THE MASTER OF MAN: -: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Menxman." "The Deemster," "The Eternal City." "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

PERSONS OF THE STORY
WICTOR STOWELL.—Chief Judge of the Isle
of Man. In a moment of mutual passion
he has, to preat leter positione over the
secret zim, had illust reintions with
BSSIE COLLISTE—A handsome peacept
sell, who murdors her litegatimate child
and is sentenced to death. She love a Victick thill.—Agreeable but somewhat
with thill.—Agreeable but somewhat
with thill.—Agreeable but somewhat
with thill.—Agreeable death
before to him.
BSSIE to be with a bereit to be a become
what with private advanced diseas on
beautiful girl with advanced diseas on
beautiful girl with advanced diseas on
beautiful girl with advanced side of the somewhat
when the sell with the

TENELLA found that the tragic news had reached Castle Rushen before

besse and received it at first with breedulity. Her expectation of pardon but reached the point of conviction, and every morning as she rose from her pank bed, she had said to herself: "It til come today."

Het a fer a while an idea. received it at first with

File come today.

But a ter a while an idea occurred to her and she became calm. Alick Gell! If A ick would go up to London and see the King and tell him that she had never intended to kill her buby he would forgive her. And then Alick would come galloping back, at the last moment, perhaps, waving a paper over the head and crying "Stop."

is head and crying "Stop!"

But would be do it? She had destred him twice. And then his sisters
ad always been trying to drag him

ay from her.

All at once, like the echo of a bell arough a thick mist over the sea.

The me the memory of his cry as she was long carried out of court: "Never land, Bessle, I would rather be you wour Judge!"

The memory of his cry as she was long to the memory of his cry as she was leng and again.

"Is thus, husky whisper.

"Not quite," said Bessle, and she began again.

"Mother was here last week and brought me your photo. It got wet in my bag on the way from Derby Haven, and it is cracked and smudged. But I are it is cracked and smudged. But I are it is cracked and smudged. But I are it is cracked and smudged.

Tes, he loved her still, and (out of the cunning which the air of a prison breeds) a scheme flashed upon her. She would write a letter to Alick Gell, but telling him what she wanted him to to but plainly pointing to it.

"I'll write for you," said Fenella.

"And will you give the letter into its own hands, miss, so that his sisters any not see it?"

"I'll try, dear."

"I'll try, dear."

"I'll try, dear."

"I'll try, dear."

"Bessie signed the letter, filling up

is light from the grill. Fenel'a wrote the remaining space with crosses, and then wrote with her own hand:

"P. S.—It's a week today, so if anyesie, without a vestige of color in the forlorn face, dictated from the bed: thing "Dear Alick—You will have heard lose. The Alick—You will have neard at they are going to do to me. It is at they are going to do to me. It is subterfuge, but knew well that Gell would have written me n few lines, would have written me n few lines, and that was the Judge who had by would have written me n few lines, although I know it is too much to ex-

"Oh, if I could only have lived to use it up to you! We could have mee away, as you always said, to dering with awe, as if a tornado had merica or somewhere. I should have swept through it and gone. At length sen so good, and we should have been Miss Green explained what had haphappy and nobody to cust all this up pened.

"What I did was very wrong, but the house! The house! Hardly had she reached her room the world in the world. I still ak if there were anybody to speak the house in the world forgive me even yet the send that she came for?"

"Yes. What did he come for?"
"To threaten me—that's which he does with the Governor against that's more than anybody would do came for. To threaten me—that if I attempted to carry out the sentence of the to keeping her in prison. This was not a duty. den't see what good it will do to the king to take my life, and me a poor gil he never saw in the world. I still ink if there were anybody to spenk me now, I suppose—even you, tempted to carry out the sentence of the to keeping her in prison. This was not a much I have always loved you so have on that girl in Castle Rushen he question of degrees of guilt—of murder or manslaughter. Either Bessie was



Sitting by the door of the cell, Fenella wrote with the prison paper

the Governor and been turned out of

was rising within her.
"What do you think he intends to do?" she asked. "Appeal to the Home Secretary against me, I suppose. I shouldn't wonder if he leaves the Island in the morning. And if he does, and brings

back a pardon, it will be a vote of cen-sure upon me—nothing short of it." The Governor strode across the room in his wrath, and then suddenly drew up on seeing that Fenella was smiling. But I see who is the cause of the

"You! You've broken with him, haven't you? Because he had the misfortune to encounter that woman long ago you hold him responsible for everything she has done since. So to satisfy your ridiculous qualms he falls back upon me. The fool: The damned fool: And you are no better! I don't know what's taking possession of women in these days. I'm sick to death of their feminist imbecilities and the braying of their male asses!"

"But father " " "
"Dun't talk to " " " "

ernor, and with blazing eyes he swept

Then Victor had done something! Then Victor had done something!
He did care for her! And now he was going to take some great risk to save the life of the girl in prison.

A momentary qualm about her duty to her father was swept down by the to her father was swept down by the was impossible! His honor as a judge to her love for Stowell. After all forbeds it. A momentary qualm about her duty to her father was swept down by the tide of her love for Stowell. After all, he was the man she had thought him to But as t

CHAPTER XXXV "And God Made Man of the Dust of the Ground"

be! God bless and speed him!

had traveled far by this

Fenella saw through the girl s picture.

Fenella saw through the girl s picture.

Subterfuge, but knew well that Gell could do nothing. There was only one man in the island who could have saved lessie, and that was the Judge who had tried her.

Why hadn't he?

She found Government, House shudders being the pail for the gallows. Instead of death, three years, five years, perhaps then years' imprisonment. Thank God he had not succeeded!

Stowell stepped out of the railway carriage, but as he made his way to his dog-cart at the gate, he heard one of them say.

But you'll be had not succeeded!
"But what am I to do now?" he them say,
"It's a wicket shame! But you'll be

dent authority, and, having made a hideous error, they would be reluctant to correct it.

"Not yet! Not yet!" he thought. Suddenly he saw that every argument right to resist the law. It was more he had used with the Governor against than right—it was a kind of sacred

been condemned is a crime," he thought.
This terrified him. All his inherited

ages.
"If a law is a crime it ought to be broken," he told himself.

But how! There was only one proper way in a free country—through Parliament and by the slow uprising of the human conscience. But that was a long process, and meantime what would hap-pen in this case? Bessie would be dead and buried! That must not be! No, the law that had condemned Bessie But who is to break it?

He trembled at that question, but found only one answer. It shivered at the back of his mind like the white water over a reef at the neck of a narrow sea. over a reef at the neck of a narrow sea, and it was not at first that he dured to think of it. But at length he saw that since it was he had been the instrument of the law in dooming Bessie to death it was he who must set her free.

When he reached this point on his dark way he was horrified.

"What? A judge break the law!"

He thought of his oath as Deemster and of the executation that would fall

But as the train ran on, the call of nature compelled and he asked himself what, after all, was his honor as a judge compared with that poor girl's life? 'Nothing! Nothing!"

Bessie Collister must not die! She must not remain in prison! She must time.

When he left Government House in the heat and flame of his anger he was at war with God and man. There was a kind of self-defense in thinking that, however deep his own wrongdoing, the whole world was full of infamy.

He found that news of the forthcoming execution had reached Fort Anne ing execution had reached Fort Anne

the remaining space with crosses, and then wrote with her own hand:

"P. 8.—It's a week today, so if anything is to be done there's no time to lose."

Fenella saw through the girl's pitiful subterfuge, but knew well that Gell could do nothing. There was only one man in the island who could have sweet a faiture. But some trains the property of the forthcombe group of other elderly women in faded sun-bonnets.

It was Mrs. Collister again. In one hand she held her blackthorn stick. Alone in the railway carriage he had time to review the situation. His visit to the Governor had been a wretched faiture. But some train the island who could have sweet faiture. But some train to Bessie had reached her home, and the

Appeal to London? Useless: The Home officials would support the resident authority, and, having made a with the poor bogh at the end and that will comfort her."

A kind of savage pride bad taken

The law was wrong, therefore it was

To be continued tomorrow or manslaughter. Either Bessie was (Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.,



instinct of reverence for the justice and majesty of the law revolted.

"The law a crime! Good heavens, what am I thinking about?"

And yet, why not? Why had there been so much misery in the world? Was it because of the crimes committed against the law? No, but chiefly because of the crimes committed by the law. Yes, that was the real key to the law. Yes, the law to the state of the stove. The stove the M

How to Wash Dishes

WILL presume that you will start while all your pans and kettles go under the stove.

You will not have long to wait and the drain will clog almost instantly. Then fish our your dishes and let them dry. In fact, you can hardly prevent them. They will be clean, I hope.

Polish them with the bath towels

TIURN the hot shower on the dishes in be able to start the week with a

A s rok the possible to clean them at all, if you just remember what you cooked in them before and keep on cooke ing the same things in them.

Mexican Bishop Visits Harding Washington, May 25. — Bishop Joseph Fernandez, of Mexico City, called on o come in and break them first, after thich you can throw them out into the lley.

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