

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by
Marvin Dana, author
of "Within the Law,"
from the suc-
cessful play by
Daniel D. Carter



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Each of the three gave a perceptible start, then rested rigid. It was Mrs.

Blount who put the general emotion of the criminals into a single word, uttered with an expression of horrified incredulity:

"Hm?"

"Yes," Wainwright replied blandly, though somewhat astonished by the patent effect of the announcement on his proposed confederates, "I mean Andrew, as he calls himself, the man who brought you here." He looked from one to another of the trio before him.

"Well?" he exclaimed sharply after a long pause. His imperious look fixed on Blount and remained there. The westerner spoke hesitatingly.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

Wainwright proceeded with his instructions as though unaware of the apprehension under which the three were laboring.

"A gentleman will soon be here," he said briskly, "whom, I believe, you have all met already. In his presence you will continue to be what I have hitherto thought you to be. In other words, you are to appear in your familiar roles as my relations by marriage, as the family of my wife."

At this simple elucidation of the primary requirement, the agitated criminals plucked up a little more spirit. Wainwright noted the feeling:

"That's a pipe!"

Wainwright continued with undiminished complacency in his manner:

"In addition to this you will hold yourselves in readiness, all of you, to substantiate, when called on, whatever I may say."

"Sure, we'll do that!" Blount exclaimed cheerfully. "But you say it will affect him—Andrew?"

Wainwright nodded assent.

"Yes," he agreed, "it will be about him. I shall do the talking. You will understand fast enough when the time comes. All you have to do will be to follow my lead. There will be no trouble about it—there can be none."

Blount agreed, with emphasis, "We'll do just as you want us to, and that goes!"

Wainwright nodded his head in acceptance of the assurance. And then, very gently and slowly the door opened and Andrew stood smiling tolerantly on the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the Bar.

IN the interval of time that elapsed after his interview with Wainwright, Andrew had chosen to shut himself in the seclusion of the cupola room, where he held communion with his thoughts while awaiting the appointed hour for the rendering of his enemy's decision. As to what that decision would be the Master Mind had small doubt, nor did he feel any concern over the result should the improbable occur, and Wainwright refuse thus to give up his political career.

In such case the effect would be secured none the less.

There was no means by which Wainwright would be able, so far as Andrew could surmise, to prevent pub-

licity. And publicity would be enough. The Master Mind would be at pains to secure the widest notoriety for the reports most likely to do his enemy harm. His work would be eagerly aided by Wainwright's political foes, who were many and powerful. The victim would become a laughing stock or an object of contempt. He could no longer command a following of loyal devotees.

It mattered not at all whether the reports concerning him should be the truth or garbled distortions. Either would be fatal to his high ambitions. The public could never again respect as their chief a man who had been so hoodwinked as to consort intimately with notorious criminals, to receive them into his household, to accept them as his closest relations, to make one of them his wife, whom, but for timely exposure, he would have made mistress of the executive mansion of the greatest state of the Union.

Andrew's complacency waxed as he considered the fact that his enemy could not escape out of the toils. There could be no ingenuity sufficient to extricate the captive of his plotting. Wainwright had only the option of abdicating from his position of leadership quietly and without scandal, abdicating absolutely for his lifetime or of being forced out ignominiously by public scandal. Of course he would resist to the utmost, but the ultimate effect of all resistance could avail naught. Even at this moment, doubtless, he was employing every resource of his excellent brain power in contriving some method of self defense. Andrew smiled at the thought. Let the poor prisoner of his wiles work his subtlety. It would only make the game more diverting, the end no less certain. The meshes of this hapless fly within the straggle of the web gave greater zest to the glee of the remorseless, gloating spider, which watched and waited contentedly for an end that was certain.

The Master Mind confirmed his satisfaction in the triumph of his scheming by reviewing the events that had led through sure stages to this culmination. His heart was again stirred with the familiar, stabbing pain of his loss as he thought of the brother whom he had so loved, unjustly done to shameful death. Yet somehow, now in the hour of his victory, there was something less poignant in his emotion than ever hitherto. Andrew marveled at this with a curious feeling of alarm over his own lack of sensibility. He could not understand how the great passion of his life should be thus lessened. True, there had been years intervening since first death broke in on love and turned its vital force into hate against another. Yet the mere passage of time could not explain this change, for his hate had not moderated in the same period. On the contrary, it had increased even, never losing aught of its virulence, rather adding always to it. Still, Andrew puzzled over this startling problem. It was inconceivable that in the moment of conquest the very motive itself of all his struggles to this end should show a weakening. It was inconceivable, indeed—nevertheless it was true. The Master Mind felt a sickness of heart as he searched himself anew for some clue to an understanding of the thing that had come to pass, for he felt that somehow his own soul had betrayed him.

The thoughts of the Master Mind turned presently to Lucene. The subject was strangely distasteful to him now, yet he held it to, as if its fascination were superior to a will hitherto indomitable. He recalled his first purpose concerning this girl, the project of making her available as a weapon against his enemy. He had never faltered in that purpose. His first plan had been accomplished in its entirety—save the consummation, and that was now at hand and sure beyond peradventure of doubt. But, while the primal intention had been thus achieved, there had been so much more—oh, vastly more! He had become the creator of a radiant personality whose had been only a very pretty, illiterate wif. He had caused the delicate fashioning of a woman refined and beautiful far beyond the ordinary. He had found delight in his responsibility toward her. He had had pride in a result that had not been save for his direction. The gratitude of the girl warmed his heart. The waned egotism of the man did not permit him accurately to gauge the depths of his injustice toward her in making her life a pawn in his game of hate. On the contrary, he was able by some singular quirk of intelligence to take full satisfaction for himself in all his favors to her and to disregard almost completely the ultimate ruin of her life that must be his handiwork. He failed utterly to appreciate his own guilt toward her where the very develop-

ment of her nature which he had wrought would make her final grief most dreadful, an anguish infinitely beyond the capabilities of torment possessed by Maggie Flint. I have said that he failed utterly. That is not quite true. He failed, indeed, but not utterly. Sometimes an instinct toward the truth flashed on him, but he shut his mental eyes to such illumination. He preferred the darkness rather than the light—that chiefest sin—and the might of his will gave to him as he chose.

But tonight the Master Mind found it difficult to hold his eyes shut. Since he had seen the wife in her agony over what had come to pass through his machinations he was unable to ignore as before this wretchedness of his making for her. He could not escape realization of what all this must mean to her.

In his perception now he learned, too, as never yet in the past that she was dead with her, how dear she was become to him. He altered no whit in his resolve of vengeance on the man whom he held responsible for his brother's death, but at least he was forced to admit the torment it must inflict on her and as well the distress to himself that her suffering must cause.

In his novel appreciation of the ill she must undergo he suddenly saw his own feeling for Lucene in a new light. For long he had known that she was dear, that he cherished her fondly, that she was, in truth, more to him than any other person in the world. But not until tonight had he grasped in full degree the intensity of his regard. He understood now that he had for her a pure passion—that of father, mother, friend, lover. In a second of illumination the Master Mind knew why his love for the dead brother burned less hotly in this hour. It was because the flames of his heart were all blazing at the shrine of this girl, Lucene. A new love had put out the old. There was left only hate of that first love.

And was hate itself left in all its former savagery? The Master Mind shrank appalled from that question, which offered to make a mock of all his toil. He thrust it from him, shuddering. He jumped up and strode to and fro in a revolt against all things. Then presently he recollected his energies, set firm control over his emotion and determined to go forward undeviatingly as if none of these strange things had entered at the eleventh hour to turn the apples of vengeance to Dead sea fruit. So, with a curious listlessness that was foreign to him, but with no least weakening of his purpose, he descended the stairs, went to the library door, opened it gently and stood on the threshold, smiling tolerantly on the assembly before him.

It was Wainwright whom Andrew first addressed, speaking in accents of cynical amusement.

"Ah, I see! You are engaged in that occupation so familiar to those of your profession, tampering with the witnesses. It must seem to you quite like old times, I fancy. You can almost fancy yourself district attorney again." Then his gaze went to the three criminals, who refused steadfastly to encounter his eyes.

"Ah, I see! You are engaged in that occupation so familiar to those of your profession, tampering with the witnesses. It must seem to you quite like old times, I fancy. You can almost fancy yourself district attorney again." Then his gaze went to the three criminals, who refused steadfastly to encounter his eyes.

"How so?" he inquired.

Wainwright broke into the conversation. "Think you?" he ejaculated, wrathfully. "And with a plankton right here in the house every day!"

Andrew, however, received the triple accusation with equanimity.

(To Be Continued.)

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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke
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Oh, Shux!
Old Noah crawled out of the hay,
And to the deck he made his way.
He looked around and to his son
He said, "I see the wets have won."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

But Shem, his son, said to his dad:
"You spoke too soon, the world's in bad.
Dry spots I see, the larger grow.
The wets, I fear, will soon go slow."
—E. W. B.

Fond of It.
"Why did you discharge my son?"
demanded Mrs. Brown. "Why, he always told me that he was fond of the work here."
"He was," admitted the boss. "He was too fond of it. He was so fond of it that he went to sleep alongside of it about ten times a day."

Names Is Names.
Dora Boleg lives in Philadelphia.

Advice.
Behave yourself, stay out of debt.
Don't let your temper hurry
dear, that he best you can, and let
The other fellow worry.

Alpha Bet Is Correct.
It doesn't startle us one bit to learn (via Luke McLuke in the Cincinnati Enquirer) that A. B. See is a school-teacher in Leaning, N. D. But what does worry us is the thought that the A. B. may perhaps stand for something other than Alpha Bet.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Daily Health Hint.
Never go home with a flock of hairpins in your coat pocket.

Our Own Popular Songs.
THE FEARFUL COCKTAIL.
A working girl who had been out of work for a whole year
Secured a job attending bar at the Cafe de Beer.

The job was not a swell one, but the poor girl needed dough.
And she was glad to throw the suds and ring up five per cent.

She topped out three square meals an hour, and she was getting plump.
When one sad day a highbrow wandered into that there dump.

Now, this poor girl had never mixed a Dead sea fruit. So, with a curious listlessness that was foreign to him, but with no least weakening of his purpose, he descended the stairs, went to the library door, opened it gently and stood on the threshold, smiling tolerantly on the assembly before him.

Then she started in.
She grabbed a basket, and she used some port wine for a start.
Then added some hot bitters as she calmed her fluttering heart.

Next came some booze, some absinthe, some cider and some Bass.
Some gin, some rum, some sherry, until she filled the glass with a grin.
"There is your drink," she said, "and if it's good I'll make some more!"

The highbrow drank the mixture and he fell down on the floor.
The coroner was summoned, but the man had kicked the pail.
Then the girl sniggered said, "You'll have to go to jail."

The Wise Fool.
"A little learning is a dangerous thing," quoted the sage.
"Yes," agreed the fool, "if it happens to be about an automobile."

Things to Worry About.
O. Dammit has had his name changed by the South Carolina state legislature.

Our Daily Special.
The man who is always watching the clock never sees an opportunity.

Luke McLuke Says:
Despite the fact that the average American sets plenty of exercise by throwing the ball, we continue to measure more around the waist line than we do around the chest.

There are a few things that nature can't do. But she can make a red headed woman out of a beautiful blond shortly after the beautiful blond gets married.

When you win a bet you have no trouble in remembering that you made the bet. But when you lose the bet your memory isn't quite so good.

Safety first means that when your wife asks you if you think a neighbor woman is pretty you should say "No!"

A man can say more in the way he slams the front door when he leaves the house than his wife said in the two hours she spent in nagging him.

Do not be fooled by appearances. The tender little dove before marriage often turns out to be a tough old ostrich after marriage.

A corned beef may have other troubles. But she never has to hunt a full length mirror to see if her hips are so straight.

Do not be fooled by appearances. The tender little dove before marriage often turns out to be a tough old ostrich after marriage.

When friend wife buys a tie for friend husband she always selects one that will queer him with other women.

After a man has been married a while, when he buys his wife a birthday present he always selects something that the whole family can use.

Ask the average man a simple question, and instead of giving you a direct answer he will start in and make a speech.

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss., PROBATE COURT.

June 1, 1915.
Estate of Everett L. Rogers, late of the town of Bridgeport in said District deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be debarred a recovery. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JULIA L. ROGERS, Administratrix, 78 Crown St.

The war is swelling the cable bills of the government. The State Department's bill for cables alone last month reached \$18,000.

Directors of the Old Colony Trust Co., at a special meeting at Boston voted to apply for admission to the Federal Reserve system.

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