

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.
FENELLA 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 at the end of 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 Ballinmoar, 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 northside 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 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.
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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.

INCIDENTALLY their work is so difficult, and requires such genius, that their profession will never be overcrowded. Most of us will be content to be repaired, to do the honest job of repairing we carry out if we can help to mend. If we not make nations or cities or empires.

(Copyright, 1922)

PENN LOVE FEAST TONIGHT

Three Professors Will Be Burned Emphy at University

The annual "love feast" of the Penn classmen of the University of Pennsylvania will be held tonight in Westman Hall. Following this feast a mock trial will also be held, where three sons will be burned in effigy.

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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.

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.

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Prices (chassis)	\$2950	\$3075

2 cylinder 1 1/2-2 ton Autocars		
Wheelbase lengths	97 ins.	120 ins.
Overall capacity (chassis, body and load)	11,000 lbs.	11,000 lbs.
Unladen chassis weights only	3600 lbs.	3700 lbs.
Prices (chassis)	\$1950	\$2050

2 cylinder 1-1 1/2-2 ton Autocars (Rebuilt)		
Wheelbase lengths	97 ins.	120 ins.
Overall capacity (chassis, body and load)	11,000 lbs.	11,000 lbs.
Unladen chassis weights only	3600 lbs.	3700 lbs.
Prices (chassis)	\$1650	\$1750

Prices F. O. B. Ardmore, Pa.

2 cylinder 1-1 1/2-2 ton Autocars (Reconditioned)		
Wheelbase lengths	97 ins.	120 ins.
Overall capacity (chassis, body and load)	11,000 lbs.	11,000 lbs.
Unladen chassis weights only	3600 lbs.	3700 lbs.
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