

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 deputy of the Isle of Man, in which position he has to sit in judgment on a fellow-citizen, though in a moment of mutual passion he has, to great latitude over the secret sin, had illicit relations with her.

BESSIE COLLISTER.—A handsome but illiterate peasant girl. She has a child which is accidentally smothered on the night of the trial. She is devoted to her father, who she has been feigning to love.

ALICK GELL.—Agreeable but somewhat weak, who persuades Beattie to betray herself to him despite the opposition of his father.

SPEAKER GELL.—The rich and tyrannical head of the Manx Parliament.

WENDELL STANLEY.—A great-hearted and beautiful girl with advanced ideas on women's rights who is in love with Victor.

GENERAL STANLEY.—Governor of the Isle of Man.

DAVID MUMMA.—A brutal farmer, stepfather of Beattie, and who tries to use her trouble, for which he thinks Gell is responsible, as a lever to advance his own fortune.



"Do you know what this is?" asked the attorney, holding up a portion of a white silk scarf.

INSPECTORS. see to the witness quickly," cried the Deemster. At the next moment the old woman was being helped out of the witness box and borne toward the door, realizing what she had done for her daughter she broke into a fit of weeping which rent the silence of the court until the door had closed behind her.

"In that cry," said the advocate, "the jury has heard the answer to my question. It is proof enough that the prisoner had a child, and that her mother knew it."

"It is in proof of something else," cried Gell (he had leaped to his feet and was speaking in a thrilling voice), "that a strong man can find it in his heart to use his great forensic skill to crush a poor weak woman who is fighting for the life of her child. All his life through he has been doing the same thing—driving people into prison and dragging them to the gallows. He has made his name and grown rich and fat on it. God save me from a life like that! I am only a young lawyer and he is an old one, but may I live in poverty and in the streets rather than outrage my humanity and degrade my profession by using the lures of the pecuniary and the arts of the baugman."

There was a sensation in court. One of the younger advocates was heard to say, "My God! who thought Allick Gell was a fool?" And another who remembered the "fanny" case, in the Douglas police court, said, "He's got a big bit of his own back, anyway."

When the connection subsided, Hodgson, with a face of scarlet, appealed to the court:

"Your Honor, I ask your protection against this outrageous slander."

"Since you appeal to me," said the Deemster (whose own face was aflame), "I can only say that you deserved every word of it."

Hodgson tried to speak, but could not, his voice being choked in his throat. And seeing that the Attorney General had gone to court (the had just returned with Cain, the constable who was carrying a parcel), he picked up his bag and fled.

Gell's time had come at last—the great moment he had been waiting for so long. Although he had been shaken for an instant by Mrs. Collister's staccato, he was not afraid now. He was going to play his last and greatest card—the prisoner in the dock, to demolish forever the monstrous accusation that had been intended to ruin the life of an innocent woman. The Deemster trembled as he saw Gell look round the court with a confident smile before he called his witness.

Bessie, whose big eyes had flamed with fury during her mother's cross-examination, passed with a firm step from the dock to the witness box. In answer to Gell's questions she repeated the evidence she had given before the High Bailiff, only more emphatically and with a certain note of defiance.

When the Attorney General rose to cross-examine her it was observed that he, too, had an air of confidence, as if something had become known to him some morning.

"Do you adhere to your plea?" he asked.

"Indeed, I do. Why shouldn't I?" said Bessie.

"Think again before it is too late. Do you still say that you have never had a child, and therefore never killed and never buried one?"

"Certainly I say so," said Bessie. "I don't know what you are talking of."

"Constantly," said the attorney, turning to Cain, "open your parcel."

The Deemster's eyes were fixed on the operators in a whispering among the operators in a whispering among the operators was cutting the string and opening the paper parcel. The Deemster was wondering Gell's lower lip was trembling and Fenella (who was sitting, as before, in front of the witness box, as breathing deeply. The prisoner alone was unmoved. The sun (it was now being round to the West) was shining down on her from the lantern light. It lit up with pitiful vividness her thin, white face, with its look of confidence and contempt.

"Do you know what this is?" asked the attorney, holding up a portion of a white silk scarf.

Bessie started as if she had seen a ghost. Then, recovering herself and turning her eyes away, she said, remembering what Gell had told her, "I know nothing about it."

"You have never seen it before?"

"I know nothing about it."

The Attorney General put the scarf outstretched on the table in front of him, and held up a narrower strip of the same material.

"Do you know anything about this?"

Bessie gasped and was silent for a moment. Then she said again, but with a stammer, "I know nothing about it."

"Will you swear that it never belonged to you?"

Bessie, who remembered what she had heard about "a remnant" when the weavers were ranging her room, and when she was of escape by further denial, she said:

"Oh, yes, I remember it now. I found it on the road when I was on my way home and found it about my hat to keep it from blowing off in the wind."

The silence which had fallen upon the court was broken by an audible drawing of breath. Gell, who had risen and leaned forward, dropped back.

"But if you found it on the road, it has your name stamped on the corner of it? See—Bessie!"

Bessie was speechless for another moment. Then she said:

"Bessie has a common name, isn't it?"

"But how do you account for the name that these two pieces fit only—Bessie exactly?" asked the attorney—laying the narrow strip by the broader portion.

Bessie became dizzy and confused. "I can't account for it. I know nothing about it," she said.

The Deemster, with a gasp, asked the attorney what he suggested by the exhibits. The attorney answered:

"The large piece, your Honor, is the scarf which the body of the child was found in, while the narrower one was discovered in the prisoner's room, the suggestion is that, taken together, they form a chain of convincing evidence that she is guilty of the crime with which she is charged."

"It is in my feet," he had recognized the scarf of a present of his own on Bessie's last birthday, and his great faith in the girl was breaking down, yet in a husky voice he said:

"Give her time, your Honor. She may have some explanation."

The Deemster signified assent, and then Gell, stepping closer to the witness box, said:

"Be calm and think again. Don't answer hastily. Everything depends on your reply. Are you sure the scarf was not yours, and that you lost the larger piece of it? Think carefully, I beg, I pray."

The advocate was losing himself, yet nobody protested. At length Bessie, with the wild eyes of a caged animal, broke into violent cries.

"Oh, why are you all torturing me? Wasn't it enough to torture my mother? I know nothing about it."

There was a profound silence. The great clock of the Deemster felt as if every stroke were beating on his brain. At length he said:

"A new fact has been introduced by the prosecution and it is only right consider it. It is now 4 o'clock. The court will adjourn until morning. It is not for me to anticipate the evidence which the accused may give when the court resumes, but if the interview she can remember anything which will put a new light on the serious fact the Attorney General has just disclosed, nothing she has said in her agitation today shall prejudice what she may say tomorrow."

He paused for a moment and then (with difficulty maintaining an equal voice) he said:

"It sometimes happens that a young woman in the position of the accused makes mistakes, concealment for the much more serious crime of murder."

He paused again and then said:

"Whatever the facts in this unhappy case may prove to be, if I may speak to that mystery of a woman's heart which is truly said to be sacred even in its shame, I will say, 'Tell the truth, the whole truth; it will be best for you, best for everybody.'"

"The Court stands adjourned until 11 in the morning," said the Governor. "Meantime, let the advocate for the defense see the accused and give her the benefit of his legal advice and assistance. Judge, look to the jury that they are properly lodged in the Castle, and see that they hold no communication with persons outside."

ATHLETES RESCUE GIRLS FROM SURF

Atlantic City Students Playing Ball on Beach Heed Cries of Distress

Special City News Service—Atlantic City, N. J., May 16.—The first rescue of the bathing season here occurred yesterday when William Sledaker, captain of the high school basketball team, and Bradford Benjamin, who starred on the scholastic football eleven last fall, brought the Misses Miriam and Helen Judge, two pretty Brooklyn visitors, ashore as they were being swept to sea by an undertow.

The young women walked out to the end of a jetty and then, wading out farther, attempted to swim to shore. They had covered but a short distance when the swift undertow created by the jetty caught them and was carrying them seaward.

The girls called for help and attracted the attention of the two students, who, with number of other athletes, were playing ball on the beach. Sledaker and Benjamin raced out to the end of the jetty and plunged into the water to the girls, who, with prescience of mind, turned on their backs and floated when they saw assistance coming.

After reaching the shore the girls were hurried to their hotel by their parents, who had witnessed the affair from the beach. The students were honor guests at a dinner party given by the father in the evening.

TO PLAN PRISON REFORM

City Club Will Hear Plea for Better Penal System

A long-table luncheon in the interest of a radical improvement of the State prison system will be given Friday at the City Club by the Penal Reform Society of Pennsylvania. Dr. Rufus M. Jones will preside.

Dr. George W. Kirchwey, nationally known for his efforts in behalf of humane and scientific treatment of criminals, will speak. Dr. Kirchwey has undertaken the directorship of the Public Charities Association, Pennsylvania, and shares its office at 410 South Fifteenth street.

The Philadelphia board is composed of the following members: The Rev. Samuel Zane Batten, Franklin N. Brewer, E. Lewis Burnham, Mrs. George Burnham, Jr., Miss Nancy Cochran, Mrs. Walter Cone, Mrs. Samuel S. Feld, Dr. Charles H. Frazier, Francis Fisher Kane, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, Mrs. Wilfred Lewis, Kenneth L. M. Pray, Miss Marton Reilly, Miss Florence L. Sanville, Edmund Stirling and Mrs. Ira J. Williams.

SEEKS BROTHER HERE

N. Y. Magistrate Rushes to City After Receiving "Suicide" Letter

Police are hunting for Samuel M. Fleishman, New York, who wrote from this city to a brother yesterday, saying he intended to kill himself.

Irwin Fleishman, a police magistrate of New York, the brother, told detectives he got the letter late last night. He started for Philadelphia at once and reached City Hall shortly after midnight.

The letter was written on the stationery of a hotel here. Investigation disclosed that Samuel Fleishman was not registered there. A canvass of other hotels was fruitless.

Magistrate Fleishman said his brother wrote he was despondent and that it would be useless to hunt for him.

Shop in Kensington

"The Heart of Philadelphia"

Program for the Week

Kensington Merchants' MAY FESTIVAL
Front St. and Kensington Ave. From Berks to Tioga St.

SAVE THIS PROGRAM

Tuesday Evening, May 16—BIG MARATHON HANDICAP RUN
Starts 8 P. M. Kensington Ave. and Lehigh. Three team prizes, two time prizes, twenty individual medals and extra merchants' prizes.

Wednesday Evening, May 17—SONG NIGHT
Many pianos and song leaders on the streets. Come and learn the latest songs. Sing away the blues.

Thursday Evening, May 18—CIRCUS NIGHT
Professional entertainers will give free performances in every block. Don't miss it.

OPEN AIR RADIO CONCERTS

Friday Evening, May 19—McPherson Square, Kensington & Indiana Aves.
Saturday Evening, May 20—Front and York Streets

Ask Your Merchant for Free Prize Coupons

Send for a Complimentary Copy of HALL CAINE'S

"Why I Wrote 'The Master of Man'"

A striking reply to the criticism that his novel is "An Apology For Sin." You will enjoy the story more after reading this article.

THE COMPLETE NOVEL is on sale at all bookstores. Price \$1.75

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Phila.

Following a lengthy illness, Mrs. Anna St. Claire Haynes, sixty-five years old, a widow and the aunt of the Countess St. Claire de Conturbia, of Milan, Italy, who recently waged a successful legal battle to gain control of the estate of her mother, Mrs. Alice Gerry Griswold, died in a private hospital here Sunday of heart disease.

Barking of a dog at night prevented the burglary of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Shaffer, Philadelphia cottagers, at Pacific and Hartford avenues, Chelsea, during the absence of the family. When the Shaffers returned from visiting a neighbor Mr. Shaffer noticed that his dog acted strangely. The dog's actions finally led Mr. Shaffer to seize a carving knife and follow it toward the rear of the house, where a Negro was discovered in the laundry room trying to get away through a window. When the dog leaped for him the intruder went through, snatched a square before the car could be stopped on the rails, made treacherous by a light rainfall. She is not expected to recover. It was stated at the City Hospital this morning. Miss Sheridan was in charge of a sanatorium conducted by Martin Sheridan, a brother, who, with his wife and son, is touring Europe.

FIRE'S

Constant Raids Demand the Attention of Every Thinking Man FOR NEW APPROVED SPRINKLER SYSTEMS CONSULT SPRINKLER EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

Contractors and Engineers AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEMS, POWER PIPING, HEATING 3239-41 MARKET ST. Phone Preston 6929



Easy to Use

CRYSTAL-ON in the home cleans and polishes wherever it goes. Simply pour some on any clean cloth—as easy and simple as can be.

Windows, mirrors, cut glass—shine lustreously, when cleaned and polished with CRYSTAL-ON—the Clear Vision Liquid. Eye glasses—with a CRYSTAL-ON polish—never get blurred or fogged from steam, wet or mist. For windshield and headlights it is indispensable, insuring clear vision in any kind of weather.

Wherever a glass surface needs a polish—when a better view is required—use CRYSTAL-ON—the Clear Vision Liquid.

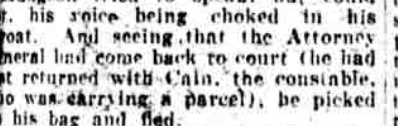
Distributed by Supplee-Biddle Hardware Co. Philadelphia, Pa. Crystal-On Chemical Co., 1 W. 34th St., New York

CRYSTAL-ON PATENTED "The Clear Vision Liquid"

PRICES
4 oz. size, 6.50
8 oz. size, 1.25
1 qt. size, 1.25
Larger sizes for railroads, traction companies, etc.

ASCO Coffee

29c lb At all our Stores

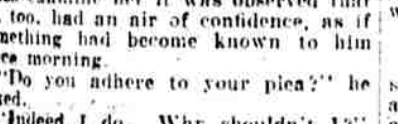


A Relaxed Foot Gives a Relaxed Facial Expression

"She looks as if her feet hurt."

How often you notice an otherwise attractive face marred by a tense, pained look.

A woman can't be at her best or look her best when she is bothered by shoes that bind the foot or do not give the arch of the foot enough freedom to flex as it should. The



Cantilever Shoe For Men & Women

The Judge, the advocates and the spectators were gone, and Gell was alone in the courtroom. He was like a drowning man in an empty sea, clinging to an upturned boat.

Time after time he gathered up his papers and put them in his bag, then took them out again and spread them before him. At length, rising with a haggard face, he went downstairs with a heavy step.

At the door to the private entrance he came upon Fenella, who was waiting for her father. Her eyes were red as if she had been weeping, but they were blazing with anger also.

"Are you going down to her, as the Governor suggested?"

"I cannot, I dare not," he replied. "And then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said, 'But won't you go?'"

"You wish me to speak to her instead of you?"

"Won't you? If she has anything to say, she'll say it more freely to a woman."

Fenella looked at him for a moment.

"Very well, I'll go if you are willing to take the consequences."

"To me? That's nothing—nothing whatever. Go to her, for God's sake. I'll wait here for you."

In the Deemster's room the Governor was putting on his military overcoat. He was not too well satisfied with himself, and as the only means of self-justification he was nursing a dull anger against Stowell.

"Well, we can only go on with it. There's nothing else to do now. Unfortunate—damnable unfortunate."

A few minutes later, Stowell, sitting at the table in wig and gown, heard the clash of steel outside (a company of the regiment quartered in the town were acting as a guard of honor) and saw through the window the Governor's big blue uniform passing over the bridge that crossed the harbor.

Gell would be with Bessie in her cell by this time. She was guilty. He must see that she was guilty. What a shock! What a blow! He would not let his high built faith in the girl wrecked and broken!

At last he unbelted and went down the empty staircase. On opening the door to the courtyard he was startled to see Gell pacing to and fro with downcast head among the remains of some tombs of old kings which lay about in the rank grass.

"Ah, is it you?" said Gell, looking up at the sound of Stowell's footsteps. "You were good to her, old fellow. I can't help thanking you. Stowell mumbled some reply and then said he thought Gell would have been with Bessie."

"I haven't go," said Gell. "But Fenella has gone instead of me."

"Fenella?"

Stowell felt as if something were creeping between his skin and his flesh,

A Relaxed Foot Gives a Relaxed Facial Expression

Were not delayed or inconvenienced. This is a record of which we are justly proud. A capstone to the unusually good service that we have been giving Philadelphia for the PAST TWENTY YEARS and also a record that has nowhere else been equaled.

The Keystone Telephone Company

put in operation its Automatic Telephone Installation

So perfect was the preparation that the entire Philadelphia system was cut over from the old manual to the modern automatic method in just fourteen minutes—and our subscribers, who are using over—

42,000 Keystone Telephones

And the result, in so far as our subscribers are concerned, has been—

1. A telephone service that does not give wrong numbers
2. That does not cut off in the midst of a conversation
3. That renders conversations entirely private
4. That is so easy to use that it does not take as long as eight seconds to establish a connection.
5. That provides this extraordinarily excellent service at a nominal cost, for the reason that
6. Our unmeasured service rate enables you to call as often as you want—never a discussion about additional calls. Many of our subscribers find that their calls cost them only a fraction of a cent.

The Keystone Telephone Company

because our unmeasured service rate enables a subscriber to use the telephone without any regard to the number of calls made. INCREASE YOUR TELEPHONE FACILITIES—SAVE TIME—SAVE MONEY—by installing our service and give the other Philadelphia Business Men who are using over 42,000 Keystone Telephones increased telephone access to you, and which, because of our unmeasured service rate, also saves them money.

The Keystone Telephone Company

135 S. 2d Street Philadelphia