



THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES
Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

The sky was painted with sunset colours, and incongruously Michael thought of the evening, nearly 20 years ago now, when he had walked just this way out into the world.

He could remember as if it had been yesterday, how his father had followed him to the door of the house after their stormy parting, and shouted after him through the quiet evening:

"And don't you ever darken my doors again. You've made your bed, and now you can lie on it. Son or no son, I never want to see you again!"

And he never had! Michael thought now of the bitterness that had been in his own heart as he strode off, with his head high, and his spirits down to zero.

He had hated his father then for having turned him out of the home he loved, and he wondered if Patricia was hating him now for having been the means of driving her away.

And yet—what was he to do? The place was his, and obviously they could not both stay there, unless . . . Then he laughed aloud at the thought that had unwittingly strayed into his mind.

She was the last woman on earth he should ever wish to marry, not in the least the sort of woman he admired, or even respected; she was too selfish, too much a woman of the world. Then he turned the corner of the old yew hedge suddenly and saw Patricia.

She was not crying now; but she was sitting there in a forlorn little heap, her hands, grasping her handkerchief, clasped round her knees and her tearstained face turned away from him towards the sunset.

And, against his will, Michael Rolf felt a pang of remorse at his heart, and remembered that she was very young and that the queer circumstances of her upbringing were all against her.

Would he have been any better, in the same circumstances? He doubted it, and there was a gentleness in his voice as he went forward and spoke her name.

Patricia turned with a start and sprang to her feet. The weary misery of her face changed to a quick flush of anger.

"Who told you I was here? What do you want? How dare you follow me and spy on me like this!"

"I went to the house and one of the maids told me you were out in the grounds, so I came to look for you." He moved a step nearer. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Patricia sharply. She stooped and picked up the letter which had fallen to the grass at her feet. "Nothing is the matter," she said again defiantly.

"I should not have imagined you were the sort of girl who would cry for nothing," Michael said with a faint smile.

She did not answer, and he went on impulsively. "If it makes you unhappy to leave Clayton Wold, Patricia, why can't you be honest and tell me so? I hate to feel that you are not happy. Why can't you be frank with me?"

Her eyes flashed sombrely. "I'm not crying because I've got to leave here, so you need not imagine anything so romantic," she said hardily. "I don't care if I never come back again. I haven't had much happiness here, goodness knows!"

But her voice quivered as she spoke. Dear Clayton Wold! where she had dreamed so many dreams of a wonderful future.

Michael's face hardened.

"In that case, I am wasting my sympathies," he said laconically.

There was a little pause. "Has Philips been here?" he asked.

"Yes—and I told him just the same as I told you—he was very angry, or, at least, he tried to be. He said—as you did—that he would like to shake me, only he said it in a nice way, which you didn't, and he called me 'my dear.'"

A faint smile flashed through Michael's grey eyes.

"I could have called you 'my dear' as well if I had known that you liked it," he said.

Patricia bit her lip. "I am going indoors; I have a great deal to do." She paused with a fresh sense of humiliation. A great deal to do, when, after all, she was not going to the Shackles. She thought of her packed boxes. Was there nobody in all the world who wanted her.

"I saw your luggage in the hall as I came through the house," Michael Rolf said. "Where are you going?"

Patricia laughed mirthlessly. She wondered what he would say if she answered him with the truth and said—

"I don't know where I am going; I haven't anywhere to go. There is nobody in all the world who wants me."

No doubt he would be glad. No doubt it would please him to know that she had been rebuffed for the second time.

Well, she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing. She would not let anyone know. Her boxes were addressed to the Shackles, she would let everyone think she was going there when she left the house in the morning.

She tried to answer lightly and cheerfully:

"I told Mr. Philips and gave him my address. I am going to stay with the Shackles—they are old friends of mine—" Her voice broke a little, but she went on bravely: "I know I shall be very welcome with them. . . ." She looked up at Michael with a sudden fear. "You don't know them, do you?"

"No, I have hardly any friends in England except the Chesneys."

The swift color rushed to Patricia's face at the mention of that name. She supposed he had spoken it deliberately to wound her.

"So this will be good-bye," she said. She stopped and, turning, looked back for a moment at the wide, sloping garden, with its high trees and velvety lawns, and with sudden impulse she said:—

"Did it look just like this—years ago—when you went away?"

Michael was faintly surprised at the question. Somehow he had believed her when she said she did not mind leaving the old place.

"Yes—very much the same, I think," he answered.

Patricia nodded.

"It would be nice to think that it will always be the same," she said, with a note of wistfulness in her voice; "but of course it will not. Some day you will let it or sell it to horrid rich people who will cut those trees down and sell them for timber and cut down that yew hedge and make a pergola." She laughed to hide the unwelcome emotion in her voice. "It's queer," she said, "what vandals some people are."

"I could not sell the place if I wished," Michael said resentfully. "It's all entailed, and I am not at all likely to let it either."

"You mean that you will live here?" she asked, disbelievingly.

"Yes—for the present."

She turned away. "I should have thought it would have been too dull alone," she said.

"Oh, but I'm not always going to be alone," Michael answered deliberately. "I hope to marry."

His eyes met hers, and Patricia flushed crimson at the memory of her own foolish words to him that day after Peter Rolf's death.

She went on into the house and Michael followed.

"If you can wait," she said presently, "I will tell the maids to bring coffee and liqueurs." She paused. "I have had dinner," she added, "but I dare say there is plenty if you are hungry."

"Thank you, but I dined before I came—and, anyway, I must be getting back I came in the car, as usual."

He took up a big coat lying on the hall chair and climbed into it.

"What time do you go tomorrow?" he asked. Patricia winced.

"I am not sure—I have not decided."

"If you would care for me to drive you over to the Shackles—wherever they live!—I shall be delighted."

Patricia refused hastily.

"Oh no, thank you, and besides . . . they will probably send over for me." Her lips twisted into a wry smile, truly her world was upside down, and she wondered dreadingly if it would ever again right itself.

She shook hands with Michael and went with him to the door.

"I shall see you again soon," he said. "And you say that Mr. Philips knows your address—"

"Yes—he knows the Shackles' address."

"Then its goodbye for the present. I hope you will have a pleasant visit."

"Thank you—" The low, grey bodied car slipped away into the dusk. Michael Rolf turned in his seat as he reached the bend in the winding drive, and saw Patricia still standing in the doorway where he had left her, a solitary, black-robed figure.

"Poor girl," he said aloud, and then laughed at himself; she did not need pitying. She was quite able to take care of herself.

He turned the car out into the silent road and raced onward towards London.

The country all around was very still and deserted, as if it had fallen asleep, and as he had traversed some 10 miles and hardly met a soul, it was all the more of a surprise to Michael when, as he swung round a corner, someone ran across the road to him, calling to him to stop.

He drove the brakes home and brought the car to a standstill.

It was beginning to get dark now; the last sunset tints lingered in the sky palely, and big clouds were sweeping up from the east.

Michael turned in his seat and looked back at the figure that had called to him—a girl colored motor veil tied over wearing a long loose coat and a hat.

She came running up to him breathless and laughing.

"Oh, I was so afraid you wouldn't stop—and I've been here for hours, and not a soul has passed! Oh, I am so sorry to trouble you." She spoke in rather a gushing voice. "But my car won't go! It simply refuses to budge an inch; do you think you could find out what is the matter with it? I live miles and miles away, and I simply must get home soon, or they'll be in a dreadful way about me—"

Michael drew in closer to the side of the road, opened the door of his car and got out.

The girl was looking at him with interested eyes.

"I'm afraid you must be thinking me a perfect pest," she said with a sigh. "I do hope you are not in a hurry."

"Not in the least. I shall be

glad that the gift be spent within 35 years.

Of the \$996,300,000 given for education the greater part goes to colleges and universities. Negro education gets \$33,000,000.

If Americans know how to make money, they also know how to dispose of it where it will do the most good. They are practical philanthropists. They fight for money, sometimes they invoke the law of tooth and claw. They call it business. But in the end they bestow their largess with inspiring generosity so that the greatest number of people may be benefited and opportunity increased for all.

deighted to help you if it's possible."

He walked down the road with her till they reached a small derelict car, enamelled in delicate shade of mauve, and Michael bent down in a business-like way to examine it.

The girl stood by, her eyes on his face. She was thinking how good looking he was, and hoping that he would not too quickly be able to speed her on her way again.

"Is it anything very bad?" she asked anxiously, after a moment.

Michael looked up and laughed.

"It's something which unfortunately I can't put right," he said. "You've no petrol, and neither have I—except what's in the tank, and that very little. I meant to have got a tin before I started from home, but forgot."

"No petrol!" She gave a little scream. "Then what on earth am I to do? There's no place here where we can get any, and I simply must get home—"

Michael looked up and down the road for inspiration.

"I can run your car into that gate," he said at last. "It will be safe there till the morning. We'll ask the people at the cottage to look after it—"

"But what about me?" she asked in dismay. "I can't stay here all night."

"I was not suggesting that you should," Michael said with a touch of impatience. "There is my car—I shall be pleased to drive you home."

She looked the delight she felt.

"Oh, that is good of you! Whatever should I have done if you had not come along?"

"I dare say somebody else would have come, sooner or later," Michael said laconically. "I don't know the roads round here very well—you'll have to direct me."

"I know every inch of them," she said eagerly. "I've lived here all my life, you see—" She paused, looking at him hesitatingly.

"We are very well known in the county," she added, with overdone carelessness. "My father owns a great deal of property." She paused again, but Michael did not seem impressed and she added with a touch of exasperation, "I am Miss Shackle."

"Indeed," said Michael Rolf politely.

He was not impressed, but he looked at her with a new interest. So this girl was Patricia's friend! He was frankly surprised; he should never have imagined her to be the type for whom Patricia would care in the very least. He followed her into the car and drove away.

"You don't live at Clayton, of course," Miss Shackle said presently. She looked up at him with interest in her blue eyes.

"No—" Michael wondered if he ought to introduce himself, "I probably shall though, in the near future," he added. "Do I go to the right or left here?"

"To the right. The other way leads back to Clayton Wold—do you know Clayton Wold?"

"I know the house," said Michael cautiously.

"I know it very well, too," she answered. "The Rolf's are friends of mine—or, perhaps, I should say they were! Mr. Rolf is dead you know."

"So I heard. He has a daughter, hasn't he?"

"An adopted daughter. Everyone always thought she would get all his money, but she hasn't. Poor Patricia."

Michael glanced down at her sharply—there had been something rather contemptuous in her mention of Patricia's name.

"Miss Rolf is a friend of yours," he said, quietly. Effie Shackle hesitated, then she gave an odd little laugh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Coffee roasting on the Pacific coast has increased 223 per cent in 15 years.

In Mourning. From Tilt-Bits. "Walter! Walter!" shouted the diner, "this steak is burnt black." "Mark of respect, sir," the waiter replied, solemnly. "Our manager died yesterday."

Forgot His Supports. From Life. Sunday School Teacher: What killed Sampson? Willie: Falling arches.

A piece of purple silk dyed by Perkin in 1860, soon after he discovered the first aniline dye, has been presented to the United States National museum.



Desperate Wives

have been known to boil their husbands' pipes in lye. This kills the lingering authority of over-strong tobacco, but good-bye pipe! Well, it's time those husbands discovered Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's a blend of choice tobaccos mellowed to a surpassing mildness and flavor, and wrapped in gold foil to keep it fresh. And fragrant? Wives positively love it.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

The Ideal Vacation Land

Sunshine All Winter Long
Splendid roads—towering mountain ranges—highest type hotels—dry invigorating air—clear starlit nights—California's foremost desert playground
Write Criss & Chaffey
Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Habitual
"French diplomacy," said Senator Borah, "sometimes reminds me of the absent-minded girl. It was during a petting party that the girl's ardent suitor turned to her and demanded: 'Am I the first man you've ever kissed?' 'Why, of course you are!' exclaimed the girl, adding absent-mindedly, 'Strange how all you men ask the same question!'"

Fear is the mother of safety.

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE



In 1885, Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today, this same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children too, and pleasant for them to take. Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Shiny

Teacher—You all know the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold," so now give me an example.

Pupil—Your coat, sir.—Lustige Kolner Zeitung (Cologne).

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 has promoted healing for Man and Beast

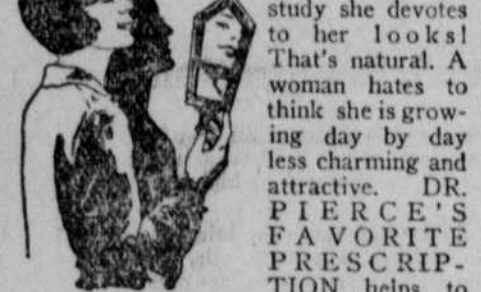
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Edison as a Humorist

Among the oldest of the "Pioneers" who were associated with Edison in the days when he was struggling with the electric light, is H. M. Doubleday of Brooklyn, aged seventy-seven, who recently said the following about his former associate: "To my notion, Tom would have been a second Mark Twain if he'd turned his efforts to literature. He could always see the funny side of things. When things took a bad turn, Tom would always revive the spirits of the men with a good joke. He seemed to have an unlimited fund of funny stories, and he was a master of what would be called 'wise cracks' today."

Retain Your Good Looks

How frequently a woman thinks, "Am I still attractive?" How much thought and study she devotes to her looks!



That's natural. A woman hates to think she is growing day by day less charming and attractive. DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION helps to preserve in a woman the charm and health of youth. It contains no harmful ingredient. This splendid herbal tonic is sold by all druggists in both fluid and tablets.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice. For 10c Dr. Pierce will send you a trial package of tablets.

Colds Headed Off

Chlorinated air has been used very successfully as a preventive of colds and lung troubles by the students of the chemistry division of the University of Missouri. A small amount of chlorine is mixed with the air and this is sent into the room through special ventilators. By this means the air is purified as it enters the room, and the use of air outlets makes it possible for the air to be changed as often as it is thought necessary. A decided improvement has been noticed so far as the prevalence of colds is concerned among the students.

More Time to Remember

"Brown was married on the twentieth of February."

"How fortunate!"

"Why so?"

"He can forget the anniversary only once in four years."

Utter folly: Trying to remember something that would worry you if you could only remember it.

FEEL GOOD?

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try **DR. NATURE'S REMEDY**—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how DR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, laggard, nervous feeling.

DR. NATURE'S REMEDY

WILD, SAFE, PURELY VEGETABLE—at all drug stores, only 25c PER BOTTLE. TAKE WITH A MILLON. . . TAKE

DR. NATURE'S REMEDY TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Record in Philanthropy.

From Minneapolis Tribune. If it is more blessed to give than to receive then Americans should have a feeling of vast satisfaction in entering the year of 1930, for in 1929 they contributed \$2,450,720,000 to philanthropy.

They gave it to promote religion, education, charitable relief, the fine arts, the public health, and what not.

Seventy per cent of the givers were more than 50 years old. They were men and women who had made the most of their opportunities in a financial way. Yet they were not too busy to look about them

and find opportunities by which life for others could be made better.

They realize that there are no pockets in a shroud.

Significant features of the giving show a tendency to provide for the welfare of the present generation rather than to make provision for perpetuity.

Senator James Couzens of Michigan gave \$10,000,000 to promote the health and welfare and education of children, with the provision that both principal and interest be expended in 25 years. Maurice Faj gave \$10,000,000 to create a foundation for religious, charitable and philanthropic purposes. He pro-