

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"
"Joan Thursday"
"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Tuesday's Issue.)
Through this the girl walked into a back room of generous size, which boasted a top-light, together with the generic name of studio, and was furnished with an ill-assorted company of lame and dismal pieces. The several vocations of its tenants were indicated by a typewriting-machine beneath a rubber hood thick with dust, a folding metal music-stand and a violin-case, and a large studio easel, supplemented by a number of scrubby canvases. A door in the partition wall communicated with a small bedroom of the kind commonly termed "hall room." And in one corner a stationary wash-stand and a gas-stove for morbid cookery lurked behind a Japanese screen of gilded panels.

with to live on as the next one. (This town's full of young women no better looking than either of us, and without as much intelligence, who manage pretty comfortably, thank you, on the living the world owes them.)

"Sally Manvers!" cried the Southern girl, scandalized, "what a way to talk!"

"Oh, all right," said the other indifferently. "Where's Mary Warden?"

"Lyric Hall—rehearsing." "Lucky Mary!"

Lucy Spode looked up in astonishment. "Lucky!" she protested; "dancing till she's ready to drop, in this awful heat, and no pay for rehearsals!"

"All the same," Sally contended, "she's got some chance, some right to hope for better things. She's an understudy, and her principal might fall ill—or something. That's better than marrying a man you don't care for—or clerking at Hucker's for seven dollars a week."

"Cat," said Miss Spode dispassionately. "Who's been musing your fur?"

"Life." The steel pen was poised again while Lucy Spode surveyed Sally Manvers suspiciously.

"What do you mean—life?" she demanded.

"This sort of thing," Sally waved a comprehensive hand. "Living here, in this hole, and most of the time not even able to pay my share of the rent; slaving for a dollar a day, and losing part of that in unjust fines; walking to and from the store to save car fare; eating the sort of food we do eat; never having any pretty clothes or any pleasures of any sort. I don't call this a life."

"You've got indigestion," Miss Spode diagnosed shrewdly. "I'll bet two bits you've been eating napoléons again."

"I have got indigestion, but it's mostly due to being fed up with existence—the kind we lead, at least. I want something better."

"The vote, perhaps?"

"For two cents I'd throw something at you."

The artist uncloaked her legs, stuck the pen in her hair, set the ink-bottle down on the floor, sighed, and, lifting the drawing-board, held it at arm's length, studying her work through narrowed eyelids.

"Then it must be a man," she concluded absently. "When a woman of twenty-seven wants something and doesn't know what it is, it's either the vote or a man."

"Oh, shut up."

"With man an odds-on favorite in the betting," Miss Spode laid the board aside with a "Thank goodness, that's finished!" and, rising, stretched her cramped limbs. "What I'd like to know," she persisted, "is whether it's man abstract or a man concrete."

"Lucy laughed bitterly. "Take a good look at me, dear—as an exhibit not as a friend—and tell me honestly whether any man worth having would glance twice at me."

"You can be pretty enough," Miss Spode returned seriously, "when you want to take trouble—"

"But I don't—ever."

"The more fool you."

"What's the use—on seven a week? What's the good of being pretty in rags like these? It only gets you in wrong. I don't care how fetching I might make myself seem—"

"But you ought to."

"Look here; do you know how a reporter would describe me?"

"Of course; 'respectable working girl.'"

"Well, then, men worth while

AIR RAIDERS NO RESPECTORS OF WEDDINGS



Miss Maud Latcho, a postwoman, who was married at Leyton, Eng., to Petty Officer Stapleton, was pelted with confetti by her colleagues as she left the church after the wedding. Note the air raid warning outside the church.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

There are a great many people in the world who have what I call an elastic mind.

And I know few things that exasperate me more.

As you may guess I don't mean a mind elastic enough to hold all sorts of broad ideas and sympathies.

What I mean is a mind that snaps back to any fixed idea the way an elastic does when you let it go.

And then their minds snap back. You are arguing some matter with one of these people. You go over the question step by step with them and they concede each point you make, and finally appear to agree with the conclusion you reach. To all appearances they are convinced.

Then some day the matter comes up again and they make exactly the same statements that they made before. In the interim their elastic minds have snapped back to the first position.

The woman convinced against her will who remains of the same opinion still is a classic example of the elastic mind.

I once had a housekeeper who belonged to this class. We are very fond of gingerbread at my home for a pantry lunch. We do not care for it at the table, and we like it best slightly stale. When my housekeeper first came I asked her to make me

mental bankrupts go to the devil because they're hungry. I'm less bothered about keeping body and soul together—Hucker's seven a week does that after a fashion—than about keeping soul and mind together.

"It sounds reasonable."

"I'm desperate, I tell you! And there's more than one resort of desperation for a girl of intelligence."

"As, for instance—"

"Well—you've named one."

"Man?"

"That's the animal's first name."

"But you've been named a wardrobe."

"Even that can be had if one's unscrupulous enough."

"To seek happiness where I can find it. I'm game for anything. I'm north of fifty-three!"

"You're what?"

"Have you forgotten the 'Rhyme of the Three Sealers'? There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three! Well, the age of twenty-seven is a woman's fifty-three, north latitude—at least, it is if she's unmarried."

"In plain language, you think the hour has struck to doll yourself up like a man-trap. What?"

"Yes—and hang the expense!"

"By all means, hang it. But where? It's a case of cash or credit; the first you haven't got, and I don't see your visible means of supporting a charge-account at Youngman's."

"There are ways," Sally insisted darkly.

(Continued in Thursday's Issue)

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Selwin

TOBE'S MISTAKE
A cat's a cat, whether she's new or old," purred Tobe, the black cat, to Trim the yellow dog.

"That's true, but wait until the mistress finds her sitting on the best cushions in the house! Gee! I'd hate to see what will happen when she finds her on the dining-room table!"

replied Trim, as he eyed the object of their conversation sitting in the middle of the dining-room table. "She'll soon learn her place," and, yawning he turned to the fireplace for his morning nap.

Tobe tried to get her cat language to make the new cat understand that she was breaking the rules of the household by jumping on the table, but when the cat refused to pay any attention to Tobe, Tobe became jealous.

"If she can do it, so can I!" purred Tobe to herself and, suiting the action to the word, up she jumped right on the table.

There was a nice glass of milk and a large piece of meat. "Why don't you help yourself, now that you're here?" said Tobe to her rival.

The new cat never moved. "Suppose you think it's very wrong? Well, it's no worse than sitting up here, for if the mistress finds you on this table she'll blame you for anything that happens while she was out," Tobe said, and quickly drank the milk.

The new cat never even blinked an eye.

"Hurry down," growled Trim, but the warning came too late.

A hand grabbed Tobe from the back gave her a severe spanking and pushed her out the door into a pelted rain.

Tobe's heart was sore. She pecked in at the window and saw her mistress gather up the new cat and carry her and place her on the best cushion in the house.

"Well, that don't beat all!" said Tobe. She cried to get indoors out of the rain, but the door remained closed until Trim came forth carrying the meat that Tobe always had.

"Our mistress is very thingy," Trim told Tobe and he sat down before her and ate his meat without as much as offering her a bite.

"I'll say a cat's a cat. Just because she's new in the family is no reason she should be allowed to sit on the table. And to think she was even trying to eat the things that were before her silly thing when she had the chance!" growled Tobe in disgust.

"Wow, wow, wow!" laughed Trim as she finished his meat. "Good reason she had for not eating—she can't eat! Say, Tobe, that cat isn't a real cat; she's only a toy. She's made of calico, and the joke's on you."

"A calico cat!" exclaimed Tobe. "Dear me, how foolish I am! Well, it serves me right, for if my mistress hadn't caught me stealing I intended blaming it on that cat. That would have been funny. A cat's a cat just the same, whether she's calico or fur," growled Tobe.

She was very glad when the mistress called her and she was given a saucer of nice milk and a piece of meat. Tobe rubbed against the mistress gratefully and tried in her cat language to beg forgiveness.

She was so happy to curl up before the fireplace and dry her coat that she resolved that never so long as she lived would she ever jump on a table again, and she and the calico cat soon became fast friends.

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LADIES' SKIRT.

By Anabel Worthington.

Every one will be wearing sport skirts this summer—some of gayly striped woolsens, but the majority in fancy wash materials. The styles in wash skirts never change very radically except in the width, because it stands to reason that anything which is so laundered frequently cannot be draped or puffed to any extent. However, new ideas are being constantly introduced in the way of pockets, odd belts, yokes, &c. No. 8365 is equally suitable for wool or wash material. The front and back corners form with panels and the sides are gathered to the slightly raised waist line. Large pockets give a decorative effect, as they stand away from the skirt at the top, giving a suggestion of the barrel outline. A belt of the material is becoming to most figures, but it may be omitted if preferred.

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Recipe Column

Pineapple Float

One can grated pineapple, 4 eggs, 1 cup granulated sugar, juice of two lemons, 1-4 box of Knox's gelatine; pour the pineapple in a glass dish, dissolve the gelatine in 2 tablespoons of cold water first, then pour over it 2 tablespoons of hot water; beat very light five yolks of the eggs with the sugar and juice of the lemons; then beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir all together and pour over the pineapple; put in a cool place to freeze, when ready serve with whipped cream without any sugar, pour over the float and cut squares of jelly and dot the tops. This is a true and tried recipe, and has found favor with all those who have tried it.

Queen Pudding

One pint of nice bread crumbs, 1 quart of milk, 1 cup sugar, yolks of 4 eggs, beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, which has been strained, the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, replace in the oven. Bake lightly, to be eaten cold with cream, if preferred.

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