KOSER - On May 21. 1

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.

'So you've come to ask me to-

tence may be commuted to imprison

The Governor turned sharply upon

him, threw away his half-smoked cigar,

seen at breakfast) and handed the con-

But Stowell continued to stand with

"You say Taubman told you I re-

You say it is fifty years since such

a crime has been punished by death. Perhaps it is, but the fact that the stat-

law contemplates cases in which it may

life of her child. You speak of her shame, but shame is no excuse for crime.

sbegotten children is crime."
Stowell was trembling but still silent.

'Pity for women of that sort is sen-timental weakness. Worse, it is a dan-

out again and his own share in it may come to light. And then Fenella! How

Stowell's fingers were contracting

ute remains is proof enough

to say so."
Still Stowell remained silent.

of their evil conduct, and to try cape from it by making away with their

tents of it to Stowell, saying, "Look at that."

Stowell was silent.

"Come this way."

PERSONS OF THE STORY

VICTOR STOWELL.—Chief Judge of the Isla
of Man. In a moment of mutual passion
he has, to great later penitence over the
secret sin, had illicit relations with
secret sin, had illicit relations be that
general to death. She loves Vioind to sentenced to death. She loves Vioind to sentenced to death. She loves Viotor's chum.

JENELLA STANLEY—A preathearted and
beautiful giri with advanced (deas on
wennan's rights, who is in love with Victor
and he with her. She becomes Bessie's
friend.

111 DAY after day Fenella waited at home for Victor, denying herself to

everybody else. Every afternoon she dressed herself in some gown he had mid he liked her in. She dressed her hair, too, in the way he liked best. But still he did not come. At length she determined to write to him. Writing was a terrible ordeal.

Her pride fought with her love and she could never satisfy herself with her letters. First it was-"Dear Victor - Don't you really think you've stayed away long enough? Remember your 'Manx ones'-specially your lovely and beloved Manx women-

won't they be talking?" But no, that was too much like know a woman better than that? I less! suppose you think I am very hardbearted and can never forgive, but

No. that was wrong, too. "Victor-Don't you think I have been punished enough? It has been very hard for me, yet I love you still

But the trembling of her handwriting betrayed the emotion she wished to conceal. At last, after a long day of witude and abandonment, two little

"Vic-I am so lonely. Come to me. Your broken-hearted-Fenella. But all her letters, with their cries and supplications, were torn up and thrown into the fire.

Why did he stay away? Did he ex-

pect her to bridge all the gulf between them? At length she thought he must The idea that he could be suffering (for her sake perhaps) swept down all her pride, and she determined

But just as she was setting off for Ballamoar somebody brought word that Stowell was staying at Fort Anne. That quenched her humility. So near, pet never coming to see her! Oh, very

For two days she felt crushed and Then she heard that Stowell was constantly to be seen at the Law Library, and that brought a memory and an explanation. She remembered that she had said (in that wild moment when she didn't know what she was when she didn't know what she was saying) that she would never forgive him while the girl Bessie lay in prison. That was it! He was finding a solid legal ground on which the prisoner could be liberated, and when he had convinced the law officers of the Crown that this was a proper case for the exercise of mercy, he would come up to her and say, "Bessie Collister is up to her and say. the barrier between us is broken

For a full day after that her heart was at ease. Nay more, she was almost happy, for hidden away in some secret place of semi-consciousness was the thought that the measure of Stowell's efforts for Bessic Collister was the meter

of his love for herself. At length her impatience got the better of her tranquillity and she became eager to know what was going on. There was only one person who could tell her that—her father.

Coming down to breakfast on the sunny morning after the storm, she saw, among the letters by the Governor's plate, a large envelope super-cribed. "Home Secretary." When her father had opened it she said; as if casually:

"Any news yet about that poor thing in Castle Rushen?"

"Yes, there's something here."
"Of course, she's pardoned?"
"On the contrary, her death-sentence is been confirmed."
"Confirmed?"

"Yes, she's to die, and it only re-mains for me to fix the date of the exe-The sun went out as before a thunderstorm, and, rising from her unfin-ished breakfast. Fenella fled from the room. A great wave of pity seemed to sweep down every other feeling. She determined to go to Castle Rushen again and break the markets. and break the news tenderly to the un-

happy woman.
On her way to the railway station her mind swung back to Stowell. After an hamily have done nothing to save he could have done nothing to save the girl's life. It was inconceivable that the authorities in London could have been indifferent to the opinion of the Judge who had tried the case.

"No, he can have done nothing—
Bothing whatever."

Then came a shock to her also.
As her carriage dipped into the hill
going down to the station she saw Sto-

Little Benny's Notebook

By Lee Pape

I was jest starting to go out this aftirnoon and I smelt something smelling like ples, thinking, G, ples, And I went back to the kitchin and looked in and Nora was jest taking one out of the oven, being a bewty looking ple and smelling more like pies in genrel than wat it did like eny partickuler kind, me saying, Hello Nora, wats you

making, pies?

making, pies?

You aint blind, are you? sed Nora. Meening certeny pies, and I stood there a wile smelling at it and then I sed. Hay Nora. I bet I can tell what kind it is in one bite with my eyes shut.

Youre a smart boy all rite, sed Nora. Yes and you can tie a hankerchiff fround them too, if you wunt, I sed. Meening my eyes, and Nora sed, I know what kind it is, that's enuff for me.

And she started to do things erround the kitchin as if the argewment was over, and pritty soon I sed, Well hay Nora, I may not be home for suppir. I may go erround to my cuzzin Arties, how about me having my piece of pie how in case I aint home for suppir. How about you cleering out of heer and going about your bizznisa? sed Meening no.

toving its no use argewing with a san wen she makes up her mind, and sat out and got in a game of Cops hobbers and wen Nora brawt the in at suppir it was apple with its, being my favorite kind next



"I must tell you at once that if you order that girl's execution it shall never be carried out."

threatening him, so she began again— rapid strides. Something told her that, "Darling—"Did you really think I having heard the news, he was going to Government House to protest. But meant all I said that day? Don't you what was the good of going now? Use-

One glance she got of his face be-fore she dropped her own. It was whiter and thinner than before, as it from sleepless nights and suffering. She wanted to stop; she wanted to go on; she did not know what she wanted. At the next moment her conchman who had seen nothing of Stowell, being occupied with the difficulties of the hill, had swept into the station-yard. When she got out of the carriage her

heart was burning with the pangs of mingled love and rage. "If that girl dies in prison there shall never be anything between us-never,"

But deep in her heart, almost un-known to herself, there was a still more poignant cry.
"He does not care for me-he canproperly be exercised. This in my view was such a case and I had every right

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Man and the Law When Stowell reached Government House he found the Governor in the acted from a good motive. I see no garden, bareheaded and smoking a cigar good motive in a mother who takes the of which he was obviously trying to pre-serve the ash, while he watched his gardener at his work of repairing the ravages of last night's storm among shame? Shame is the just consequence the flower-beds.

"Ah, you've come at last! But you have just missed Fenella. She has gone to Castledown—that girl again, I sup-"I know, I saw her. That's the natter I've come to speak about."
"So? Oblige me then by walking bere so that I may keep an eye on the

Stowell winced, but stepped to and fro on the path by the Governor's side business. wald that you had reported against the jury's recommendation."

"Well?" mit me to explain the exact legal post- that danger hanging over his head?'

"It is fifty years at least since a prisoner has been executed on this island for that crime." "Fifty, is it?"

The Governor blew his light blue smoke into the lighter blue air and watered it rising. "Deemster Taubman seems to think that a prisoner who has willfully taken is wrong, sir.'

"Quite wrong. It is established by the laws of this and every civilized country that it is the reason of man which makes him accountable for his action and the absence of reason acquits him of the crime."

quits him of the crime."

"And is there any ground for thinking that this girl was not responsible?" said the Governor.

"Every ground, sir. No woman in her position ever was or ever can be responsible."

"No? * * Gardener. don't you think those tulips * * * "

"That's why the law of England." continued Stowell, "has ceased to look upon infanticide as a crime punishable by death. In some foreign countries it is not looked upon as a crime at all. The is not looked upon as a crime at all. The woman who kills her child within five days after its birth is thought to be suffering from temporary mania and therefore not guilty of murder. Be-

"Besides-what?" Stowell breathed heavily and then

"There are exceptional circumstances in this case which call for merciful treatment."

You mean-"I mean," said Stowell, speaking rapidly and in a vibrating voice, "that the girl had no bad motives such as usually inspire murder—no greed, no lust, no desire for revenge. In fact, she meant no harm to anybody. On the contrary, it is conceivable that she meant good—good even to her child meant good-good even to her child -to save it from a life of suffering in a world in which it would have no father, no family, and nobody to care for it but its shamed and outcast mother."



over the paper that crinkled in his hand. At length he threw it ou the desk and

At length he three it of the desk and, said,
"Your Excellency, if you carry out that sentence you will be committing a crime—a monstrous judicial crime."
The Governor returned the paper to his desk, and then rose and said, with a ring of sarcasm in his voice:

"So I am the criminal, am I? Well. The Governor looked at Stowell for moment and thought.

"He's ill, and he's trying to unload is conscience."

Then he said aloud.

"So you've come to ask me to—"

"So I am the criminal, am 17 Well, I am responsible for public security in this island, and as long as I am here I am going to see that it is preserved. Offenses of this kind have been too frequent of late, and they can only be put down by law. The prisoner in the present case has been justly and the criminal, am 17 Well, I am responsible for public security in the island, and as long as I am here I am going to see that it is present too frequent of late, and they can only be put down by law. The prisoner in the present case has been justly in t "I've come to ask me to-"I've come to ask you, sir, to with-draw your objection to the recommentried and rightly condemned, and it shall be my business to see that she pays the penalty of her crime.

dation to mercy, so that the death sen-Stowell's pale face had become scar-let, his lower lip was trembling. Out-Again the Governor looked at Stowside the sea was sparkling in the sunlight; a band was playing far off on the promenade.

Again the Governor looked at Stowell's heated face and thought, "Yes, he's ill, and doesn't see that I am fighting his own battle."
"Do it, sir," said Stowell. "Do it, for God's sake, before it is too late, and there is such an outery throughout the kingdom as will shake the very foundations of justice in the island."
The Governor was still smoking late. "Your Excellency," said Stowell nivering all over, "it will be a lifequivering all over, "it will be a life-long-grief to resist your authority, but I must tell you at once that if you order that girl's execution it shall never be The Governor was still smoking lei-surely and keeping his eye on his flowercarried out. "What do you say?"

"I say it shall never be carried "Gardener, don't you think that bed of geraniums—" he began, but Stow-ell could bear no more. "Good God, sir, isn't this matter of "Why not?"

"Because I shall prevent it." "Good God, sir, isn't this matter of sufficient importance to merit your at-"Do you mean that you will go over my head " " " " " I do " " " " The Governor brushed Stowell aside

Not another word was spoken until, returning to the house with a certain pomp of stride, with Stowell behind him, the Governor reached his room moment the Governor was glone in his room, speechless with astonishment and and closed the door behind him. Then, room, unlocking his desk, he took out a large wrath.

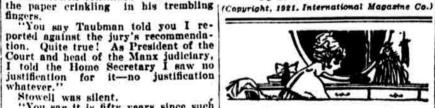
Going down the corridor Stowell envelope (the same that Fenella had een at breakfast) and handed the con-ents of it to Stowell, saying,
"Look at that."
Stowell saw at a glance what it was and the same that the Fenella and he could come together?
"But, God forgive me, I could do and uttered a cry of astonishment.

"Then it's done."

"Yes, it's done. And now sit down and listen to me."

"The artificial and he could come together to me. I compared to mothing else—nothing whatever.

To be continued tomorrow



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ger to public safety. The sooner such people are put out of the world the bet-ter for the public good." The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain in-stantly. Then the corn loosens and There was a palpable silence on both sides for some moments. The Governor glanced at Stowell's twitching face and began to be sorry for him. "Good Lord!" he thought, "why can't the man see that it's best for himself that 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 the girl should die? As long as she lives the wretched scandal may break 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. 150

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Camac st., May 23. GEORGE ACKER, Due notice of the funeral will be given, from the David H, Schuyler Endg., Broad and Diamond.

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dence. 1227 W. Allegheny ave. Interment private.

KELLERMANN.—On April 23, 1922 MAX. husband of Carrie Kellermann residence. 1750 N. 61st at Remains may be viewed Wed. eve. 7 to 9 o clock pariors of S. P. Frankenfield Sons, 5300 Vine at Funeral services, Thurs. eve., at pariors of F. Stolzenberger & Son, 450 E. 102d st., New York City.

enberger & Son. 450 E. 162d St., New York City
KILDAY—May 22 JOHN, husband of Margaret Kilday inee Carney). Relatives and friends invited to tuneral, Frt. 8.30 A M. from 2233 E. Auburn st. Solemn high requiem mass at 8t. Ann a Church 10 A. M. Int. at Holy Sepulchre Cem.
KIRSY—May 21, 1922, ALLAN L., husband of Anna Kirby (nee Sauer) and son of Lena and the late James J. Kirby. Relatives and friends also Crescent Lodge, No. 492.
F. and A. M.; John R. Martin Council, No. 20, Jr. O. U. A. M., and all organizations of funeral. Thurs. 2 F. M., from his late residence, 431 W. Lehigh ave. Int. Northwood Cem. Friends may out Wed evic.
KILINE.—May 22, 1922, CARRIE A., wife of Charles A. Kline, ared 10. Funeral services Wednesday, 8 P. M., at 4835 Beitimors we. Interment Thurs and Baltimore, Md. CHELTEN HILLS

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