

SALLY—A Girl's Adventures in Social Piracy

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

Rebellion

CHAPTER I

"I ought to become a social pirate," she said to herself, and smiled. Sally Manners, social pirate! The words came to her mind as she sat in the car, the first law of piracy came to her mind: "There's never a law no God or man nor north or south."

Well, at 27, unmarried, indolgent, out of a job in her mid-June New York, wasn't she morally north of 27? What chance had she? At the store they had said that she was to be "laid off."

And didn't that mean that she was free to starve through the summer? Her mother, Mrs. Manners, wouldn't she do anything for her? No, she wouldn't. Sally Manners was sitting in her room, for which Sally barely had her share.

It was hard enough to be broke in New York, but Sally Manners was desperate. She wanted a day of real life. She had had a few pretty gowns, some nice jewelry, a few nice things, but she was a social pirate. She had had a few pretty gowns, some nice jewelry, a few nice things, but she was a social pirate. She had had a few pretty gowns, some nice jewelry, a few nice things, but she was a social pirate.

She opened the door, and a faint light came in. She had been thinking of the time when she had been a social pirate, and how she had been a social pirate. She had been a social pirate, and how she had been a social pirate. She had been a social pirate, and how she had been a social pirate.

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The room was a small, dimly lit room. The furniture was simple, but comfortable. Sally looked at the clock on the wall. It was a small, round clock with a white face and black numbers. The time was ten past ten.

Sally looked at the door. It was closed. She had been thinking of the time when she had been a social pirate, and how she had been a social pirate. She had been a social pirate, and how she had been a social pirate.

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When Burglar Meets Burglar

CHAPTER II

The wakened in sharp panic, bewildered by the grotesquery of some half-remembered dream. In contrast with the harshness of the fact, a shock of thunder and a flash of lightning had fallen asleep. It had come on to rain smartly out of a shower.

Without the least warning a blinding light glared on the ceiling, and the air was quaked by a terrific shock of thunder and the downpour became heavier.

Appalled, the girl sprang from her chair and groped her way to the scuttle through a darkness resembling late twilight.

As deserted as any room above, this though the kitchen clock still ticked sonorously, though the fire in the range had been dimly glowing for some time, though one had but to touch the boiler to learn it still held water piping hot.

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HER HEART'S DESIRE

tion for whatever steps had been necessary to bring it about.

When she looked no more to her right, her person Sally turned again to the clothes-dresser, by now so far gone in self-indulgence, her moral sense not infrequently sapped by the sheer sensuality of the things she wore.

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the empty room. But it was as if with a sudden, sharp sound, she had been startled by a noise that she could not mistake.

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Accessory After the Fact

CHAPTER III

At the foot of the stairs Sally paused in the entry hall, thoughtfully considering the front door, the pale rectangle of whose plate-glass was stenciled black with the pattern of its lace panel.

Beyond dispute it was wrong what she contemplated, utterly wrong, and wild to madness. But the girl was desperate, and she had no other recourse.

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The Gentle Art of Blackmail

CHAPTER IV

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