EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1922

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. Foxes-Furs-Foxes Posts in silver. Brown and Gray, at \$15 each Is Man's Law Too Hard for STECKER FUR CO. the Woman in the Case? Is Mail Orders Promptly Filled Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She A REAL SPECIAL Pays the Legal Penalty? In This Frank and Gripping Story the Man, as Judge. Sits in Sentence on the Girl gton No. 10 Typewriter, \$37 Tried for Their Sin.

she?" "Yes."

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YESI coret. AND HERE IT CONTINUES THE COSMO-PLASTIC CHAPTER XV METHODS USED BY R. Stackhouse, 347 5th Ave., N. Y

The Woman's Secret The Woman's Secret WHEN Stowell awoke next morning liberated from a barn, were bleating before a barking dog. He had passed a restless night. All his soul revolted Wond the bleating before a barking dog. He had passed a restless night. All his soul revolted Well what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth that is sense of duty, will it not?'' ''Well, what woman on God's earth ''Well, what wom Phila. Office: 119 S. 17th St., Philadelphia Consultations Wednesday-11 to 2 Sector Free. Mention Adv. Locust 1467

to the sea-travel on "The Reading" Atlantic City. Ocean City. Sea Isle City. Stone Harbor. Wildwood, Cape May-Tickets, Pullman reservations. Chernut St. Ferry: Reading Terminal; City Ticket Off. 1841 Chestnut SL



HALL CAINE his story to his story to Fenella's father? At last an idea came to him whereby he could obtain the Governor's counsel without betraying his secret. He was at the crisis. On what he did now the future of his life depended. And not his own life, only, but Fenella's also, perhaps, and • • Bessie Collister's. At 3 o'clock he was at the Govern-ment offices in Douglas. Police inspec-tors were at the door and moving about in the corriders. One of them took him up to the Governor's room—a large chamber overlooking the street and noisy 60c Quality Chocolates chamber overlooking the street and noisy from the tramcars that ran under the windows. The Governor's iron-gray head was bent over a desk-table. 37° "Sit down-I shall not be long." Stowell felt his heart sink in advance. Never would he be able to say what he

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so much a matter of law, sir, as of morality-what an honor able man ought to do under difficult circumstances'

Is that how he expects to make her happy? Ten to one the girl will be a miserable outsider in her husband's house to the last day of her life. But that's not the worst, by a long way." "No?" "If he marries her it will be out of a sense of duty, will it not?" "Ye-es." "Well, what woman on God's earth

tenderness toward Bessle came over him. He had visions of the girl re-ceiving and reading his letter. It would be at night in her little bedroom, perhaps—the room in which she burnt her candle to learn her lessons. before a barking dog. He had passed a restless night. All his soul revolted against the re-nunciation he had imposed upon him-self. It was like life-long imprison-ment. Yet what was he to do? He must decide and decide quickly. S u d d e nly he thought of the Governor. The strong sense and

No, it would be too cruel, too cow-ardly. He would not write-he would go to Derby Haven and break the news to the girl himself. But that evoked other and more fear.

But that evoked other and more fear-ful visions. They would be walking along the sandy path at Langmess with the stark white lighthouse at the end of it. "Bessie," he would be saying. "we must part; it will be better for both of us. It has all been my fault. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. But you must try to forget me, and if there is anything else I can do. • • * And then the reproaches, t he recriminations, the tears, the supthought of the Governor. The strong sense and practical wisdom of the Governor. The "Suspicion, jealousy, envy! She may not care a brass farthing about her husband, but her pride as a wife might help him to a decision. But Fenella's father! How could he tell h is story to is sauce for the gander! If he has another woman as likely as not she'll have another man—we've heard of that, bis scoret. He was what he did now the but Fenella's also, but the recriminations, the tears, the sup-plications, the appeals: "Don't throw me over! You promised to stand up for me, you know. I will be good." It would be terrible. It would make his heart bleed. Nevertheless he must

He had torn up his letter and was putting his hand on the bell to order the dog-cart to be brought round to take ernor touched him on the shoulder, and continued : him to the railway station, when a serv-"In the next place, it would be a crime against the man himself. He's

him to the railway station, when a serv-ant came into the room and said: "Mr. Alick Gell to see you, sir." Gell came in with a gloomy and half-shamefaced look. His tall figure was bent, his fair hair was disordered, and his voice trembled as he said: "Can't we take a walk in the wood, old fellow? I have comething to see." a young fellow of some prospects, I suppose?" "I-I think so." "And the girl has some family, hasn't

old fellow? I have comething to say." "I don't know how to tell you," he began. They were crossing the lawn toward the plantation. "It's about Bessie." "Tes." "They may be good and worthy folk of whom he would have no reason to be ashamed. But isn't it just as likely that they are people of quite another kidney? Sisters and brothers and cousins to the tenth degree? Some vul-gar and rapacious old father, perhaps, who hasn't taken too much trouble to keen the girl out of temptation while

"I • • • I'm madly in love with her." Stowell stonped and looked without speaking into Gell's twitching face. "I knew you wouldn't be able to be-

lieve it, but don't look at me like that." "Tell me," said Stowell.

And then, stammering and trembling. Gell told his story. He didn't now how it began. Perhaps it was pity. He had been sorry for the girl, over there in that lonely place, so he went down at first just to cheer her up. Then he had found himself going frequently.

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Never would he be able to say what he had come to say. "Well, you gave us the slip nicely, didn't you?" said the Governor, raising his head from his papers. "I'm sorry, sir," said Stowell (he felt his lip trembling). "It was an im-portant matter, and I've come to town today to ask your advice on it." who hasn't taken too much trouble to keep the girl out of temptation while she has been at home, but freezes on to her fast enough after she has made a good marriage. Possible, isn't it?'' "Quite possible, sir.'' "Well, what are your man's own friends going to do with him with a menagerie like that at his heels? No, he has fattered himself for life to failure "Something you've been consulted "Well . . . yes." no authority know." law, you AMULNICA he has fettered himself for life to failure as well as misery, and while his wife is "It's not so much a matter of law, sir, as of morality-what an honorable man ought to do under difficult circumas well as misery, and while his while is railing at him about the other woman he is reproaching her with standing in his light. So the end of his noble en-deavor is that he has set up a little private hell for himself in the house he calls his home." had found himself going frequently, buying her presents and taking her out for walks. When he had realized how tances for walks. When he had realized how things were he had tried to pull up, but it was too late. He had struggled to be loyal—to strengthen himself by talking of Stowell—praising him to the girl, excusing him for not coming to see her—but it was useless. His pity had developed into love, and before he had known what he was doing Bessie was The Governor looked up sharply. Stowell struggled on. "A client • • I should say a friend • • engaged himself to a young woman awhile ago, and now, owing to circumstances which have arisen since, he finds it difficult to de-ide whethen it is in dutie dutie Stowell was wincing at every word, but all the same he knew that his eyes were shining. The Governor looked sharply up at him for a moment, lit his pipe afresh and said: "Then there's the other woman. I **Title Insurance** cide whether it is his duty to marry known what he was doing Bessie was in his arms. At the next instant he had felt like a traitor. He was fran-tically happy and yet he wanted to kill is a necessity for home buyers; we furnish the best "Manxman?" uppose her case is worthy of some conand quickest service. "Yes." "What class?" ideration? "Indeed, yes." "If she cares for the man • • •." Always place your title himself. "It was terrible," he said. "I couldn't sleep at night for thinking of it. Bessie wanted you to be told. In fact, she wrote you a letter, saying we couldn't help loving each other, and asking you to release her. But I couldn't let her go that far. 'Then go to Ballamoar and tell bim yourself.' she said. And at last I've come. And himself. Stowell felt his voice as well as his lips trembling. "Oh, good enough class, insurance with this Com-"If she cares for the man """" "I can't say that, sir." "Well, if she does, she, too, will suffer, will she not? And what has she done to deserve suffering? Nothing at all! She's the innocent scapegoat, isn't she?" "That's true." "Fine woman, I suppose?" "The finest woman in the world, sir." pany, and for your convenithink." I think." The Governor picked up his pipe from the table, charged it. lighted it, turned his chair toward the fireplace, threw his leg over the rail-fender and said: "Fire away." Then trembling and ashamed, but making a strong call on his resolution, Stowell told his own story—as if it had been that of another may. ence, applications may be placed at either office. to Ballamoar and tell him yourself.' she said. And at last I've come. And now • • • now you know.'' Stowell listened in silence. His first feeling was one of wounded pride. He had really been a great fool about the girl! What fathomless depths of con-ceit had led him to think she would break her heart if he gave her un? The Real Estate been that of another man. When he had come to an end there was a long silence. The Governor pulled hard at his pipe and there was no other sound in the room except the rattle of the transcars in the street. Stowell felt hot, his lips felt dry, and pushing back his black hair, he found sweat on his forchead. "It was a shocking blunder, of course." he said. "My man doesn't de-fend himself. Still he thinks the cir-cumstances * • *" "You mean it wasn't deliberate?" "Good Lord, no!" sir. been that of another man. When he had come to an end there **Title Insurance** and Trust Co. of Philadelphia break her heart if he gave her up? And then the long struggle between his love and his duty—what a mountebank Fate seemed to have made of him! But **523 Chestnut Street** Fate seemed to have made of him! But his next feeling was one of relief--boundless, inexpressible relief. The iron chain he had been dragging after him had been broken. He was free! Gell, who was breathing hard, was watching Stowell from under his cap, which was pulled down over his fore-head. They were walking in a path that tross from Independence Hall 45 S. Broad St. "Then you think, sir " you think he should stop even yet?" "Even at the church door, at the altar-steps—if there's no harm done, and he is sure she is the wrong Lincoln Building "Good Lord, no !" "In fact a kind of accident ?" Oldest Title Insurance was thick with fallen laves, and there was no sound for some moments but that of the rusting under their feet. Any harm done?" "Harm?" Stowell turned white and began to stammer. "I • • • no. that is to say • • no. I've never heard • • • " Company in the World 101101 OLOC "Why don't you speak, old fellow? "Why don't you speak, old fellow? I've behavel like a cad, I know. But for God's sake, don't torture me. Strike me in the face with your fist. I would rather that—upon my soul, I would." "Alick," said Stowell, patting his arm through Gell's. "I'm going to tell you something." "And yet he promised to marry the girl?" "He felt responsible for her. He couldn't be a scoundrel." "Did he care for her—love her?" "I can't say that, sir., He might have thought he did." "And now he loves another woman?" "With all his heart and soul, sir." "But" (the Governor was puffing "Eh 2 Whet disguise. "I the disguise. "I feel you must be right, sir." rising to goo. "At all events I cannot argue against you. But I think you'H agree that * * that if my man can whe out this bad passage in his life without injury to anybody and without scandal. * * I think you will agree that his first duty is to tell the woman he loves * * "" 000 ABA Boned "Do you know what I was on the point of doing when you came? Go-ing down to Derby Haven to ask Bes-"But" (the Governor was putting placidly) "he has promised to marry heavens, no?" the little farm girl, and she's away somewhere educating herself to become minded girl * "Eh? What the deuce * * * Good HICKEN sie to let me off." Flaven to ask Bes-sie to let me off." 'Is that true? You're not saying it merely to • • • But why?'' "Because what's happened to her has happened to me also—I love somebody else." "But surely he couldn't ask a pure-minded girl * * ""To take the other woman's leavings? his wife?" "That's it, sir," said Stowell (his head was down), "and now he is ask-ing himself what it is his duty to do. I have told him it is his duty as a man of honor to carry out his promise—to marry the girl, whatever the conse-quences to himself. Am I right, sir?" There was another moment of silence, and then the Governor, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and bringing his open paim down on the table, said : "To take the other woman's leavings? Why should a pure-minded girl, as you say, be told about something that hap-pened before she came onto the scene?" Stowell's scruples were overcome. He had argued against himself, but he knew well that he had wished to be beaten. He was going off when the fovernor, following him to the door, had a pand on his should a said. Tempting Meat of clse." "No? Really? • • But who • • • who is the other girl? • • Is it • • • It's Fenelia, isn't it?" Chicken prepared in spotless kitchens and Stowell's scruples were overcome. He had argued against himself, but he knew well that he had wished to be beaten. He was going off when the Governor, following him to the door, laid a hand on his shoulder and said: packed in sanitary "How splendid! I'm glad! And of "How splendid! I'm glad! And of course I congratulate you " No? " You've not asked her yet? But that will be all right-of course it will!" tins, ready for use. The first product of palm down on the table, said: its kind. Standard "No?" "When a man has done wrong the for 50 years. "When a man has done wrong the thing he has got to do next is to say nothing about it. That's what your man has to do now. It's the woman's secret, isn't it? Very well, he must never reveal it to anybody—never, un-der any circumstances—never in this word!" To be continued tomorrow "It would be marrying the wrong woman, wouldn't it?" "Well • yes, one might say that, sir." "Then it would be a crime." Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.) For home use; for cam-pers; for picnickers. "A crime?" "A three-fold crime." W CHARDSON & ROBBINS The Governor rose, crossed the floor, then drew up in front of Stowell and Next day, at Ballamoar, after many fruitless efforts to begin. Stowell was writing to Bessie Collister. "Dear Bessie—I am sorry to seud you this letter and it is very painful for me to write it. But I cannot allow you spoke with sudden energy. "First, against the girl herself. She's in attractive young person, I suppose ch?" Stowell nodded. "But uneducated, illiterate, o inother world, as they say?" Stowell nodded again. "Then does your man suppose the ending her to whoo her a few n be will beings the suit between to look forward any longer to something which can never happen. "The truth is-I must tell you the truth. Remis-since you went to Derby Haven I have found that I do not lose



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