

The BOGIE of FEAR by Arthur Somers Roche

ALLAYNE GUERNSEY'S bogie of fear is the bogie of scandal. Her father committed suicide when she was discovered... BENNETT HALSEY, a smooth crook who has gained an entrée into society...

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...

Gelestin 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 Gelestin suspicions evaporated. He even insisted on sharing a bottle of champagne, procured from some illicit source which Halsey shortly before the ceremony. Thus started, Gelestin found it difficult to stop...

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

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.

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"No right to marry—mine—belongs to me." Then Halsey's arm broke loose from the woman's. Rosa fell back into the crowd about the train gates, and the bride heard her husband's cool voice say: "Better remove her, officer. Insane, I take it. Never saw her in my life before."

"I wonder," she said, "how she happened to know your name?" "She didn't," he said. Allayne frowned again. "I distinctly heard her cry 'Benny,'" she said. "I remember it now."

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."

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

"You mean that I wanted to know exactly who 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 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.



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

whom she had loved, whom—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 had made of life no clean and wholesome structure could ever be erected. What had happened could never be undone.



He sat suddenly down, overwhelmed with an idea. Fortune was lost, but—liberty not yet. If he were supposed to be dead, Gelestin 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.

(Continued Next Sunday)

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