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Sept. 18th

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important plans are being

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

It was so late," she explained, "I didn't think it possible there'd be anybody else about."
"Of course you didn't. The woman's tone was saturated with hateful languor. "On the other hand, you soon discovered your mistake, didn't you?"
Sally muttered a sullen "Yes."
"You're wise not to lie to me," her patroness remarked with just a suspicion of satisfaction. "I knew you see. I've been sitting here, waiting, the better part of an hour, listening to you two bickering behind the hedge. You little fool!"
Sally said nothing. Her mood was all obsessed now with the conviction that this was the end of her life of a moth. An end to everything; come morning and she must be cast forth in disgrace, to go back to—
She choked upon an importunate sob and dug nails into the palms of her hands.
"Who was the man?" Mrs. Standish pursued inexorably.
"Then she didn't know!"
"Does it matter?" Sally fenced.
"Certainly I insist upon knowing. Remember your position here and mine. I have assumed responsibility for you; but I cannot permit you to make me answerable for the antics of a mad crazy woman. If you can't behave yourself and refrain from annoying my aunt's guests, you must go. I thought you understood that!"
"You didn't think I expected anything else, did you?"
"Who was the man you followed out there?"
"The calculated offensiveness of this was balanced by its sudden revelation of Sally's mind of the fact that Mrs. Standish didn't know there had been two men. It was, however true that the window did not command a view of the approach to the side door.
"Are you going to tell me?"
"Please, Mrs. Standish, I'd rather not."
"Think again, my girl, and don't forget the circumstances under which I was persuaded against by better judgment, to introduce you here."
"What do you mean?"
"Have you forgotten you were caught in the act of burglarizing my house?—that I first saw you wearing clothes stolen from me? You told a story, but how do I know it was true? You may well have been an accomplice of the ruffian who nearly killed my brother!"
"That's hardly likely, it is?"
"How am I to judge? You may have quarreled and turned on him in revenge. Judged by your conduct here I'm sure you're capable of anything. Or you may have thought you saw a way to win greater profit by aiding my brother."
"That's all nonsense" Sally retorted hotly, "and you know it."
If dismissal from Gosnold House were inevitable, then there was no reason why she should not call her soul her own.
A pause was filled by the dramatic effect of Mrs. Standish nobly holding her temper in leash.
"When are you going to answer my question?"
Sally was dumb.
"Was it—that man you went out there to meet—"
"I didn't go to meet anybody. It was an accident."
"So you say. Was it some of the guests here?"
Silence was all the answer.
"If you persist in your present attitude, remembering your dramatic history, I have every right to take it for granted you went to meet an accomplice in crime."
"Oh rot!" Sally interjected impatiently.
And then, encouraged by consciousness of her audacity, she let her temper run away with her for an instant.
"All that's no good," she declared forcibly, "and you know it. If you mean to speak to Mrs. Gosnold about me in the morning, and have me sent away merely, because I've had an unpleasant experience and refuse to discuss it with you—when it's none of your affair—why, I can't stop you. But I'm not a child to be bullied and browbeaten, and I'm certainly not going to humor your curiosity about my private business. And that's flat. Now run and tell on me, if you really must—but you won't."
"Oh—indeed?" Mrs. Standish rose with vast dignity. "And why won't you please?"
"Because you won't dare risk that insurance money, for one thing."
"So you think you can blackmail—"
"Call it anything you like," Sally flashed defiantly. "Only bear in mind, I'm not going to submit tamely and be sent away in disgrace, like a kitchen-maid. I'll go, right enough, if you don't need to worry about that—but I'll go on my own excuse. If you tell on me, I'll tell on you, and I'll tell everything I know, too."
"And what, please," the woman purred dangerously, "do you think you know?"
"What about your signaling that yacht just now?"
It was shot at a venture; she had no real knowledge that the lighted window had been that of Mrs. Standish's bedroom, but it was just possible and she chanced it, and it told, though she was not yet to know that with any certainty.
"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Standish hesitated with a hand on the door-knob.
"You know well enough. I saw what I saw. People don't do things like that unless there's something

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

Too Confound
The other day I wrote about the person who always regrets any choice as soon as it is made and feels certain that he should have liked the other road better.
At the other end of the temperamental scale is the person who always feels that what he has done was the right and wisest thing.
The Other Lot Became Sour Grapes
For instance, a friend of mine built a house in the West part of a certain suburb. He wanted to get a lot on the eastern side but the price was too high and so he took the other. He was showing me his place the other day and he said, "I am so glad you didn't get that other lot, the one we wanted. You know its much quieter here. There's a lot of traffic down that street. I don't believe we would have liked it at all."
That is the way he always feels about any choice he makes—the thing he didn't take probably wasn't worth having anyway.
There are lots of people like that. And there always have been. We have good reason to know that they existed at least as far back as Aesop's time.
At the same time, accidents do happen and it's true you have rights of privacy that even I must respect—to whom you owe a great deal, you must admit. And now I think I've gone as far toward making amends as even you could ask.
Astonishment and incredulity yielded to penitence. Sally sat up with a little gesture of contrition and appeal—an outflung hand instantly withdrawn. This was not a woman whose susceptibilities were to be touched by such means; even now, beneath her ostensible generosity one divined a nature cold and little placable.
Then with a remorseful cry, "Oh, I'm sorry!" the girl yielded to the tension of overwrought nerves and broke down completely, crushed, confounded, shaken by spasms of silent sobbing.
In the course of this she was con-

out of bed and brought me here this morning."
"I don't understand."
"Of course you don't. But it has been on my nerves all evening, until I felt as if I must talk to somebody and you are the only one I can trust."
Sally stared in a state of dumb bewilderment that eclipsed all she had experienced before. Truly the world was topsy-turvy this madcap night! What under the moon now?
"You know how worried I've been about that affair in town. Men are so inconsiderate; simply because he knew how things were going—and I presumed they must have been going well—Walter left me without a word till this evening. Then he telegraphed he'd be here to-morrow afternoon and that everything was all right; but that he is bringing with him one of the adjusters for the burglar-insurance people—a detective. I presume, the man is a really—and I'll have to answer some questions before we can collect the money to cover my loss."
"A detective?"
"Adjuster is a much more pleasant name. And I know it's merely a matter of formality, and I oughtn't to be silly about it, but I can't help it. I've been on edge ever since, fretting for fear something would come out about that case that Walter did bring me from the safe, you remember. If that were found—as it might be, if they ask me to produce what jewelry I have with me—well, I simply can't think what to do."
"Why not hide the case?"
"That's just it. But where? I can't imagine. Of course I can't very well smuggle it out of the house myself. So I thought perhaps you—"
"At any rate, I've brought it to you."
"To me?"
"Don't be alarmed. Nobody will ever suspect you of any connection whatever with the affair. It'll be perfectly safe here, in your keeping, until you find a way to dispose of it. To-morrow night, for instance, as soon as it's dark, you might take it down to the shore, put a stone in it, and throw it out into the water. Or bury it in the sand. Anything. Nobody will pay any attention if you excuse yourself to go to your room or out to the terrace for half an hour. But I'll wait, you must see. I've hidden the case under your pillow. You may find some better place for it—but then, you haven't a mask to hoodwink. I declare it has nearly driven me mad; these last few

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days, trying to keep the thing out of Alice's sight. She's such a nosy spying creature."
Mrs. Standish rose. "You will do this for me, won't you? I was sure I could depend on you. And that

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

CANADA!
Ypres, April 22-24, 1915

FOOD SERVICE PLEDGE
I pledge myself and my household to carry out conscientiously the advice and directions of the Food Controller that regulate foodstuffs to be retained for export to the Canadian Dominion, the British forces and people and the Allied armies and nations.
Signed by: *John J. Hendrick*
Address: *123 Main Street, Toronto*
No. in Household: *5*

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They Also Serve Who Sign and Live Up to The Food Service Pledge!
Woman's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in Co-operation with The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.