

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.

PERSONS OF THE STORY
VICTOR STOWELL—A brilliant young advocate, appointed despite his youth Deemster, or Chief Judge, of the Isle of Man, in which position he has to sit in judgment on a felon-sinner. He is high principled and likable, though in a moment of mutual passion he has, to great regret, committed a crime which has had ill effects on his relations with his wife.
BESSIE COLLISTER—A handsome but illiterate peasant girl. She has a child which is accidentally smothered on the night of its birth. She is arrested for murdering her babe. Bessie really loves Victor.
LIZZY GILL—A respectable but somewhat weak, who pretends to be the betrothed of Victor, but in reality is the daughter of the Deemster.
JEANIE STANLEY—A great-hearted and beautiful woman, advanced ideas on women's rights who is in love with Victor and he with her. She is the daughter of the Deemster.
DAN BALDROMA—A brutal farmer, stepfather of Bessie, and who tries to see her trouble, for which he is made responsible, as a lover to advance his own fortune.



"Not guilty"

IN THE continued silence there came the sound of feet on the pavement below, and then a shuffling of steps on the stairs. The prisoners were coming up, but the police had difficulty in clearing a passage for them. The voice of the Deemster, Thomas Stanley, was heard to cry, "Make way!" There was a period of waiting. At one moment the people in court caught the sound from the entrance of a scarcely believable thing—the laugh of a woman? Who could she be?
 At length the prisoners were brought in, pushed through the door that stood thick at the back and hurried into the dock, which was like a long pen behind the circular seats of the advocates and directly in front of the bench.
 There were seven of them, a sorry company, two women and five men, with nothing in common save the pallid, almost pasty complexions which had been the result of the dank air they had been living in.
 There was another moment of silence. It was time for the Deemster to take the pleas, but again he did not speak immediately. He had the look of a man who was struggling against physical weakness. The blood rushed to his pale face and as quickly disappeared. "He's not fit for it today," people whispered.
 But at the next moment, in a low voice and with an appearance of one who was making an effort to command his strength, the Deemster was reading the indictments.

child was her child and that it died by her hands. Therefore I ask (as well for the sake of humanity as for the good name of this island) that the jury will give such a verdict against the prisoner as will act as a deterrent on the heartless women, unworthy of the name of mothers, who, to save themselves from the just consequences of their evil conduct, are taking the innocent lives which under God they gave."
 There had been a tense atmosphere in the courtroom during the Attorney General's speech, and when it was over there were half-suppressed murmurs hostile to the prisoner.
 Looking toward the dock Stowell saw that Bessie was quite unmoved, but that Fenella, in front of her, was flushed and hot, and Gill's lowliness was trembling. Stowell was conscious of a compelled struggle going on within him and then of a blind and headlong resolution. He was going to save that girl—he was going to save her at all costs!
 The first witness was the constable, a middle-aged man with a sour expression. After he had been sworn by the Deemster, the Attorney General examined him.
 His name was Cain and he was constable for the parish in which the crime had been committed. On the morning of April the seventh he received an information from old Will Skillee, of Baldroma-beg, that something had been seen under the Clagh-ny-Dooney. He had gone there and found the body of a newborn child, and had taken it to Dr. Clucas, who had made an examination. Later the same day he had taken statements from old Will and his wife, relating to the prisoner, and had sent them up to the chief constable of the island at Douglas. The chief constable had ordered him to make a house-to-house visitation through the parish to see if any woman might have been the mother of the child. He had done so with the result that the prisoner was the only person who had come under suspicion. She was then ill in bed, but in due course he had arrested her, and charged her before the high bailiff, who had committed her for trial at the court—sending her to the hospital in the meantime.
 With obvious nervousness Gill rose to cross-examine the witness.
 "How far is it from the prisoner's home to Clagh-ny-Dooney?"
 "Half a mile, maybe."
 "What kind of road would you call it?"
 "Rough and thorny, most of it."
 Gill sat down with a look of satisfaction, and the Deemster leaned forward.
 "Constable," he said, "when you made your house-to-house visitation did you go beyond the boundary of your parish?"
 "No, your Honor."

"Where is the boundary?"
 "The glen is the boundary—the western side of it, sir."
 "How near to the western boundary are the nearest houses in the next parish?"
 "Four hundred yards, perhaps."
 "How many of them are there?"
 "Fifteen or twenty, your Honor."
 "Yet, though you visited the prisoner's home, which was half-a-mile from the Clagh-ny-Dooney, you did not visit— you were not told to visit—the fifteen or twenty houses which were only four hundred yards away?"
 "They were not in my parish, your Honor."
 There was audible drawing of breath in court. Fenella, who had been reaching forward, dropped back, and Gill's pale face was smiling.
 The next to be called was Dr. Clucas. His hands were twitching and his rubicund face was moist with perspiration—he was obviously an unwilling witness.
 Yes, when the constable brought the body of the child he made a post-mortem examination. Applying the usual medical tests he came to the conclusion that the child had been born alive and had died of suffocation. On the morning of the following day he had been called in to see the prisoner. She was suffering from extreme exhaustion—a condition not inconsistent with the idea of recent confinement.
 Gill, gathering strength but still agitated, rose again.
 "How long had the child lived?"
 "An hour or two, probably."
 "And how long had it been dead?"
 "Twenty-four to thirty hours at the outside."
 "Is it your experience that within twenty-four to thirty hours after confinement a woman can walk half-a-mile along a rough and thorny road and carry a burden?"
 "It certainly is not, sir."
 Gill sat with a pitious smile of triumph on his pale face, and the Deemster leaned forward again.
 "Doctor," he said, "you speak of applying the usual medical tests—are they entirely reliable?"
 "They are not infallible, your Honor. They have been known to fail."
 "Then this child may have breathed and yet not had a separate existence?"
 "It may—it is just possible, sir."
 "And the unhappy mother, whoever she may be, though obviously guilty of concealing its birth, may not have been guilty of the much greater crime of killing it?"
 "That's so . . . she may not, your Honor."
 There was a still more audible drawing of breath in court when the doctor stood down. Fenella's eyes were shining and Gill's were sparkling with excitement.
 To be continued Monday
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Gwan-to-Bed-Stories :-: -By J. P. McEVROY
Ezra Horse, Junior, Investigates
 ONCE upon a time, dear children, there was a darling little horse child who was named Ezra Horse, Junior, after his father, Ezra Horse, Senior. Johnny gets off the piano. He had an inquiring turn of mind, did Ezra, Junior, and as a result he was continually digging up the most curious bits of useless information, which, when he got a large quantity on hand, he sold to the Young Horse's Gazette to be used in a daily column under the heading, "Things You Ought to Know."
 One day Ezra decided he would broaden his field of research (that's grown-up for stick-his-nose-into-more-people's-business).
 "I'll take up the 'human race,'" says he. "They've been investigating horses ever since I can remember, but I don't recall of a single published investigation of men at present."
 "I shall be the first horse to do so."
 After which he congratulated himself upon his acumen and sagacity (that's grown-up for "smartness"), and went forth to investigate. (Dorothy, stop kicking the baby in the face. Those are your new shoes.)
 Well, he spent many, many weeks investigating, and if I were to tell you all the details you wouldn't get to bed until next Thursday night at 11 o'clock.
 But the results of his published findings in the Young Horse's Gazette were:

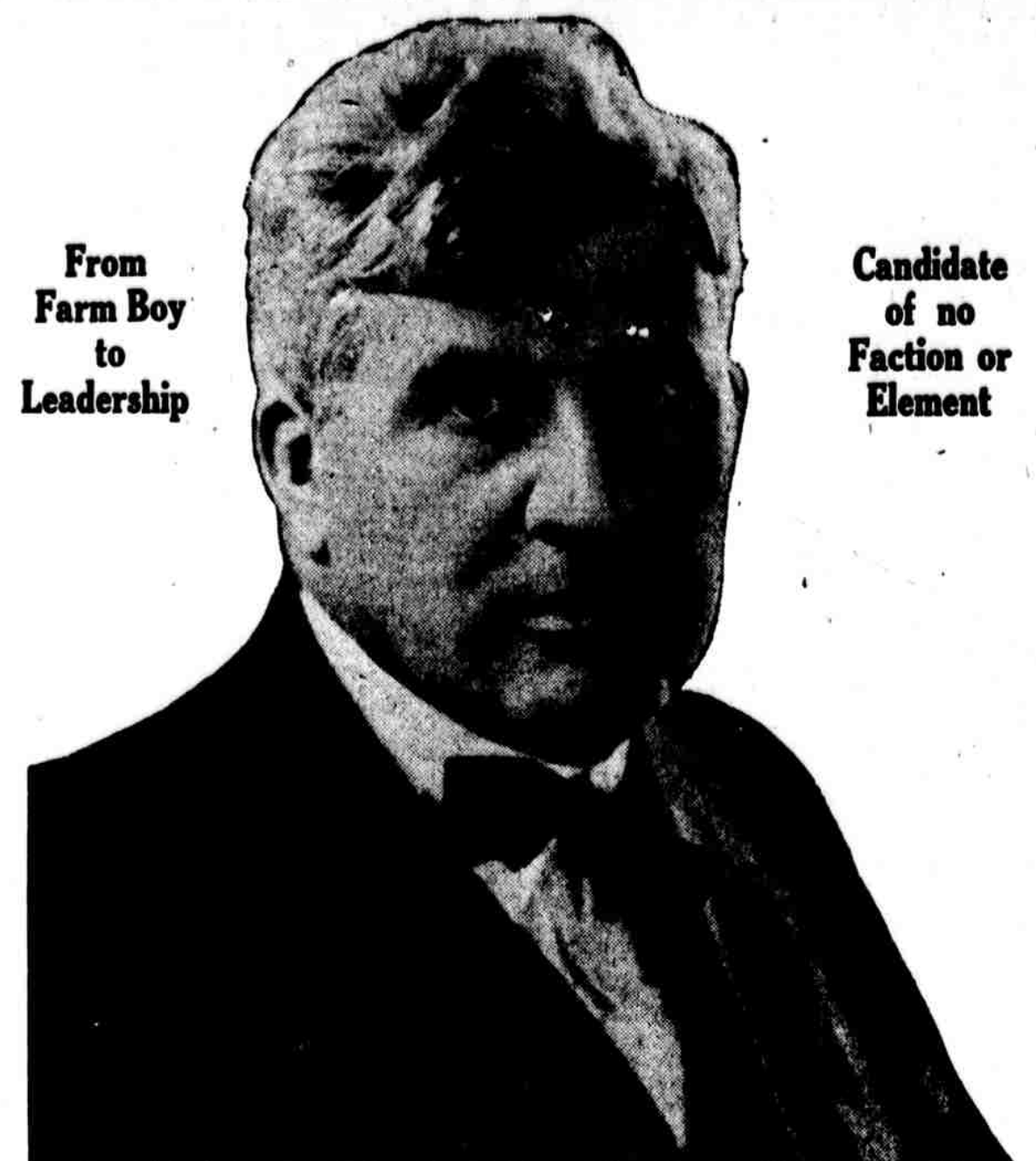
obscurely. Within a few days after his account of "How Human Being's 'Proved Horses' Shoes," a number of clubs, composed entirely of young horses, sprang up and everywhere one could see eager groups of them pitching old oxfords or golf-shoes. Soon they became as adept at pitching the old shoes belonging to people as the men whom Ezra Horse, Junior, had observed pitching horse shoes.
 ANOTHER gratifying result of an investigation by Ezra Horse, file that's French for "Junior"), was the zeal with which horses all over the land began to nail old rubber boots or bed-room slippers above their doors, "to keep bad luck away," they explained, this being an adaptation of one of the most cherished customs among human beings.
 What an inspiring spectacle it was! Rows and rows of doors with old overshoes or slippers and sometimes hip boots nailed over them. Ezra was very proud of what he had done. He used to walk up and down, giving himself a hearty cheer every now and then, for having brought such knowledge to his fellow horses.
 That's all. Gwan to bed.
 LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER
 "Dear Mother, in which he tells her the things that he knows about the human race, will appear in the Magazine Edition of the Young Horse's Gazette. 'Make It a Habit.'—Adm."

fixed on his face—Mick Gill and Fenella. At that sight a terrible feeling took hold of him—that those three were the real judges in this trial and he was the prisoner at the bar.
 He did not recover from the shock of this feeling until the Attorney General began on the prosecution.
 The Attorney, usually so kindly, was bitterly severe. The time had gone by when it could be said with truth that crime was practically unknown in the Isle of Man. Here, as elsewhere, crime of all kind were only too common, and not least common was the crime of infanticide.
 The present case was one of peculiar atrocity. The prisoner was a young woman who might be said, not unreasonably, to have inherited a lawless disposition. After a reckless girlhood she had disappeared from her home, for no apparent reason, rather less than a year ago and remained away (nobody knew where or in what company) until a few weeks ago. She had then been ill and was put to bed in a condition which gave only too much reason for the belief that she was about to become a mother. That was on the fifth of April and two days later the body of a newborn infant had been found in a remote place, wrapped up and hidden away.
 It would be established by witness that the infant had been born alive, that it had died by suffocation, and that the prisoner (incredible as it might appear) had been seen to bury it.
 "Such," said the Attorney General, "are the facts of this most unhappy case, and though the prisoner pleads Not Guilty, the evidence which shall now call will leave no doubt that she

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Elizabeth Corbett, stand up."
 Bessie rose without embarrassment and fixed her eyes on the Deemster. And then he charged her.
 "It is charged against you that on or about the fifth day of April in the parish of Ballynagh, in the Isle of Man, feloniously, wilfully, and of your malice aforethought, you did kill and murder a certain male child, contrary to the form of the statute in this case made and provided, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and dignity. How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?"
 Without hesitation or halting, looking straight into the eyes of the Judge and speaking in a voice so clear that it resounded through the silent courtroom, Bessie answered.
 "Not guilty."
 Her tone and bearing had gone against her. The Deemster whispered one of the female spectators. "She might have more shame for her position, anyway. And did you see the way the forward piece looked up at the Deemster?"
 II
 It was not until Stowell had stepped on to the bench that he had realized what he had done for himself.
 When he had asked for the prisoners to be brought in, and Bessie had come to the end of the short line and taken her place in the dock with the constable behind her, he had been seized with a feeling of choking shame.
 That woman, looking so much older, with pallid cheeks sucked in by suffering, could she be the same? All the barrage he had built up for the protection of his position as Judge seemed to have gone down at the first sight of the girl's face. What a scoundrel he had been!
 From that moment a whirl of confused emotions had been possession of him. When the time came to charge the prisoner he had felt as if he were reading out his own indictment. And when she had looked up fearlessly into his face and pleaded Not Guilty it was the same as if she were accusing himself.
 After that he had a sense of acting as a detached person. In a strange voice, which did not seem to be his own, he heard himself asking the Attorney General which case he wished to take first. The Attorney answered, "The murder case, and after that the case of the rolls had read out the names of the jurymen, and they had taken their places in the jury box, he heard himself, in the same strange voice, swearing them on the holy evangelists to "a true verdict give, according to the evidence and the laws of this isle."
 When he turned his eyes back Bessie was alone in the dock, save for the woman warden with blue lips and a face of suffering who sat at the far end of it. She was still looking fearfully at him, and in front of her were others whose eyes were also

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WHO IS ALTER?
 Born a Pennsylvanian, May 8, 1868.
 Son of a Springdale, Allegheny County, carpenter.
 Worked on farms and attended public schools.
 Became stenographer and draughtsman. Studied law and was admitted to bar, December 16, 1893.
 Became President of Springdale Council in 1905.
 Elected to Legislature 1908; served three terms—1909, 1911 and 1913.
 Was Speaker of the House in 1913 session.

- Some High Points in Alter's Record as a Legislator**
- Alter voted for bill to include brothers and sisters among persons entitled to recover damages for injury causing death.
 - Alter voted for bill prohibiting the sale of worthless mining securities.
 - Alter voted for bill regulating child labor and woman's labor.
 - Alter voted for bill providing pensions for Civil War veterans.
 - Alter voted for bill to punish persons responsible for delinquency of children.
 - Alter voted for bill regulating reading of Bible in public schools.
 - Alter voted for bill requiring fire drills in factories where women and girls are employed.
 - Alter voted for bill prohibiting pawnbrokers from making loans to minors under 16.
 - Alter voted for Jones Dirt Road Act.
 - Alter voted for every humanitarian bill to relieve conditions in the anthracite and bituminous coal fields.
 - Alter voted for bill prohibiting the sale of eggs unfit for food, of adulterated non-alcoholic drinks, to prevent giving short weights and measures, to regulate sale of milk, to prohibit the sale of adulterated ice cream, and dangerous preservatives in food.
 - Alter voted for Workmen's Compensation and Liability Bill.
 - Alter voted for Mothers' Pension Bill.
 - Alter voted for bill authorizing each first-class city to establish municipal pension fund.
 - Alter voted for housing code in cities.
 - Alter voted for bill authorizing State to appropriate money for county fairs.
 - Alter voted for bill to prohibit sale of cigarettes to boys.
 - Alter voted for bill to repeal mercantile license law.
 - Alter voted for all legislation proposed in the interest of the public schools.

HIS ENDORSEMENTS
 He has been endorsed by the ministers of every church in Springdale, Pennsylvania, where he was born and has resided ever since. He has been endorsed by the Bar Association of Allegheny County, where he practices his profession.
 He has been endorsed by the Miners, with whose problems he is intimately familiar. He has been endorsed by Labor, whose conditions are sympathetically understood by him.

His public record is subject to closest scrutiny. He did not seek the nomination. He made no promises. By his deeds you will know this man. His actions speak for themselves. He is being called to serve by the Regular Republicans of Pennsylvania.

GEORGE E. ALTER CAN WIN IN NOVEMBER

FOR GOVERNOR
 (Vote for one)
George E. Alter X

PRIMARIES NEXT TUESDAY, MAY 16