

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF
"The Lone Wolf"
"Joan Thursday"
"The Brass Bow" etc.

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(From Thursday's Daily.)
A reminiscence checked punctuated his account, but struck a key to her world; all her bravado dissipating as her gaze of wonder yielded successively to doubt, suspicion, costerantion.
"I said there was plenty of time, and so there was, barring accidents. But the same wouldn't be barred, I manufactured the first delay for myself, forgetting to ask Alec for the combination. I knew where to find it, in a little book locked up in the desk; so I felt obliged to break it open, and managed that so (famously) I was beginning to fancy myself a bit as a Raffles when, all of a sudden—"Pow!" he laughed, "that fat devil landed on my devoted neck with all the force and fury of two hundred-weight of professional jealousy."
"And then," he added, "you walked from God knows where—"
His eyes alighted the point of inter-rogation to the usually in response, divided between impulses which she had no longer sufficient wit to weigh. Should she confess, or try to lie out of it? Must she believe this glibly simple and adequate account or respect it on grounds of pardonable skepticism?
If this man were what he professed to be, surely he must recognize her borrowed plumage as his sister's property. True, that did not of necessity follow; men have so little understanding of women's clothing; it pleases them or it displeases, if thrust upon their attention, but once withdrawn it is forgotten utterly. Such might well be the case in this present instance; the man gave Sally, indeed, every reason to believe him as much bewildered and mystified by her as she was by him.
On the other hand, and even so—the infatuate impulse prevailed, to confess and take the consequences. "My friend," she began in a quaver.
"No need to be—none I know of, at least," he volunteered promptly, if without moderating his exacting stare.
"You don't understand—"
She hesitated, sighed, plunged in desperation. "It's no use; there's nothing for me to do but own up. What you were not to-night, Mr. Savage, I was."
"Sounds like a riddle to me. What is the answer?"
"You were just make-believe. I was the real thing—a real thief. No, let me go on; it's easier if you don't interrupt. Yes, I'll tell you my name, but it won't be any of your business. I'm Sarah Manvers. I'm a shop-girl out of work."
"Still I don't see—"
"I'm coming to that. I live on your block—the Lexington Avenue end, of course—with two other girls. And this afternoon—the studio was so hot and stuffy and lonesome, with both my friends away, I went up on the roof for better air, and fell asleep there and got caught by the alarm. Somebody had closed the scuttle, and I ran across roofs looking for another that wasn't fastened down, and when I found one—it was your house—I was so frightened by the lightning I hardly knew what I was doing. I just tumbled in—"
"And welcome, I'm sure," Blue Serge interposed.
She blundered on, unheeding; "I went all through the house, but there wasn't anybody, and—I was so wet and miserable that I—made myself at home—decided to take a bath and—borrow some things to wear until my own were dry. And then I thought—"
She halted, confused, realizing how impossible it would be to convince anybody with the tale of her

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON
THE UNSCRUPULOUS WOMAN.

The business unscrupulousness of perfectly good women is a thing at which I continually and extremely conscientiously about many things. She will not even go to a place where drinks are served because she says that counterpane the business. And yet she would not hesitate to use unscrupulous methods of getting her money back for a pair of stockings she herself had spoiled.
I should have thought her word sufficient.
Here is another case. A very high bred, sweet appearing woman on whose sense of honor I would have staked much, let a house to some tenants giving them a two years' lease. The month after it was let she tried to sell over their heads, calmly explaining that her lawyer had told her a two years' lease did not hold. I should have said that her lawyer alone would have been sufficient guarantee and here she was trying to avail herself of some lawyer's quibble to break her bond. Could anything be more naive than that entire sidestepping of the question whether it was the right thing to do, by bringing up the fact that she had not consulted the most conscientious appearing woman I ever met.
Of course men are unscrupulous too, but not the kind of men who otherwise represent the best breeding in the community.
Thank goodness women are growing away from such unscrupulousness. But altogether too slowly!

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intention merely to borrow the clothing for a single night of arabesque adventure, finding it difficult now to believe it on her own part, and hurried breathlessly on to cover the hiatus.
"And then I heard a noise on the roof. I had closed the scuttle, but I was frightened. And I crept downstairs and—saw the light in the library and—that's all."
And when he didn't reply promptly, she added with a trace of challenge: "So now you know!"
"But why call yourself a thief—for that?"
"Because—because—" Her overstrung nerves betrayed her in gusty blinking facts; that's what I was in my heart of hearts. Oh, it's all very well to be generous, and for me to pretend I meant only to borrow, and—and all that! But the truth is, I did steal—and I never honestly meant to send the things back. At first, yes; then I meant to return them, but never once they were on my back. I told myself I did, I believed I did; but deep down, all along, I didn't. I didn't. I'm a liar as well as a thief!"
"Oh, come now!" Blue Serge interjected in a tone of mild remonstrance, lounging back and eyes on the girl intently. "Don't be so down on yourself."
"Well, everything I've said was true except that one word 'borrow'; but that in itself was a lie big enough to eclipse every word of truth. You see, but you'll never understand—never! Men can't. They simply can't know what it is to be clean-hungry—starving for something fit to wear—as I have been for years and years and years, as most of us in the shops use all our lives long."
"Perhaps I understand, though," he argued with an odd look. "I know what you mean, at any rate, even if I'm not ready to admit that shop-girls are the only people who ever know what it is to desire the unattainable. Other people want things, but just as hard as you do clothes."
"Well, but—" She stammered, unable to refute this reasonable contention, but womanlike, persistent to try. "It's different when you've never had anything. Try to think what it must be to work from eight till six—sometimes 'till—six—says a week, for just enough to keep alive on, if you call such an existence being alive! Why, in ten years I haven't seen the country or the sea—unless you count trips to Conroy on crowded trolley-cars, and mighty few of them. I never could afford a vacation, though I've been idle of late—each—never earned more than two dollars a week, and that not for many weeks together. I've lived on as little as five—on as little as three—by on nothing but the goodness of my friends—at times. That's why, when I saw myself pretty dressed for once, and thought nothing could stop my getting away, I couldn't resist the temptation. I didn't know where I was going, dressed like this, and not a cent; but I was going some place, and it wasn't ever coming back!"
"Good Lord!" the man said gently. "Who'd blame you?"
"Don't sympathize with me," she protested, humbly quite unconscious of her inconsistency. "I don't deserve it. I'm caught with the goods on, literally, figuratively, and I've got to pay the penalty. Oh, I don't mean what you mean. I'm no such idiot as to think you'll have me sent to jail; you've been too kind already. And—and, after all, I did do you considerable service; I did help you out of a pretty dangerous fix. But the penalty I'll pay is worse than jail; it's giving up these pretty things and all my silly, sinful dreams and going back to that scrubby studio

And They Weren't Young Girls
If that conversation had been between two very young girls I should—and no job—"
She pulled up short, mystified by a sudden change in the man's expression, perceiving that he was no longer holding his attention as completely as she had. She remarked his look of embarrassment, that his eyes wandered from something a way beyond and unknown to her. But he was as ready as ever to recover and demonstrate that, if his attention had wandered, he hadn't missed the substance of her harangue, for when she paused he replied:
"Oh, perhaps not. Don't let's jump at conclusions. I've a premonition you won't have to go back. Here comes some one who'll have a word to say about that—or I don't know."
And he was up before Sally had grasped his meaning—on his feet and howling civilly, if with a twinkling contentment to a woman who swooped down upon him in a sudden, wild flutter of words and gestures.
"Walter," thank God I've found you! I've been hard—hardly knew what to do—when you didn't show up."
"What more she might have said died in her throat. Her eyes were fixed on her gaze embraced Sally. She stiffened slightly and drew back, elevating her eyebrows to the front-line.
"Who is this woman? What does this mean?"
Without awaiting an answer to either question, she observed in accents that had all the chilling force and cutting edge of a winter wind: "My dress! My hat!"
(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

Courier Daily Recipe Column

INDIAN PUDDING

Scald 1 quart milk in double boiler; then take 1-2 cup Indian meal, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-1 cup sugar, pinch salt; mix with a little cold milk; stir into the scalded milk until thickens; then turn into a buttered baking dish; put in a butter on top about a teaspoonful in all, and bake 2 hours.

QUICK PUDDING

One-half cup sugar, 1 dessert-spoonful butter, 1 fresh egg, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, little salt, 1 cup cranberries, ripe currants or apple cut in dice.
Mix in order named; put in Washington pie tin; bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Top with whipped cream or liquid sauce.

CHOCOLATE DESSERT

Cream 1-4 cup of butter and add gradually 2 cups of sugar; beat the yolks of 2 eggs until thick and lemon colored; add gradually 1-2 cup sugar; combine mixture; add 1-2 cup of milk alternately with 1-1-4 cups of flour, mixed and sifted with 3 teaspoonful baking powder; then add whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff, 1-3 squares melted chocolate, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon vanilla; bake in angel cake pan; remove from pan, cool, fill the centre with whipped cream, flavored and sweetened, and poured over and around it.

CATHCART

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
The Women's Institute held their annual "At Home" at the home of their president Mrs. John G. Weir, on Thursday last. The programme consisting of instrumental music by Mrs. Will Taylor and Miss Victoria Secord and vocal selections by Miss Laura Secord and Miss Christy Rathburn and little Miss Christina McKay was much enjoyed by all present. The programme was served by the members. And a collection amounting to \$8.00 will be given for Red Cross work. A few from here are attending Toronto Fair this week.
Miss Annie Secord is visiting friends at Hickson.
Rev. and Mrs. Vanden of Teeterville, have returned home after spending a few days with relatives here.
Mr. Harry Stephenson of Coniston, is visiting at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stephenson.
The Misses Peckham are spending a couple of weeks of the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Lockyer of Sarnia.
The Misses Hinchman of Hamilton, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer.
Mrs. Lawraon has returned to her home here after spending the summer with her son at Mt. Zion. A number from here attended the

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the newborn babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Seamen on the once German steamers seized by the States are being paid \$90 a month.
Four leading Albany Socialists have been arrested for circulating treasonable pamphlets.

Good Night Stories

By Gladys Stewart

HOW BOBBY FIELD MOUSE LEARNED THE POLLY OF REVENGE

Mamma Field Mouse and her little family were quite happy in their home near the old stone wall until Mrs. Gray Mouse paid them a visit. "Why don't you move over into the corn field? There's no end to the lovely sweet corn she cried.
So Mamma Field Mouse, who had been having trouble finding food enough for her hungry children, decided that perhaps it would be a good move.
"Bobby, run and see if there's any corn on the road," said Mamma Field Mouse.
Bobby Mouse ran out and looked around. Something flapped in the air near the edge of the corn field, and Bobby hurried back to tell his mamma it was a man.
"Better wait until he goes by," said Mamma Field Mouse, and she made the little ones keep quiet.
Soon Bobby sneaked out again, but came running back all out of breath.
"He's still there and he looks as if he might be throwing stones at the

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LADIES' BLOUSE.

By Anabel Worthington.



At first glance it seems like a coat, but it is really only a very smart-looking blouse with a collar-like closing. No. 8373 is typical of the style of separate blouse which will be most worn this season. A large sailor collar joins the wide revers. The collar hides the tiny yoke underneath, to which the fronts and back are gathered. This gathering gives a becoming fullness which is particularly attractive in thin materials. The blouse is double-breasted and is trimmed with large self-covered buttons. A small breast pocket and two pockets on the lower part are an effective trimming as well as a great convenience for the outdoor girl. A loose sash ties at the left side.
The blouse pattern, No. 8373, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.



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