

# 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.

**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 Judgment on the Girl Tried for Her Sin.**

## THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Victor Stowell, son of the Deemster of the Isle of Man, is handsome and of fine stature. He is in love with Fenella Stanley, daughter of the Governor, a beautiful girl and with education and the right of society. In a moment of mutual passion he has had illicit relations with Bessie Collister, a handsome peasant girl, the daughter of a fisherman, a poor and ignorant girl who is loved by Allick Gell, Victor's cousin and fellow attorney. Victor feels he must marry her, especially when he learns she is trying to educate herself. But he is unable to tell his beloved Fenella his sordid secret. He tells her father the circumstances, without divulging his own consciousness of the act. He asks the Governor to marry the girl he loves, not the girl wrung in a moment of passion. Then Gell tells Victor he wishes to marry Bessie.

## AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TAKING off his cap to fan himself with Gell broke into fits of hysterical laughter. Then he said: "You don't mind my saying something now that it's all over? No! Well, to tell you the truth, I could never believe you really cared for Bessie. I thought you were only marrying her as a sort of duty. I've got her into trouble with Dan Baldroms. And it was no—partly as a result of what I said, wasn't it? That didn't excite me, though, did it? Lord, what a remark! I feel as if you had lifted ten tons of my head."

## HALL CAINE

A dark memory came to Stowell. "Has she told him?" "Bessie will be relieved too, and just as glad as I am. Do you know, there's a heart of gold in that girl. She's never had a dog's chance yet. Not much education, I admit, but such a spirit, such a character! Such a woman too—you said so yourself, remember." A still darker memory of something the Governor had said came to Stowell. "Didn't you say Bessie had written to me?" he asked. "Yes, she did, yesterday; but I destroyed her letter." "Do you know, I wrote to Bessie today, and I destroyed my letter also." "No? What fun if your letters had crossed in the post," said Gell, and sounding his own horn, he broke into still louder peals of laughter. Again Stowell felt immense relief. It was impossible that Bessie could have told him. And if she hadn't, why would he? Why tarnish the girl in Gell's eyes? Why tarnish his faith in her? It was the woman's secret, therefore he must never reveal it—never in the world.

They were walking on. Gell with a high step was kicking up the withered leaves. "What about your people?" asked Stowell. "Ah, that's what I've got to find out. I'm going home now to tell them. My mother is always advising me to marry and settle down, but of course she'll jibe at Bessie, and the sisters will follow suit. As for my father, he has only one son, as he says, and I must have a better alliance. He cut it down after that affair in the Courts, you know."

They were at the gate to the road, and pulling it open, Gell said: "Phew! How different I feel from what I did when I was coming in here half an hour ago! I thought you would kick me out the minute I had told you. But now we're going to be better friends than ever."

"Good-by, and good luck, old fellow," said Stowell. "Good-by, and God bless you, old chap," said Gell. Stowell stood at the gate and watched him going off with long strides, his shoulders working vigorously.

"Never again! We can never be the same friends again," thought Stowell, as he turned back to the house. He was feeling like a man who in a moment of passion had secretly wronged his little mate, and he could never look straight into his eyes again. But the sense of a barrier between Gell and himself was soon wiped out by the memory of Fenella. He was free to the air at last. No more hypocrisy! No more self-denial! No more struggles between passion and duty! The past was dead! Life from that day forward was beginning again for all of them.

"Was that Allick Gell in the wood with you?" asked Janet, who had come to the door to call Stowell in to tea. "Yes."

"Goodness me! He must be a happy boy. He was laughing enough, any way."

Stowell went to bed early that night, slept soundly and was up with the coming of light in the morning. The farm lads were not yet astir, but going round to the stable he saddled a horse for himself. In a young colt mare that had been born on one of his own birthdays and set off for a ride to relieve the intoxication of his spirits. The air was keen, but both he and his horse sniffed it with delight. As they passed out of Ballamoor the sun rose and played among the red and yellow leaves of the plantation, for the summer was going out in a blaze of glory.

They crossed the Curragh, dipped into the glen, and climbed the corkscrew path to the mountain. Stowell thought he had never felt so well and so free as he did now, catching the contagion of his high spirits, snorted and swung her head at every stride and dug her feet into the ringing ground.

"Hello, Molly, here we are, at the top!" Looking back he saw the flat plain below, dotted over with farms, each with its little farmhouse surrounded by its clump of sheltering trees. All low down to think that every one of them was a home of love! Love! That was the great uniter, the great comforter, the great liberator, the great redeemer.

And to think that all this had been going on since the beginning of the world! That generation after generation some boy had come up this lovely glen to court his girl! Well, what a glorious place the world was, after all! His eyes were beaming like the sunshine, and to make his joy complete he galloped over the mountain-tops until he came to a point at which he could look down on Douglas and catch a



"Well," he said, "it's easy to see what you two have come about!"

glimpse of Fenella's home in the midst of its trees. "Peace in her chamber, where'er it be. A holy place . . ."

Then back to Ballamoor at a brisk canter, with the air musical with the calls of cattle, the bleating of sheep and the songs of birds. And then breakfast for a hungry man—cowrie and eggs and fresh butter and honey and junket, which the Manx called pinjean.

At 8 o'clock in the afternoon he was on his way to Government House, and by that time the intoxication of his high spirits had suffered a check. What had Fenella thought of his fight from the yacht? Had she believed his excuse for it? What interpretation had she put upon his intention of calling at Government offices the following day? And the Governor—had he seen through the thin disguise of that story?

But the cruellest question of all, and the hardest to answer, was whether, after all, even now that he was free, he had any right to ask Fenella to become his wife? He, a sin-soiled man, and she a stainless woman!

He felt as if he ought to purge his soul by telling Fenella everything. Yet how could he do that without inflicting

"With pleasure!" "Good! The attorney will send you the papers. And now, I suppose, you would like to see Fenella?" "May I?"

"Why not? You'll find her in the drawing-room."

On his way to the drawing-room Stowell met Miss Green coming out of the study as he went in, and in a half-whisper:

"I think you are expected."

When he opened the door he saw Fenella sitting with her back to him at a little desk on one side of the bay window, with a glint of light on her bronze-brown hair.

But at the next moment she seemed to know, and rising, she turned round to him and smiled.

He thought she had never looked so beautiful. He wanted to crush her in his arms, and at the same time to fall at her feet and kiss the hem of her dress.

There was a moment of passionate silence. He stepped toward her, but stopped when two or three paces away. A riot of conflicting emotions was going on within him. He felt strong, he felt weak, he felt brave, he felt cowardly, he felt proud, he felt ashamed.

Still nothing was said by either of them. Her eyes were glistening, she was breathing quickly and her bosom was heaving. He saw her moving toward him. Her hand was trailing along the desk. As he felt as if she were drawing him to her, and by a nervous but irresistible impulse he held out his arms.

"Fenella," he said, hardly audibly. At the next moment, as in a flash of light, she sprang upon his breast, and at the next her arms were about his neck, his own were around her waist, her mouth was to his mouth and the world had melted away.

Ten minutes later, with faces aflame, they went, hand in hand, into the smoking-room. The Governor wheeled about on his revolving chair to look at them.

"Well," he said, "it's easy to see what you two have come about. But not for six months! I won't agree to a day less, remember."

## CHAPTER XVI

At the Speaker's Before Allick Gell reached his father's house another had been there on the same errand.

Earlier in the afternoon Dan Baldroms, while running his hands through the ground four in the mill, with the wheel throbbing and the stones

grinding about him, had been struck by a "fall," he said, returning to the swelling house and standing with his back to the fire and his big hands behind him. "That young man ought to be frightened into marrying the girl, and I'm thinking I know the way to do it, too."

"It's like that, Dan," said Mrs. Collister's voice as she came in. "Dan's device was of the simplest. It was that of sending the mother of Bessie Collister to the mother of Allick Gell to threaten and intimidate her."

"But she's alive, that's an ugly job, isn't it?" "It's got to be done, woman, or there'll be worse to do next, I tell thee. Thou don't want to see thy daughter where her mother was before her."

"Well, well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Collister. "But, aw dear, aw dear! If thou hadst thrown the girl into the way of temptation by shutting the door on her . . ."

"Should thy whist, woman and do as I tell thee, and that will be the best night's work I ever done for her." Half an hour later, having swept the earthen floor, hung the kettle on its sooty chain, and laid the table for Dan's tea, Mrs. Collister toiled upstairs to dress for her journey, and came down in the poke bonnet and satin mantle which she wore to chapel on Sunday.

Meantime Dan had harassed the old mare to the attic case and brought it round to the door. Having helped his wife over the wheel and put the rope reins in her hands, he gave her his parting instructions.

"See, thou stand up for thy rights, now! This is thy chance and thou'st got to make the best of it!" "Aw well, we'll see," said the old woman, and then stiff cart rattled over the cobbled "street" on its way to the Speaker's.

In her comfortable sitting-room, thickly carpeted and plentifully cushioned, Mrs. Gell was awakened from her afternoon nap by the scream of the peacocks.

"It's Mistress Daniel Collister, of Baldroms, to see you, ma'am," said the maid.

At the next moment, Mrs. Collister, with a timid air, hobbled into the room on her stick, and the two mothers came face to face.

"You wish to speak to me," said Mrs. Gell.

"To be continued tomorrow (Copyright, 1911, International Magazine Co.)"

## Burning Incubator Cooks Eggs

An unexpected collection of nicely scolded eggs, done to a turn, resulted from a small fire which was discovered early this morning in a chicken incubator in the cellar of John Bachman, 2143 South Fifty-seventh street.

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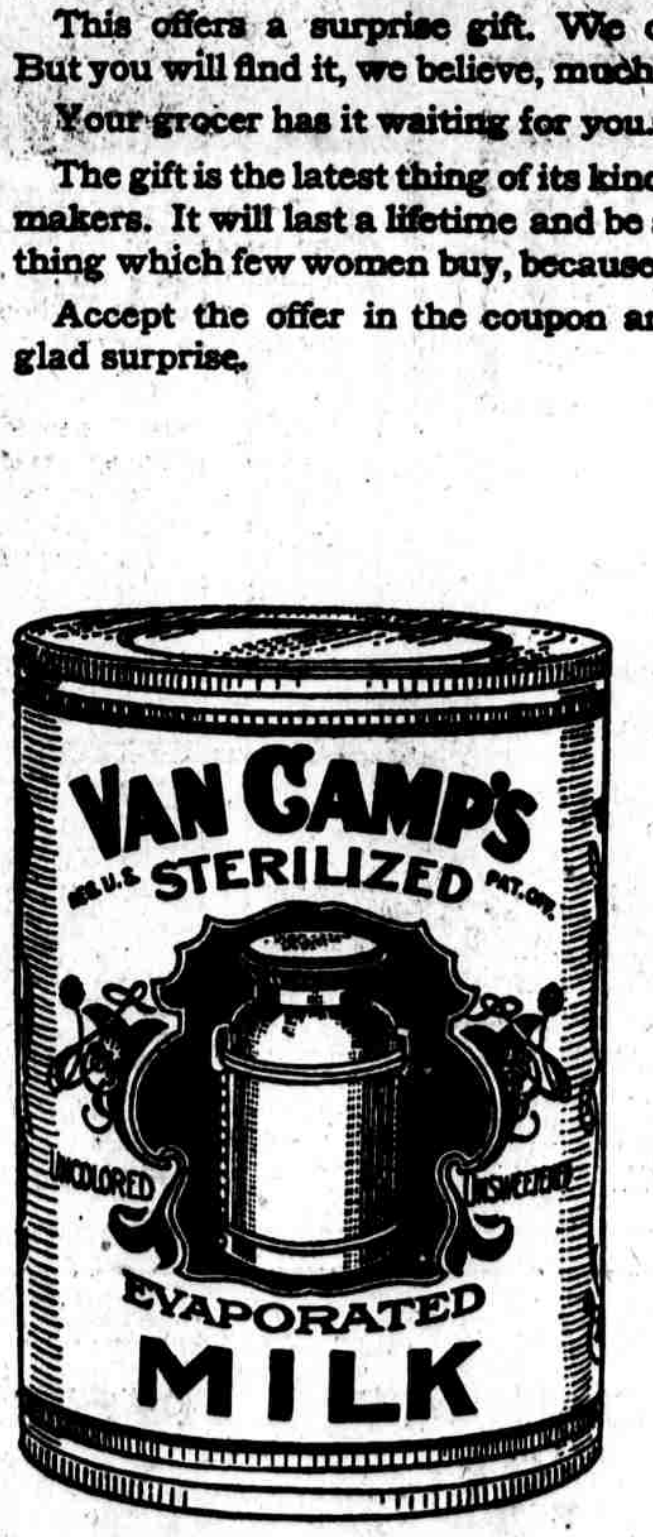
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