

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

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

(From Saturday's Daily.)
She did not for an instant forget that she was endued, not only by personal right as an injured woman herself at fault, but also by the authority of Mrs. Gosnold, with letters of Marque and reprisal.

That she would penetrate at sight his disguise, whatever its character, she had in the faintest doubt. But then, the woman's faith in her vaunted, if vaguely comprehended, faculty of intuition is a beautiful thing and a joy to her forever.

And she wondered what Savage would have to say to her. But in this phase her thoughts wore a complexion of far less self-assurance, notwithstanding the moral support of her employer.

But her disappointment was fugitive. After all, the dress was of exquisite quality and finish, and it became her wondrous well. She took from the room the memory of a very fetching figure in a gown of dove-gray crepe-de-chine, the bosom crossed by glistening bands of white, the skirts relieved by a little apron of lace and linen, white bands at wrist and throat, a close-fitting cap of lace covering her hair, her feet and ankles disclosed discreetly in stockings of dove-gray silk and suede slippers of the same neutral shade, set off by silver buckles—the whole rendered the more tempting by an almost jaunty cloak of gray satin lined with white.

With the addition of the mask (which she wore to pass through the corridor in memory of Mrs. Gosnold's injunction) the effect was quite positively fascinating.

And that mask proved to be far from superfluous, for when she followed her knock into the boudoir of her mistress she was thunderstruck to find nearly two dozen people, men and women, gathered together there, sitting and standing about in silence which seemed curiously constrained, taken in connection with their festive attire.

For they were all in costume, and, with the single exception of Mrs. Gosnold, all masked. This last was very brilliant in the billowy silken skirts, puffed skirts, puffed sleeves, tight bodice, and wide ruff of Queen Elizabeth, and carried off well the character of that hot-tempered majesty, making no effort to disguise the fact that she was deeply wounded and profoundly agitated.

She sat regally enthroned upon a splendorous chair that matched her toilette, and betrayed her impatient humor by the quick tapping of one exquisite shod foot. And the others seemed to wait upon her pleasure in a silence almost of subjugation—a nervous, unnatural, ominous hush.

It was broken on Sally's entrance by the mistress of Gosnold's House, who nodded without a sign of recognition and said in a bleak manner thus far in Sally's experience wholly foreign to the nature of the speaker: "Come in, please, shut the door and find some place to sit down. Retain your mask. There are two guests wanting, and we must wait for them."

There were no chairs vacant, and a majority of the men were already standing, but another (by whose unquestionably authentic cowboy costume Sally was sure she recognized Trego) rose and silently surrendered to her his place.

She accepted it with a stifled murmur of thanks. The slight stir occasioned by her addition to the company subsided, and the sense of constraint became even more marked. Nobody appeared to care to know his neighbor; there was no whispering, no murmuring, even the indispensable fidgeting was accomplished in an apprehensive and apologetic manner.

A few men breathed audibly, a few hands strove perceptibly to rise, and a few faces were supercharged with radiations from so many human bodies added to the natural heat of a summer's evening; but these were no other sounds or movements of any consequence.

Sally became uncomfortably susceptible to the undercurrent of high nervous tension, conscious of high nervous thumping of her heart. Unaccountably, nobody else seemed to hear it.

Perhaps they were all listening to their own hearts. But why? She wasted a few moments vainly scrutinizing the masks in her immediate neighborhood. Their eyes gleamed uncannily through the slits in the black silk, and when she intercepted lowered or averted, as if hastily averting or averting, as if there were something indecorous in acknowledging her bewildered appeal.

Again, perhaps, they were as much puzzled by her incognito as she was by theirs. Those small shapes of black silk-covered cardboard proved singularly effective, even when they concealed no more than the nose and the cheeks immediately beneath the eyes. She found it surprisingly difficult to fix an identification, even when satisfied she was not in error; but she was measurably sure of Mrs. Artemus Beamesville, of the peculiarly veiled Diana's Grecian draperies, of Trego in his Western garb, of Mercedes' frills in the conventional make-up of a witch. The rest at hand and she had lifted the flap and withdrawn an oblong correspondence-card bearing the monogram A-G and nothing else, the final effect of meaningless mystery seemed to have consummated.

But this, as it happened, was coincident with the arrival of the last two guests—one of whom was a little and shapely Harlequin in party-colored tights, and the other a bewitchingly blond Columbine—and then her assigned disguise. She had had visions of something very splendid, something almost barbaric in its richness—had nursed a day-dream of herself flaunting radiantly through the mazes of the moonlight fête, like some great jeweled butterfly.

After that vision the modest garb of a Quaker Maid seemed something of a come-down, even though the costumer's conception of a Quakeress had been considerably influenced by musical comedy standards.

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Comrades in Service!

In years to come you will recall with Pride the day you signed the Food Service Pledge. For it is your Dedication to War Service. Your observance of it will cause you some of the Finer Emotions of Your Life. You will gradually realize that though your own and your family's self-denial may be small—the mighty Legion of Canadian women pledged to equal service, will mean the difference between Victory and Disaster to our soldiers. You cannot—you must not desert them. It is not that they want more white bread, beef, or bacon than you—it is just that these

foods are less perishable and so more easily exported than others. So, until Victory is ours, do these simple things. When making bread, use one-third oatmeal, corn, barley or rye flour, with the white flour. Or tell your baker to bring some brown bread each day. Substitute for beef and bacon, such foods as fish, peas, lentils, potatoes, nuts, bananas, etc. Third, and this is very important—prevent the waste of any food in your home. Be a Comrade. Dedicate yourself and your family to War Service. Display the window card.

Women's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in Co-operation with The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.

Practical Housekeeping Hints

THE USE OF FATS AS BUTTER SUBSTITUTES.
The average Canadian housewife has no conception of the value of fats as food, and as a result much fat is wasted that should be used. Fats are one of the principal sources of energy. We buy fat in the form of butter and spread it on our bread. We use lard as shortening in bread and pastry, and as a medium in which to fry other foods. The grease which melts out of ham and bacon is sometimes made into gravies; but more often it is thrown away, because the housewife does not realize its value as a food. Beef fat is less appreciated as a food even than lard, and yet, pound for pound, its energy value is as high as butter or lard or any other fat.

When we buy a beefsteak the butcher carefully trims off the fat and throws it into a box under the counter with bones and other waste which goes to the soapmaker. This fat has both a food value and a money value. It belongs to you, and you should have it. You can render it and use it in cooking. The fine lumps of sweet beef fat or suet which adhere to the roast are used in roasting to give flavor, but most of the fat melts away and is not served at the table. Beef suet is occasionally used

in cooking, but rendered beef fat is rarely used as a table fat in this country, although in Europe it is often eaten on bread in the place of butter. Beef suet has a rather pronounced flavor and a comparatively high melting point. These are probably the reasons why it is not more commonly used as a table fat. Much of the objectionable taste may be readily removed. One household method which may be successfully followed is to mix milk with the suet when it is rendered, using one-half cupful of milk to a pound of suet. When strained and cooled, the flavor of the milk is absorbed by the beef fat and changes the characteristic flavor.

Sign and Live Up to the Food Service Pledge.

Table listing dates of fall fairs across various Canadian locations. Includes a 'Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria' advertisement.



Jellies have high food value

Make as many as you can. They will be worth a great deal to you next winter.

Lantic Sugar advertisement with logo and text: "Pure and Uncolored" makes clear, delicious, sparkling jellies. The purity and FINE granulation makes success easy. 2 and 5-lb 10, 20 and 100-lb cartons. Ask your Grocer for LANTIC SUGAR

THEATRE SHOWING and Jordan and Dudley... HOUSE... ONLY... Success... LA... Production... WARZWALD... LY, DANC... DYNHSI... THE SEASON... STORE

Weather Test makes people... and night, Saturday

Portrait of a woman with text: and night, Saturday