THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

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 Gavest Me," Etc.



Woman in the Case? Is Com. science Enough Punishment for Him, While She Pays the Legal Penalty?

Is Man's Law Too Hard for the

In This Frank and Gripping

Story the Man, as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.

strength. There was a vast deal of or-

dinary drudgery in his probationary

ing patience. His natural talents were

recognized as astonishing and he was being promoted by rapid degrees. After a few months the attorney wrote to the

"If that young fellow had been sent up to Oxford, as he ought to have been,

students-at-law. Among them now was Alick Gell, who had prevailed upon

It was wonderful talking, but nearly always on the same subject—the great

sanctity of justice. After an hour or more he would rise in his stately way to

go to the blue law papers for his next Court which his clerk, old Joshua Scarf,

had laid out under the lamp on the

library table, saying:
"That's how it is, you see. Justice

But Victor's greatest loy in his

lse, about the woman who was to be

Victor read the letter in its bold,

prevail

his wife.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

VICTOR STOWNILL is handsome, of fine nature, the scion of a family of distinction on the lale of Man, where his father is Deemster, or chief judge. Cariously enough, he enters the stage of this powerful romance of a sin and its quences that makes him the man to sit in sentence on the woman, who is tried for their mutual transgression, as a voluntary scapegoat to save her good same from the results of a girlish escapade. Bessie Collister, a peasant girl, is oracle but good-looking in a coarse-grained way. Little does Stowell think, when 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, who has really been guilty, from punishment, that Bessie's erring, which starts so young, is to affect directly his own happiness and his future great love for beautiful and reat-hearted Fenella Stauley. The principal of the school asks the boy icho had been quilty of this breach of discipline and maybe of morals to rise and confess. Projecting his friend, Alick Gell, Victor is unjustly struck by the principal, who. discovering the truth later, remorsefully writes to the Deemster to take his son kome or he himself for shame must resign his principalship. The Deemster brings is boy home and gives him character, despite the sceming expulsion from school, by taking him to visit all his important friends. Ressie, sent home too, is hreatened by Dan Baldromma, her stepfather, and divulges that she had been out not with Victor, but with Alick, whose father, the Speaker of the Manx Parliament, is Dan's landlord. Alick comes sneaking home too and confesses the fruth to his choleric, hard father. Both lads daudle along home, in good times he was almost undressed be and boyish scrapes. But when Fenella returns from college, with advanced to get into bed and dream. ideas on the rights of women and wrongs done them by man's laws, Victor is both in lone with the girl and shocked out of his wresponsibility. He asks his ather to let him study law.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER FIVE The Student-at-Law

TENELLA STANLEY had not stage, but he was bearing it with amaz-I awakened early, as Janet had sup-posed—she had never been to sleep. Her bedroom had been to the northeast, and she, too, had seen the moonlight creep

and all else was dark, she had felt the revolving light from the stony neck of the Point of Ayre passing every other minute over her closed eyelids.

But none the less she was confused and startled. Do what she would to compose herself she could not lie quiet for more than a moment. Her blood was alternately flowing through her yeins like soft milk and bounding to her heart like a geyser.

A lew months the attorney wrote to the Deemster:

"Unless I am mistaken, your boy is going to be a great lawyer—the root of the matter seems to be in him."

Not content with the routine work of the office, he took up (by help of some scheme of university extension) the higher education which had been cut short by his dismissal from King William's, and in due course obtained degrees. One day, after talking with Victor, the bishop of the island was heard to say:

"If that young fellow had been sent"

As soon as the daylight came and the rooks began to caw she got up and dressed, and went through the sleeping house, with its drawn blinds, and let diressed, and went through the sleeping house, with its drawn blinds, and let herself out by the glass door to the plass.

Of course she turned toward the

Of course she turned toward the shore. It was glorious to be down there alone, on the ribbed sand, with the salt air on her lips and the odor of the seaweed in her nostrils and the rising sun glistening in her eyes over the shimmering and murmuring sea. But it was still sweeter to return by the sandy road, past the chancel of the old church (how silly to have been afraid of it!) and to see footsteps here and there—his and there—his and there—his and there—his and there—his and there—his and there. there-his and hers.

of dew, the sheep munching the wet grass in the fields on either side, and the cattle lowing in the closed-up byres.

His only recreation was to spend

Back in the house there were some among the nowers in the conservatory.

At night they direct together, and after dinner, if the evenings were cool, the Deemster would call on him to stir the spirits were high, for after many the Deemster would call on him to stir the spirits were high, for after many the Deemster would call on him to stir the properties and the deemster would call on him to stir the properties and the properties and the properties and the properties are the properties are the properties are the properties are the properties and the properties are the properti rather a trying time after Victor came wn, looking a little sheepish, and that last moment on the path was difficult, when he was holding the carriage door open and saying good-by to her;

After that -misery! Every day at after that—misery! Every day at Government House seemed to bring her an increasing heartache, and when she returned to college a fortnight later, and fell back into the swing of her former life there (the glowing and thrilling life she had described to Victor) a litter struggle with horself heren. litter struggle with herself began.

terious new-born desires of her awak-ening womanhood and the task she had in the world, and in the end it must apposed to be her duty-to consecrate her whole life to the liberation of her sex, giving up. like a nun if need be, all the joys that were forever whispering in the ears of women, that she might devote herself body and soul to the sattlened of the suffering sisters.

Three months passed in which Three months passed in which applest girl in the world. Moments of sulfering sisters would be there at that hour, blowing up his fire, turning down his bed, opening his bag to take out his night-gear and ready to talk on a still greater subject.

guilty joy and defiance mingled with subject.

With the clairvoyance of the heart of with the clairvoyance of the heart of with the clairvoyance and a lover had a lover a woman who had never had a lover of her own ("not exactly a real lover," people were sometimes so cruel! Green, her father's housekeeper, er wrote without saying something at Victor Stowell. He was a student-at-law now, and was getting along

Once Miss Green inclosed a letter from Janet asking Fenella for her photograph. For nearly a week that was a frightful ordeal, but in the end woman triumphed over the nun and

be sent the picture.
"Dear Janet." she wrote, "it was very sweet of you to wish for my phoograph to remind you of that dear and charming day I spent at Ballamoar, so I have been into Cambridge and had one specially taken for you, in the dress I

wore on that lovely August afternoon which I shall never forget. It had been a tingling delight to write that letter, but the moment she had posted it, with the new Cambridge photograph, she could have died of vex-ation and shame—it must be so utterly came in with his candle.

obvious whom she had sent them to.

As the Christmas vacation approached
she began to be afraid of herself. If
the returned to the island she would
be sure be sure to see Victor Stowell (he must be in Douglas now) and that would be the end of everything.

After a tragic struggle, and many secret tears, she wrote to her father to say what numbers of the Newnham girk were sping to the least the best lead

rla were going to Italy for the holi-its and how she would love to see the pictures at Florence. To her con-creation

the pictures at Florence. To her consternation the Governor answered immediately, saying:

"Excellent idea! It will do you good, and I shall be happy to get away from the Kays' for a month or two, so I am writing at once to engage rooms at the Washington."

She could have cried aboud after reading this letter, but there was no belo for it now.

Truly, the heart of a girl is a deep this get a girl is a deep this girl is a g

Truly, the heart of a girl is a deep this island anyway.

this island anyway."

In the Attorney General's office Vic
Stowell was going from strength to

would find ever whiteed the world—in this island anyway."

Victor could never trust his voice too to his breakfast.

(she was often saying them), but after he asked, but she only shook her head and called on him to eat.

"I notice she down't walk the island."

"Tell me what's happened," he said,



"It matters more to you than to anybody else in the world, dear,"

too often, though. She hasn't come here for ages.' "Oh, but she will, boy, she will," said Janet, and then she left him, for he was almost undressed by this time.

At length Victor Stowell's term as a student-at-law came to an end and he was examined for the Manx bar. The examiner was the junior Deemster of the island—Deemster Taubman, an el-derly man with a yellow and wrinkled face which put you in mind of sour cream. He was a bachelor, notoriously hard on the offenses of women, having been jilted, so rumor said, by one of them (a well-to-do widow), on whose

or expectations Stowell and Gell went up together, being students of the same year, and Deemster Taubman received them at his home, two mornings running, in his dressing gown and slippers. Stowell's fame had gone before him, so he got off lightly; but Gell came in for a double dose of the examiner's severity.

person or fortune he had set his heart

them (a well-to-do widow).

"Mr. Gell," said Deemster Taubman, "if somebody consulted you in the circumstance that he had lent five the circumstance that he had lent five hundred pounds on a promissory note, payable upon demand, but without se-curity, to a rascal (say a widow woman) who refused to pay and de-clared her intention of leaving the island tomorrow and living abroad, what would you advise your client to do for the recovery of his money?"

Alick had not the ghost of an idea, but knowing Deemster Taubman was vain, and thinking to flatter him, he

satisfied with your Honor's judgment. and there—his and hers.

The world was astir by this time, with the sun riding high and the earth smoking from its night-long drafts that he was a hard worker. He worked that he was a hard worker. He worked that he was a hard worker. He worked that he was a hard worker with the sun riding high and the earth lodged with him in Athol street, knew and sitting down to his desk, he advised the Governor to admit Mr. Stowell but remand Mr. Gell for three months

hope, a great ideal.

His only recreation was to spend his week-ends at home. When he arrived on the Saturday afternoons he in his lodging at Athol street, and took the cattle lowing in the closed-up byres, waiting to be milked.

But the white blind of Victor's room she was sure it was Victor's) was still down, like a closed eyelid, and she had half a mind fo throw a handful of himself as he worked in an old coat himself as he worked in an old coat himself as he worked in an old coat station with dogcart, and took up his luggage, but Vector was too excited himself as he worked home by

the peats and draw up to the fire, and a sickening heartache from hope de-then the old man would talk. ferred (the harder to bear because it had to be concealed) he had done somedoor open and saying good-by to her; always on the same subject—the great thing to justify himself. It wasn't but she could not deny herself that wave of the hand as they turned the corner of the drive—the was needed to be determined to the drive—the was needed to be determined to the drive—the was needed to be determined to be dearly be determined to be determined to be determined to be determ of the drive—she was perfectly sure he advocates and the great Deemsters. Victore day soon on a thrilling errand that tor noticed that whatever the Deemster would bring somebody back to the began with he usually came around to island who had been too long away the same conclusion—the power and from it.

Of course he must speak to his own father first, and naturally he must tell Janet. But seeing no difficulties in the Curragh lane, with the bees hum-ming in the gold of the gorse on either side of him and the sea singing under to the wicket gate on the west of the tall elms and passed through to the silence inside of them.

He found the Deemster in the con servatory, repotting geraniums, and when he came up behind with a merry shout, his father turned with glad eyes, a little moist, wiped his soiled fingers on his old coat and shook hands with him (for the first time in his life) saying, in a thick voice:

"Good-very good!" They dined together, as usual, and when they had drawn up at opposite cheeks of the hearth, with the peat she used to say) she had penetrated the inystery of the change in Victor. She loved to dream about the glories of his future career teven her devotion to the Deemster was in danger of being the between them, the Deemster talked him talk before.

It was the proper aspiration of every advocate to become a Judge, and

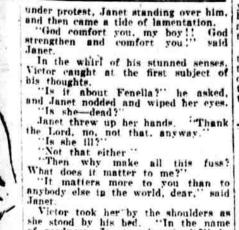
there was no position of more dignity and authority. Diplomatists, statesmen, prime ministers and even presi-In some deep womanlike way, un- men, prime ministers and even prest known to man, she identified herself dents might be influenced in their conwith Fenella Stanley and courted Vic-tor for her in her absence. She had of policy, but the Judge alone of all visions of their marriage day, and par-ticularly of the day after it, when they gave him to see the right no matter if

would come home, that lovely and be-loved pair, to this very house, this very room, this very bed, and she would upread the sheets for them. "But if the position of the Judge is high," said the Deemster, "still higher is his responsibility. Woe to the Judge "Is that you, dear?" she would say, who permits personal interests to perdown on her knees at the fire as he vert his judgment and thrice woe to

And then he, too, would play his little part, asking about the servants, the tenants, Robbie Creer, and his son Robin (now a big fellow and the Deemster's coachnan) and Alice and "Auntie the clock on the landing began to ster's coachman) and Alice and "Auntie Kitty," and even the Manx cut with her six tailless kittens, and then, as if cusually, about Fenella.
"Any news from Miss Green large," the hope of talk of quite another kind ually, about Fenella. the hope of 'Any news from Miss Green lately, with Janet.

Janet?"

Janet ?"
One night Janet had something better than news—a letter and a photograph.
"There! What do you think of that, lighted. He had asked for her soon after his arrival and been told that she had gone to



of goodness. Janet, what is it?" It came at last, a broken story, through many gusts of breath, all pretenses down between them now and their hearts naked before each other. Fenella Stanley, who, since she left Newnham, had been working (as he working tas ne knew) as a voluntary assistant at some Women's Settlement in London, had just been offered and had accepted the position of its resident Lady Warden, and signed on for seven years.

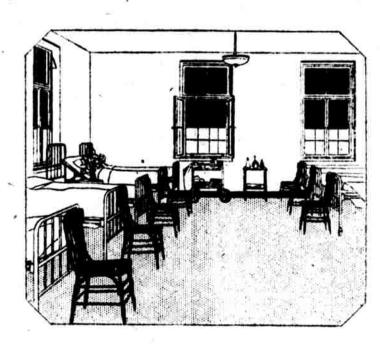
"Seven years, you say?"

"Seven years, dear." The Governor had prayed and pro-tested, saying he had only one daugh-ter, and asking if she meant that he but not a word would she say until he had taken his breakfast.

was to live the rest of his life alone, but Fenella, who had written heart-breaking letters, had held to her purpose. It was like taking the veil. pose. It was like taking the veil, like going into a numery; the girl was He guiped down some of the food.

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to him—as hard as it must have been to Jacob to serve seven years for Raschel and then lose her, and that was the saddest story in the old Book, she his tears.

lost to them, they had seen the last of her.

If had it all from Catherine Green.' Said Janet.

Willie Killip, the postman, had given her the letter just when she was standing at the porch, looking down the Curragh lane for Victor, and seeing him coming along with his high step and the sunset behind him, swishing the heads off the cushags with his cane.

If couldn't find it in my heart to tell you last night, and you looking so happy, so I ran away to my room, and it's a sorrowful woman I am to tell you this morning.'

She knew it would be bitter hard to him—as hard as it must have been to Jacob to serve seven years for Ra
Lord, what a jeke!' he cried, what a jeke!' he cried, with a scream.

Lord, what a jeke!' he cried, what a jeke!' he cried, what a damned funny joke!'

But at the next moment he broke into a stifling sob, and fell face down.

To be continued towertween to hard the latternational Magazine into a stifling sob, and fell face down.

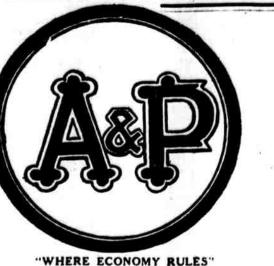
But we must bear it as well as we bird over a broken nest, her wrinkled

"Aw, dear! aw, dear!" she means "many a time I've wished I had be your real mother, dear; but never much as now that I might have right to comfort you."

At that word, though sadly spoke

"That's all right, mother, I've be a foot. But it shall never happ

Can you shawer the ten questions on the Editorial Pase of the Events Pollar Linguit today? It's a good way to test your knowledge of general facts. See this feature today. "Make it a Habit."—Adv.



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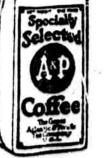
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