

The Master Man

By Ruby M. Ayres

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 toward 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 gentle note 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 anybody 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 colour 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 that 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 liquors."

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 a 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 drearily 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 good-bye for the present. I hope you will have a pleasant visit."

"Thank you"—The low, grey-bodied car slipped away in 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 onwards towards London.

The country all around was very still and deserted, as if it had fallen asleep, and as he had traversed some ten miles and hardly met a soul, it was all the more of a surprise to Michael when, as he swung around 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 wearing a long loose coat and a coloured motor veil tied over her 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! 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 delighted to help you if it's possible."

He walked back down the road with her till they reached a small derelict car, enamelled in a delicate shade of mauve, and Michael bent down in a businesslike 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's very little. I meant to have a tin before I started for home, but forgot."

"No petrol! She gave a little scream. "Then what on earth am I to do? There's no place here 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 open interest in her eyes.

"No—" Michael wondered if he ought to introduce himself, "I probably shall though, in the near future," he added. "Do I go 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 Rolfs 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. Every one always thought she would get all his money, but she hasn't. Poor Patricia."

Michael glanced down at her sharply—there had been some-

thing 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.

"Well, I really hardly know," she answered. "Patricia is so different to most people. She's so frightfully spoilt and selfish. Mother was only saying to-day that she will have to change now she has lost all her money, unless she wants to lose all her friends as well—"

"You mean that the loss of the one necessarily means the loss of the other," Michael said dryly. He was beginning to feel irritated by this girl.

"Well, you see, people don't really like Patricia," she explained with exaggerated frankness.

"She's so haughty! She thinks so much of herself, and before Mr. Rolf adopted her they say she was just nobody—that her people were quite common."

Michael interrupted abruptly. "To the left or right here?"

"To the left—that is our house through the trees."

"Oh! it was not so very far, then."

"She flushed a little.

"I hate walking," she murmured.

They drove in through newly-painted gates up a very new-looking carriage drive, to a square, red-bricked house which Michael thought the ugliest he had ever seen.

Its front door stood open, and a light in the hall silhouetted the figure of a man standing on the steps, a short, stout silhouette it was, that waved an eager hand as the car approached.

Effie Shackle jumped out and ran up the steps. "Here I am, Daddy! did you think I had had an accident? I only ran out of petrol, and this gentleman came along and very kindly drove me home"—she turned eagerly to Michael who had left the car and was standing a little behind her.

"This is my father," she said.

Mr. Shackle came down a step, hand extended.

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said heartily. He prided himself that he knew a gentleman when he saw one. "Come right in! I must thank you for bringing my little girl home safely. She's our only one you know, and precious! Come in, sir! I should like you to meet my wife."

Michael submitted reluctantly but he did not want to stay, but neither did he want to be ungracious. In the light of the hall lamp he knew Mr. Shackle was looking at him critically.

"You're a stranger round here, I think, sir," he said, after a moment. "I know most faces about Clayton, but yours—"

"I used to live here years ago," Michael explained—"and I hope to live here again. I dare say you knew my father,"—he paused—"I am Michael Rolf," he added.

Ancestry of the Presidents (From The Kansas City Star)
Of the 29 men who have served the United States as President, 16 have been of English descent. Scotch and Scottish pictures follow closely in second place and there have been two of Dutch ancestry. Jefferson was of Welsh descent.

The late Warren G. Harding was of Scotch-Dutch descent and President Coolidge can boast of English ancestors. The presidents and their ancestry from the time of Washington to Coolidge:

Washington	English
Adams	English
Jefferson	Welsh
Madison	English
Monroe	Scotch
J. Q. Adams	English
Jackson	Scotch-Irish
Van Buren	Dutch
W. H. Harrison	English
T. Polk	English
Polk	Scotch-Irish
Taylor	English
Filmore	English
Pierce	English
Buchanan	Scotch-Irish
Lincoln	English
Johnson	English
Grant	Scotch
Hayes	Scotch
Garfield	English
Arthur	Scotch-Irish
Cleveland	English
Benjamin Harrison	English
McKinley	Scotch-Irish
Roosevelt	Dutch
Taft	English
Wilson	Scotch-Irish
Harding	Scotch-Irish
Coolidge	English

Maine's Boxing Fish. From the Portland Press-Herald. Down at Tunk pond under a log lives a boxing fish which has been named by his trainer, Firpo. He was trained by Mr. Stanwood of Big Chief Camps this summer in the following manner to box with his bird dog Bo.

A sunfish, about seven inches in length was lured with bread crumbs to an open place near a log, and there fed for several days. As the fish showed signs of eagerness for the crumbs he would be gently pushed back with a stick until he would rush at the stick and the rest was easy. As the dog was always an interested spectator to the training, he was soon eager to take a hand and as he enters the water the fish strikes at his legs, the dog parrying the blow. So far only one bout has had to be called off and that was when Father Neptune was too lazy to sweep the floor. Believe it or not that's the tale as H. B. Stanwood tells it.

Sanity On Race Question. From The Kansas City Star. A capable and successful negro physician was asked how he had attained his position. He answered that he had always been sane and sane in the eyes of his fellow men.

"Well," he replied, "I did not waste time complaining about injustices or how difficult it was for a negro to get a medical education in America under present conditions. I just simply got down to work and proved my case for recognition."

The principle here illustrated is important. It holds the key to racial betterment, so far as action of the negro is concerned. The question is not whether justice exists, but what is the best course for the negro to pursue in order to remove the injustice. Any leaders of the race have decided that the way lies not through complaint, through agitation or through threat of radical action, but through education, upright living and a steady effort to work out racial salvation.

Credentials. You ask credentials? There's a pine on the top of the hill that knows me like a brother.

There's not a bypath but knows my daily way. The fields exude welcome as I pass, the stream chortles as I near, the grasses embrace my feet.

The trees incline with gentle whispings and graze with their soft leaves my cheek. The plowboy stops to call me friend, I am coming the upward route, the hill road.

I am leaning hard on my staff, my mountain boots are torn—but I am coming.

I am on the far, high ledge. I am coming with a spray of kin-kinnic in my mountain coat, and the autumn colors in my mountain soul.

—Muriel Strode, in the Christian Science Monitor.

Value of Edison's Ideas. The ideas and the genius of Thomas A. Edison are said to be worth \$16,599,000,000 based on present investment in America alone of industries based on or stimulated by his inventions. The separate items making up this total are thus extracted by the Wall Street Journal:

Million dollars	
Moving pictures	1,250
Telephones	3,750
Electric railways	5,500
Electric lighting and power	5,000
Electric supplies	851
Patents	21
Pictures	101
Photographs	105
Electric car shops	105
Dinamos and motors	100
Edison storage batteries	5
Cement	271
Telegraph	100
Wireless telegraph	15

Wisdom What can't be cured must be endured, Plow deep while sluggards sleep, When the cat's away, the mice will play.

So look before you leap. Birds of a feather flock together, A stitch in time save nine, There's many a slip 'twixt clup and lip.

Cast not your pearls to swine. Many a little makes a mickle, Rob Peter to pay Paul, A winter's fog will freeze a dog, And the weakest go to the wall.

A bird in the hand—but you understand. By now how this is done, And I haven't any proverb book at hand.

And I wish I hadn't begun. Synthetic rhymes are really crimes— They're done by a lazy bard, But they're harder far than the others are.

That look three times as hard! —Ted Robinson in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What is said to be Ohio's record wheat yield was made this year by Charles Karns, a Miami county farmer, who produced 527 bushels on 10 acres, an average of nearly 53 bushels to the acre. He grows potatoes or corn wheat and clover in rotation. Potatoes preceded this unprecedented wheat crop.

To test the effect of atmospheric conditions at high altitudes, three men were recently locked in a cylinder 15 feet long and 9 feet in diameter, and the air within was gradually rarefied until it was equal to that at a height of 23,338 feet and the temperature was 21 degrees below zero.

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THE TASTIEST LASTS

Wall of the Oppressed. Della and Dottie were twins, but Della was the leader in everything, and also was inclined to tyrannize.

One day, after a disagreement with Della, Dottie asked: "Mamma, if Della is the same old as me, why does she boss me just as if I was her little girl?"

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BASIS OF SOUND PHILOSOPHY

Irish Laborer's Advice Concerning Commissioner's Worries Worth Taking to Heart.

Charles H. Spear, head of the harbor commission of San Francisco, says that on first taking that office years ago an Irish laborer halted him on the Embarcadero with a "Good-mornin', Mr. Prisidint. How are ye the mornin'?"

"Never better," said Spear, "and how about you?"

"O'm feellin' jist the same way. We're all iv us workin' for ye, an' workin' fer the state, as hard as iver we ought to, considerin'. O! hope ye'll have a good administhration. An' let me make yez one iv these here siggitions. San Francisco bay is a foine body o' wather. Whin thin's don't go roight along the front an' yer soul gits all full o' trouble about it, don't let it wrinkle yer face nor kape yez awake noights. Remember that that bay was here a long time before you come an' it'll be here a long time ather yer's gone."

• The Cuticura Toilet Trio. Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparations. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them.—Advertisement.

Hat to Save His Wig. A red bandanna was all the hat he had as he galloped frantically through the crowd. It was raining hard. Others were stepping delicately to avoid the puddles. Girls danced like cats to save their pretty slippers. But the man with the bandanna forgot his feet in a wild dash for the nearest hat store.

The reporter followed—not too closely, for the strange old gentleman behaved eccentrically. Several madmen were known to be at large.

Into the hat store raced the kerchiefed mystery. He halted the nearest clerk.

"A hat, a hat, quick, quick—my head must not get wet."

He tore off the bandanna. There was no more mystery. For his hair had come off with the kerchief.

No wig on earth, the man explained, will stand a hard rain unprotected.—Milwaukee Journal.

In the Land of Ice and Snow. Question—If a bride and groom on a honeymoon in the Alps, in midwinter, get lost, how do they keep from freezing?

Answer—They warm themselves on the mountain ranges.

The largest species of devil fish or octopus has eight tentacles.

The octopus is highly valued in Japan as an article of food.

Almost Married And Only Thirteen



Little Lucille Kane, 13-year-old girl of Kansas City, Kan., would have been a bride if George Tranberger, of Parsons, Kan., had had his way about it. George traveled all his way to Kansas City in his home-made wagon to do his wooing, but the authorities caught him and his friend, Mike Yawman, who had gone along to act as best man, and arrested them as runaways.

How Women Mail Letters. From The Kansas City Star. Femininity has its own way of posting a simple, everyday letter according to one keen observer. For instance, out of thirty women who were watched at a street letter box in the residential section of a large city, twenty-one withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it, to scotch both sides of the envelope, to be certain the letter was securely sealed.

Properly addressed, stamped and to make sure nobody could look through the envelope to read the contents.

Every table should have its Daily Portion of **Grape-Nuts** "There's a Reason"