

# The Master Man

By Ruby M. Ayres

"How did you know she had come home?" she asked him. "Mr. Rolf told you! Oh, Mr. Rolf told you!"

There was a little note of sadness in her voice. Patricia had only told her very briefly of that last interview with Michael, but she had guessed a great deal.

"You will let me see her?" Chesney asked, eagerly. "Just for a moment. I won't worry her."

"Just for a moment, then, and Mr. Chesney, you know that she is my daughter?"

Young Chesney took her hand and raised it to his lips. "I am glad that you are her mother," he said gently.

The tears filled her eyes. She knew quite well what had brought him here in such haste, and why he looked so happy. She caught his hand, holding him back when he would impatiently have passed her.

"Don't hope too much, my dear," she said, gently.

"I'm hoping everything," he answered, doggedly, and went on into the room where Patricia waited, shutting the door behind him.

It seemed a long time before he came out again.

Patricia's sister heard his uncertain step in the hall and came to say good-bye. She knew instinctively that it was good-bye.

He did not seem to hear her till she spoke his name. Then he turned and looked at her, his face was so white and haggard that she gave a little sorrowful cry and caught at his hand.

"It's my own fault," he said, trying to smile. "I had my chance once—weeks ago, and threw it away. It's my own fault." Then he saw the tears in her eyes that were so like Patricia's, and he gave the kind little hand that held his a hard squeeze.

"Don't be sorry for me," he said, huskily.

"It's all right." She followed him to the door, and as he was going she asked a faltering question.

"And shan't I see you again—ever?"

He looked back at her, a little ghost of Patricia she was in the subdued light of the hall, and for a moment his sore heart warmed as he bent and kissed her fingers.

"If I ever come back it will be for you," he said, and the next moment he was gone.

Michael spent another sleepless night.

The faithful Jenkins, tip-toeing more than once to his master's door, heard him tossing and turning and groaning.

Once he ventured in, but Michael snapped at him so, he did not dare to repeat the experiment.

Jenkins put it all down to the sprain—he had had one himself and thought he knew.

He would have been incredulous had he known that the ache of the sprain was as nothing compared with the ache at Michael's heart.

He had sent Patricia away, and he had sent Chesney after her, and he believed that, out of pique, if for no other reason, Patricia would at last consent to marry him.

First thing in the morning he rang Chesney up. He was in and answered the phone him self.

"That you, Bernard? Michael Rolf speaking."

A pause. Michael counted the seconds by his thudding heartbeats. Then he said again:

"Look here old chap, can you come around for half an hour? This confounded foot ties me to the house. What! You can't—going away! Where are you going?"

"To the devil!" said Chesney, savagely, and rang off.

Michael dragged himself back to his chair. He felt choked by the enormity of his relief. Patricia had refused Bernard. He knew it as surely as she herself had told him.

After a moment he recovered sufficiently to shout for Jenkins. "Send for a taxi—I'm going out."

Jenkins stared. "But your foot, sir! The doctor said—"

"I'm going out anyway! Are you going to help me get downstairs, or have I got to slide down the banisters?"

Jenkins capitulated. He went the whole way to Kensington with his master and landed him

safely at Mrs. Smith's house.

"Would you like me to wait, sir?" he asked deprecatingly, when Patricia's sister opened the door.

Michael laughed nervously. "No, I should not," he said decidedly. He looked at the girl.

"Patricia?" he said, and could say no more.

She looked towards the closed door of the room where Michael had first interviewed Mrs. Smith, and took a step forward. "I'll tell her."

Michael stopped her. "I'll tell her myself," he said.

He held her head back so that he could see into her eyes. "Am I your master?" he asked.

Her eyes closed.

"I think you always have been," she whispered. "Even that first day when Mr. Rolf died and you bullied me so."

"You hated me then, Patricia."

"Did I? I am not so sure."

"And last night?" he said presently.

"Why did you come to me last night? No, it's no use hiding your face; I want to see your eyes when you answer me."

The lovely colour flushed her cheeks, but she answered steadily:

"Because I knew that I loved you—because I knew that I could never be happy—anywhere—without you."

"I was a brute to you, Patricia."

"I deserved it all," she answered. "Oh, Michael, but it was like dying when you sent me away."

"You ran away from me twice before," he reminded her.

"That was because I loved you," she answered.

He laughed softly.

"A queer way to show love, sweetheart."

There was a little silence.

"Why did you go to the Shackles for dinner that night?" she asked suddenly.

"Why did you make such a point of it in your letter to me?"

"Because I hoped you would hate it. I wanted you to hate it."

She gave a little quick sigh.

"Oh, I hated it right enough, Michael!"

"Yes, my queen."

"Bernard Chesney came here yesterday."

His arms tightened around her.

"I know. What did he say to you?"

"He said that you haven't said yet: 'I love you.'"

"There's no need for me to say it," he answered. "I've been saying it in deeds ever since I first knew you."

"You didn't love me when you shook me last night."

"I did—I adored you."

She laughed, leaning her cheek against his coat.

"I don't always want to be adored that way, please."

"You shall be adored in all ways—in every way; and, Patricia—"

"Yes."

"Yes—what?" Michael demanded.

A little gleam of mischief swept across Patricia's face.

"Yes, my lord and master," she said softly.

THE END

Iowa was among his states represented at a birth control conference held in Chicago recently. Social control of population in the interest of world welfare and conservation in education toward that end were urged.

"Wild Bill" is dead. Some of his former associates murdered him. He was found on his mother's birthday, one shoe on and one shoe off, at the end of a whisky debauch. There were 10 bullets in him. Three he got some years ago, four he got in a fight last January. Three were shot into him by the men that ended his life. His wife, who changed a \$50 bill to pay for a taxicab, said: "At that, I think Bill would have recovered if they hadn't smashed in his head."

Who can say what "Wild Bill" might have been and done if he had had his chance to be useful as a child, instead of merely having his chance to kill the enemy and win the Distinguished Service Cross, which came too late to reform him?

Duguesclin or Bayard, born and treated as was this dead gunman, might have ended as he did.

Dr. Wilbur, president of the American Medical Association and of Leland Stanford University, says medical aid should be supplied to all the people. If doctors could apply all they know to all the people life would be prolonged, human happiness increased, the whole outlook and order of life altered.

Marriage statistics in England show that there is a marked decrease of ceremonies where widows figure as brides.

# Desert Dust

By Edwin L. Sabin

Author of "How Are You Feeling?" etc.

As seemed to me, the ticket agent would have detained her, in defiance of the waiting line; but she finished her business shortly, with shorter replies to his idle remarks; and I turned away under pretense of examining some placards upon the wall advertising "Platte Valley lands" for sale. I had curiosity to see which way she wended. Then as she tripped for the door, casting eyes neither right nor left, and still fumbling at her reticule, a coin slipped from her fingers and rolled, by good fortune, across the floor.

I was after it instantly; caught it, and with best bow presented it.

"Permit me, madam."

She took it.

"Thank you, sir."

For a moment she paused to restore it to its company; and I grasped the occasion.

"I beg your pardon. You are going to Benton, of Wyoming Territory?"

Her eyes met mine so completely as well-nigh to daze me with their glory. There was a quizzical uplift of her frank, arch smile.

"I am, sir. To Benton City, of Wyoming Territory."

"You are acquainted there?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir. I am acquainted there. And you are from Benton?"

"Oh, no," I assured. "I am from New York State." As if anybody might not have known.

"But I have just purchased my ticket to Benton, and—" I stammered, "I have made bold to wonder if you would not have the goodness to tell me something of the place—as to accommodations, and all that. You don't by any chance happen to live there, do you?"

"And why not, sir, may I ask?" She challenged.

I floundered behind her query direct, and her bewildering eyes and lips—all tantalizing.

"I don't know—I had an idea—Wyoming Territory has been mentioned in the newspapers as largely Indian country—"

"At Benton we are only six days behind New York fashions," she smiled. "You have not been out over the railroad, then, I suspect. Not to North Platte? Nor to Cheyenne?"

"I have never been west of Cincinnati before."

"You have surely been reading of the railroad? The Pacific Railway between the East and California?"

"Yes, indeed. In fact, a friend of mine, named Stephen Clark, nephew of the honorable Thurlow Weed formerly of Albany, was killed a year ago by your Indians while surveying west of the Black Hills. And of course there have been accounts in the New York papers."

"You are not on survey service? Or possibly, yes?"

"No, madam."

"A pleasure trip to end of track?"

She evidently was curious, but I was getting accustomed to questions into private matters. That was the universal license, out here.

"The pleasure of finding health," I laughed. "I have been advised to seek a location high and dry."

"Oh!" She dimpled adorably. "I congratulate you on your choice. You will make no mistake, then, in trying Benton. I can promise you that it is high and reasonably dry. And as for accommodations—so far as I have ever heard anybody is accommodated there, with whatever he may wish." She darted a glance at me; stepped aside as if to leave.

"I am to understand that it is a city?" I pleaded.

"Benton?" Why, certainly. All the world is flowing to Benton. We gained three thousand people in two weeks—much to the sorrow of poor old Cheyenne and Laramie. No doubt there are five thousand people there now, and all busy. Yes, a young man will find his opportunities in Benton. I think your choice will please you. Money is plentiful, and so are the chances to spend it." She bestowed upon me another sparkling glance. "And since we are both going to Benton I will say 'Au revoir,' sir." She left me quivering.

"You do live there?" I besought, after; and received a

nod of the golden head as she entered the sacred Ladies' Waiting Room.

Until the train should be made up I might only stroll, restless and strangely buoyed, with the vision of an entrancing fellow traveler filling my eyes. Summoned in due time by the clamor "Passengers for the Pacific Railway! All aboard, going west on the Union Pacific!" here amidst the platform hurlyburly of men, women, children and bundles I had the satisfaction to sight the black-clad figure of My Lady of the Blue Eyes; hastening, like the rest, but not unattended—for a brakeman bore her valise and the conductor her parasol. The scurrying crowd gallantly parted before her. It was promptly closed upon her wake; for as I might I was utterly unable to keep in her course.

Obviously, the train was to be well occupied. Carried on willy-nilly I mounted the first steps at hand; elbowed on down the aisle until I managed to squirm aside into a vacant seat. The remaining half was at once effectually filled by a large, stout, red-faced woman who formed the base of a pyramid of boxes and parcels.

My neighbor, who blocked all egress, was going to North Platte, three hundred miles westward, I speedily found out. And she almost as speedily learned that I was going to Benton.

She stared, round-eyed.

"I reckon you're a gambler, young man," she accused.

"No, madam. Do I look like a gambler?"

"You can't tell by looks, young man," she asserted, still suspicious. "Maybe you're on spec," then, in some other way.

"I am seeking health in the West, is all, where the climate is high and dry."

"My Gawd!" she blurted. "High and dry!" You're goin' to the right place. For all I hear tell, Benton is high enough and dry enough. Are your eye-teeth peeled, young man?"

"My eye-teeth!" I repeated.

"I hope so, madam. Are eye-teeth necessary in Benton?"

"Peeled, and with hair on 'em, young man," she assured.

"I guess you're a pilgrim, ain't you? I see a leetle green in your eye. No, you ain't a tin-horn. You're some mother's boy, jest gettin' away from the trough. My sakes! Sick, too, eh? Weak lungs, ain't it? Now you tell me: Why you goin' to Benton?"

There was an inviting kindness in her query. Plainly she had a good heart, large in proportion with her other bulk.

"It's the farthest point west that I can reach by railroad, and everybody I have talked with has recommended it as high and dry."

"So it is," she nodded; and chuckled fatly. "But law sakes, you don't need to go that far. You can as well stop off at North Platte, or Sidney or Cheyenne. They'll sculp you sure at Benton, unless you watch out mighty sharp."

"How so, may I ask?"

(Continued next week.)

Without questioning the sincerity of Wizard Evans, it might be appropriate to suggest careful analysis and proof, as, for instance, when he says "to Catholics the presidency at Washington is subordinate to the priesthood at Rome."

What makes the United States prosperous? High wages. Citroen, the greatest French manufacturer of automobiles, says everybody in France ought to have his own automobile. The trouble is "in America the workman saving one day's pay a week, can buy an automobile with the money at the end of the year. In France it would take a Frenchman's ENTIRE SALARY for two years."

If you want a good crop, put water and fertilizer on the land. If you want a prosperous country, put good wages in the pockets of those that work.

It all comes back to the big people \$10 for one.

"Wild Bill" Lovett was born in the slums. When he was a little boy policemen chased him, bigger boys hit him. When he grew up, he was chased, but killed. When war came he went in, was disabled, won the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery. Then he "reformed" decided to be a hero, since the newspapers suggested it. But, as David Warfield said many years ago, "a hero is not a business."

That millions should die unnecessarily is a crime against civilization and common sense. The agricultural department advises free of charge the owner of a young pig, an old horse or a sick cow. There ought to be some department equally interested in the health of human beings.

Get it in the new large size carton



You'll like the new carton of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. It holds nearly three times as much as the regular package; more economical. Much more convenient than a sack; no spilling; protects the flour. Ask your grocer; if he doesn't have it he can get it for you.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

USE RADIO IN RESCUE WORK RICH IN WITCHCRAFT LORE

Series of Experiments Are Being Carried on at Colliery in England.

In the near future radio telephony will probably play an important part in the work of colliery rescue parties. As the rescuers carry out their duties, constant communication will be kept up with those directing operations from a base. That is the object underlying a series of experiments being conducted at Ashington colliery in England. A considerable measure of success has already attended their efforts, and quite recently speech and music were successfully received underground. A party equipped with a three-tube receiving set descended the shaft of the Carl pit and fixed a 20-foot aerial on the bulks supporting the roof. Only one head phone was used, but so clear was the reception that the five men composing the party all heard distinctly. Experiments have already been carried out to depths of 300 yards, and it is expected to test reception at depths of 1,000 yards.—Scientific American.

Record Mountain Climbing.

A record of climbing 36 mountains at the rate of one every day has been made by a California schoolmaster. On a camping trip in Glacier National park, Norman Clyde of Weaverville, Cal., set out to reach the tops of as many peaks as possible in the shortest space of time, and, according to the bureau of national parks, his total of 36 is unique. The last peak climbed by Clyde was Mount Wilbur, the summit of which is almost 10,000 feet. Clyde, who is thirty-eight, has had long experience in mountain climbing as a member of the Sierra club of San Francisco. He claims that evidence shows him to have been the first to attain the summit of eleven mountains.

His Mind on Baseball.

Music Teacher—Why don't you stop? Those marks mean rest. Johnny—What's the use of restin'—let's get through with it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

While you many know a splinter like a book, it isn't nice to remind her of the fact that she is on the shelf.

Library at the University of Cornell Has Complete Collection in This Line.

The library of Cornell university is said to contain the most complete collection of witch and witchcraft literature extant. Taking his text largely from this collection Hendrick Van Loon tells many interesting facts about this superstition which was responsible for the loss of so many thousands of innocent lives, in the persecution of whom, for once, both Protestant and Romanist co-operated, and it is difficult to say which was the more energetic.

The mention of Salem, Mass., is almost sure to bring thoughts of witches. Indeed, this quaint New England village offers almost the only instance in this country where witches were tortured for their supposed witchery. Compared with the activities of other countries, however, Salem's record was small, amounting to but about 20 victims over a period of 100 years; while in Europe, about the same time, one judge alone is credited with sentencing 15,000 persons to death by torture on charges of witchery.—Detroit News.

ODD SEA MONSTER IS FOUND

It is Eight Feet Long and Resembles an Elephant Without a Trunk and a Whale.

There has been exhibited in Buenos Aires what South American scientists believe to be a hitherto unknown sea monster, captured some twenty-five miles from the coast near Mar del Plata. It was at first supposed to be a shellless sea turtle, but expert examination shows this is not the case.

It resembles rather an elephant without a trunk, or, more properly, an enormous elephant's head with ears almost perfectly identical with those of that animal. It also has some features similar to those of a whale. Its color is brown, the mouth is large and spherical.

It is nearly eighty feet long and approximately four and a half feet in diameter. It has two vertical fins behind, one above and one below, remotely suggesting the screws of a propeller. The flesh is almost as elastic as rubber.—Living Age.

Test This Out for Yourself—

MANY people who drink coffee regularly are troubled with insomnia; or they feel nervous, "headachy," or suffer from indigestion.

It may be hard for such men and women to believe that coffee is responsible for the way they feel. Because they have always drunk coffee, it hardly seems possible that this old habit could cause trouble.

But there is one sure way to find out whether coffee is harming you. Just stop its use for a week or so, and drink Postum.

Postum is a pure cereal beverage—absolutely free from caffeine, the drug in coffee, which disturbs the health and comfort of many.

After a week or two on Postum, you will sleep better and feel better; then your own good judgment should decide whether you go back to coffee or continue on the Road to Wellville with Postum.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of either form is about one-half cent a cup.

