

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 great-hearted and beautiful man, in a moment of unusual passion he has, in great anger, pronounced upon the secret sin, and distant relations with
BESSIE COLLISTER—A handsome peasant girl, who murders her legitimate child, she is sentenced to death. She loves Victor's child.
ALICE GELL—Agreeable, but somewhat weak, who persuades Bessie to let her see her.
PHILIP STANLEY—A great-hearted and beautiful girl, who advanced ideas on the woman's rights, who is in love with Victor and he with her. She becomes Bessie's friend.



You've been locking up a respectable man, Deemster, but you can't lock up his tongue

HE STOOD for a while where she had left him with the echo of her stinging words ringing in his ears. Bitter, unjust and cruel as they had been, he was struggling to excuse her. She did not understand. Bessie did not tell her all. Presently she would come back and ask his pardon.
 But she did not come, and after a while (it seemed like an eternity), feeling crushed, degraded, trampled upon, dragged in the dust and wounded in his tenderest affections, he left the room and the house.
 Outside, where his automobile was standing, he still lingered, expecting to be called back. It was impossible that Fenella would let him part from her like this. He knew where she was—in the Governor's smoking-room which overlooked the drive. At the last moment she would knock at the window and cry "Stay."
 Slowly he moved around his car, opening the bonnet, touching the engine, starting it, pulling on his long driving gloves. But still she gave no sign, and at length he was the end—the end of everything?
 Meantime, Fenella, alone in her father's room and recovering from the storm of her anger, was beginning to be afraid. She wanted to go back to Stowell and say: "I was mad. I didn't know what I was saying. I love you so much."
 She listened intently for a long time, but there came no sound from the adjoining room. What was he doing? Presently she heard him coming out of the library, walking with a firm step down the corridor to the porch, opening the front door and closing it behind him.
 In spite of her jealousy and rage, she felt an immense admiration for the man who, loving her as she was sure he did, was yet so strong that he could leave her after she had insulted and humiliated him. She wanted to throw up the window and cry: "Wait! I am coming out to you."
 But no, her pride would not permit her to do that either, and at the next instant the car was moving away.
 Then she stumbled upstairs, locked the door of her room on the inside, threw herself face down on the bed, burst into a flood of tempestuous tears, and cried aloud to Stowell, now that he could no longer hear her:
 "Victor! Victor! My Victor!"

with the paralyzing effect of a muffled drum. He was driving up the mountain road. Churn-banes, full of English visitors (who were laughing and singing in chorus), were coming down. The drivers shouted at him from time to time. This irritated him until he realized that his motorcar was oscillating from side to side of the road.
 At the bottom of the glen, where it dips into the Curragh, he came upon a group of bare-headed women, with their arms under their aprons, surrounding a little person with watery eyes in a poke bonnet and a satin mantle. Mrs. Collister had returned from Castle town, and her neighbors were taking her home.
 "Never mind, woman! It will be all set right at the judgment. And then the man will be found out and punished, too!"
 At the corner of the cross-roads Dan Balldroma threw himself in front of the car, to draw it up, and in his raucous voice he fell on Stowell with a torrent of abuse.
 Stowell made no answer. Any poor creature could insult him now.
 Janet was waiting for him at Ballinamoor, with a fire in the library, and the tea tray ready. But the sweet home atmosphere only made him think of the happiness that had been so nearly within his reach.
 "Forgive you? Never while that girl lies in prison." The stinging words followed him to his bedroom. They

broke up his sleep. They rang like the screech of an owl through the darkness of the night.
 Next day, not trusting himself to drive his car, he returned to Castle town by train. There were only two first-class compartments and both were full. He was about to step into a third-class carriage when a voice cried:
 "This way, Deemster. Always room enough for you."
 There was to be a sitting of the Keys that day and the compartment was full of notsiders members. The talk was about yesterday's trial, and Stowell realized that his management of the case had created a favorable impression. Merciful to the prisoner? Yes, until her guilt was established, but then just even at the expense of friendship.
 This led to talk about Gell as the girl's fellow-sinner.
 "Shocking! But it's not the first time he has been mixed up with a woman."
 Stowell felt an intolerable shame at Gell's undeserved obloquy and his own unmerited glory, but he could say nothing.
 "It will kill the old man," said one of the Keys. The train drawn up at a side station and his voice was loud in the vacant air.
 "Lush!"
 The speaker was in the next compartment.
 At court that day, and the day following, he fought it hard to concentrate. At one moment an advocate said:
 "Perhaps your honor is not well this morning?"
 "Oh no! I heard you. You were saying . . ."
 The rapidity of his mind enabled him to make up for his lapses in attention, and when his time came to sum up he was always ready.
 He was indulgent to the accused. All the other prisoners were acquitted.
 Back at home, Stowell plunged into the task of drawing up the report for the English authorities which was to accompany the recommendation to mercy. In two days (having his father's library to fall back upon) he knew more about the grounds upon which the prerogative of the crown could properly be exercised than anybody in the island had ever before been required to learn, and when he had finished his task he had no misgivings.
 Bessie's sentence would be commuted to imprisonment. And then life for the poor soul being at an end in the Puritanical old island! he must find some secret means of sending her away.
 "Never while that girl— But wait! Only wait!"
 Being legislator as well as Judge, he attended the first meeting of Tynwald Court after his appointment. The Governor administered the oath to him in a private room, and then, taking his arm, led the way to the legislative chamber.
 "Do you know it's six days since you were at Government House, my boy? What is Fenella to think of you?"
 "Has she . . . has she been asking for me, sir?"
 "Well, no, not to say asking, but still . . . six days, you know." Stowell sat on a raised dais between

the Attorney General and Deemster Taubman, who was sufficiently recovered to hobble in on two sticks.
 The proceedings were of the kind that is usual in such assemblies, the Manx people being the children of their mothers, longing to talk much and about many things.
 He found it difficult to fix his attention, and was watching for an opportunity to slip away, when the vain repetition which are called debates suddenly ceased and the Governor called on an inspector by police to carry around a bill which had to be signed by all.
 In the interval of general conversation that followed Deemster Taubman, a gruff and grizzly person, leaned back in his seat, put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his soiled white waistcoat and talked to Stowell.
 "You did quite right in the case of the girl Collister, sir. In fact you were only too indulgent. I have no pity for the huzzies who run away from the consequences of their misconduct. Murdered a woman, and there is no proper punishment for it but death."
 "But the jury recommended the girl to mercy, and her sentence will be commuted," said Stowell.
 "Eh? Then you haven't heard what has happened?"
 "The Governor has reported against the recommendation," said Stowell.
 "Certainly. And as the authorities in London are not likely to read the report and are sure to act on the Governor's advice, the girl will go to the gallows."
 Stowell felt as if he had been struck over the eyes by an unseen hand. As soon as he had signed the bill (in a tremulous scrawl) he whispered to the Attorney General that he was unwell and fled from the chamber.
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 "No, Mr. Stowell, no! You must stay in bed for the next two days at least. I must really insist this time. No work, no excitement, no heart strain. Remember your father, and take my advice, sir."
 It was Dr. Clucas, who sent for by Janet, had arrived at Ballinamoor before Stowell got out of bed in the morning. With closed eyes Stowell reviewed the situation. It was shocking, horrible, intolerable. Not for fifty years had a woman suffered the full penalty of such a crime. He must find some way to prevent it.
 But after a while a terrible temptation came to him. "Why can't I leave things alone?" he asked himself.
 He had done all he could be expected to do. If the Crown, acting on the advice of the Governor, refused to exercise its prerogative of mercy, what right had he to interfere?
 It might be best for himself, too, that the law should take its course—best in the long run. If Bessie's sentence were commuted to imprisonment what assurance had he that on coming out of prison she would allow him to send her away from the island? On the contrary she might refuse to be banished, and if she found that the blame of her misfortune had fallen on Gell she might tell the truth to free him.
 What then? He would be a dishonored man. His position as a Judge would be imperiled; his marriage with Fenella would be impossible, and his whole life would crash down to a welter of disgrace and ruin. But if Bessie were gone there would be no further danger. And after all, it would not be he but the law that had taken her life.
 "Then why can't I leave things alone?" he thought.
 He decided to do so, but his decision brought him no comfort. Toward evening he got up and went out to walk in the farmyard. There he met Bobbie Greer, who was just home from the mill with his head full of a pitiful story.
 This story of the old mother's developing insanity rested heavily on Stowell's heart, and went far to shake his resolution.
 After a day or two he began to find his own house and grounds haunted. He could not go into the library without the kind eyes in his mother's picture following him about the room with a pleading look. He could not sit in the dining room after dinner without remembering his week-ends as a student at law, when his father and he would draw up at opposite ends of the table, and the great Deemster would talk of the great crimes, the great trials and the great Judges.
 But his worst ordeal was with Janet. Not a word of explanation had passed between them, yet he was sure she knew her sitting-room, he found her with her knitting on her lap, and a copy of the insular newspaper on the floor, looking out on the lawn with a far-off expression. That brought memories of another evening when he had told her that no girl on the island had ever fallen into trouble through him, or ever should do so.
 "Ah! Is that you, Victor?" she cried, recovering herself and making her needles click, but he had gone, and her voice followed him from the room.
 Still wrestling with his temptation to stand aside and let the law take its course, Ballinamoor became intolerable to him. On the lame excuse of his fortnightly court in the northside town he decided to go to Ramsey, and to Mrs. Quixley to get his old rooms ready.
 But going from Ballinamoor to his chambers was like leaping out of the fire into the furnace. When he opened a disordered drawer up came the Castle town portrait of Bessie Collister like a ghost out of the gloom. When he went for a walk to tire himself for the night his steps involuntarily turned toward the pier where the lighthouse had been shattered by lightning. When he returned and was putting the key in the lock of his outer door he had the tingling sense of a woman's warm presence behind him. When he pulled down his bedroom blind the broken cord brought a stabbing memory. And when he awoke in the morning he felt that he had only to open his eyes to see a girl's raven black hair on the pillow beside his.
 But Mrs. Quixley's presence was the keenest torment of all. The good old Methodist moved about him at breakfast without speaking, but one morning, fumbling with her bonnet strings before going, she said:
 "Deemster, have you remembered this case of Bessie Collister in your prayers?"
 To be continued tomorrow
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 Rob Home of \$1200
 Thieves broke into the dwelling of Abe Rosky, 3246 West Huntingdon street, during the absence of his family Saturday night and stole silverware and jewelry valued at about \$1200. The robbery was discovered when a member of the family returned late. The thieves had entered by breaking in a door at the rear of the house.

Uncommon Sense: Builders and Repairers

By JOHN BLAKE

There are men who build automobiles for you, and men who repair them. Both are necessary, but the builder is the man who makes the most money.
 There are doctors who cure you when you are ill, and other doctors who by their advice and counsel keep you from getting ill.
 Both are needed. But it is the latter who are most valuable to you, and who as a rule are most highly rewarded.
 In every great city there are lawyers who can go into court and fight lawsuits, and other lawyers who seldom go into court, but who make a practice of showing their clients how to avoid it. The latter class of lawyers are the ones who receive the largest fees—and deserve them.
 It is, of course, far more difficult to be a builder than to be a repairer, for the repairer merely learns from the builder how a house or a machine or a city government is constructed, and then, when it gets out of order restores it as closely as he can to its normal condition.
 DOCTORS, although repairers, must first learn how the human body is constructed, and as it was constructed by God and not by man; this is a difficult business. Of all the repairers they are the most important, for their task is the most difficult.
 We are not seeking to bring any reproach upon the builders of the world, but we will be for centuries to come—the repairers will be useful members of every community.
 But they will never be worth so much to the world as the builders—whether they are builders of nations or builders of wheelbarrows.
 AS LONG as the world and the people in it are extremely imperfect—and they will be for centuries to come—the repairers will be useful members of every community.
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No. 166—Disappearing Coin
 A coin is laid upon the left palm, which is covered with the right hand. The hands are rubbed together and the coin mysteriously disappears.
 To do the trick the hands are held at right angles, as shown in the drawing. The right hand remains stationary, while the left, holding the coin, is swung quickly over toward it. As the left hand comes directly beneath the right it stops with a sharp jerk. But the coin, resting loosely on the left palm and propelled by the momentum keeps on going and shoots up the right sleeve. The hands are then rubbed together and the coin disappears.

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