to do so was absurdly impossible. Allayne knew only her first name, had had but one brief glance at her. She could not be found. Therefore

Allayne could offer her no help. And as months passed the shadow of scandal lifted from Allayne's shoulders. She thought, with a rare shudder, how narrowly she had escaped its blackening touch. She sometimes, at night, awoke to think of the woman at the train gates. Then she would force her mind to something else. Scandal

would never touch her now. Yet even as, in the Hillstown home where she and Bourke were beginning life together, she gave herself this assurance, Halsey, in a South African hospital where he was recuperating from his latest heart attack, was reading the account in a society magazine of her marriage to Spenser Bourks. Allayne could not know this. Neither could she know, until her experience was greater, that what we fear is always our master until

cease to fear it. (Continued Next Sunday) (Copyright, 1921, by Arthur Somers Roche),