

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—Chief Judge of the Isle of Man, in a moment of mistimed passion he has to great later penitence over the death of a woman.
BEATRICE COLLIER—A handsome peasant girl, who murders her first love, and is sentenced to death. She loves Victor Stowell.
JANET—Agreeable but somewhat weak, who persuades Beatrice to betroth herself to him.
FENELLA STANLEY—A great-hearted and beautiful girl, who is in love with Victor and he with her. She becomes Beatrice's friend.

CHAPTER XLVII The Resurrection

THREE days later, Fenella set out for Bishop's Court in a two-horse landau.
 The land had begun to recover from its fit of moral intoxication. Sympathy was swinging round to Stowell. The pathos of his stupendous downfall had taken hold of the people. Taubman had been wrong. Nobody would have known anything of Stowell's guilt if he had not revealed it himself. There must be something great in a man who could take up his cross like that. And as for that wonderful woman who might be living in Government House but was living in Castle Rushen instead—
 As through the town some of the women cursed to her, and most of the men raised their hats. She returned the salutations of some.
 "So that's how they expect to wipe out what they did to Victor! Not if I know it though!"
 Two hours afterward she was at the Bishop's palace—a somewhat palatial building, partly old, partly new, sleeping in the shelter of big trees and surrounded by a blaze of rhododendrons.
 The Bishop, in his damper black cloth, received her in a room in the old part of the house. It had been the study of the most famous of his predecessors, the fanatic and saint who had ordered that Kate Kinnade, for the saving of her soul, should be dragged at the tail of a boat. Souvenirs of the dead Bishop were on the walls and everywhere, his Bible, his short staff, his tasseled staff, and his horn-rimmed spectacles.
 The living Bishop was suave and voluble. He congratulated Fenella on looking so well after so much trouble.
 "Such a calamity! I might almost say such a tragedy! How the island will miss him!"
 He agreed with the Attorney General. Stowell's act had been one of renunciation. When a man had sinned against God, and violated the world's law, he set a great example by submitting to authority.
 "God forbid that I should excuse his crime, but already his renunciation is having a good effect throughout the island. The rioting is over. The soldiers are being sent back, and as for the agitators, nobody listens to them any longer. Only this morning the man Baldromm—
 Fenella, who had been beating her feet impatiently on the carpet, at length broke into her own business.
 "Bishop, you have heard that I have gone to the castle as female warder?"
 "Yes, indeed. It's so nice of you to stay by the poor man's side while he is in prison, to see that his bodily comforts are being cared for."
 Fenella made a dash for it that will hang to be done for him if his soul is to be kept alive," said Fenella.
 "Really? If you think there is anything I can do—"
 "Yes, indeed, sir. You know that I was to have married Mr. Stowell?"
 "Indeed I do. Wasn't the marriage to have taken place before very long in our chapel at Bishop's Court?"
 "Well, I want it to take place now. Only it must be in the chapel at Castle Rushen instead."
 "You mean—the prison chapel?"
 "Yes."
 For a moment the Bishop was speechless. Then recovering from his astonishment, he rose and stepped to the hearth and standing with his back to the fire, he said, as if addressing an assembly:
 "Beautiful and noble, dear lady! To be ready to become the wife of the fallen man just when the whole world is hissing at him in chorus, to inspire him day by day with the hope of a great resurrection, of taking up manifold work anew, of regaining all he has lost and more—yes, it is beautiful and noble."
 "Then you will be willing to marry us, sir?" said Fenella.
 The Bishop hesitated, and then asked Fenella why she viewed the Governor look of her intention.
 "He disapproves of it altogether, and says no clergyman in the island can marry us without incurring his displeasure."
 "But I have always understood that the Bishop is a baron in his own right and therefore independent of the Governor."
 "True! That's true! Still—"
 The river of rhetoric had suddenly stopped.
 "Well, Stowell is a prisoner. Why marry when you can't live together? Why not wait until he is at liberty?"
 "Because he may be dead of despair before the time for that comes," said Fenella, "and the resurrection you speak of may never take place. His heart is breaking. He wants something to live for now. He wants me."
 Her eyes had filled and the Bishop had to turn his own. At length he said, stammering painfully, that he was very sorry, very sorry, but having to live at peace with the Governor.
 Fenella leaped to her feet.
 "Bishop," she said, "the chaplain at Castletown is a poor man with five young children and his living is in the gift of the Governor. But if I can find any other clergyman who is willing to perform the ceremony, will you permit him to do so?"
 "That is to say, if you tell him what you have told me, and he is prepared to take the risk."
 Within two minutes more Fenella was back in her landau driving toward Bellinacor across the Carragh roads, with their warm and rosy odor of the bog.
 Janet came running out of the house to meet her, and in a flash they were crying in each other's arms. But to Fenella's surprise, there was a look of joy in Janet's face, and on stepping into the house she found an explanation.
 An army of maidservants were in every room with an arsenal of brushes and mops and pails.



"I've come to ask if you dare run the risk of marrying us?"

"Why, Janet, what are you doing?"
 "Getting ready for my boy coming back, that's what I'm doing."
 "But, dear heart, don't you know—"
 "Certainly I know. But do you think they can keep a Ballanmore in vander place long? 'Deed they can't. He'll be coming out soon, and then making such a mouth will be the first to run to meet him."
 It would be cruel to gainsay her, therefore Fenella described the object of her journey, told of her father's threat and the Bishop's excuses.
 "So now I'm looking for a clergyman who will be brave enough to marry us," she said.
 They were in the dining-room, and through the glass door to the piazza they could see, on the edge of the cliffs a field's space from the church, a lonely house without a tree or a bush about it, looking as if it had been slashed by the rain and winds of a hundred winters. It was the Jurby parsonage, the home of Parson Cowley. Janet pointed to it and said:
 "Have you been there?"
 At that question Fenella remembered a story her father had told her about something splendid that Victor had

done, before she returned to the island, to save the drunken parson of Jurby in the eyes of the parishioners. In another minute she was back in her carriage.
 "God-by, child, and God bless you!" said Janet by the carriage door. "And don't forget to tell my boy that Deemster will be lighting the fire in the Deemster's room every night of life for him."
 The parsonage looked yet more desolate at a nearer view than at a distance. Sea-fowl were screaming in the sky above it and the earth was quaking from the measured beat of the waves against the cliffs below, with long grass, and the salt breath of sea had incensed the glass of the windows with a gray scale that was like the mold on a dead face.
 The door was opened by a timid, elderly woman, the parson's wife, who was her own servant and looked as if all the pride of life had been crushed out of her.
 "Please come in, miss," she said. And when the door had been closed from the inside and she was taking Fenella into the study, she called at the foot of the stairs:
 "The dingy little room looked like an epitome of the life of the man who lived in it. Everything was faded and worn out—books in torn bindings on bulging shelves against the walls; a threadbare carpet trodden thin by the fender; a handful of earthenware, an arm-chair upholstered in horsehair and broken; a table laden with loose papers and sprinkled with shreds of tobacco, which seemed to have fallen from shaking hands; and behind a mirror, from which half the silvering was worn away, two subjects on the mantelpiece—a drinking glass, which had obviously been in mourning frame of a young man in sailor's costume with the fell stamp of consumption in his eyes and hair.
 After a moment there was an unsteady step of the stairs and the parson came into the room, wearing the faded skull cap and a dressing-gown much patched and stained.
 Fenella told him her story, as she had told it to the Bishop, and then said:
 "So I've come to ask if you dare run the risk of marrying us?"
 The old parson, who had been listening intently, seemed eager to reply, but something checked him, and looking across at his wife, who continued to stand timidly by the door, he said, "What do you say, Sarah?"

"To be continued tomorrow
 (Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.)

Woman on Trial for Embezzlement
 Jersey City—June 14.—Mrs. Helen Grant Marshall, for thirteen years assistant tax collector of Kearny, went on trial yesterday in the Court of Quarter Sessions charged on two counts with embezzlement of town funds amounting to \$94,000.

BUSINESS CARDS
 printed on the best quality kid-finish, hand-cut cards.
1000—\$2.75
 \$1.75 for each additional 1000

THE MAJESTIC PRESS
 PRINTERS AND STATIONERS
 1214 W. GIRARD AVE.
 Poplar 1450 Park 6294
 Get our prices on all your other printing and stationery.



"This Must Be GOLD MEDAL Cream Buttermilk—"

"This Must Be GOLD MEDAL Cream Buttermilk—"

I notice the rich flavor—just like that I drink every day downtown.

We all like it so much—and it is so good for us—and so safe—I suggest you have the SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES milkman leave two quarts every day."

GOLD MEDAL CREAM BUTTERMILK
 One of the SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES Products

A wonderful spring tonic for business men—school children—everybody. Order by 'phone, or from the driver of our wagon which passes your home. Also at soda fountains and restaurants.

See our demonstration in the window of the National Drug Company, 13th Street above Market

SUPPLEE-WILLS-JONES

"Nobody's Man" BEGINS TOMORROW

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

Established Dealers:
 D. G. White, Frackville, Pa.
 Dominick Motor Car Co., Plains, Pa.
 A. E. Snyder, Allentown, Pa.
 J. S. Shouder, Reading, Pa.
 Raymond W. Garage, Gwynedd Sq., Pa.
 Richard Linburg, Norristown, Pa.
 J. S. Shouder, Lebanon, Pa.
 Thos. L. Quilley, Mt. Holly, N. J.
 Trish & Resto, Millville, N. J.
 La Roche & Co., 2213 Filbert St., Phila.
 L. H. Wierker Motor Co., Trenton, N. J.

NOW \$1890
 F. O. B. FACTORY

You may add more than the \$538.00 worth of extra equipment included on the Westcott Sport Model to the ordinary car, and it still would lack the 1923 construction features that make the Westcott the outstanding sport model of 1922.

LA ROCHE MOTORS COMPANY
 1214 North Broad Street

We are rapidly allotting territory

Lexington

**THURSDAY
 FRIDAY
 SATURDAY**

Exclusively For Sale Of
LEXINGTON CARS

Open and Closed Models
 Rebuilt and Repainted
 In Really Fine Condition

They're wonderful bargains: priced way below anything we ever offered in the quality car class.

\$750 to \$1200

Buys a Car You Will Be Proud to Own

OUR GUARANTEED FREE-SERVICE PLAN GOES WITH EVERY CAR
 Besides a 30-day guarantee

Most of them are recent models—good looking; fine mechanical condition.

COME TODAY OR EVENINGS TILL 10 O'CLOCK

Lexington Motor Co. of Penna.
 851-853 North Broad St.
 Poplar 7650-7651

Conklin Better Built for Better Service
Paracal

Try our Century Fluid for a good ink— **90c per qt.**

YEO & LUKENS CO.
 STATIONERS - PRINTERS - BLANK BOOK MFRS.
 12 N. 13th St. PHILADELPHIA 719 Walnut St.

Ten Days Free Trial
 on the wonderful
Prima Electric Washer
 with the marvelous
Nevercrush Wringer

SENT to wash for you on ten days' free trial, with absolutely no obligation to you! This is the identical Prima Washer you have heard so much about—the Electric Washer with the marvelous new wringer that never breaks buttons. We want you to see for yourself how quickly and perfectly the Prima will do your largest washing; how studiously it is built; how smoothly it runs and how every fabric is cleaned of every particle of dirt without the slightest wear. Try the Prima fully and completely, and then, when you decide that you cannot get along without it, You Can Have It for Your Own and Pay Only **\$2.50** per week

This is one of the best offers we have ever been able to make our customers: First, you get the ten days' free trial; then you get the amazingly easy terms of only \$2.50 per week. We send you a brand-new machine direct from our warehouse, backed by the double guarantee of the manufacturer and The Philadelphia Electric Company. This is a very limited time special offer. We must reserve the right to withdraw it without notice.

TODAY—
 Write—Telephone—Come In
 Walnut 4700

The PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC COMPANY
 TENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS

9 N. 40th St., 4th and Diamond Sts., Frankford Ave. and Orthodox St., Kensington Ave. and Clearfield St., 18th St. and Columbia Ave., Broad and Rincumb Sts. (Lozav), 7 and 9 W. Chelten Ave., Broad and Wharton St.

America's favorite Beverage

BUDWEISER
 Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis

HEALTHFUL
 REFRESHING

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

BUDWEISER EVERYWHERE

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
 ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

Now in cartons of One Dozen Bottles

Robinson Supply Co.
 Wholesale Distributors
 24th and Race Sts.

Spruce 4232
 Race 3485