

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.)

Such spirit was not altogether new in his experience, but it wasn't every day one met a girl who had it; what- ever her social status, here was rare- ness—or the promise of it. Nor had he undervalued her.

His lips tightened, his eyes glim- mered ominously.

And she was, in a way, at his mercy. If what she said of herself were true, he need only speak a word and she would be as good as thrown out. Even Abigail Bosnoid couldn't protect her, insist on people invit- ing a shop-girl to their houses. And if such drudgery were really what she should break her heart rather than forfeit all this that she had gained.

And then again she had been all for him from the very first. She had admitted as much out of her own mouth. Only the surprise of it, his own dumb unreadiness, his un- wonted lack of ingenuity and diplo- matics had almost lost her to him. Not quite, however; it was not yet too late; and though the risk was great, the penalty heavy if he were discovered carrying on an affair un- der this roof, the game was well worth the candle.

Thus Mr. Lytleton to his con- science; and thus it happened that when she turned to go, he stepped quickly to her side and said quietly: "Oh, please, my dear—one minute." The unexpected humility of his tone, mixed with the impudence of that term of endearment, so struck her that she hesitated despite un- counsel of a sound intuition.

"We mustn't part this way—mis- understanding one another," he in- sisted, ignoring the hostility in her attitude and modulating his voice to a tone whose potency often had been proved. "Three words can set me right with you, if you'll only lis- ten—"

She said frostily: "Well—"

"Three words. He drew still nearer. "I've said them once to- night. Will you hear them again? No—please listen! I meant what I said, but I was carried out of my- self—clumsy—bungled my meaning. You misunderstood me, construed, and before I could correct you I'd lost my temper. You said cruel things—just enough, no doubt, from your point of view—and you put words into my mouth, read thoughts into my mind that never were there. And I let you do me that injustice because I'm hot-tempered. And then, I'm not altogether a free agent; I'm not my own master, quite, and that's difficult to explain. If I could make you understand—"

Grown a little calmer, she couldn't deny there was something reasonable in his argument. She really had given him little chance; impulse and instinct had worked upon her, caus- ing her to jump at conclusions which however well-founded in fact, were without excuse in act. If he had kissed her, it wasn't without provo- cation, nor against her will; she had got no more than she asked for. The trouble was, she no longer wanted it. She had been the dupe of her own folly, blinded by her own romantic heat and the magnetism of the man to the essentially meretricious spirit clothed in the flesh of his engaging person.

It had been a simple and perhaps inevitable infatuation of a mind all too ready to be infatuated, needing heroic treatment—such as she'd had

and blushed to remember—to curs- And the shock of waking from that mad dream, had made her franti- c and unreasonable. She could but admit that and, admitting it, be gen- erous enough to let him clear him- self.

If only he would not insist on his declaration of love, that she knew to be untrue, as if the compliment of it must be a balm to a spirit as brusque as her own!

He went on: "And all this be- cause I seemed to hesitate—because I did hesitate, knowing I couldn't say all I wanted to. And before I could explain to you the absence of emotion that should have warned him.

"Of course not. But I'm depend- ent, and good for nothing in a busi- ness way. My income is from my family, and depends on their favor. What can I say? I love you—I do—on my soul, I do!"

He put his arms once more round her shoulders, and she did not resist him, but none the less held her head up and back, eyeing him steadily.

"I love you desperately, but I can't ask you to marry me until I get the permission of my family."

"With no more warning he drew her to himself but before he knew what was happening she had broken his grasp and he was reeling back with a head that rang from the impact of an open hand upon his ear.

"You shrew!" he chattered. "You infernal little vixen! And I thought—"

He sprang toward her, beside him- self with a purpose that failed only through the intervention of a third party.

A man swinging suddenly round the end of the hedge shouldered be- tween Lytleton and the object of his rage—a man whose bulk, in the loose flannels of a lounging suit, seemed double that of Lytleton.

"Oh, here!" said Trego impatiently, but without raising his voice. Come, come!" He caught Lytle- ton's wrists and forced them down. "Don't be an idiot—as well as a cad. Do you want to rouse the household? If you do, and get kicked out, you'll never get another chance on this is- land!"

"Damn your impudence!" Lytleton stuttered, sufficiently recalled to his senses to guard his tone, and wrenching at his wrists. "Let me go! I'll—"

"Sure I'll let you go," Trego agreed cheerfully. "But unless you want more in this room, that she shared it with an alien Presence—a share of misty pallor, filling the armchair, silhouetted vaguely against the moon lit rectangle of the window.

And she faltered and stopped stock-still, with a strangled whimper due in part to sheer surprise, but mostly to semisuperstitious dread.

The Presence did not move; but she was frightfully aware of the fixed regard of its cold, hostile eyes.

"Who are you?" she demanded in a choking whisper. "What are you doing here? What do you want?"

"Where have you been?" the Pres- ence retorted in a level voice in- stantly identified as that of Mrs. Standish. "What have you been doing?" a spectral arm gestured vaguely toward the terrace—"out there?"

Sally took firm hold of herself and

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YEAZAK CAMERON

CHEERFUL CRITICISMS.

6

nice things one can say of alum- (innu.)

"And there's my sink," she pointed to a white enamel sink. "I thought I was getting the best there was, and Mrs. M. said they were a nuisance because every speck of dirt showed and your dish pan was apt to scratch it!"

She Had One Once And It Was No Good

"And when Mrs. R. saw my oil stove she said, 'Oh, dear what did you get that kind for. I had one once and it was no good at all. I wish you gotten one like mine.' I suppose she meant to be kind but she knew I had this one and there wasn't any use in discouraging me. And the funny part of it is that it's really much better than hers, but I didn't know that then."

She sighed. "Now what do you think I've made a terrible mistake in?"

I Wonder If I Should Have

Thus challenged, I (naturally) did not point out any mistakes.

I hope I should have had the tact not to anyway.

Had it been one woman who made all three of those cheerful criticisms one might have said it was her un- fortunate manner.

But it was three women. And three otherwise nice women, too. I suspect this variety is like most branches of tact, mere thoughtless- ness.

Let us try and think.

Good Night Stories

By Elsie B. Smith

FAIRY DREAMS

David was lying on the cool, green grass in the shade of the maple tree watching the maple seeds as they floated away on the breeze.

"I wonder if they could be fairy wings," he mused, picking up one that fell near him and turning it over in his hand.

"The little green wings quivered and David saw a tiny fairy peep from under them."

"Hi! Hi!" said the fairy. "Those are fairy wings, every one sent on some errand. I'm hunting Princess Ant, who has disappeared. Have you seen her?" asked Tid-bits.

"No, but maybe I could help find her," exclaimed David, who was very fond of adventures.

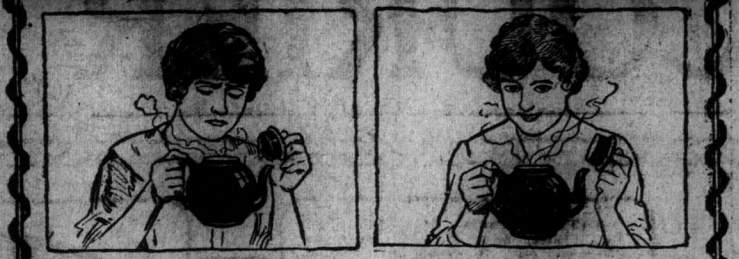
"Good!" cried Tid-bits, waving her magic stick as she sang: "Come one, come two, come three, Magic power comes to me; Help make this little man Just as small as ever you can." David began to grow smaller and smaller until he was no larger than a running bug. Tid-bits fastened a pair of the little wings on David's shoulders and away they flew to- gether.

"Some one saw her going down the road," Tid-bits explained.

David looked at the road under him.

"There's something moving near that butter-and-egg plant," cried David.

"They sailed to a blade of grass that grew near the butter-and-egg cot- tage. An army of big black ants was



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Pledge

EMENT SONS BRICK Street MACHINE. 46

Street MACHINE. 46

word that passed between you two—and its none of my business. But if there's any blame to be borne, you'd better shoulder it yourself, for I warn you, I'm not going to hear any more of your called notice by a pup like you!"

CHAPTER V. Legerdemain.

With a mind half distracted, the battlefield of a dozen unhappy emotions of which the most coherent were a seething self-reproach and frantic irritation with Trego (why must it have been he, of all men?) Sally inconsiderately left the two to conclude their quarrel with an audience—took to her heels incon- tinently and sped like a hunted shadow across the open lawn. She flung through the side door and left it wide, stumbled blindly up- stairs to her bed chamber door, and shut this last behind her with no anticipation so fond as that of sol- itude and freedom to cry her eyes out.

But she had no more than turned from the door toward her bed, in the same movement shrugging off her black cloak and letting it fall re- gardless to the floor, when she be- came aware that something was more in that room, that she shared it with an alien Presence—a share of misty pallor, filling the armchair, silhouetted vaguely against the moon lit rectangle of the window.

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Sally took firm hold of herself and

mustered all her wit against this emergency.

"I went out," she said slowly, "be- cause I couldn't sleep, and—it seem- ed to me I heard a noise."

"Dressed like that!"

Profound scorn informed this com- ment. The girl writhed, but held herself well in hand.

(Continued in Monday's Issue).

Daily Courier Recipe Column

BAKED SWEET POTATOES

Wash and scrub the potatoes with a vegetable brush until clean; dry and bake in a hot oven from 45 minutes to 1 hour, if the potatoes are medium size. Puncture the potatoes with a fork several times, and let the steam escape; do not cover baked potatoes, as it makes them soggy.

STUFFED TOMATOES

One cup boiled rice, season with salt and pepper. Chop onion finely in a hot chopper; parsley, two tablespoons melted butter. Take out centre of tomatoes and fill with the stuffing; put in buttered pan and bake 20 minutes.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

Peel as many potatoes as desired and wash, slice thin and place a layer in a buttered dish, and a few slices of onion, a little pepper and salt and small pieces of butter, and repeat until dish is full; cover with milk and bake 1-2 hour.

PICALILLI

One peck green tomatoes, put through food chopper in chut, and drain in a hot water. Add 6 onions and 6 green peppers chopped, a cloth bag containing 1 level tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon and 2 1/2 cups of sugar. Cover with vinegar and boil until tender.

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

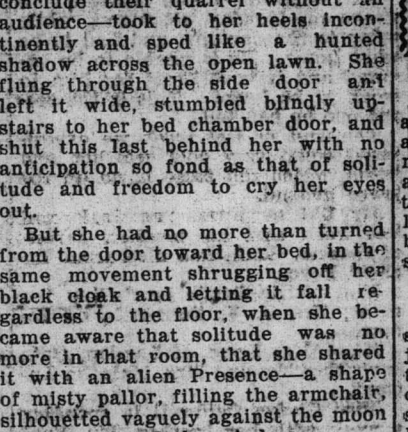
Courier Daily: Pattern Service

MISS' OVERDRESS. By Anabel Worthington.

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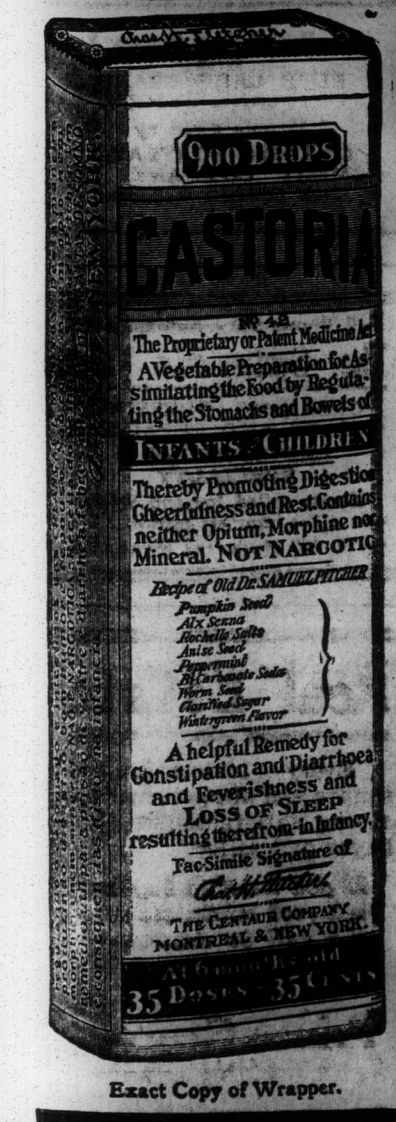
The miss' dress pattern, No. 8425, is cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. The sixteen year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 2 yards of 36-inch contrast- ing goods for trimming.

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