

THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES

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

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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.

"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.

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."

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.

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.

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—"

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 brought 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 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, imbibe some of 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 fliver 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 alistory, 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. —Sam Page. 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.

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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 for 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.

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