An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

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(From Tuesday's Daily.)

"Never fails," he remarked. "Though, of course, it isn't safe to work it on anybody in this outfit—not, at least, unless you're pretty sure there's a trace of human humor in the make-up of the specimen. I'm making a collection of those stereotypes; it helps a lot. O table-talk! where is thy sting—when a fellow knows all the answers?"

He rose, set aside the shell of the maltreated melon, and returned with his plunder from the hot-water dishes, to find Sally on the point of leaving.

"Not going?" he protested more soberly. "Don't tell me I offended you, catching you up like that!"

"How absurd!" the infuriated girl replied, smiling falsely. "But—"

"Then, if you've nothing pressing on, keep me company for a little. I want to ask your advice. I'm puzzled. Maybe you can suggest something."

She couldn't well go, then, without betraying umbrage, so she settled herself with a resigned temper, and for want of a better lead contented herself with a conversational stop-gap—"Puzzled?"—spoken in an encouraging tone.

"Yes. Something I noticed this morning. But it weaves into last night—maybe. Maybe not. I'm a slow thinker when it comes to puzzles."

He lifted a cup with coffee from the shining urn and resumed his chair.

"You see—" Some intimation of his gaucherie made him stumble. "Of course," he went on, semi-apologetic, "you understand that I'm going on the assumption that you're as human as I am."

"Thank you," said Sally sweetly.

"Human enough," he explained, "not to think I'm a savage because I've reminded you of last night."

"I see no reason—" she began with dignity.

"And there isn't any," he argued heartily. "We're both old enough to behave like grown-ups. Only, a fellow never can tell where he stands with most of these festive dames. I've been lorgnetted until I'm scared to open my mouth. But with you—well, it's like meeting somebody from home to talk to you."

"But the puzzle—" she reminded him with more patience than he knew.

"Oh, yes. I was going to say when I side-tracked myself, what got me up was Lyttleton. He has the room next mine, you know. I'd just turned out my bedside light—been reading, you understand—when I heard his door open very gently and somebody go pussy-footing down the hall. And for some reason that kept me awake—because it was none of my business I guess—waiting for him to come back and wondering what in thunder took him out on the prowl like that. And when I had wondered myself wide awake I got up and dressed—thought I'd take a walk, too, since the night was so fine. I honestly had no idea of following him—that was all an accident, my butting in the way I did."

Sudden perception of a footing upon ground properly taboo even to angels caused the man to flush brick red. His eyes sought Sally's in honest consternation.

"Hope you don't mind," he mumbled.

"Please go on," she said, conscious of the heat in her own cheeks, and holding him in an esteem proportionately more poisonous.

"Well. About this morning: As I say, I went down to the beach for a dip, ouY know how that beach is—about a twelve-foot breadth of sand from the bottom of the cliff when the tide's high, with about twenty feet more when it's low. So footprints show until thee weather rubs them out—takes a tolerable storm, as a rule. Below high-water mark it's different; the sand is covered up and smoothed out twice a day. Well, then, just below high-water mark—that is, about five feet below it, or at quarter-tide mark—I noticed the print of a rowboat's bows on the sand. It had landed there and waited a while—drawn up only part way out of the water—about three o'clock this morning. Two men had got out; one waited with the boat, the other went up toward the foot of the steps and mixed his footprints up with all the others. I don't know what for and can't imagine; but that's what happened, and presently he turned round and went back to the boat, and the two of them shoved her off again—trusting, I guess, to the tide to cover up the signs of their landing.

"Why they should want to be secret about it, God only knows; but if they didn't, why three o'clock? It's all private beach along here, and whereas I believe there are no property rights below high-water mark, any anybody has a right to land anywhere in an emergency—where was the emergency? There was no gale last night, and if there had been, you'd think distressed mariners would have sense enough to come ashore farther along, toward the village, where they could find shelter—and all that. The more I think about it, the funnier it looks to me."

He finished his breakfast and his statement at the same time, pushed back his chair, and produced a cigarette-case.

"You don't mind? Thanks. Now what do you think?"

Sally shook her head and looked blank. "Three o'clock; how can you be so positive about that?" she inquired obliquely.

"Becausee it's high tide twice a day—approximately every twelve hours. I looked up a tide-table in the hall out there and found it was high at one eleven this morning and low at seven thirty-five—just about an hour turned when I had my swim, the water-line then about twelve feet short of the marks of the boat. It'll be high again about one forty-eight this afternoon—at least noon before water begins to wash over those marks."

He puffed voluminously. "If there was any shenanigan afoot last night, a couple of thick-heads footed it—that is, if they cared whether they left any clues or not."

Constrained to fill in his expectant pause, she made shift with a "How very odd!" that was a triumph of naturalness.

"Isn't it?" he agreed. "Now what do you make of it?"

"Nothing," she replied truthfully, for she was entirely at a loss to fit this new development into the adventures of Lyttleton and the lighted window—and make sense of it. "I can't imagine—"

"What I want to know is this," Trego propounded cunningly: "had Lyttleton anything to do with it?"

She had prepared for that question, had settled her answer beforehand; even with any real reason to suspect Lyttleton of complicity in something underhand, she would not have betrayed him to this man—if to anybody.

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Well—it's funny, anyhow. Guess we better not say anything about it. After all, it's no concern of ours."

She couldn't refrain from the question: "But why should you think he—"

"Well, what was he doing all that time—"

He checked and stammered with embarrassment. "I beg your pardon!"

"You needn't. He wasn't—with me—all that time."

The situation grown intolerable, Sally got up suddenly and without a word of excuse, took her scarlet cheeks out of the dining-room and back to her bedchamber.

On the dot of their standing appointment she found Mrs. Gosnold unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less strikingly posed, in the golden glow of her boudoir window, for the portrait of a lady of quality on fatigue duty—very much at her ease in a lavender-silk morning gown and stretched out in a choice longue, a tray with fruit, coffee, and rolls on her left dividing attention with a sheaf of morning notes on the other side and the portable writing-case on her knees.

Acknowledging Sally's appearance with a pleasant, if slightly abstracted, smile, she murmured: "Oh, is it you, Miss Manwaring? Sit down, please. Half a minute—"

On the qui vive for any indication that Mrs. Standish had been false to her word or Mrs. Gosnold informed through any other channel of the secret history of that night, and consequently inclined to hold her secretary in distrust, Sally detected nothing in the other's manner to add to her uneasiness. To the contrary, in fact. She sat and watched in admiration, and thought that she had never known a woman better poised, more serenely mistress of herself and of the technique of life. If Mrs. Gosnold nursed a secret sorrow, anxiety, or grievance, the world would never learn of it through any flaw in the armor of her self-possession.

She wrought busily with a fountain pen for little longer than the stipulated period of delay, then addressed and sealed a note and looked up again with her amiable, shrewd smile.

"Good morning!" she laughed, quite as if she had not till then recognized Sally's presence. "You've slept well, I trust?"

(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

SIDE TALKS

(By RUTH [illegible] CAMERON)

Reducing Domestic Friction.

There is a great deal written and said about the unwisdom of husbands and wives trying to live with the relatives of either.

And in that great deal there is as usual, some sense and some nonsense.

Of course society is founded on the unit of the family and unquestionably it is easier to get along pleasantly when that unit shuts itself up in an individual cell.

But that doesnt mean that, if necessary and kind to live with another unit, the thing can't be done pleasantly. It doesn't mean that all friction should be condoned as something inevitable.

In-Laws CAN live Together Pleasantly

Some of the friction is inevitable. And some just comes from a wrong way of looking at things.

I once knew a man who lived for some years in the home of his wife's people. This household numbered among its members an elderly aunt who was peculiar (to put it mildly) and was constantly doing queer, foolish things.

The husband was a man of strong personality and one would have expected great friction to result. On the contrary they all seemed to get along quite pleasantly.

A mutual friend once asked the man in my presence how he managed to put up with the aunt's queer ways.

"Well," he said, "it came to me after I had been there awhile that the only way to do was to let her alone so long as she didn't interfere with me. If I let myself be bothered by them of course the queer things she does would annoy me all the time. But why be bothered if she doesn't get in my way? I made it plain at the beginning that I wouldn't stand for living inconvenienced by her peculiarities. That antagonized her at first but she got over it. And to everything that doesn't personally concern me I keep my eyes shut."

"But doesn't it annoy you even when you don't say anything?"

He Kept His Mind Shut, Too

"No," he said thoughtfully, "it did a little at first. But I guess I keep more than my mouth shut. I try to keep my mind shut too."

How's that for a bit of philosophy?

And not just for his situation either. But for many situations.

Of course when two families, or even two people live together, there are many things which each does which must inevitably concern the other. But there are also many things which don't really interfere—if you will close your mind to them.

How much do you suppose the friction in homes would be reduced if people followed that man's plan?

Good Night Stories

By Alexander Stewart

HOW MR. TURTLE FOUND WINNY HOP TOAD.

"Croak, croak, croak!" cried Mrs. Hop Toad. "What shall I do, what shall I do?" and she cried as only a spotted hop toad can cry, great, big tears falling from her eyes.

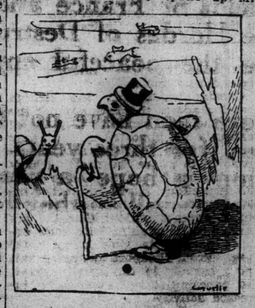
"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Turtle, poking his nose over a log.

"Matter," croaked Mrs. Hop Toad. "Why, my baby, Winny, is lost! I left him here last evening intending to come back and get him later, and when I returned he was gone," and she blew out her fat cheeks in grief.

"Who do you think has taken him?" asked Mr. Turtle.

"That's just it. Maybe he's at the bottom of the river, drowned by now," wailed the unhappy mother. "Oh, dear, if I could only swim under water, as you can, I'd find him!"

"Well, you wait here and I'll dive down and see what I can find out about him," quietly spoke up Mr



Turtle and with a splash he plunged into the water and was out of sight.

He inquired of every fish that passed, but none had seen the lost toad. Finally he knocked at the door of Sleepy Snail.

"Have you seen Winny Hop Toad?" he asked, when Sleepy Snail stuck out her head.

Sleepy Snail drew it in several times, then the last time it came out, she looked all around before she spoke:

"Sh-h!" she whispered, "Yes. You see, the water folks think I'm slow, but I overheard the lily fairy say she found a little toad sitting on one of her blossoms this morning and that she intended to keep him for the fairy children to play with."

Mr. Turtle thanked her and swam to the surface and looked around. Right near him floated a lily pad, and in the centre sat poor little Winny, weeping. Gathered around him were several little fairies.

"What do you suppose he wants?" cried one.

"His mamma of course!" answered Turtle, poking his nose over the petals of the lily.

"Where is she, and how can we get him to her?" they asked.

"I'll tend to that—she's on the bank crying her heart out," replied Mr. Turtle, ducking under the water.

Soon the water lily blossom began to float down stream and the fairies jumped off, leaving Winny alone. Mr. Turtle had cut the lily stem and with it in his mouth he was dragging the pad through the water.

Mamma Hop Toad was very happy to have her baby back again and thanked Mr. Turtle.

"I was sitting on this log when a big bird caught me by the leg and flew into the air. I pinched his toe and he let me drop. I fell on that lily and couldn't get off. She closed her doors when night came and this morning the fairies awakened me. It was a lovely bed to sleep in, it was so fragrant; but I'd rather have it fastened to the shore," laughed Winny.

"I guess the fairies won't mind," replied Turtle, and tied the water lily close to shore so Winny could have it for his bed.

Often the fairies visit Winny to play, for they have become fast friends. And sometimes Mr. Turtle pulls them down the river in his mouth. Perhaps some evening, just as twilight falls, you may see their lanterns twinkling and hear them as they sing their choruses in the still night air.

Music and Drama

PARAMOUNT POINTERS

A rakish, almost bandit-like air is imparted to Mack Sennett these days by the huge straw sombrero he affects around the studio where he is turning out Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies. To make matters worse, he has punched a lot of holes in the crown so that the chapeau looks like the conning tower of a submarine.

"Go in and clean up my office—no loafing around here," commanded Hampton Del Ruth, production manager at the Mack Sennett studios the other day when he came upon a disreputable looking colored man sitting on a prop in the lot. Later Del Ruth went to his office and found aforesaid darkey seated at his desk smoking one of the famous Del Ruth perfectos. Only after he had voiced his opinion of the matter emphatically did the manager discover that the colored individual was Bobby Dunn in make-up. Bobby, who is to appear in black face in a forthcoming comedy, considers he has achieved a triumph in the art.

Vivian Martin Paramount star is in the hands of her bitterest enemies—the dressmakers. Miss Martin has had the time of her life lately romping about in boy's attire or in ragged girl's clothing. Now she is to be a fine lady in a new picture soon to be started under Robert Thornby's direction, and she is forced to spend tiresome hours being fitted to a great array of feminine finery, which, strange to say, doesn't appeal to her in the least.

Theodore Roberts, Paramount's eminent character actor, is becoming a disciple of Sir Izaak Walton and likewise, if his friends are to be believed, qualifying for membership in the historic Annanias Club. He caught a tuna recently [illegible] which, weighed on [illegible] of the Tuna Club, reached [illegible] pounds. The evening it had attained [illegible] 100 pounds, and when the [illegible] rived in San Pedro the [illegible] the beam, according to report, at 125.

"PRETTY BABY"

"No small bottles, no men, no flirtations." Let the girl who wants to go on the stage and be a successful star, remember this. This is one of the many emphatic admonitions given by charming Jean Tynes of Timmie Hodges big musical sensation Pretty Baby, which will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House Saturday Sept. 22, Matinee and night. Jean says; It's a hard, hard row to hoe even for a girl who has health beauty and influential friends to help her make a start. Girls are attracted by the glmour and the lights and seldom look deeper into the gaudy tinsel trimmings. If any of them had the slightest idea of the endless amount of work entailed in the production of—say, one song, she would have her artistic ambitions curtailed at the very start. The first thing to do is to get a playwright who understands you and your individual style. Then you think and study and plan to elaborate some idea until both your heads are in a state of unparalleled giddiness. At last the lyrics are in order and the work commences in earnest. Every line, every word, every phrase has to be analyzed. Then comes the costuming. The gown must fit the song; it must fit the wearer and it must harmonize with the general color scheme of the act. Nothing is left to chance, everything is eliminated that could, by any means, mar the effect. After all things are completed, every detail perfect you set a date to try out your new master-piece—the song that is to create a furor,—to make you famous, as it were. Your mother goes out in front to encourage you, the manager stands all attention, in the rear, the orchestra, is perceptibly nervous (for orchestras hat new songs) and the whole atmosphere seems surchanged with expectancy.

Your introduction is played and the song is launched, you sing with all the fervor you can command, you dance with all the skill you possess you act (so you think) with becoming warmth; then you await for the approval of your supreme critic—"the audience"—and in one awful silence that follows, you know that the song is doomed. Then comes the reaction, storming at the audience, wild raving at the song, abuse of yourself for your rendition of it and a hurry call for the playwright, with some brand new ideas for a catchy lyric. Perhaps this process is repeated a dozen times or more with varying results, till you [illegible] a song that thoroughly pleases. And this is but one of the trials of the stage. Now do you see the point of the bottle, flirtation and men story? All your time must be free to apply to your art. I might add smal flirtations are distracting; and men are demoralizing. Think it over well, girls, and then—marry some nice boy and be happy."

An infant son of J. A. Miller, of London, escaped death by inches when seven cars of a rapidly-moving east-bound C. P. R. freight train jumped the tracks at a partially open switch and turned over in a mass of debris beside the Miller home.

When an automobile skidded into a guard wall at Mahopac, N.Y., yesterday, its three occupants were catapulted into the branches of a nearby tree, thus probably saving their lives.

Flinging her eleven-year-old daughter from the roof of a New York tenement, Mrs. Mary Hanger, 22, plunged also. Both were discovered alive three hours later. The girl is still alive.

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Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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LADY'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

8424

A very chic afternoon dress which is really simpler to make than it looks is shown in No. 8,424. The front of the waist and the skirt panel are cut in one and there is a corresponding panel at the back which only extends as far as the waist line. The waist is quite plain under the enormous collar, which almost hides the waist. The collar reaches nearly to the waistline in the back and gives the effect of revers in the front. The sleeves may be long or three-quarters, but both styles have the deep tucks for trimming. The four piece skirt is gathered to the regulation waistline and the side sections have deep tucks at hip depth. A narrow sash tied at the back is to be worn with this dress.

The dress pattern, No. 8,424, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 8⅝ yards of 36 inch material, with 1 yard of 22 inch silk for sash and ½ yard 12 inch contrasting goods for the vest.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

Daily Courier Recipe Column

SMOTHERED VEAL

Trim and cut in small, thin slices two pounds veal steak; put three good sized slices of salt pork in a deep frying kettle, add the veal and cover tightly; cook slowly 30 or 40 minutes; about 15 minutes before serving add salt to taste and put on a hotter part of the stove, where it will brown quickly; when a nice brown put in about three cups of hot water; let it boil up, then thicken with flour stirred smooth with cold water.

Celebrated North Shore Broilers

Clean and split chickens; season with salt and pepper; brown with melted butter and place in dripping pan, skin side down; bake 15 minutes in hot oven and broil to finish cooking; wash asparagus and cook 25 minutes in salted water; have a mould of boiled rice; brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with fine bread crumbs; set in oven to brown; arrange the broiled chicken around the rice and garnish with asparagus tips.

Future of t[illegible] at St[illegible]

Stirring Address by [illegible] at Trades and Labo[illegible] Third Ann[illegible]

By Courier Leased Wire

Ottawa, Sept. 18.—The 3[illegible] nual convention of the Tra[illegible] Labor Congress of the Domi[illegible] Canada opened here yesterda[illegible] ing. About three hundred p[illegible] union delegates from all p[illegible] Canada assembled and follo[illegible] street parade in the St. [illegible] Hall for the formal opening [illegible] At 10 o'clock, John Cameron [illegible] dent of the Ottawa Trades [illegible] bor Council, who occupied t[illegible] opened the convention and w[illegible] the delegates. In his open[illegible] marks, Mr. Cameron referre[illegible] importance of organized lab[illegible] the prominent part that it ha[illegible] and would play in the affairs [illegible] country and empire. Contin[illegible] speaker spoke of the stron[illegible] sentation that labor had in [illegible] islature, and voiced his opin[illegible] before long that labor repre[illegible] would predominate. He refe[illegible] the great change from a[illegible] rule to that of democratic [illegible] had just been effected in tw[illegible] world's greatest nations, a[illegible] phasized the fact that the g[illegible] which was being waged on [illegible] and in every country for th[illegible] and betterment of the worki[illegible] es, which were so well rep[illegible] at the convention, would ha[illegible] continued and more dete[illegible] than ever.

On behalf of the city of [illegible] Mayor Fisher welcomed t[illegible] gates.

The chairman then calle[illegible] the Hon. W. T. Crothers, Mi[illegible] Labor, to address the dele[illegible] the minister wended his way [illegible] the crowd from the rear of [illegible] one of the delegates arose [illegible] marked to the chairman; "[illegible] see Mr. Crothers' name on [illegible] gram. I do not think that w[illegible] waste time by listening to t[illegible] crable gentleman."

A storm of protest arose [illegible] delegates, and a point of o[illegible] to be established. Upon on[illegible] committee stating that the [illegible] tion was at present in the [illegible] the reception committee, [illegible] unanimously decided to h[illegible] Minister of Labor, and th[illegible] was vetoed.

Mr. Crothers stated that [illegible] not his intention to take up [illegible] of the convention. He was [illegible] have the opportunity of [illegible] them, and particularly glad [illegible] convention was being held i[illegible] tial city, as it would give [illegible] tunity perhaps to learn h[illegible] actually proceeded in parli[illegible] would like to see the peopl[illegible] eda more familiar with pa[illegible] ary procedure, but unfortu[illegible] had an opportunity of vis[illegible] House in session. At the [illegible] conventions, questions of g[illegible] portance were discussed an[illegible] less at this convention the [illegible] would be more important [illegible] owing to the war.

The minister stated that [illegible] ed to say that the wage-ea[illegible] played a most important pa[illegible] great struggle, about 150[illegible] them being overseas fight[illegible] great battle for the right.

These men were entitl[illegible] greatest consideration—the [illegible] had gone, the men who w[illegible] and the men who had retu[illegible] ada and Canada's people [illegible] have the greatest admira[illegible] pride for these noble son[illegible] ada. The minister conclude[illegible] ing the delegates every su[illegible]

At this juncture Sir Ro[illegible] den arrived. His entrance [illegible] signal for the greatest e[illegible] and cheer after cheer [illegible] through the hall. President [illegible] introduced the premier, [illegible] again cheered as he arose.

"It gives me the great[illegible] ure," said Sir Robert, "to [illegible] opportunity of greeting yo[illegible] wishing you all God speed [illegible] Just come from an assembl[illegible] been sitting for eight mo[illegible] but I do not wish you to [illegible] I will make the length o[illegible] dress on a comparative b[illegible] the session of the House.

"Parliament is a place [illegible] to talk. (Laughter). T[illegible] course, the actual definiti[illegible] word. And perhaps it is [illegible] thing that there is a pla[illegible] nature for people to talk, [illegible] men from all parts of the [illegible] of Canada meet, with diffe[illegible] and ideals, it is good that [illegible] 'get together' as it were."

Continuing, Sir Robert p[illegible] tribute to the great wor[illegible] plished by labor in the cr[illegible] past three years and the [illegible] cent part that the workin[illegible] played in the war. Speak[illegible] attitude of organized labo[illegible] convinced that he was v[illegible] sentiments of the entire [illegible] of Canada when he congrat[illegible] labor delegates on the m[illegible] effort of the men that t[illegible] sented.

Speaking further the pr[illegible] that he had come to welco[illegible] legates. He referred in [illegible] terms to the boys over at [illegible] fighting on the battle[illegible] France, and exhorted the [illegible] to remember the great sac[illegible] the men in khaki were ma[illegible]

"These men know what [illegible] fighting for," said Sir Ro[illegible] I know that they know, f[illegible] stood face to face with th[illegible] them. They realize the i[illegible] of the cause that they a[illegible] down their lives for. The [illegible] the world is at stake, and [illegible] know what the result will [illegible] we bring about some order [illegible] of dealing with internatio[illegible] tions. What will this w[illegible] to, with all these terrible [illegible] war and implements of d[illegible]