

The Master Man

By Ruby M. Ayres

He had had no intention of going though he had been asked, but the evening hung so intolerably long upon his hands and anything seemed better than his own company, so at the last moment he decided that he would go. The Shackles gave him a royal reception. Effie was looking her best, and did her utmost to amuse him. She asked after Patricia with every appearance of affection and hoped that they would soon meet again.

Michael thought it extremely unlikely, but did not say so. The whole evening bored him. He kept thinking of Patricia and the little cosy room at Kensington and wondering why he had been such a senseless fool as to agree to stay away merely because Chesney had asked him to do so. He left the Shackles early and went back to his rooms and there he found a telegram awaiting him that had been there some hours.

It had been sent off from Kensington and was signed by Patricia's mother. "Can you come at once? Urgent."

Something had happened to Patricia. The thought tore at his heart as he raced off in a taxicab.

Something was terribly the matter. He cursed himself for not having gone to see her before. Now it was too late—he might never see her again.

Mrs. Smith herself admitted him. She looked white and worried. "You will never forgive me, I don't know how to explain. But my daughter—my younger daughter told Patricia quite by accident that you were paying me to have her. It was the merest slip. I had impressed upon her to be so careful. You will never forgive me." She burst into tears.

"And Patricia?" Michael asked hoarsely. She thrust a paper into his hand; a paper bearing a scribbled message in Patricia's writing.

"I have given up my lodgings," was written on it. That was all; but Patricia had gone. Michael learned the whole story in broken incoherence.

Patricia, it appeared, had not been so happy as she had said. "She seemed to be worrying about something all the time," Mrs. Smith said tearfully. "She was so quiet—and she was always so anxious for the postman and so disappointed when there were no letters. I'm sure she spent hours at the window watching for him to come up the road. I asked her if there was anything worrying her and she always said no, but I am sure there was, Mr. Rolf."

Michael stood clutching Patricia's little note in his hand and wondering what on earth he could do. Useless to look for her at Mrs. Flannagan's again, he knew. She would keep far enough away from any spot that had known her before. He broke out angrily:

"Why weren't you more careful? I told you what would happen if she ever got to know. She never liked me. It was the most disastrous thing..." Then he saw the distress in her face and hurried to apologise.

"I am sure you did your best. Never mind! It's bad luck! But it can't be helped. But how did she really get to know?"

"She went to my desk for some envelopes and your check was lying there. I was out so she went to her sister for an explanation. She demanded to know how we knew you and why you were sending us money..."

Michael laughed ruefully. "And then, of course, she was furious."

"She didn't say a great deal. She took it very quietly, even when I came in and she spoke to me about it, she did not say much, and I thought perhaps she was not so angry, after all. I should have written to you, Mr. Rolf, and then—this evening we found this in her room."

"When do you suppose she went?"

"It must have been this afternoon—before tea time."

This afternoon! And now it was 11 o'clock. Too late to do anything to-night.

Mrs. Smith followed him to the door. "I know you will never forgive us," she said sadly. "It was

not my fault, and, anyway, I think it is cruel of Patricia to have left me like this." Her voice broke into tears.

Michael said what he could to comfort her, but he was worried and occupied with his own thoughts.

He went halfway down the road, and then came back again to ask if Chesney had called to see Patricia.

Mrs. Smith said yes; he had been each day, and that once he had taken Patricia out to dinner.

Michael scowled. Had Patricia gone to Chesney? The thought gave him an uncontrollable pang of jealousy.

He rang up Chesney's rooms, but he was out, and he had to get through the night as best he could.

At nine o'clock he was around at Mr. Philips. The lawyer listened to him with the ghost of a smile in his eyes.

"I thought we had got her safely this time," he said. He knew all about Michael's elaborate plans and the arrangement made with Mrs. Smith.

"I doubt whether you've ever got a woman safely unless you marry her," Michael said bluntly. "And even then, it's no go sometimes."

Their eyes met and he flushed a little. "And what do you want me to do?" Mr. Philips asked kindly.

"Good heavens, man!—find her," said Michael irritably. "I don't hope to have any luck this time as I did last. But, when I do find her, I'll take good care she doesn't play me this trick a third time," he added darkly.

"I sincerely hope not," said Mr. Philips. In his own mind he thought Michael would have been far better advised if he had married Patricia in the beginning, an so put an end to all this nonsense.

Michael went back again to Chesney, and Chesney declared that he knew nothing about Patricia.

"You look as if you're speaking the truth, I admit," Michael said nastily. "And if you are, perhaps you'll lend a help to find her; through how on earth we're to start about it—"

"How did you start before?" Chesney demanded. "It was luck before," Michael admitted. "We can't expect it to be luck again."

But they called at Mrs. Flannagan's, and, as Michael expected, she knew nothing of Patricia.

"If you hear anything, this is my address," Michael said. "And you shall be well paid if you can help us find her."

Mrs. Flannagan declared she'd do anything she could for the love of the pretty lamb, that she would, and expressed her intention of then and there starting out in her best bonnet, to see what could be done about it.

But for days there was no sign of Patricia. Michael began to look thin and worried. He could not sleep at night, and he wandered about London all day.

He wore Chesney out and still showed no sign of giving in himself. "She may be out of the country," Chesney said. "How do you know she isn't?"

"Because I know she isn't, and that's all about it," Michael answered obstinately.

He went down to Clayton Wold and made inquiries there. Nobody had seen Patricia, and he realized with a sort of a chagrin that very few people were in the least interested in her.

She was no longer either rich or amongst them, and so had ceased to matter. In desperation he went to the Shackles and asked Effie to help him.

You must know a list of her friends, or, at least, of some people where she might have gone," she insisted.

Effie looked at his haggard face and a little pang shot through her heart. The loss of Patricia's money did not matter to this man evidently, she realized, as she shook her head and answered that she knew very little of Patricia or how she used to spend her time in the old days.

"I thought you were her friend," Michael was stung to

retort, and Effie answered that dear Patricia had hardly been the sort of girl of whom one could ever really make a friend. "She was always so proud—she always kept so much to herself," she said. "And she really was rather selfish, you know, Mr. Rolf."

Michael flushed angrily, and Effie's eyes narrowed as she looked at him. "You seem very interested," she submitted sweetly, "and yet I never knew that you and Patricia were great friends."

Michael shot her a furious glance. "When I find Patricia, I hope to have the honour of asking you to our wedding," he said.

CHAPTER X

A week slipped away. "She must be ill," Michael told Patricia's mother. He had gone over to Kensington to ask if there was any news, and as usual had been disappointed.

"If she was not ill she would write or come back, I am sure," he insisted restlessly. Patricia's mother did not think so. She knew Patricia better than Michael did, and in her own mind she believed he was more to do with her disappearance than anyone else.

One day she spoke to him about it. "I have tried to say this to you for so long, Mr. Rolf," she said nervously, "but I have thought—I mean—oh, can't you throw any explanation on Patricia having gone away?"

Michael stared at her. "I know it was because she found out about my paying for her," he said grimly. "I know of no other reason. What do you mean?" he asked, conscious of a curious expression in her eyes.

Mrs. Smith flushed agitatedly. "I only thought—only wondered," she stammered. "Patricia seemed to be so sure that you would come here to see her. She told me so many times that she was sure you would come, and she seemed so disappointed when each day went by and you did not. Oh, I hope you are not angry or offended with me!"

It was impossible to mistake her meaning and Michael answered her appeal unhesitatingly. "I asked Patricia to marry me—the day before she came here to you—and she refused."

Mrs. Smith looked frankly disappointed and astonished. "Then, of course, I must be mistaken," she said quietly. "I beg your pardon for having spoken of it, Mr. Rolf."

Michael went back to his rooms. He hated them, and yet he was afraid to stay away for too long in case some news of Patricia should come.

Had she really wanted him to go and see her he wondered. It did not seem at all likely. She had only to ask him to go if she wished him to do so.

She had been gone ten days now—a lifetime it seemed! He leaned his elbow on the mantelshelf and stared down into the fire with unhappy eyes.

Would he ever see her again? Sometimes he believed that he never would. One heard of such complete disappearances—people going for an ordinary walk in the London streets and never being seen or heard of again.

And he wanted Patricia. As he stood there in the silent room he knew how much he wanted her. With all her faults and follies, she was the only woman for him in the world.

Life at Clayton Wold would mean nothing to him if she were not there to share it. He wondered why he had only just discovered that he loved her or if he had always known it and been shy of admitting it.

He looked back to their first meeting at the Chesney's river party. He had pretended that he disliked and despised her then, and all the time he must have cared for her.

If he had been indifferent her arrogance and pride could not have affected him at all. It must have been because he recognized the depths of which she was capable that he had been jealous for her to show him of her best.

Always loved her—of course he had! There had been no time in their acquaintance when a line could have been drawn that marked the border between friendship and love. The thing had never commenced because it had always been there.

He took his hat and wandered outdoors again. He hated the house; he felt as if he could not breathe unless he were in the fresh air.

It was a cool, starry night,

that seemed to speak only of Patricia as he walked along, head a little downcast.

What was she doing? Where was she? It tortured him that he did not—and perhaps might never—know. In an aching imagination he had pictured her so often—alone and unhappy—with the tears running down her cheeks as he tried not to see them that first night when he left her at Mrs. Flannagan's.

She had been kind to him that night. He liked to think of the way she had tried to thank him for what he had done for her and of the little spontaneous way in which his Christian name had escaped her.

He called on Chesney, but Chesney was taciturn and would not come out. He blamed Michael for everything that had happened to Patricia.

"If we never see her again you've only got yourself to thank," he said savagely. "Nobody but a clumsy fool would have attempted to pay a woman like Mrs. Smith to have Patricia in the house."

Michael turned round on him angrily. "I suppose you'd be surprised to hear that Mrs. Smith is Patricia's mother, wouldn't you?" he said sharply. "Yes, I thought so. Well put that in your pipe and smoke it, my friend."

He went out again, banging the door behind him. Out into the streets again, to tramp on once more. He had given up staring at every woman whom he passed now. He had given up his belief that Patricia was in London, but because he did not know where else to look for her he stayed there doggedly, hoping and praying that chance would be kind to him again, as it had been before. He walked on, hands deep thrust into his pockets, head downcast.

What was the use of going back to his rooms? He hated their silence and loneliness. One might as well stay outdoors and pass the long hours away.

He turned to cross the road. He would go and look Philips up. Philips was a decent little chap. Philips—

"Look out, there," yelled a voice, and Michael woke from his dejected reverie to the fact that a motor-lorry was bearing down upon him.

He leapt to one side and safely out of its way, but as he tried to gain the pathway he slipped on the kerb and fell heavily, twisting his foot badly. A policeman who had seen what had happened came to his assistance and helped him to rise.

(Continued Next Week)

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE. Dip into the past, when everybody believed in witchcraft and demons and nobody had a bath tub. Read about Arthur Covell, the Oregon astrologer. A bedridden cripple, he taught his 16 year old nephew all about the stars, explaining that it would be safe to murder women for their money when the stars were just right.

The nephew killed his step-mother accordingly, but the stars, somehow, slipped up. Uncle and nephew are in trouble. Stars, fortune tellers, soothsayers, mediums, weather prophets, don't seem to work as accurately as they used to.

Lloyd George says Germany needs a dictator. If she doesn't get one she will have terrible revolution instead. It is something new to see 60,000,000 people disarmed, bankrupt, half starved, without aggressive leadership, a nation like an individual, requires time to recover from a fearful beating.

"The man" will appear eventually, coming perhaps from Russia, according to the old prediction. Men make machines, of steel, of money, of science. But in emergencies "the man" is still necessary.

Germany prints notes for 1,000,000,000 and 5,000,000,000 marks each, most appropriately decorating them with thistles and thorns. The note for 1,000,000,000, which would have been worth \$250,000,000 before the war, will be used "for small change."

Lack of a powerful dictator in Germany will mean, according to Lloyd George, two revolutions, one red and a counter revolution, white. Very bad for France that would be, says Lloyd George, "for that would mean no reparations."

If the dictator amounted to anything his success would also mean "no reparations." Only a fighting dictator would be worth his salt.

Mr. Francis O. French, who has William H. Vanderbilt for a cousin and other rich folks, having lost his money in Wall street, starts driving a "Checker" taxicab. His home is one furnished room, "although his family has houses in New York, Tuxedo, Newport and Paris."

The society reporters weep over this, of course, but rich parents that spoil children please notice that this young man's first day of real education will be his first day on that Checker cab. He will learn that if you don't steer straight, you will be bumped. And as he counts up his day's profits, he'll realize that a dollar means something.

Ford, who passes rapidly from one cage to another, like the boy at the Zoo, now announces a plan to let his employees share in the profits of his railroad.

LLOYD GEORGE PLEA FAVORED BY PRESIDENT

Final Indication of Foreign Policy Given in Letter by Coolidge

BY WINDER R. HARRIS
Universal Service Correspondent
Washington, Oct. 28.—President Coolidge's assurance, in his letter read at the overseas writers' dinner to Lloyd George Saturday night, that the former British prime minister's to-America has not been in vain is regarded here as the first definite indication of the president's foreign policy.

It is accepted as an unmistakable indication that the Hughes and Hoover wing of the administration again has succeeded in impressing upon the White House their views as to the part the United States should play in the international situation.

This fact, as soon as it is recognized, is certain to precipitate a storm in the ranks of the "irreconcilables" led by Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California, who have stood uncompromisingly against any sort of foreign entanglement since the League of Nations fight.

Secretary of State Hughes and Secretary of Commerce Hoover were the moving forces behind the world court proposal, which caused the late President considerable embarrassment and threatened a party split.

Now Mr. Coolidge, by virtue of his letter written for the Lloyd George occasion, projects himself into the same plight that held his predecessor. The president's communication said the former British premier's visit to this country was fortunate for both England and the United States "and for the cause of international accord," and that "his effort in bringing his message to us has not been entirely a vain one."

Movement Under Way
Lloyd George's "message" was a plea for co-operation between the United States and Great Britain to restore the economic stability of Europe in particular and maintain the peace of the world. He urged the Hughes' plan for a commission of experts as the best means of settling the reparations question and starting Europe back towards stability.

The movement to put the Hughes' plan into operation has gotten under way since the "Fighting Welshman" landed in this country. His summons to a conference with Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover at the Hughes' home in advance of a dinner engagement Friday night and the extended conference at that time, admittedly on the question of reparations, brought a close working entente between Hughes and Lloyd George.

President Coolidge's letter to the overseas writers now reveals not only that this entente has his full sanction, but that he personally is taking part in it. Lloyd George goes back to London this week with his own position immeasurably strengthened as a result of this development.

Former Head Omaha Bank Asks Board for Parole

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 28.—(Special)—Among the applicants for parole from the state penitentiary, whose hearing before the board of pardons and paroles will come up at the November 13 meeting of the board, is Frank Hallett of Boyd county, convicted of assault with intent to do great bodily harm.

The most important case before the board is the application of W. V. Matthews of Omaha, former president of the Pioneer State bank, convicted of embezzlement, who is serving a term of from one to 10 years. He wants a parole.

CONVICTS PLEA QUITE UNUSUAL

Wants Credit In Nebraska For Time Done In Iowa Prison

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 20.—James Sancler, late of the Iowa penitentiary and now an inmate of the state prison here, was denied his liberty in the district court on a writ of habeas corpus. He will appeal to the supreme court. He was sent up from Douglas county in 1916, but paroled from Nebraska prison in 1918. He went to Iowa and there was sent to Anamosa for breaking open a box car. After he had finished there an officer brought him back to Lincoln. This was in 1921, and he was treated as an escaped prisoner and had to serve the maximum term provided by law for his offense. Sancler is trying to have the courts deduct from his imprisonment here the time he spent in the Iowa prison.

VISITING LODGE MEN AID WALL ODD FELLOWS.

Phillip, S. D., Oct. 26.—(Special).—A party of 50 local Odd Fellows drove to Wall Tuesday night and assisted a team from Rapid City in putting on initiatory work. Ruel E. Dana, representative of the grand lodge of South Dakota, was present. A midnight supper was served, a portion of the degree work being done before the upper and the balance later.

Relieved of Catarrh Due to La Grippe

Thanks To PE-RU-NA

Mrs. Laura Berberick, over 70 years of age, 1205 Willow Ave., Hoboken, N. J., writes: "A severe attack of La Grippe left me with a hoarseness and slime in the head and throat. I had chronic catarrh. It grew worse. I could not lie down or sleep at night. I was always bothered by the slime, pain in the back and a terrible headache every morning."

Finally I bought a bottle of Pe-ru-na which was of great benefit. It gave me blood and strength. I have no pains in head or back, nor noises in the head. The slime has gone and I can sleep. My weight has increased. I am cheerful and happy, thanks to Pe-ru-na, which I shall always keep in the house and recommend to my friends."

For every form of catarrh Pe-ru-na meets the need, Coughs, Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Indigestion, Bowel disorders are all forms of catarrh.

Buy it any where in tablet or liquid form.

The man who depends on luck to get him through has a mighty feckle partner.

MOTHER! GIVE SICK CHILD "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Harmless Laxative for a Bilious Constipated Baby or Child.

Constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic Babies and Children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels acting with out griping. Contains no narcotics (it soothes drugs). Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeit. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

Many a coming man falls to arrival because he got cold feet shortly after starting.

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles; and you are likely to have headaches, too, with dizziness, stabling pains and bladder irregularities. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

Mrs. J. C. Brammer, 411 W. Clark Street, Vermillion, S. D., says: "My back ached, so I couldn't sleep nights and in the morning I felt tired. The action of my kidneys was never regular. I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They were just what I needed. My kidneys in good order. My back aches left and I felt like a different person."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Antwerp a Great Port.

More big ships come into Antwerp than into any other port of continental Europe. It has at present 18 miles of quays, and will shortly have 40 miles, with 1,500 acres of docks and 42,000 acres of railroad sidings and warehouses. It will then be capable of handling 40,000,000 tons of cargo a year, twice its present large capacity. Antwerp has 12 pneumatic grain elevators, each able to handle 5,000 bushels of wheat an hour, or 83 bushels a minute.—Carpenter's World Travels.

CORNS

Stop their pain in one minute!

For quick lasting relief from corns, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the pain in one minute by removing the cause—friction and pressure.

Zino-pads are thin, safe, antiseptic, healing, waterproof and cannot produce infection or any bad after-effects. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

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Put one on—the pain is gone