THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Christian," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

HERE BEGINS THE STORY

Douglas Stowell, son of the Deemster and Judge of the Isle of Man, is a man of fine nature. He is in love with Fenella Stanley, daughter of the Governor, a beautiful girl and with broad views on the rights of women. At a moment of mutual passion he breaks illicit relations with Bessie Ollott, a handsome peasant girl, daughter of Dan Quilkromme, a fire-brand. She is loved by Alick Victor's chum and fellow attorney. Victor feels he must marry her, only when he learns she is trying to drown herself. Alick says he wishes to marry Bessie. With the burden of the guilt of him, Victor proposes to Bessie. Alick is driven from home by his theatric father. Victor and Fenella's marriage is set for six months hence. Victor proposes Bessie to marry him soon. The portrait of the old Deemster is unveiled and Victor accepts it.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

I BEGAN in a low, tense voice, thanking His Excellency for asking him to speak, but saying he would be given a great deal not to do so.

"The only excuse I can have for standing here today," he said, "is that I may thank you, sir, and this company, and my countrymen and countrywomen generally, in the name of one whose voice, so often heard within these walls, must now be silent."

After that he paused, as if not quite sure that he ought to go further, and then continued:

"If my father was a great judge, it was chiefly because he was a great lover of justice. Justice was the most sacred thing on earth to him, and no man ever held higher the dignity and duty of a judge. Woe to the judge who permitted personal motives to pervert his judgment, and thrice woe to him who committed a crime against justice. Therefore, if I know my father's heart and have any right to speak for him, I will say that what you have done this afternoon is not so much to perpetuate the memory of Douglas Stowell, Deemster of Man, as to set up in this old courthouse, which has witnessed so many tragic scenes, an altar to the spirit of justice, so that no judge, following him in his place, may ever forget that his first and last and only duty is to be just and fear not."

He paused again and seemed to be about to stop, but, in a voice so low as to be scarcely audible, he said:

"As for myself, I hardly dare to speak at all. What my dear master has said of me makes it difficult to say anything. Some people seem to think it is a great advantage to a young man to be the son of a great father. But if it is a great help it is also a great responsibility and may sometimes be the source of a great sorrow. I never knew what my father had been to me until I lost him. I had always been proud of him, but I had rarely or never given him reason to be proud of me. That is a fault I cannot repair now. But there is one thing I can do, and one thing only. I can take my solemn vow—and here and now I do so—that whatever the capacity in which my duty calls me to this place I will never willingly do anything in the future, with my father's face on the wall in front of me, that shall be unworthy of my father's son."

There were husky cheers and some clapping of hands when Stowell sat down, but most of the men were clearing their throats and wiping the mist off their spectacles, and nearly all of the women were coughing and drying their eyes.

Others were to have spoken, but the Governor closed up the proceedings quickly, and then there was a general conversazione.

The officials were talking in groups: "Wonderful! The Governor and the old Attorney were grand, but the young man was wonderful!" "We might go farther and fare worse." "Like his father, you say?" (it was the Attorney General) "so like what his father was at his age that sometimes when I look at him I think I'm a young man myself again, and then it's a shock to go home and see an old man's face in the glass."

A group of old ladies had gathered about Fenella, whose great eyes were ablaze.

"It was beautiful, my dear, but there was just one other person who ought to have been here to hear it."

"Who?"

"The old Deemster himself, dear."

"But he was," said Fenella.

The Governor drew Stowell aside. "It's all right, my boy. Must have been instinct, but you touched your people on their tenderest place. Pretty hard on you, perhaps, but I knew what I was doing. The opposition in the island is as dead as a door nail already. Get into the saddle in London and you'll never hear another word about it."

There were only two dissentients.

"Aw, well, we'll see, we'll see," said the Speaker—he was going out of the Castle (head down and his big beard on his breast), with old Hudgeon the advocate.

As he passed through the outer gate his son Alick came running hotfoot up to it.

It was a cruel moment.

II.

Victor Stowell left the island for London at 9 o'clock next morning. The first bell of the steamer had been rung, the mails were aboard, and the more tardy of the passengers were hurrying to the gangway, with their porters behind them, when the Governor's carriage drew up and Stowell leaped out of it.

A large company of the younger advocates (all former members of the "Elian Vannin") were waiting for him.

"Come to see me off? Yes? Jolly good of you," said Stowell, and he stood talking to them at the top of the pier steps till the second bell had been rung.

Down to that moment nobody had said a word about the object of his journey, although every eye betrayed knowledge of it. But just as he was crossing the gangway to the steamship one of the advocates (a little fat man with the reputation of a wag) cried, with a broad smatch of the Anglo-Manx,

"Bring it back in your bres' pockat, boy"—meaning the King's commission for the Deemstership.

"You go bail," said Stowell, and there was general laughter.

He was settling himself with his portmanteau in the deck cabin that had been reserved for him when somebody darkened the doorway.

"Hellon!"

It was Gell. His cheeks were white, his face looked troubled, and he was breathing rapidly as if he had been running.

"What's amiss?" said Stowell. "Something has happened to you. What is it?"

Gell stepped into the cabin, and with

Gell was standing at the sea-end of the pier waving his cap and struggling to smile

a suspicion of tears both in his eyes and voice, told his story.

It was Bessie again. He didn't know what had come over the girl. She had been holding off all winter. First one excuse, then another.

"I've done all I can think of. Taken a house in Athol street and furnished it beautifully (thanks to you, old fellow), but it's no use, seemingly."

"When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday, and I thought I had settled everything at last. She wouldn't be called in church, so I arranged that I was to go down to Derby Haven this morning as soon as your boat sailed, and we were to come up to the Registrar's to sign for a Bishop's license. And now, by the first post * * * this."

With a trembling hand Gell took out of his pocket the letter which Bessie had written the night before and handed it to Stowell.

With a momentary uneasiness Stowell read the letter.

"Reason? What is it likely to be, think you?"

"I don't know. I can't say. It's a mystery. I've racked my brains and can only think of one thing now."

"And what's that?"

"That she finds out at last that she doesn't care enough for me to marry me."

"Nonsense, old fellow."

"What else can it be? There can be nothing else, can there?"

Stowell's uneasiness increased. "What do you intend to do?"

"Go down just the same. I've been telegraphing saying I'm coming. That's why I'm late getting down to the boat."

"And if she persists?"

"Give her up and clear out, I suppose."

"You mean leave the island?"

"Why shouldn't I? I've only been a stick-in-the-mud here and couldn't do much worse anywhere else, could I?"

"Besides," (his voice was breaking) "there's my father. You remember what he said. I couldn't face it out if the girl threw me over."

"She's not well, is she?"

"Not very."

"Nothing serious?"

"No—nothing, the Misses Brown, think, that we might not expect after such a change in her life and condition."

"Then that's it! Cheer up, old man! It will all come right yet. Women suffer from so many things that we men know nothing about."

"If I could only think that * * *"

"You may—of course you may."

"Victor," said Gell, taking Stowell's hand, "will you do one thing more for me?"

"Certainly—what is it?"

"Nobody can read a woman as you can—everybody says that. If Bessie gives me the same answer today will you go down to Derby Haven with me when you come back, and find out what's amiss with her?"

"Assuredly I will * * * that is to say * * * if you think * * *"

"Is it a promise?"

"Undoubtedly. It shall be the first thing I do when I return to the island."

"All ashore! All ashore!"

A sailor was shouting on the deck outside the cabin door, and the third bell was ringing.

Gell was the last to cross the gangway.

"Good-by and God bless you, and good luck in London! You deserve every bit of it!"

At the next moment the gangway was pulled in, the ropes were thrown aboard, and the steamer was gliding away.

The young advocates on the pier head were beginning to make a demonstration. One of them (the wag of course) was singing a sentimental farewell in a cracked voice, and the others were joining in the chorus:

"Better lo'ed ye cannot be,
Will ye no come back again?"

Some of the other passengers (English commercial travellers apparently) were looking on, so to turn the edge of the jobs Stowell sang also, and when his deep baritone was heard above the rest there was a burst of laughter.

"Good-by! Good luck! Bring it back, boy!"

Gell was standing at the sea end of the pier, waving his cap and struggling to smile. At sight of his face Stowell felt ashamed of his own happiness. A vague shadow of something that had come to him before came again, with a shudder such as one feels when a bat strikes one in the dusk.

At the next moment it was gone. The steamer was swinging round the breakwater and opening the bay, and he was looking for a long white house (Government House) which stood on the heights above the town. He had slept there last night, and this morning Fenella, parting with him in the porch, while the Governor's high-stepping horses were champing on the gravel outside, had promised to signal to him when she saw the steamer clearing the harbor.

Ah, there she was, waving a white scarf from an upper window. Stowell stood by the rail at the stern and waved back his handkerchief. Fenella! He could see nothing but her dark eyes and beaming smile, and Gell's sad face was forgotten.

It was a fine, fresh morning, with the sun filtering through a veil of haze and the world answering to the call of spring. As the boat sailed on, the island seemed to recede and shrink and then sink into the sea until only the tops of the mountains were visible—looking like a dim gray ghost that was lying at full stretch in the sky.

At length it was gone; the sea gulls which had followed the steamer out had made their last swirl round and turned toward the land, but Stowell was still looking back from the rail at the stern.

The dear little island! How good it had been to him! How eager he would be to return to it!

The sun broke clear, the waters widened and widened, the glistening blue waves rolled on and on, the ship rose and fell to the rhythm of the flowing tide, the throb of the engines beat time to the deep surge of the sea, and the still deeper surge of youth and love and health and hope within him.

Dear God, how happy he was! What had he done to deserve such happiness?

To be continued tomorrow

(Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.)

Gloucester Commerce Body Dines

The Gloucester City Chamber of Commerce last night gave a dinner and reception in Gloucester City Hall and more than 100 members attended.

Uncommon Sense : Ability Must Be Built

By JOHN BLAKE

IF YOU want to have ability you have got to make it. There is no other way. You are not born with it. Nobody can teach it to you.

Talent you may be born with. Book knowledge you can acquire. Mathematics and science can be taught you by others.

But ability, science, must be of your own building. And if you expect to have enough of it to command attention you had better start the work of construction right away.

DON'T fancy you are going to have an easy job.

Don't imagine that even if you work hard and untiringly the progress will be smooth and steady. You will have setbacks and disappointments.

There will be times when you think you have mastered your business or profession, but they will be followed swiftly by times when you will discover that you know really very little about it.

Just when you believe you are getting good you will see somebody at work in the same business who has attained an ease and a sureness of working that looks utterly impossible to you.

NO MAN ever got to a really important position in life without disappointments that sometimes amounted to heartbreaks.

No man was ever able to impress others with his ability till he had spent years in acquiring it.

The lawyer who has spent three years at law school is about as ill-fitted to try a lawsuit as he was before he began his studies.

Seldom does he get to be a first-class lawyer before he is forty. Usually he is just beginning to be known as a good lawyer when he reaches his fiftieth birthday.

There are so many men in the world, all striving for distinction, that only those who are willing to put in long hours and laborious effort ever attain it.

THE genius can do from childhood things that other men can never learn to do at all.

But even he will never learn to do well what nature meant him to do without painfully building up his ability.

This is not meant to be a discouraging article. But when you begin your life work it is well to know that it is not going to be easy and successful at the same time. You must choose one or the other. And you can never have even fair success unless you carefully build your own ability.

Copyright, 1922

Morgenthau's Son Buys Farm Paper

New York, April 26.—Henry Morgenthau, Jr., son of the former Ambassador to Turkey, yesterday bought the American Agriculturist, the second oldest farm paper in the country, from Charles Capehart, Edwin Dewitt and Thomas A. Barrett, of this city.

Corns?

—just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 15S for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

When the Traffic Cop Says "Stop"—

you can stop—if you're on a Concrete street.

The firm, gritty surface of Concrete pavement gives maximum cooperation to brakes and tires. It is skid-proof even in wet weather.

Concrete is clean, permanent, hole-proof—everything the public and the motorist desire.

And people can get the kind of pavement they want if they insist.

Our Booklet R-4 tells other interesting things about Concrete Streets. Write for your copy.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
Finance Building
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

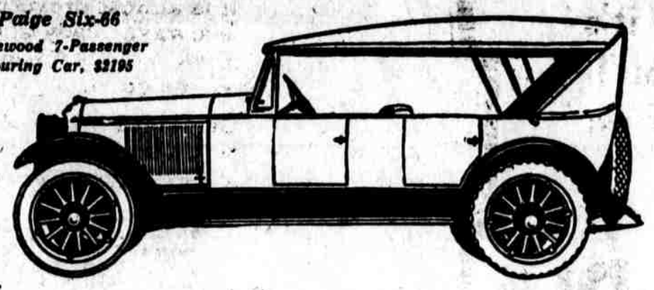
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

Offices in 23 Other Cities

PAIGE

Master of the Highway

Paige Six-66
Lakewood 7-Passenger Touring Car, $2195



Undisputed Master on any Hill or Highway

You may never unleash all the tremendous reserve power of the mighty 70-horsepower engine housed in the hood of your Paige 6-66.

But it's there—

There to conquer the grueling grade of Levering St., Manayunk in 'high' without effort.

There when only lightning-like acceleration can give you the choice position in Broad Street's tidal traffic.

There to give you undisputed mastery of any hill or highway in Philadelphia's motoring radius or elsewhere.

There to withstand the test of time.

There to deliver uninterrupted service and out-perform every other car on the road.

And remember, that the Master of the Highway is now yours for $2195.

New Paige 6-66 Prices
131-inch Wheelbase—
70 Horsepower

Lakewood, 7-pass. Touring	$2195
Larchmont 11, Sport Type	2245
Daytona, 3-pass. Roadster	2495
Brougham, 5 pass.	3100
Sedan, 7 pass.	3155
Limousine, 7 pass.	3350

New Paige 6-44 Prices
119-inch Wheelbase—
50 Horsepower

Touring, 5 pass.	$1465
Roadster, 3 pass.	1465
Sport Type, 4 pass.	1595
Coupe, 4 pass.	1995
Sedan, 5 pass.	2245

Prices F. O. B. Factory, Tax Extra
Cord Tires Included on All Models

Call Spruce 1410 for our most convincing proof—a demonstration

GUY A. WILLEY MOTOR CO
Paige Distributors
BROAD STREET AT VINE, PHILADELPHIA

"Baker of Good Biscuits in Philadelphia since 1846"

Tested and Approved!

—by two hundred Philadelphia women of the Ivins Board of Advisors

Picture in your mind two hundred individual testing laboratories, supervised by two hundred critical Philadelphia women.

You'll agree that any cookie-cake or cracker that wins the unanimous approval of these two hundred women must be mighty good to eat — yes, and absolutely pure and wholesome.

Already the Ivins Board of Advisors have tested and approved FANCY JUMBLES. They have actually tried them—served them on their own tables—given them the only test that will determine the quality and wholesomeness of any product—the eating test.

Why not serve, tonight, these wonderful cookies, that two hundred Philadelphia women have already approved?

J.S. Ivins' SON, INC.

One of the best products of the fancy baker's art

Shredded cocoanut, baked *into* them make Ivins Fancy Jumbles a butter cookie with a different taste. This cookie-cake is always found in the fancy cake assortment in all the best hotels and restaurants.

Ivins

Approved by the women of Philadelphia for Ivins

Look for this seal on every Ivins container

Cookie-Cakes and Crackers