

The Master Man

By Ruby M. Ayres

ed, no more than it had been young Bernard Chesney she had wanted when she had written that letter and asked him to come to her.

"I am glad that we understand one another so well, at last," he said bitterly.

He would have given his soul the next moment to have recalled the words, but it was too late.

She had turned away from him without answering and the door closed behind her.

Michael sat on by the fire, leaning back in his chair with closed eyes and clenched hands.

He had behaved like a brute. The thought stabbed him to the heart, and yet he knew that if he could have the last hour over again he would do exactly as he had done.

Patricia had beaten him—he could not master her or make her love him, therefore far better to let her go. She had her mother, and he knew by instinct that Patricia would go to her.

The room seemed filled with her presence. There she had been standing when he first roused from his sleep—there she had leaned against the door and cried.

Those tears cried aloud to him for pity and understanding, but he hardened his heart to them.

They had meant nothing more than wounded pride—they had been but tears of self pity.

It seemed curious that after all these days of restless longing for her he could have sent her away. He tried to analyze his feelings, and failed miserably. Patricia was either a wonderful actress, or he a fool.

Her tears and distress had seemed real enough when she entered the room, but Michael saw everything through the distorting glasses of suspicion.

He was worn out with worry and want of sleep, and it had been a shock to see Patricia so

What use to tell her that he cared? She was not capable of realizing or wanting any man's love.

He dropped back into his chair by the fire. The pain of his foot and the strength of his own emotions made him feel sick.

He wished that Patricia would stop sobbing; he wished she would go away and leave him.

He had behaved like a brute to her, he knew, but he told himself that it was her pride he had hurt; nothing deeper. He leaned his head on his hands, utterly wretched.

Patricia crossed the room and stood beside him. She was no longer crying, though her voice quivered when she spoke.

"I came to you because I thought—I hoped—that in spite of everything—you cared for me—just a little," she said.

"You need not be afraid that I shall ever make such a mistake again."

Michael looked up at her. Her eyes were filled with proud humiliation, but now it only angered him.

She had come to him because she had had nowhere else to go; because behind him she knew there was always Clayton Wold and all that that money could buy.

It was not him that she wanted unexpectedly. He roused himself presently and rang for his man. When he came Michael said:

"Just go down and ask the commissionaire if he saw a lady leave here an hour or so ago—Miss Rolf, I mean—and if she took a taxi, and if he heard what address she gave the driver."

Jenkins's grave eyes smiled faintly.

"I got Miss Rolf a taxi myself, sir," he said. "I was outside when she came down, and she gave an address in Kensington."

Then she had gone to her mother! Michael gave a great sigh of relief.

"Thanks; you're a good fellow, Jenkins," he said gratefully. Jenkins looked surprised, but he said, "Thank you, sir," in very subdued tones.

A bell pinged through the silence, and Michael half started up. Had she come back? Oh, if she only had! But it was Chesney's voice at the door.

"What the deuce is all this

about an accident and you being half dead?" he demanded as his eyes fell on Michael. "I only heard this evening and came around at once. What's up, old chap?" For the moment he had forgotten his resentment, and his voice was full of concern.

"A sprained ankle," said Michael grimly.

"And a pack of picturesque lies in the paper, not authorized by me!"

"Well, you look rotten, anyway," Chesney said bluntly. "If I didn't know better, I should say you'd seen a ghost."

"Perhaps I have," Michael answered. He paused. "Patricia has been here," he added deliberately.

"Patricia! Here!"

"Yes."

Chesney flushed up to the roots of his hair. "My God! where is she? You don't mean to say that you've let her go again? For heaven's sake, wake up, man! Where is she? Why did she come here? Where has she gone?"

Michael answered only the last of the string of questions.

"She has gone to her mother in Kensington. Here, wait a moment—"

But he might as well have exhorted a whirl wind to halt and take breath. Chesney was out of the room and down the stairs and dashing off in a taxi before there was time to recall him.

He, at any rate, was not going to allow grass to grow beneath his feet.

Patricia had come back! That was all he cared for. He would never let her go again. He would make her marry him; he would never leave her until she was safely his wife.

Perhaps he loved her in a more heart-whole way than Michael Rolf, or perhaps he was utterly blind to her faults? Anyhow, his face was radiant as he waited at the door of the little house in Kensington to be admitted, and his heart was racing with happiness.

Patricia had come back—there was nothing else to be desired.

Patricia's sister opened the door to him—she coloured with faint pleasure when she recognized him.

"Yes—Patricia is home," she said in answer to his eager question. "She's with mother now. Oh, Mr. Chesney!" her pretty face, just a shadowy likeness of Patricia's, was suddenly illuminated, "did you know that Patricia is my own sister? Oh, isn't it wonderful? I've only just got to know it myself. Mr. Rolf adopted her years ago when we were both little. Mother only told me this evening—and I'm so happy—I always loved her. Patricia is such a darling."

Chesney smiled at her eagerness.

"I know—Rolf, Michael Rolf told me," he said. He took her hand and pressed it warmly.

"I'm glad, very glad," he added, and he thought in his excited heart that it would be pleasant to have this little girl for a sister.

"You know, you're rather like Patricia," he said, scanning her flushed face. "There is something about your eyes—when you smile!—and now can I see her, please?"

Mrs. Smith came into the hall at that moment. She had been crying, but she smiled when she saw Chesney.

(Continued next week.)

"Politics" Defined.

The Des Moines Register, in defending its "politics" against the attack of the Council Bluffs Nonpareil, resorted to the dictionary and found two separate and distinct definitions of the word.

One definition is: "The administration of public affairs in the interest of the peace, prosperity and safety of the state; in a wide sense embracing the science of government and civil policy."

The other definition is: "The administration of public affairs or the conduct of political matters so as to carry elections and secure public offices; party intrigues; political wire pulling; trickery."

As applied to newspapers, it is clear enough that the first definition covers the aims and activities of independent newspapers and that the second definition covers the aims and activities of party newspapers.

The same distinctions exist, as between individuals who indulge in "politics" to any extent.

One of the largest power plants in the world is being made possible by changing the course of the Middle Isar river in Bavaria.

Desert Dust

By Edwin L. Sabin

Author of "How Are You Feeling?" etc.

CHAPTER I.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

In the estimate of the affable brakeman (a gentleman wearing sky-blue army pantaloons tucked into cowhide boots, half-buttoned vest, flannel shirt open at the throat, and upon his red hair a flaring-brimmed black slouch hat) we were making a fair average of 20 miles an hour across the greatest country on earth. It was a flat country of far horizons, and for vast stretches peopled mainly, as one might judge from the ear windows, by antelope and the equally curious rodents styled prairie dogs.

Yet despite the novelty of such a ride into that unknown new West now being spanned at giant's strides by the miraculous Pacific railway, behold me, surfeited with already five days' steady travel, engrossed chiefly in observing a clear, dainty profile and waiting for the glimpses, time to time, of a pair of exquisite blue eyes.

Merely to indulge myself in feminine beauty, however, I need not have undertaken the expense and fatigue of journeying from Albany on the Hudson side to Omaha on the plains side of the Missouri river; thence by the Union Pacific railroad of the new transcontinental line into the Indian country. There were handsome women aplenty in the east; and of access, also, to a youth of family and parts. I had pictures of the same in my social register. A man does not attain to 25 years without having accomplished a few pages of the heart book. Nevertheless all such pages were—or had seemed to be—wholly retrospective now, for here I was, advised by the physicians to "go West," meaning by this not simply the one-time west of Ohio, or Illinois, or even Iowa, but the remote and genuine west lying beyond the Missouri.

Whereupon, out of desperation that flung the gauntlet down to hope I had taken the bull by the horns in earnest. West should be full dose, at the utmost procurable by modern conveyance.

The Union Pacific announcements acclaimed that this summer of 1868 the rails should cross the Black Hills mountains of Wyoming to another range of the Rocky Mountains, in Utah; and that by the end of the year one might ride comfortably clear to Salt Lake City. Certainly this was "going West" with a vengeance; but as appeared to me—and to my father and mother and the physicians—somewhere in the expanse of brand new western country, the plains and mountains, I would find at least the breath of life.

When I arrived in Omaha the ticket agent was enabled to sell me transportation away to the town of Benton, Wyoming Territory itself, 690 miles (he said) west of the Missouri.

Of Benton I had never heard. It was upon no public maps, as yet. But in round figures, 700 miles! Practically the distance from Albany to Cincinnati, and itself distant from Albany over 2,000 miles! All by rail.

Benton was, he explained, the present end off passenger service, this August. In another month—and he laughed.

"Fact is, while you're standing here," he alleged, "I may get orders any moment to sell a longer ticket. The Casements are laying two to three miles of track a day, seven days in the week, and stepping right on the heels of the graders. Last April we were selling only to Cheney, rising of 500 miles. Then in May we began to sell to Laramie, 576 miles. Last of July we began selling to Benton a 120 miles farther. Track's now probably 50 or more miles west of Benton and there's liable to be another passenger terminus tomorrow. So it might pay you to wait."

"No," I said. "Thank you, but I'll try Benton. I can go on from there as I think best. Could you recommend local accommodations?"

He stared, through the bars of the little window behind which lay a six-chambered revolver.

"Could I do what, sir?"

"Recommend a hotel, at Benton where I'm going. There is a hotel, I suppose?"

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed testily. "In a city of 3,000 people! A hotel! A dozen of 'em,

but I don't know their names. What do you expect to find in Benton? You're from the east, I take it. Going out on spec, or pleasure, or health?"

"I have been advised to try western air for a change," I answered. "I am looking for some place that is high, and dry."

"Consumption, eh?" he shrewdly remarked. "High and dry; that's it. Oh, yes; you'll find Benton high enough, and tolerably dry. You bet! And nobody dies natural, at Benton, they say. Here's your ticket. Thank you. And the change. Next, please."

It did not take me long to gather the change remaining from \$70 greenbacks swapped for 690 miles of travel at 10 cents a mile. I hastily stepped aside. A subtle fragrance and a rustle warned me that I was obstructing a representative of the fair sex. So did the smirk and smile of the ticket agent.

"Your pardon, madam," I proffered, lifting my hat—agreeably dazzled while thus performing.

She acknowledged the tribute with a faint blush. While pocketing my change and stowing away my ticket I had opportunity to survey her further.

"Benton," she said briefly, to the agent.

We were bound for the same point, then. Ye gods, but she was a little beauty; a perfect blonde, of the petite and fully formed type, with regular features inclined to the clean-cut Grecian, a piquant mouth deliciously bowed, two eyes of the deepest blue veiled by long lashes, and a mass of glinting golden hair upon which perched a ravishing little bonnet. The natural ensemble was enhanced by her costume, all of black, from the closely fitting bodice to the rustling crinoline beneath which there peeped out tiny shoes. I had opportunity also to note the jet pendant in the shelly ear toward me, and the flashing rings upon the fingers of her hands, unglowed in order to sort out the money from her reticule.

Sooth to say, I might not stand there gawking. Once, by a demure sideways glance, she betrayed knowledge of my presence. Her own transaction was all matter-of-fact, as if engaging passage to Benton of Wyoming Territory contained no novelty for her. Could she by any chance live there—a woman dressed like she was, as much a la mode as if she walked Broadway in New York? Omaha itself had astonished me with the display upon its streets; and now if Benton, far out in the wilderness, could prove another surprise!—Indeed, the Western world was not so raw, after all. Strange to say, as soon as one crossed the Missouri river one began to sense romance, and to discover it.

(Continued Next Week.)

The army and navy recommend an air building programme here for last over 10 years.

An adequate fighting flying fleet is worth whatever the safety of this nation is worth. A public official must have a dull mind not to see that all fighting is to be in the air, that every nation that chooses, and that the oceans will soon protect us from airships as little as the English channel now protects the British.

We spend \$600,000,000 in war for wooden ships that nobody will take now as a gift. Must we have war to frighten us into building the airships that are needed?

It sounds childish to imagine Carnarvon and Tut-Ankh-Amen side by side above. But what can you suggest that sounds less childish? If they are not above, looking down, where are they?

Back on earth, perhaps—Tut-Ankh-Amen in the body of a Nile laborer working for 12 cents a day, lifting rocks off his own tomb, Carnarvon a new born baby in some English peasant's cottage.

Breaking the News to Father. From the Kansas City Star. Harold—And now I'll have to see your father and get his consent to our marriage.

Phillippa—Don't bother about that old dear. I'll tell him about it in time for him to raise money for the wedding expenses.

Honest Man. From the Chicago News. "What are these?" asked the supervising principal.

"Mental tests for our third grade," answered the lady assistant brightly. He gazed at them so long and solemnly that she ventured to ask: "Do you disapprove?"

"No, I don't disapprove, but I couldn't pass."

Others than natives can only leave land in Java for periods up to 75 years, and then on condition that half the area is available for growing rice at the Javanese.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.—Advertisement.

Scant.

Nipp—She tries to make a cloak of her religion.

Tuck—Huh! She hasn't enough of it even for a bathing suit.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Advertisement.

It's as hard for a man to live up to his ideals as it is for a woman to look like a photograph.

GIRLS! HAIR GROWS THICK AND BEAUTIFUL

65-Cent "Danderine" Does Wonders for Lifeless, Neglected Hair.



A gleamy mass of luxuriant hair full of gloss, luster and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine." Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.—Advertisement.

No one pursues brains as he does the acquisition of wealth, because it is futile.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

One can get up at 5 o'clock in the morning so as to loaf after 2 in the afternoon.

A Safe and Sure Laxative—Brandreth Pills. One or two taken at bed time will keep you in good condition. Entirely vegetable.—Adv.

A woman's idea of a secret is something worth telling.

Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough

Take your choice and suit your taste. S-B or Menthol flavor. A sure relief for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Put one in your mouth at bedtime. Always keep a box on hand.

SMITH BROTHERS
S.B. COUGH DROPS MENTHOL
Famous since 1847

SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They restore the organs to their proper functions and Headache and the causes of it pass away.

THEY REGULATE THE BOWELS and PREVENT CONSTIPATION

Small Pill; Small Dose; Small Price

HELP FOR GIRLS WHO WORK

Mrs. Lodic Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Tyrone, Pa.—"A friend told my husband how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped his wife, so my husband bought me a bottle because I was so run-down, had a nervous weakness, no strength in my body and pains in my left side so bad that I could hardly do my work. Before I was married I used to work in the factory, and I had pains just the same then as I have had since I have done my housework. I would not be without a bottle in the house now. It has stopped the pains all right and I have found out that it is a wonderful body builder, as it has made me well and strong. It is going to be the 'old reliable' with me hereafter, and I am always willing to tell other women how it has helped me. You can use this letter as you wish as I can honestly say that my words are true."—Mrs. M. Lodic, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 40, Tyrone, Pa.

Letters like this bring out the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For Sale—Two Farms \$15 PER ACRE. GOOD LAND, some improvements, near Eagle Butte, S. Dak., Dewey county. Also 80-acre Calif. resort home and fruit, 45 mi. E. of Sacramento, only \$2,500. Write W. Stark, Auburn, Calif.

ACOLD TODAY—DON'T DELAY

Cures Colds in 24 Hours La Grippe in 3 Days

Cuticura Talcum Always Healthful

Not Loud Enough. "Jack's got a new siren for his car." "Really. What became of the blond one?"—London Mail.

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 without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits! Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.—Advertisement.

Man has very little use for advice which does not conform to his own opinion.

Usually the more the law costs the less justice there is in it.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough

SMITH BROTHERS S.B. COUGH DROPS MENTHOL

SICK HEADACHE

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They restore the organs to their proper functions and Headache and the causes of it pass away.

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