

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Friday's Daily.)
It might seem ungrateful to Mrs. Gosnold; Sally couldn't help that, though she was sincerely sorry; the association simply must be discontinued.

And that, she declared in her solitude, was all there was about it. By the time she had succeeded in composing a note which seemed sufficiently grateful in tone to excuse for pitiful inadequacy of her excuse for absconding—that she was "out of her element" on the island, an outsider, and didn't "belong," and never could—the chill light of early dawn had rendered the electric garish. She read the note over with hyper-critical sensitiveness to its defects, but decided that it must do. Besides, she had used the last sheet of note-paper in the rack on her desk; more was not obtainable without a trip to the living-room. Then in desperation she appended, under the sign of the venerable P. S., a prayer that this might prove acceptable in lieu of more gracious leave-taking, addressed the envelope to Mrs. Gosnold, and left it sticking conspicuously in the frame of her dressing-mirror.

Studiously she reduced her travelling gear to the simplest requisites; the hand-bag she took because she had a use for it, nothing less than to serve as a cover for the return of everything she wore on the island. She was determined to go out of this island world, whose other was too rare for her vulgar lungs, with no more than she had brought into it.

At length the laggard hands of the clock were close together on the figure 6. She rose, let herself out of the room, and by way of that memorable side door issued forth into a morning as rarely beautiful as ever that blessed island knew. It made renunciation doubly difficult. Yet Sally did not falter nor once look back.

Her way to the village wharf was shortest by the beach. None saw her stealing through the formal garden, with eyes averted from that one marble seat that was forever distinguished from all others in the world, and vanish over the lip of the cliff by way of its long zigzag stairway. Few noticed her as she debouched from the beach into the village; her demeanor even more than reticence.

Her hope was favored in that on this earlier trip of the boat there were few passengers other than natives of the island. On the mainland she caught an accommodation train which would a halting way through the morning and set her down in Providence late in the forenoon. Then ignorance of railroad travel made her choose another accommodation instead of an express which would have cost no more and landed her in New York an hour earlier.

Her flight was financed by a few dollars left over from her bridge winnings of the first day at Gosnold House; after subsequent losses had been paid. Their sum no more than sufficed; when she had purchased a meager lunch at the station counter in New Haven she was penniless again; but for the clothes she wore she landed in New York even as she had left it.

The city received her with a deafening roar that seemed of exultation

that its prey had been delivered unto it again. The heat was even more oppressive than that of the day on which she had left—or perhaps seemed so only by contrast with the radiant coolness of the island air.

Avoiding Park Avenue, she sought the place that she called home by way of Lexington. She went slowly, wearily, lugging her half-empty hand-bag as if it were a heavy burden. At length, leaving the avenue, she paused a few floors west of the corner, climbed the weather-bitten steps to the brownstone entrance, and addressed herself to those three long flights of naked stairs.

The studio door at the top was closed and locked. The card had been torn from the tacks that held it to the panel. Puzzled and anxious, she stooped and turned up a corner of the worn fiber mat—and sighed with relief to find the key in its traditional hiding place.

But when she let herself in, it was to a room tenanted solely by seven howling devils of desolation. Only the decrepit furniture remained; it had not been worth cartage or storage; every personal belonging of the other two girls had disappeared. Mary Warden had not left so much as a sheet of music, Lucy Spode had overlooked not so much as a hopeless sketch.

Yet Sally had no cause for complaint; they had forsaken her less indifferently than she had them; one or the other had left a newspaper; now three days old, propped up where she could not fail to see it on the antiquated marble mantel-shelf. In separate columns on the page folded outermost two items were encircled with rings of crimson water-color.

One, under the caption "News of plays and Players," noted the departure for an opening in Atlantic City of the musical comedy company of whose chorus Mary Warden was a member.

The other, in the column headed, "Marriages," announced tersely the nuptials of Lucy Spode and Samuel W. Meyerick. No details were given. Formerly Sally wandered to the windows and opened them to exchange the hot air of the studio for the hotter air of the back yards.

Then slowly she set about picking up the threads of her life. Such clothing as she owned offered little variety for choice. She selected the least disreputable of two heavy, black winter skirts, a shirt-waist badly torn at the collar-band, her severely plain underclothing, coarse black stockings, and shoes that had been discarded as not worth another visit to the cobbler's.

When these had been exchanged for the gifts of Mrs. Standish, Sally grimly packed the latter into the hand-bag and shut the latch upon them with a snap of despair. Some evening, when was dark enough, she would leave them at the door of the residence up the street, ring the bell, and run.

She sat a long hour, hands listless in her lap, staring vacantly out at that well-hated vista of grimy back yards, greedily reviewing the history of the last five days. She felt as one who had dreamed a dream and yet was not sure that she had walked. Later she roused to the call of hunger, and foraged in the larder, or what served the studio as such, turning up a broken carton of U-

needa Biscuit and half a packet of black tea. There was an egg, but she refrained from testing it.

It never entered her weary head to imagine that the feet that pounded heavily on the stairs were those of anybody but the janitor; she was wondering idly if there was rent due and if she would be turned out into the street that very night, and thinking it did not much matter when the footfalls stopped on the threshold of the studio and she looked up into the face of Mr. Trego. Surprise and indignation smote her with speechlessness, but her eyes were eloquent enough as she started up—and almost overturned the rickety table at which she had been dining.

But he was crazily oblivious to their message. Removing his hat, he mopped his brow, sighed, and smiled winningly.

"Hello!" he said. "You certainly did give me the deuce or two when I wormed it out of Mrs. Gosnold that you inhabited a studio somewhere on this block, and I suppose I must have climbed this way down three flights of stairs in the last hour."

She demanded in a low, tense voice: "Why have you followed me here?"

"Well," he protested, "Mrs. Gosnold sent me—and if she hadn't, I would have come anyway. I told you last night that I loved you. I haven't changed since then. And now that you're in a fix, whether or not of your own contriving—well, it isn't my notion of letting you pull out for yourself if you'll let me help—and that goes, even if you stick to it that you won't marry me."

"And Mrs. Artemus?" she inquired icily. "What does she think about your coming after me?"

He stared and laughed. "Oh, did you know about that? I hoped you didn't."

"I saw you with her in your arms—"

He agreed patiently. "She'd been laying for me for several weeks. I told you she was—don't you remember? Only, of course, I didn't name her. And last night, when I went back there looking for you, she cornered me; and while I was trying to be nice and explain I could never be anything more than a brother to her she burst out crying and threw herself into my arms and—what could a fellow do? I tried to make her behave, but before she would listen to reason those confounded people had to pop up. And, of course, she took advantage of that opening instant. But—great Scott!—you didn't suppose I was going to be that sort of a gentleman and let her get away without, did you? So much in love with you I can hardly keep from grabbing you now! Not likely!"

She tried to answer him, but her traitorous voice broke, and before she could master it he had resumed. "Mrs. Gosnold wants you back—sent me to say so—says she'll come after you if I fail to bring you."

"Oh, no!" she protested, trembling uncontrollably. "You won't meet any of those folks. They're all going to-day. It's a new deal from a fresh deck, so to speak."

"No," she averred more steadily. "You told me I was foolish; you were right. I'm through with all that."

He came closer to her. "You needn't be," he said. "Don't damn Society just because you got in wrong at the first attempt. Try again. Let me try with you. I've got all the money there is, more or less. If you want a villa at Newport—"

"Oh, please, no! I tell you, I'm finished with all that forever."

"Well," he grinned fatuously. "What about a flat in Harlem?"

A little smile broke through her tears. "Why must you go to such extremes?" she laughed brokenly. "Aren't there any more apartments to be had on Riverside Drive?"

THE END.



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"If Canada fails us in October, we must curtail many of our activities."

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Every minute of the day and night it costs \$30 to minister to the sick and wounded and dying.

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Our trust is, that the Citizens of Ontario will give generously to this noble cause on—

"OUR DAY", OCTOBER 18th

A Few Facts about British Red Cross Work.	IN GREAT BRITAIN	
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Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.	30,000 of these provided with Nursing Staff.	\$225,000 spent on building and equipping Netley Red Cross Hospital (1,000 beds); and \$625,000 spent on maintenance.
Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that all you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.	2,000 Trained Nurses working at home and abroad.	\$175,000 for Orthopaedic Curative Workshops and Training Fund.
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Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Courier Daily: Valuable suggestions for the Handy Home-maker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

Pattern Service

MISSES' DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



The most fashionable as well as serviceable material for the high school girl's fall dress is serge, and one of the best ways to make it is suggested in No. 8474. The dress has a shallow yoke under the wide collar, and the lower part of the front and back is plaited in groups to the yoke. The neck is slashed at the center front and laced with a cord. The dress is to be slipped on over the head. The neck is finished with one of the newest collars, cut in points at the front, to simulate revers. The sleeves are long and gathered into cuffs. A broad belt of the material has a novel closing, which is being used on many of the new dresses. One end slips through a bound sash and buttons onto the belt.

The dress pattern, No. 8474, is cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge is 2 1/4 yards. The 16 year size requires 5 1/2 yards 36 inch material, with 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send 5c to the office of this publication.

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Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy, at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

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