

An Outsider.

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Wednesday's Daily. "At last!" he hissed in the approved manner of melodrama, "We are alone!" She wasn't able to rise to his irresponsible humor. The impression of a hand of steel beneath the velvet glove. Thus far her audacity seemed to have earned nothing but his derision. He was not in the least afraid of her—and he was a desperate criminal. Then what was she in his esteem? Such thoughts drove home a fresh painful realization of her ambiguous personal status. It began to seem that she had been perhaps a little hasty in assuming she was to be spared punishment for her sin, however venial that might in charity be reckoned. Chance had, indeed, offered what was apparently a broad and easy avenue of escape; but her own voluntary folly had chosen the wrong turning. Her hands were twisted tight together in her lap as she demanded with tense directness, "What have you done with them?"

"He lifted the ironic eyebrow. "Them?" "The jewels. I saw you steal them—watched you from the dining-room, through the folding doors—" "The deuce you did!" "I saw you break open the desk—and everything." "Well," he admitted fairly, "I'm jiggered!" "What have you done with them?" "Oh, the jewels?" he said with curious intonation. "Ah—yes, to be sure, the jewels, of course. You're anxious to know what I've done with them?" "Oh, no," she countered irritably; "I only ask out of politeness."

"Thoughtful of you!" he laughed. "Why, they're outside, of course—in my bag." "Outside?" "Didn't you notice? I checked it with my hat, rather than have a row. I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know, but I'm a moral coward before a coat-room attendant. I remember keeping tabs one summer, and—will you believe me?—a common, ordinary, every-day three-dollar straw lid set me back twenty-two dollars and thirty cents in tips. But I hope I'm not boring you?" "Oh, how can you?" she protested, lips tremulous with indignation. "Don't flatter; I hate even myself at times."

"I don't mean that, and you know I don't. How can you sit there joking when you've just—" "Come off the job?" he caught her up as she faltered. "But why not? I feel anything but sad about it. It was a god job, wasn't it? A clean haul, clear get-away. Thanks, of course, to you."

She responded, not without some difficulty. "Please! I wouldn't have dared if he hadn't tried to get at that sword." "Just like him, too!" Blue Serge observed with a flash of indignation, "his kind, I mean—less burglars than bunglers, with no professional pride, no decent instincts, no human consideration. They never stop to think it's tough enough for a householder to come home to a cracker-crib without finding a total stranger to boot—a man he's never even seen before, like as not—ah—weltering on the premises—" "Oh, do be serious!" "Must I? If you wish."

"The man composed his features to a mask of whimsical attention. "What—what did you do with him?" the girl stammered after a pause during which consciousness of her disadvantage became only more acute. "Our active little friend, the yeggs? Why, I didn't do anything with him." "You didn't leave him there?" "Oh, no; he went away, consider-

ately enough—upstairs and out through the scuttle—the way, he broke in, you know. Surprisingly spry on his feet for a man of his weight and age—had all I could do to keep up. He did stop once, true, as if he'd forgotten something, but the sword ran into him—I happened thoughtlessly to be carrying it—only a quarter of an inch or so, and he changed his mind, and by the time I got my head through the scuttle he was gone—vanished, completely from human ken!" "He had broken the scuttle open, you say?" "Pried it up with a jimmy." "And you left it so? He'll go back."

"No, he won't. I found hammer and nails and made all fast before I left." "But," she demanded, wide-eyed with wonder, "why did you take that trouble?" "My silly conceit, I presume. I couldn't bear the thought of having that roughneck return and muss up one of my neatest jobs."

"I don't understand you at all," she murmured, utterly confounded. "Nor I you, if it matters. Still, I'm sure you won't keep me much longer in suspense, considering how open-faced I've been. But here's that annual of a waiter again."

She was willingly silent, though she exerted herself to seem at ease with indifferent success. The voice of her companion was like a distant, hollow echo in her hearing; her wits were all awhirl, her nerves as taut and vibrant as banjo-strings; before her vision the face of Blue Serge swam, a flesh-tinted moon now and again traversed by a flash of white when he smiled. "Come!" the man ralled her sharply, in an undertone, "this will never do. You're as white as a sheet, trembling and staring, as if I were a leper or a relation by marriage or something repulsive!"

She sat forward mechanically, and mustered an uncertain smile. "Forgive me. I'm a little overwrought—the heat and—everything." "Not another word, then, till you've finished. I'll do the talking, if it's all the same to you. But you needn't answer—needn't listen, for that matter. I've no pride in my conversation, powers, and you mustn't risk losing your appetite."

He seemed to find it easy enough to make talk, but Sally soared high little attention, being at first exclusively preoccupied with the demands of her hunger, and later, as the meal progressed, renewing her physical strength and turning the ebbing tide of her spirits, now thoroughly engaged with the problem of how to extricate herself from this embarrassing association or, if extrication proved impossible, how to turn it to her own advantage. For if the affair went on this way—his way—she were a sorry adventuress indeed. Small cups of black coffee stood before them, steaming, when a question roused her, and she shook herself across the cloth, once more full mistress of her faculties. "You're feeling better?" "Very much," she smiled, "and thank you!" "Don't make me uncomfortable; remember, this is all your fault."

"What?" "That I'm here alive and while, able to enjoy a most unique situation. Who are you?" "That she wasn't to be caught by any such simple stratagem as a question plumped suddenly at her with all the weight of a rightful demand; she smiled again and shook her head. "But if I insist?" "Why don't you, then?" "Meaning insistence won't get me anything."

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

LADIES' SKIRT. By Anabel Worthington. For the dressy skirt that is used for any of the semi-formal occasions of midsummer there is nothing more graceful than a draped skirt. The one selected for this purpose, No. 8374, is prettily draped and yet it has straight lines. This effect is gained by the cut of the right gore, which laps over the left and gives the cascade effect. The skirt is gathered all around to the slightly raised waist line. The skirt has three gores. It is a splendid model for materials such as taffeta, charmeuse, satin, silk, poplin, foulard and faille. The skirt pattern, No. 8374, is cut in five sizes—24 to 32 inches waist measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is 2 1/2 yards. The 24 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch material, with 4 1/2 yards banding. To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.



Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, head of Lecture Bureau of Food Administration, and girl scouts in uniform of Food Administration, learning to use perishable foods.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YERGEN CAMERON

FEUD LOVERS. "Hatred is the vice of narrow souls; they feed it with their littlenesses."—Balzac. What silly things feuds are! To take some little offense, some small wound to your vanity or some divergence from your notions of good taste, and to build out of it a barrier of dislike a habit of hatred, is surely as Balzac says "the vice of narrow souls." And yet how many people there are who really enjoy these petty feuds. I do verily believe that there are people who enjoy meeting someone with whom they have such a feud and passing by on the other side of the street with averted head, more than they enjoy meeting a friend. The Butcher Who Wouldn't Advertise In Her Church Paper. There is one woman in our neighborhood who has not enough to occupy her mind and consequently makes a great deal of such feuds. She has a long list of them tabulated in her mind. There is the butcher who refused to advertise in her Church paper ten years ago. She withdrew her trade from him and never loses a chance to speak slightly of his standing as a butcher and a man. There is the neighbor

and their little legs soon grew tired. They were glad when the man with the can turned in at a big white gate and, they slowly followed. "Bow, wow!" came a gruff voice from the side of the house. Tumble and Fluffy were so frightened that they forgot they were tired, and turned down the path and ran out of the gate and up the road toward home, the big dog barking at their heels. "Run up that tree!" cried Fluffy. "I never climbed a tree in my life," Tumble gasped, all out of breath. Fluffy ran up the tree and out on a limb. Tumble looked at her for a second, and just as the dog was about to seize his tail Tumble climbed the tree beside Fluffy. The big dog sat underneath and barked until he was hoarse, and then when it began to grow dark he wagged his tail and went back home. Tumble and Fluffy waited until they were sure the dog was out of sight, then they ran down the other side of the tree and home as fast as they could. Mrs. Cat, who had returned before them, was calling them at the top of her voice. She was so happy to have them safely home once more that she never scolded them for running away. She cleaned and smoothed their roughened coats with much care, while they told her about the big dog and the man with the can. "Had you waited awhile you would have seen a nice saucer of milk on the porch. For just as soon as the milk man brings the milk our mistress fills out plates. You must learn to be patient. One doesn't have to know the source of one's blessings to be able to enjoy them," said Mrs. Cat kindly. Then she led her two little ones around to the porch where a saucer of good fresh milk waited for them.

Good Night Stories

By ALBERT WATSON

FLUFFY AND TUMBLE. Fluffy and Tumble were two little black kittens. Old Mrs. Cat was very proud of them both, and when she wasn't hunting food she roughed and tumbled them over the floor until they cried "Stop," then she would lick out their pretty, shiny coats and sing little bug songs until they were asleep. One day after the bug song was over and Fluffy and Tumble were sound asleep in the corner of the porch Mrs. Cat stole out of the gate in search of food. She hadn't been away long until Tumble awakened and sat up looking around. "I wonder what lies beyond that gate. Mother always comes back with her mouth full when she re-



turns that way," Tumble said to himself. Just then a man with a big can stepped on the porch. He set the can down and poured nice fresh milk into a pan that the mistress handed him. Tumble licked a drop that fell on the porch, then he quickly awakened Fluffy. "There goes the man who brings that good milk. Let's follow him and maybe he'll give us some," cried Tumble. Fluffy grabbed Tumble by his tail: "No! No!" she cried. "We must never run off the porch." But Tumble pulled loose and followed the man with the can. There was nothing else for Fluffy to do but run after Tumble. "I'm going to find out where he gets that milk," said Tumble. Away the two kittens scampered after the milk man. The road was dusty and the way was long, for they had never been open—ten o'clock, you know—and trotted back home to fetch the food." (Continued in Friday's Issue.)

Courier Daily Recipe Column

SPONGE CAKE. A recipe which the writer has used for twenty years. One cup sugar, 4 eggs; beat the whites and yolks separately; cream the yolks and sugar together; then add 1 tablespoonful milk, 1-1/4 cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder is added and sifted 3 times; a pinch salt, any extract preferred; the whites which are beaten to a stiff froth, are folded in last.

CRACKED COOKIES. One cup lard, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup milk, teaspoonful nutmeg, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cup currants; add flour enough to stiffen; 1000 pure separate out; stir; a hot oven.

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