An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The

Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gayest Me," Etc.

SIR HALL CAINE

Is Man's Law Too Hard for the Woman in the Case? Is Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She Paus the Legal Penalty?

In This Frank and Gripping Story the Man, as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.

VICTOR STOWELL is handsome, of fine nature, the scion of a family of distinction on the Isle of Man, schere his father is Deemster, or chief judge. Curiously enough, he enters the stage of this powerful romance of a sin and its ensequences that makes him the man to sit in sentence on the woman, who is for their mutual transgression, as a voluntary scapegoat to save her good from the results of a girlish escapade. Bessie Collister, a peasant girl, is rude but good-looking in a coarse-grained way. Little does Stowell think, then he takes the blame of walking out with her outside school hours and school bounds to save her from her brutal stepfather and to save his chum, scho has been guilty, from punishment, that Bessie's erring, which starts so young. to affect directly his own happiness and his future great love for beautiful and est-hearted Fenella Stanley. The principal of the school asks the boy who had en guilty of this breach of discipline and maybe of morals to rise and confess. Protecting his friend, Alick Gell. Victor is unjustly struck by the principal, who, scovering the truth later, remorsefully writes to the Decemter to take his son the or he himself for shame must resign his principalship. The Deemster brings his boy home and gives him character, despite the sceming expulsion from school, taking him to visit all his important friends. Bessie, sent home too, is threatened by Dan Baldramma, her stepfather, and divulges that she had been out not with Victor, but with Alick, whose father, the Speaker of the Mane Parliament, is Dan's landlord. Alick comes sneaking home too and confesse the with to his choleric, hard father.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

his voice, he told his story. It was the that he had told twice before, only made him the more furious. had confessed to the principal, they had expelled Stowell. Not publicly perhaps, but it had been expelling him all the same. Four days they had kept him in his study, without saying what they meant to do with him.

Then this morning while the same is a seems, and it won't take long to the same it seems, and it won't take long to the same it seems.

Then this morning, while the boys were at prayers they had heard carriage wheels come up to the door of the principal's house, and when they came out of chapel the study was empty and well was gone.

"And then," said the Speaker (with certain pomp of contempt now), without more ado you ran away?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "by the lavatory window when we were breaking up after breakfast."

"I had no money, sir. I walked."
"Walked from Castletown? What
have you enten since breakfast?"
"Only what I got on the road, sir."
"You mean." begged?"
"I asked at a farm by Foxdale for
a glass of milk and the farmer's wife
gave me some bread as well, sir."
"Did she know who you were?"
"She asked me—I had to answer

perhaps-feeling yourself such a fine fellow, what you were doing there, and why you were running away from school?"

"Yes, sir."

"You fool! You infernal fool!"

The Speaker had talked himself out

breath and for a moment his wife in-"Alick," she said, "if it was you, as

"She was " servant girl, mother."
"But who?"
"Tut!" said the Speaker, "what does fematter who? " You say you confessed to the principal?"
"Yes, air."
"Then if he chose to disregard your

cenfession and to act on his own judgment what did it matter to you?"

"It is wrong to expel Stowell for what I had done and I couldn't stand it," said the boy.

"You couldn't stand it! You dunce!

C. J. Heppe & Son

THIS STARTS THE STORY

YES, sir." said Alick, and then. If you were younger I should take the whip to you." The Speaker was feeling the super-iority of his son's position, but that

Still Alick made no answer. "Stowell will be the martyr and you'll be the culprit, and that ugly incident of the boy with the broken skull will wear another complexion."

don't care about that," cried Alick.

"You don't care!" "I had to do my duty to my chum,

breaking up after breakfast."

"Where did you get the money to travel with?"

"I had no money, sir. I walked."

"And what about your duty to me, and to your mother and to your sisters? Was it your 'duty' to bring disgrace on all of us?"

ters? Was it your 'duty' to bring disgrace on all of us?"

Alick dropped his head.

"You shan't do that, though, if I can help it. Go away and wash your dirty face and get something on your stomach. You're going back to Castletown in the morning."

"I won't go back to school, sir," said the Speaker. "It runs out a year today, sir, and Wille Kerruish, the advocate, was telling me at the Michaelmas mart you were not for renewing it. Do you still hould to that, Mr. Spaker?"

"Certainly I do," said the Speaker.

"I don't want to enter into discussions, but I think you'll be the better for another landlord and I for another tenant." Alick.

"Won't you, though? We'll see about that. I'll take you back." "Then I'll run away again, sir." "Where to, you jackass? Not to this

house. I promise you."
"I'll get a ship and go to sea, sir."
"Then get a ship and go to sea, and to hell, too, if you want to. You fool!
You damned blockhead!"

After the Speaker had swept the boy

from the room his mother was crying. "Only eighteen years for harvest," she was saying, as if trying to excuse him. And then, as if seeking to fix the blame elsewhere, she added:

Dan came into the room with his roll-



"What's this she says-that you've run away?" said the Speaker

"Good-day, Mr. Collister."

son," said the Speaker.

"And I know my stepdaughter."

Then the peacocks in the courtyard screamed again and the jolting of a

springless cart was heard going over the gravel. The two in the drawing-room

"Aw, dear! Aw, dear!" said Mrs

seeing events from their own point of

road, and then the Speaker said:

billycock hat in his hand and his black hair "stroked" flat across his forehead, where a wet brush had left it.

"Good evening, Mr. Spaker! You too.

Mistress Gell! It's the twelfth tomorrow, but I thought I would bring my Hollantide rent today."

"Sit down," said the Speaker, who had given him meager welcome.

Dan drew a chair up to a table from the breast read and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked. The stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked. The stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St. f. which is the stroked and he was butching at Port St.

"Sit down." said the Speaker, who had given him meager welcome.

Dan drew a chair up to a table, took from the breast pocket of his monkey-incket a bulging parcel in a red print handkerchief (looking like a roadman's handkerchief (looking like a roadman's before you can get to Castletown he will have left the island." from the breast pocket of his monkey-jacket a bulging parcel in a red print handkerchief (looking like a roadman's dinner), untied the knots of it, and disclosed a quantity of gold and silver coins, and a number of Manx bank notes creased and soiled. These he counted out with much deliberation amid a si-"And what will the island say to that, sir?" said Dan. "That Archibald Gell, Spaker of the Kaye, chairman of everything, and the biggest man golence like that which comes between thunderclaps—the Speaker, standing by the fireplace, coughing to compose himself, his wife blowing her nose to get rid of her tears, and no other sounds being audible except the nasal breathing of Dan Baldromma, who had hair about

"Count it for yourself; I belave you'll find it right, sir. I have to see him in the morning."
"I lave it with you, sir; I lave it with you," said Dan.

"Quite right. I suppose you'll want receipt?" "If you plaze." The speaker sat at a small desk, and,

as well as he could (for his hand was trembling), he wrote the receipt and "Good day to you, Mr. Spaker! And you, too, Mistress Gell!" said Dan. But having reached the door of the room he stopped and added:
"There's one thing more, though. If my girl is to live with me she must work for her meet and there must be handed it across the table.
"And now about my lease," said Dan. ... What about it?" said the Speaker.

work for her meat, and there must be no more sooreying."
"That will be all right—I know my

"And I know my stepdaughter," said Dan. "These things go on. A rolling snowball doesn't get much smaller. Maybe that captain out of Ireland isn't gone from the island yet—bis spirit, I mane. Keep your lad away from Baldromma. It will be best, I promise you." There was another moment of silence

broken only by Dan's nasal breathing, and then he said:
"Mr. Spaker, the Dempster's son has come home in diagrace, they're saying.
"What's that got to do with it?" sai

the Sneaker. "My daughter has come home in disgrace, too my wife's daughter, I mane."

"My daughter has come home in disgrave. The two in the drawing listened until the sound of the had died away in the lane to the

had died away in the lane to the high "Was it your girl, then . "That's what comes of having chil-dren! We thought it had for the Deem-ster to be in the pocket of a man like Caesar Qualtrough, but to be under the harrow of Dan Baldromma!" she began.
"It was, ma'am. Bessie Corteen—Collister, they're calling her."
"What's all this to me?" said the

Gell.

elsewhere, she added:

"Who was the girl, I wonder?"

"God's sake, woman," cried the Speaker. "what does it matter who she was? Some Castletown huzzy, I suppose."

The peacocks were screaming again; they had been screaming for some time, and the front-door bell had been ringing, but in the hubbub nobody had heard them. But now the parlormaid came to tell the speaker that Mr. Daniel Collister, of Baldromma, was in the porch of the company of the speaker.

"So they say," said the speaker of the pempster's son, sir. It was somebody else's lad did the mischief."

"I see you are well informed." said the Speaker. "Well, what of it?"

"Caesar Qualtrough might have prosecuted, but he didn't, out of respect for the Dempster's said Dan.
"So they say," said the Speaker.
"But if somebody gave him a scute into the truth he mightn't be so lenient with another man—one other anyway." "He was right about Alick going to sea, though," said the Speaker, and, touching the bell for the parlor-maid, he told her to tell his son to come back Alick was in the dining room by this time, washed and brushed and doing his best to drink a pot of tea and eat a plate of bread and butter, amid the remonstrances of his three sisters, who,

The Speaker was silent.

FOUNDED 57 YEARS AGO

The House that Heppe built

"Yes, sir," said Alick, and he meant talked.

"I wonder at the Dempster, I really

"Leave him alone," said Janet—it would all come right some day.

Left to himself, Victor became the great practical joker of the countryside.

Every prank for which no other author could be found. could be found was attributed to him.

If any pretentious person fell into a

ridiculous mare's nest people would say:

"But where was young Stowell while that was going on?"

The Speaker took two threatening strides forward, and Dan rose to his feet. There was silence again as the two men stood face to face, but this time it was broken by the Speaker's breathing also. Then he turned aside and said, with a shameful look:

"It have to see him in the morning."

"But where was young Stowell while that was going on?"

"But where was young Stowell while that was like new life to the old man. You would think the sun was shining all over the house, and that was sing something there—the Keys being so troublesome. Of course, he was "longing" for his daughter to come to him, and that was only natural, but knowing how hard she was working now—6 in the morning until 6 Speaker's steward. But Tom, good man, foresaw the possibility of being saying—he was waiting patiently.

"Aw, yes, yes, that's the way with

CHAPTER IV

Enter Fenella Stanley

The winter passed, the spring came and nothing was done for Victor. His father made no effort to provide for his future, whether at another school, at college, or in a profession.

Victor noticed whatever she began upon she always ended with the same subject. It was Fenella Stanley. That girl was splendid, and she was getting on marvelously. Still at college "across"? Yes. Newnham they were calling it, and she was carrying everything before her—prizes, scholarships, honors—goodness knows what.

honors—goodness knows what.

The island was ringing with her praise, but Janet was hearing everything direct from Miss Green, the Governor's housekeeper, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence.

That woman worshiped the girl—you never saw the like, never! As for the Governor, it was enough to bring tears into a woman's eyes to see how proud he was of his daughter. When he had news that she had taken a new honor it was like new life to the old

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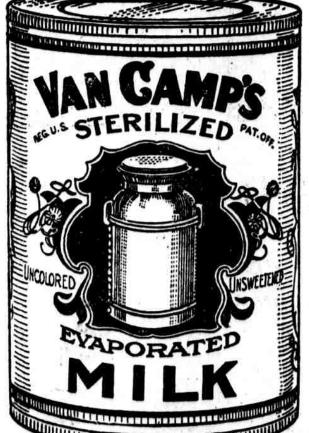
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