

THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Patricia raised her eyes, and her lips curved into a tremulous smile as she read the struggle in his face.

"I suppose now you would like to shake me again," she said, with a ghost of her old mockery. "You've so often said—Oh, Michael!"

He had laid rough hands on her shoulders, hurting her with the grip of his fingers. For the moment he had lost himself in the sudden anger that surged through him, and he shook her as if she had been a child, till she fell away from him, trembling, and crying like the child she felt herself at that moment to be.

"Oh, you hurt me," she said, sobbing.

"You deserve it," he answered breathlessly.

He leaned his arm on the mantelshelf and stood staring down into the fire. He was trembling with the force of his own passion and the reluctant shame of what he had done.

He knew that his hands must have bruised her soft shoulders, and he was fiercely glad. Why should he care that he had hurt her, when she had hurt him so much? Nothing that he could ever do to her could make up for the past fortnight of anxiety and suffering.

And he broke out suddenly, hoarsely:

"It's not fair—just because you're a woman—you think you can hurt me, and goad me, and laugh at me, and I shan't turn round on you because you're a woman. If I've hurt you, you drove me to it Patricia."

She was standing leaning against the door, her face hidden, her whole slender body shaken with sobbing.

Michael's arms went out to her with hopeless longing; then fell again to his sides.

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 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 that 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 money and all that that money could buy.

It was not him she wanted, any 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'm 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 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 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 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' 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 fair 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 whirlwind to pause 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 colored 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.

"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 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

you feel entirely at home and pleasures her immensely.

9—If you have a spade bid with the ace missing, bid one spade. If you have the ace, bid "A" spade. This will inform your partner you are holding the ace.

10—Claim all the honors—you might get away with it occasionally when playing with strangers.

11—Eat caramels or other adhesive candy during the game. It keeps the cards from skidding.

12—Talk continuously about your business or fashions—it will give you great popularity and credit for being a very clever conversationalist.

ENOUGH FOR MANY SECOND HELPINGS LONDON—What is said to be the world's largest wedding cake was made here by Mme. Payling, a famous prima donna, for her daughter's recent wedding. The cake was over six feet high and weighed more than 500 pounds. It lasted the bridal couple for several weeks, so the groom didn't have to worry about his wife's baking. The largest cake ever made in England, that celebrating the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897 is thought to mind by the Payling wedding cake, although the former was not a wedding cake. It was 10 feet 6 inches high and weighed over a quarter of a ton.

Rather Sarcastic. From Mitchell (S. D.) Republican.

Plans are now being made for the dedication of the national Rushmore monument in the Black Hills next July 4. It is the hope of the memorial commission to inject in this dedication something of patriotism that it feels has been lacking on Fourths in the past.

Taking this desire into consideration the Rapid City Journal recalls that Mr. Coolidge promised to return to the Black Hills when the Rushmore monument was dedicated.

That would be just "fine and dandy." Mr. Coolidge has such an inspiring personality. It is so easy for him to arouse enthusiasm, to inspire patriotism in his auditors, to awaken appreciation of the way the Washington government serves the Middle West!

Then, too, Mr. Coolidge is such a popular favorite in South Dakota! He comes so near to being the idol and the ideal of the west! He can wear a 10-gallon hat and chaps with such nonchalance! Where is there a man to whom South Dakota and the West would turn so rapidly in its need as to Mr. Coolidge? What man would do more to win for the West the things it wants than Mr. Coolidge?

Certainly if the Rushmore memorial project is to be formally dedicated next summer, let Mr. Coolidge attend that dedication; let him deliver the principal address; let him shed the benign rays of his beaming personality upon the throngs that will surround the base of Mt. Rushmore where the likenesses of the greatest of Americans are to be carved! The more formal the dedication, the better Mr. Coolidge will do.

By all means if Mr. Coolidge can come to South Dakota again, if he is willing to risk the tumultuous reception that awaits him, if he can withstand the prolonged ovations of his innumerable South Dakota admirers, let the memorial committee bring Mr. Coolidge to Rushmore on July 4 next!

For ourselves, we'd just love to be there and bask in the Coolidge smile, hear the inimitable Coolidge drawl, revel in the Coolidge drawl, immerse in the well-known Coolidge enthusiasm and replenish our patriotism from the inexhaustible Coolidge supply. No, he wouldn't say anything about farm relief!

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY. That hair shirt Herb complains about.

I'll bet is not a patch To those red flannels once I wore, To come right to the scratch.

To dad, tough problems are those things Which from his mind will fade, When sonny asks his help on his, Of the sixth or seventh grade.

Sound waves are used to start and stop Ships on our seas and lakes; Now for the flier horn that will Set locomotive brakes.

For brokers who are farming now I'll neither wall nor weep; For they know how to water stock And how to shear their sheep.

Why give to him 500 words To write that history, Who ran the government on less, Is latest mystery.

An actress has insured now Her calves, also her thighs; Her policy quite covers them, Yet don't obstruct the eyes.

Q. Where is the government fox farm? A. C. It is located at Saratoga Springs, New York.

CLOTHES REALLY DO MAKE THE MAN

Pullman, Wash.—Clothes do make the man, or at least help to make him, according to Helen K. Robson of the department of home economics, State college of Washington.

Miss Robson advocates that: "Clothes can make us feel very contented and happy or they can produce just the reverse feeling in us. Being well dressed is a part of the balance between happiness, personal ability, and efficiency both physical and mental."

"Self-confidence born of that sense of clothes fitness has accomplished much in many difficult situations."

"There is freedom of spirit attending the wearing of attractive, well-fitting garments, which influences both the wearer and the beholder. Appearance does count."

NEW WIND INDICATOR WILL REPLACE 'SOCK'

Milwaukee, Wis.—Perfection of a new wind indicator by P. G. Cresson, engineer here, is expected by aviation experts to replace the "sock" or cloth bag with which most airport fields are equipped.

The device is shaped like a zeppelin with red and white lights at the ends. As a pilot approaches a field the red light warns him to turn and land with the white light, which is parallel to the prevailing wind.

PAINS No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief. BAYER ASPIRIN

'Twas Ever Thus A correspondent writes how, in the 80s she and her sisters had a terrible time getting their mother to wear a bustle and later, to stop her from wearing one they had to steal it and hide it under the barn.—Woman's Home Companion.



Stuffed up inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

Would Cost Millions Railroad crossings are classified according to the extent and nature of the traffic on both railroads and highways and the cost of elimination estimated. Class A, number, 1,972; cost of elimination, \$281,810,000. Class B, number, 2,548; cost of elimination, \$166,700,000. Class C, number, 2,984; cost of elimination, \$155,325,000.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

Lost Her Double Chin Lost Her Prominent Hips Lost Her Sluggishness Gained Physical Vigor Gained in Vivaciousness Gained a Shapely Figure

If you're fat—first remove the cause! KRUSCHEN SALTS contains the 6 mineral salts your body organs, glands and nerves must have to function properly.

When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your bowels and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realize it—you're growing hideously fat!

Try one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—your eyes sparkle with glorious health—you feel younger in body—keener in mind. KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS from any leading druggist anywhere in America. (Lasts 4 weeks). If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safest and surest way to lose fat—if you don't feel a superb improvement in health—so gloriously energetic—vigorously alive—your money gladly returned.

Weighty Question "Why do you carry a mortgage?" asked the bachelor. "Because I can't lift it," replied the married man.—Wisconsin Agriculturist and Farmer.

There's a Reason She—I'm going to the beauty parlor dear; let me have \$10. He—Here, take \$20.

Mrs. Walkinshaw Says Dr. Pierce's Medicines

Are Reliable Lincoln, Neb.—"For the past six years I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription off and on whenever I felt the need of a tonic to give me strength and better health and I am happy to say it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction.

All our family have taken Dr. Pierce's remedies. I never hesitate to say Dr. Pierce's medicines are perfectly reliable for I know they are. I would especially recommend the 'Favorite Prescription' for weak women."—Mrs. F. H. Walkinshaw, 2201 P St. All dealers.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg.

Roofing and Repairs NATIONAL ROOFING CO., Inc. Omaha—St. Louis—St. Paul—Council Bluffs Write for Estimates

Some Women Are Always Admired You too want to be lovely and admired. MARCELLE Face Powder quickly matches your complexion and brings out the sweet charm that every woman has.

66 MILES ON 1 GALLON OF GAS? Walter Critchlow, 4610-W Street, Wheaton, Ill., has patented a Vapor Moisture Gas Saver and Carbon Eliminator for all Autos.

New Fords report up to 40 miles on 1 gallon; old Fords 66; other makes gain 1/4 to 1/2 more.

Mr. Critchlow wants County and State Agencies everywhere to make \$200 to \$750 a month. He offers to send 1 to introduce. Write him today.

AS FIRST AID Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gists, Hixox Chemical Works, Patologist, N. Y.

The days go fast; can't we find a way to make them seem longer and more interesting?

Kill Rats Without Poison A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn, or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist on K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you, K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Money talks even in keeping a whisky still.

Change lays not her hand upon truth.—Swinburne.

Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Why He Quit Bridge From Fairmont, Minn., Sentinel Here are the rules by which bridge is played in Fairmont. They explain why this writer refuses to have anything to do with the society game that everyone, for the moment is crazy about:

1—When you have a poor hand, signal your partner immediately by saying "Who dealt this?"

2—If you have a poor partner, keep score yourself; you must have some advantage.

3—Lead from your own hand or dummy, as convenient.

4—Never hurry. Exasperate your opponents. They might let you win

to get it over with.

5—Don't try to remember the rules. It is too confusing.

6—When dummy lays down cards, try to determine which hand holds remaining important cards by leaning slightly to one side and in a nonchalant, abstract manner, scrutinizing opponent's hand. This undoubtedly is much more effective than a haphazard finesse.

7—Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your card knowledge.

8—When smoking, place cigars upon the edge of ash tray so as to fall off and burn a hole in the table covering. This proves to the hostess

you feel entirely at home and pleasures her immensely.

9—If you have a spade bid with the ace missing, bid one spade. If you have the ace, bid "A" spade. This will inform your partner you are holding the ace.

10—Claim all the honors—you might get away with it occasionally when playing with strangers.

11—Eat caramels or other adhesive candy during the game. It keeps the cards from skidding.

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