



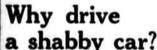
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is Man's Law Too Hard for the Woman in the Case? Is Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She Pays the Legal Penalty?

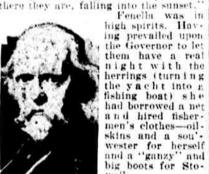
In This Frank and Gripping Story the Man. as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Victor Stowell, son of the Decemster or Chief Judge of the Isle of Man, is handsome and of fine nature. He is in love with Fenella Stanley, daughter of the Governor, a beautiful girl and with dvanced views on the rights of women. n a moment of mutual passion has had illicit relations with Bessie Collister, a handsome peasant girl, stepdaughter of Dan. Baldromma, a harsh firebrand. She is loved by Alick Gell, Victor's cham and fellow at-torney, Victor feels he must marry her especially when he finds her trying to educate herself. He decides he must tell Fenella his sordid secret.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XIV

The Everlasting Song of the Sea "A II, HERE you are at last! Just in time, for a breeze sprang up a hour ago, and the captain would be gone without you but for me. The jave gone without you but for me. erring fleet have gone already. Look



big boots for Sto-It was impossible

to resist the con-tagion of Fenella's HALL CAINE "Why try?" yety. "Why try?" thought Stowell, would be his last night of happiness. Tomorrow he would have to bury it

In a few minutes, having cleared the harbor, they had opened the land on either side and were standing out for the fishing ground. Within two hours, the fishing ground. Within two hours, in the midst of the fleet, they were sailing over the Carlingford sands. midway between the island and Ire-land, and the sea-birds skimming above the water were showing them the shoal. Dinner was over, and Stowell, in jersey and big boots up to his thighs, saw Fenella come on deck in her oil-

forever.

skin coat and sou'wester-with the new and surprising beauty which fresh garments, whatever they are, give to every woman in the eyes of the man who loves her. What shouts! What laughter!

Stowell kept saying to himself: "Why not? It will soon be over."

They slackened sail and waited for the sun to go down before shooting their nets. Presently the great ball of flame descended into the sea, the admiral of

They slackened sail and waited for the sun to go down before shooting their nets. Presently the great ball of finme descended into the sea, the admiral of and the captain cried. "Shoot?" Then the brown net, with its floats, was dropped over the stern (Fenella taking a hand and shouting with the ment, the foresul was hauled down, and the mizzen set to keep the ship head to the wind. And then, all being and sprayer: "Py hannie Patrick Noo shin as yn maaty" (May St. Parrick biess us and our boat), with something about the living and the dead—the crew and After that came the throwing of the No. it came the fish. After that came the throwing of the State and on, with its incessant. After that came the throwing of the sun, and on, with its incessant.



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THE MASTER OF MAN:-: By Sir Hall Caine

east: and for two miles round lay the herring boats, with their watch-lights burning on the roofs of their net houses, and looking like stars which had fallen "The Governor says we are to breakand

fast at Port St. Mary-do you think we shall if this calm continues?" She laughed (her laugh seemed to from the darkening sky on to the bosom of the sea. Fenella began to sing, and before Stowell knew what he was doing he was me up from her heart) and said, singing with her: "I'm not worrying about that."

"Oh, Molla-caraine, where got you your gold?" "Lone, lone, you have left me He : the world in one place why should she wish to go to another?" here.

It was entrancing—the hour, the surroundings, the charm and sonority of the sea! "But this is madness," thought Stowell. It would only make both hands, municated fire. At the next moment he had lifted her hands to his lips. it the harder to do-what he had to do. Nevertheless he went on, and when Many they came to the end of another Manx ballad. "Kiree to naightey" (the sheep and then broke away, and was gone in under the snow) he said : Would you like to know where that an instant.

old song was written?" loves me ! "In Castle Rushen-by a poor wretch whose life had been sworn away rlp!

by a vindictive woman." "And what had he done to her? Betrayed her, and then deserted her for another woman, I suppose. That's the

above them. "She loves me! She loves me! She Within half an hour the wind had Within half an hour the wind had freshened to a summer gale and they were running before a roaring sea. The sails bellied out, the yacht listed over, the scuppers were half full of water, but Stowell would not go below. For a long hour more he held on and looked around at the fishing boats as they flew together in the brilliant sunshine between the two immensities of sky and sea.

"She loves me! She loves me! She loves me

loves me !

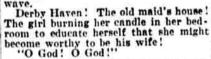
loves me!" Helloa! Here was his own little island with the sun riding over the mountain-tops! The plunging and rear-ing of the yacht gave the notion that the mountains were nodding to him. "Good morning, son." What nonsense came into a man's head when his heart was glad! was glad !

"She loves me! She loves me! She loves me !"

Ah, here were the cliffs of the Calf, with their hoary heads in the flying sky and their feet in the thunder of the sea and their feet in the thunder of the sea! And here was the brown belted light-house of the Chicken Rock, which Fen-ella and he had picked up last night! And here was the shoulder of Spanish Head, and here was the belly of the Chasms, ringing with the cry of 10,000 sea fow!!

sen fowl! "She loves me! She loves me! She

loves me!" Suddenly there came a shock. They were opening the bay of Port St. Mary, with the little fishing town lying asleep along its sheltered arm, when he saw across the Poolvaish (the pool of death) the gray walls of Castle Rushen, and the long reach of Langness. And then memory flowed back on him like a tidal



If Fenella loved him he had stolen her love. He had no right to it, being mar-ried already, virtually married—bound by every tie that could hold an honor-

able man. He felt like a traitor-a traitor to Fenella now. He recalled what he had said last night. One step more and-"When a woman has all she wants in Thank God, he had gone no farther ! If he had allowed Fenella to engage herself to him, and then the facts about Bessie Collister had become known, as "And have you?" "Good-night !" she said, holding out

they might have done through Dan Baldromma-He must go. He must go immediately. His miserable mistake must not bring

She drew them down, and his hands disgrace on Fenella also, with them, pressed them to her breast The yacht was sliding The yacht was sliding into the slack In the broke away, and was gone in in instant. Stowell gasped. "She loves me! She oves me! She loves me!" the world Nather of the bay, and the rowboats of the fish-buyers, each flying its little flag, were coming out to meet the fish-ing boats, when Stowell went down to Nather of the bay, and the solution of the solution flag. Were coming out to meet the fish-ing boats, when Stowell went down to solution of the solution of the solution in the solution of the solution of the solution is boats. The solution of the solution of the solution flag. Were coming out to meet the fish-ing boats, when Stowell went down to solution of the solution of the solution of the solution is boats. Nothing else mattered! Let the world the saloon-still dark with its blue silk

curtains over skylight and portholes. He took off his fisherman's clothes, Stowell did not go below that night. For two hours he tramped the deck, laughing to himself like a lunatic. "She loves me! She loves me! She put on his own, and sat down at the table to scribble a note to the Governor: "Excuse me. I must go up to Doug-las by the first train. Have just re-

See Them

at the Show

This week only -Broad and Callowhill Hear centre of Armory.



Atonement Celebrate The "Little Lenten Cholr" of the Church of the Atonement, Forty-seventh street and Kingsessing avenue, held its twenty-fifth anniversity last night at the Easter choral service. The Rev, James M. Collins pre-sented to Mrs. I. Newton Stanger, widow of the former rector, an illumi-nated scroll which served to express the purpose of the choir and its history. The scroll is the work of Miss Ruth Earl, a student in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art. A similar testimonial was presented to Mrs. Heffern, widow of the Rev. A. D. Heffern, who was associated with Mrs. Stanger for over twenty years. A light wind sprang up, a cool blow-A light wind sprang up, a cool blow-ing from the south, just enough to rip-ple the surface of the water. Already some of the fishing boats had swung about and were standing off for home. Stowell helped to haul the mainsail, and shouted with the men as they pulled at the ropes and the white canvas rose about them.

Philadelphia Club Dance Tonight The Philadelphia Club will give its annual Easter dance at the Twentieth Century Club, Lansdowne, tonight. The club is composed of Philadelphians who are attending the Pennsylvania State College. The Philadelphia Club will give its

I was tolling Lew I thawt you loose grate today, wascat I, Lew? sed Pude Simkins. Sure, and I was saying to Pude T thawt so too, sed Lew Davis. Me thinking, Heck, darn those way wy cant they think one of their our Now theyve went and spoilt it. Wich they had. Miss Kitty saying. Im very mutch afraid the 3 of you are telling delibrit faltshoods and they is muthing more reperhensible that a lie, you will all remain one hour after skool for tawking and an exter half hour for lying. In skool this aftirnoon Miss Kitty kepp rapping with her ruler on her desk on account of all the tawking going on, and after a wile she sed, Now, I refuse to stand it eny longer, the fol-lowing boys will rise and come up heer to my desk, Benny Potts, Charles Sim-kins and Lewis Davis. Wich we did, Miss Kitty saying, Now, you will kindly tel me wat your various subjecks of conversation were,

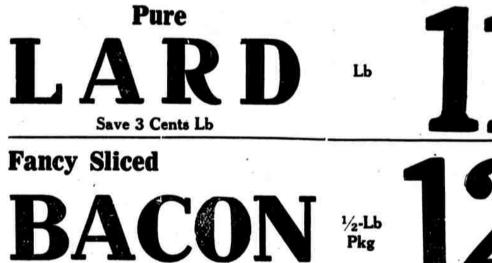
hour for lying. Wich we did, me giving Puds Sim. kirs and Lew Davis fearse looks the hole hour and a half. various subjecks of conversation were. and if they were of vast and over velming importants, well and good, and

if they were of no importants watever, as I sispect, you will each stay an hour after skool. Benny Potts, I would like

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smiled a short mile, mains of at leest gallantry is no sin Simkins and Lewis Davis, wat you tawking to each other about? I was telling Lew I thawt you is main taken. Wasent L Law?





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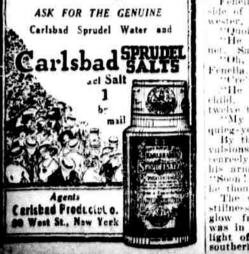




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States and the

the fish. After that came the throwing of the salt, a more robustious and less re-ligious ceremony, which threw Fenella Millions and millions of women have into fits of laughter. "What does it mean?" she asked. prayed and it has paid no heed to them."

"How can I do it? How can I do "Goodness knows! "How delightful!" Stowell was asking himself. 11:3"

"How delightfull?" Stowell was asking himsen. The grav twilight came down from "Oh, what a thing it is to be a the northern heavens, and then night sailor's wife?" said Fenella, "Only fell-a dark night without moon but think of her with her little brood, in with a world of stars. Stowell and her cottage at Peel, perhaps, when a Fenella were leaning over the side to sudden storm comes on? Giving the Fenella were leaning over the side to watch the phosphorescent gleams which, like flashes of light under the surface, came from the fish that were darting away from the prow. "Isn't it wonderful—the fish going on and on to the goal of their per-petual travels?" said Fenella. "They always come back to the place they were spawned, though," said Stowell. Fenella were leaning over the side to sudden storm comes en :

'Like humans, are they? You re- look, that she was brushing her hand-"Like humans, are they? You re-member--Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee." 'Showel felt as if a hand were at his throat again. "By and by." he throught. Before they turned in for the world the world the heart's place "The bravest creatures in the world." he answered. "The bravest creatures in the

he throught. Before they turned in for the night he would tell her everything. Suddenly there was a crash at the stern—the anchor had been lifted up and then hanged down on the deck. "What's that's cried Fenella. "They're proving the nets to see if the fish are coming." said Stowell, and harrying aft together they found the water milky while and full of indes. "I know you would say that." said the fish are coming." Said Stowell, and harrying aft together they found the water milky while and full of indes.

After that several of the boats that what shouts the peaks of laughter that several and the boats to be the several peaks of laughter the several seve It was midnight before the joy and know the result of the proving, and the cuptain answered them in Manx, with bustle of the catch were over, and the crude symbolism of the sen. Let me do it next time." said then smoking his last pipe in the cap-tain's cabin, and Stowell, with Fenella

"Do you think you can, miss?" asked on his arm, was walking to and fro on the solid utility, as well as the grace, of the deck. "Need 1 tell her at all?" he was the captain. "She can do anything," said Stowell,

She can do anything, said Stowell, "Need I tell her at all?" he was ond when the next hour called, Fenella (with Stowell to prompt here stood calv to reply. "R'on proval, bhoy?" cried the voice of a door himself to death. With Fenella by his side he could think of no-body and nothing but her. Sometimes, what's he saying? Quick "" he's asking were you proving, Say Va-1 was."" Fenella put her open paims at each each other and smiled. de of her mouth, under her son'. After a while Stowell found himself side of her mouth, under her sou'-wester, and cried. "Vu !" bantering Fenella. Catching a flash of cive to fifteen. She was radiant; he was reckless; "My goodness gracious; Dussan ny the little trick had uncovered their twelve to tifteen. hearts to each other. They heard a step on the other side quieg-yeig." cried Fenella.

unerg-yeig." eried Fenella. By this time everybody was in con-valsions of laughter, and Stowell could reareely resist the impulae to throw his arms about Fenella and kiss her. "Soon': Soon': I must tell her soon?" It was the G companion. It was the Governor going down the companion. Time to turn in, girl! We are to breakfast at Port St. Mary thought. The wind had dropped and a great at 9 in the morning, you know, illness had fallen on the sen. The "I'm coming, father." stillness had fallen on the sea. The glow from the lights of the Dublin "Good-night, Stowell !" "Good-night, sir !" was in the western sky; the revolving light of the Chicken Rock (the most southerly point of Man) was in the was a sin to go to bed at all on such

along. The gray sky in the east had reddened to a flame by this time. Then up from the round rim of the sea rose the ever-lasting sun, and lo, it was day! God, what an enchanted world it was! All the glory and majesty of the sea seemed to be singing hymns to the same tune as the of his own heart: To be continued inwarts

as that of his own heart :

He caught them, and the touch com-

To be continued tomorrow "She loves me! She loves me! She (Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.)



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