# EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915.

# OUTSIDER-A Girl's Adventures in Social Piracy By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

## Rebellion

### CHAPTER I

et sught to become a social pirate," Be girl said to herseif, and amiled. sally Manvers, second pirate! She God or man runs north of MLY

Well, at 27, unmarried, unhappy, out production ever troubled their privacy, and sedom did other figures appear on er a job in hot mid-June New York. uny of the roots which can to the Park eld her that she was to be 'laid off.' and didn't that mean that she was free no starve through the summer? She waldn't aponse on Lucy Spode any media't aponse on Lucy Spode any media't why, the room she was sitting inser. Why, the room she was sitting

barely paid her phage.

It was had enough to be broke in New Terk but Saily Manyers was desterate well. She wanted a day of real leis-

sally Manvers, accurate burner, burner, rights when their quarters were miled again, as the first law of piracy mendurable storts. Here they were free to fourner at case, en deshabilie; pether

sant abe morally north of 52? What avenue corner on an exact plane broken rance had she? At the store they had only by low dividing walls and chimney stacks.

m was Lucy's room, for which Sally Drust themselves up like withered elfn

as well. She wanted a few pretty gewing, some inty lingerie, a meal not in a "quick-addity, "And ahe wanted life: "It's no use," she told herself, "I've to be a pirate!" And again, in spite the heat, and in spite of her longli-the heat her, blowding into incoherent essays at im-

bours attime she rose and moved lan-

a heat, and in spite of her lonell-abs smilled a little. and parks of the weathy, as pletured i and parks of the weathy, as pictured by break to an evening whose longitudes promised to be unbroken; that faint flight for an evening whose longitudes promised to be unbroken; that faint flight hade which had crept into her checka in fronts of marvelous inspiration, and polo-naving, motor-driving, clothes-mad men of an insolicance appalling. On the edge of unconsciousness she sold alond, but without knowing that she spoke three words. These were: "Charmeuse - Paquin -Bride" And then she alont, her polit for an

Another site body and spirit, beyond repair. Her eyes, that ranged the confines of ther mean quarters, darkened quickly from which light and heat beat down in which their expression of jaded discontent. Another six months? She felt as haustion, deep and heavy; dark and sh-bough she could not suffer another six pefying sleep possessed her utterly, as

# When Burglar Meets Burglar

#### CHAPTER II

by the grotesquerie of some half-remen-bred dream in contrast with the harshthat since she had fallen askep it had mee on to rain smartly out of a shrouded

Without the least warning a blinding volet giare cut the gloom, the atmosphere gaaked with a tertitic shork of thunder and the downpour became heavier. Appalled, the sici aprang from her chair and groped her way to the scuttle through a darkness resembling late twilight. It was closed.

Somebody, presumably the junitor, had but it against the impending storm with-est troubling to make sure there was no me on the roof, for her chair had been hvisble behind the shoulder of the top-

With a cry of dismay the girl knelt and,

ader made almost continuous accom-

ariable 1914, by Louis Josenn, Vance.) might to become a social pirate." pri said to herself, and smilled, pri said to herself, and smilled. pri said to herself, and smilled. to an those breathless, interminable

plate this transformation and feel contri-, to debut aften sound in the stillness of

To have gone on and made good an re- lation of her surmise, though it was really



villain the automatic pistol that had rested there.

Simultaneously she was aware of the sound of her own voice, its accents per-haps a hit slicky, but none the less sharp, crime "Stop" Don't you dare! Drop that sword and put up your hands! I say, put up your hands." The stout assassin started back and

The stout assaust started back and turned up to the amazing apparition of her a ludicrous mask of astoniahment, eyes agrough, mouth agape, pendulous, heard-ranky chin aquiver like some un-satury sout of jelly. Then slowlythanks to something convincing in the manner of this young woman, affame as abe was with indignant championship of the under dog-he elevated two grimy The under nog-he elevated two grimy binds to the point of conspicuous futfl-ity, and a husic, whisper, like a stiffed roar, runtled past his lips; "Well can yub beat it?" A thrill of self-confidence galvanized the person of Miss Manvers, steadying at once her hand and her voice. "Well up!" she apapred "Nowkeep your

"Get up?" she anapped. "No-keep your hands in sight. Get up somehow, and he quick about it?" Without visible relactance, if with some difficulty, like a clumsy automaton ani-mated by unwilling springs, the fat scoun-drel lurched awkwardly to his feet and named.

"Very good." She was surprised at the cold, level menace of her tone. Now, stand back-to the wall! Quick!"

stand back-to the wall' Quick!" She was abraptly interrupted by a vast, discordant bellow "Look out lady! Look out! That gin might go off." And as if hoping by that sudden and deafening roar to startle her off guard, the man started toward her, but pulled up as calrkly, dashed and sullen. For she did not flinch an inch. "That's your lookout!" she retorted in-clarchy. "If you're afraid of it-stand back and keep your hands up!" With a flicker of a sheepish grin the rosue obeyed, falling back until his aboulders touched the wall and keeping his hands level with his ears. Still holding the pistol ready, the girl shifted her giance to Blue Serge. The had already picked himself up, and now stood surveying his ally with a re-gard which wavered between amaze and admiration, suspicien and surprise. Mean-

admiration, suspicion and surprise, Mean-while he felt gingerly of his throat, an though it were still sore, and nervously endeavored to readjust a collar which had broken from its moorings. Catching her inquiring eye, he bowed jerkily. "Thanks" he panted. "I-ah-good of you, I'm sure-"

you, I'm sure....." She checked him coelly: "Take your time-plenty of it, you know-get your breath and pull yourself together," He faughed uncertainty, "Ah-thanks again, Just a minute. I'm-ah-as dum-founded as grateful, you know." She nodied with a circhess due to due

She nodded with a curtness due to disflustenment; the man was palpably frightened; and, whatever his excuse, a timid Raffles was a sorry object in ther conterm at that instant. She had antici-pated of him-she hardly knew what-something brilliant, bold, and dashing, something as romantic as one has every right to expect of a hero of romantic. fiction. But this one stood panting, trembling, "sparring for wind," for all the world like any commonplace person fresh from rough handling! It was most disappointing, so much so that she conceded grudgingly the testimony of her senses to the rapidity with which he regulated his normal polse and command of resource, for one evidence of which last she noted that he backed up to the centertable with a casual air, as if needing its support, and with a deft certain, swift gesture slipped the jewel case into his cost pecket. And she noted, too, a flash of anxiety in his eyes, as such he were wondering whether she At this she lost patience. "Well?" she said bruequely, "If you've had time to "To be sure," Blue Serge returned eastby "Yos, mean, about this gentleman? If you as, me, I think he'd be far less potentially anachievous facing the walt." "All right," Sally agreed, and added with a fine flourish of the pistol: "Face about, you

Content with this theory, Sally chose one of the windows of the servant's diping-room from which to spy out stealthily, between the shade and the sill, over a flooded area and street: first remarking a sensible modification of the about in spite of an unshated downpour, then that the house was near the Park Avenue corner, finally a policeman abel-tered in the tradesman's entrance of the dwelling across the way.

animent-broken only by the briefest in-missions-to the fory sword-play that six by the clock in the kitchen; it was reasonably improbable that the faithless Haif stunned and wholly terrified, daz-red and deafened as well, the girl dashed a rain from her eyes and strove to rec-loc, for that matter, to leave circumspect-light her wits and grapple sanely with is by the front door. For it would certainly be dark by the time the storm uttered its last surly growt and trailed its bedraggled skirts off across Long Island For an instant finely thrilled with a deus sense of the wild adventure of he ing alone in a strange house, free to range and pry at will, she found the full plauancy a bit difficult to relish with full piquancy a bit difficult to relish with modden clothing clinging clammily to her ody and limbs. None the less it was quite without defiilte design that Sally retraced her way to that suite of rooms in the second story which seemed to be the quarters of the mistress of the establishment; and it was more than common-sense precaution prompted, it's true, by sheer, idle curifor already shuttered by drawing their draperles of heavy, rose-colored silk beore switching on the lights. It muy have been merely the reflection of resestinted walls that lent the face of the girl unwented color, but the glow that informed her eyes as she looked about was unquestionably kindled by envy as much as by excitement. Nothing, Indeed, lacked to excite envy n that hungry heart of hers. The bed-hamber and its boudoir and bath were not only exquisitely appointed, but stood epared for use at a moment's notice the bed itself was beautifully dressed the dressing-table was decked with all manner of scont-bottles, mirrors, and trays, tagether with every conceivable toilet implement in tortoise-shell, with a liver-inlay monogram-apparently A-M-; the rugs were silken, princely, price-ss; elusive wraiths of seductive per-0581 fumes haunted the air like memories of lost careases. And when the girl pursued her investirations to the point of opening closed doors she found clothes-presses contain-ing a wardrobe to cope with every imaginable emergency-frocks of silk, of lace, of satin, of linen; gowns for dinner the theatre, the street, the opera; hou-doir-robes and negligees without and wraps innumorable, hats, shoes, allpoera, mules-and a store of lingeris to ravish any women's heart search

had been banked rather than drawn, though one had but to touch the boller to learn it still held water piping her.

seek their own pleasure elsewhere.

With a cry of dismay the girl knelt and, digging fingers beneath the cover, tugged with all her might. But it was gecuroly holed beneath and held fard. Then, driven half frantic, less by the lighting rain than by a dread of lightning which she had never outgrown, she stium-shed back to the ginse face of the top-light and pounded it with her fast, gramming for some one to come and let we in. But no lights showed in the stu-

the long, rolling, grinding broadsides of thinder made almost continuous accom-

she wakened in sharp panic, bewildered as deserted as any room above; this y the grotesquerie of some half-romeni-though the kitchen clock still ticked on steriorously, though the fire in the range It required, however, only a moment's

sober thought, once satisfied she was alone, to suggest us one reasonable solu-tion to the puzzle that the owners had

fled town for the week-end, leaving the establishment in care of untrustworthy servants, who had promptly elected to

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Person service of the serv

her plight.

ady she was wet to her skin-water and no more harm her-but the mad ele-sential tumult confounded all her senses; her sole conscious impulse was to gain ort from the sound and fary of the tempest.

hay of the tempest. It was a bare chance that a scuttle on small one of the adjacent roofs might be, it hast, not fastened down. Pasting the buffeting wind, the scours-be rain and her panic fright, she gmined be scuttle of the roof to the west, but found it immavable.

nd it immovable. She tried the next roof, with no better

Panting, even sobbing a little in her

arror, she scrainbled on through a sort i alghimarish progress to the next roof. and on to the next and the next. She kept no reckoning, and couldn't have dd how many roofs she had crossed, a at length she discovered a south at was actually ajar, propped wide to a pounding flood; and without pause to er at this circumstance, or might be her reception and how to ac unit for herself, alle swung down into hat hospitable black hole, found footing a the ladder, let herself farther downby mischance dislodged the iron arm

ing the cover. fell with a bang and a click, and y barely escaped crushed fingers by Ming the rim and tumbling incontily to the floor

Happily she hadn't far to fall, wasn't ut, and hastily picking herself up, and half dazed, listening for sounds of m within the house.

edently the storm sounded a crisis series of tremendous, shattering the world seemed to rock and vibrate. I the world seen hing the uproar like a gigantic sound-

This passed; but from the body of the Sally Sally heard nothing, only the ant splatter of drops trickling saturated skirts into the puddle that id formed beneath the scuttle.

the stood in what at first seemed un-sleved darkness-but for glimpues realed by the incessant slash and flare of inthing-at one end of a short hallway. The rall of a staircase well. Three or rs opened upon this hall; but she ted no sign of any movement in the

ondring-and now, as she began to recale her position, almost as un-by in her refuge as she had been in form Solution form-Sally crept to the rail and d down. But her straining senses ted nothing below more than shadade, and silence; which, howfailed to convey reassurance; the of the open scuttle would seem to cate that she hadn't stumbled into an babited house.

tealthily the proceeded to investigate toveral rooms of that topmost story-rate quarters, comfortably fur-at but tocantless.

the next floor, which she found de-internet floor, which she found de-ind to three handsomely appointed bed-

courage served, another flight took down to a story given over wholly two bedchambers with bath, dressingand bouloirs adjoining, all very sus to a hasty survey.

are this again was an entrance hall, access to a drawing-room, a access to a drawing-room, a stand, at the back of the house, a

any woman's heart. And against all this sybaritic store the

intruder had to set the figure mirrored by a great cheval-glass-the counterfelt of a jaded shop-giri in shahby, shapeiess, sodden garments, her damp, dark hair framing stringily a pinched and hasgard face with wistful, careworn eyes.

Her heart ached with a reawakened sense of the cruck unfairness of life. Her fiesh crept with the touch of her rainscaled clothing. And in her thoughts temptation stirred like a whispering serpant.

Beyond dispute it was wrong what she contemplated, utterly wrong, and wild to madness; but the girl was ripe for such temptition and frail with a weakness mequant upon long years of depriva-n. Full half of her heart's desire was tion. here, free to her covetous fingers

ueen's trousseau of beautiful belongings: "It's only for an hour. No one need ever know. I'll leave everything just as I found it. And I'm so uncomfortable!" She hesitated a moment longer, but only a moment; of a sudden smoldering

mbers of jealousy and desire broke into devastating flame, consuming doubts and scruptes in a trice. Swift action ensued; this was no more an affair of conscience, but of persuasion and resistless impulse. She flew about like one possessed—as, in-

HER HEART'S DESIRE

luxury, that she could contemplate without a qualm less venial experiments with the law of meum et tuum.

She entertained, in short, a project whose lawless during enchanted her imagination, if one as yet of vague de-line click that had accompanied its closing -the click of a spring-latch -the click as a spring-latch -the

But with command of the resources woved equally obdurate; she fumbled doggedly until back and limbs ached with of this wonderful wardrobe, what was to prevent her from appropriating a suital the strain of her position; but her fingers costume and stealing forth, when the storm had passed, to seek adventure, per-haps to taste for a night those joys she lacked cunning to solve the secret; and in the end, when on the point of climbing down to fetch matches, she heard a sound had read about, and dreamed about, longed for and coveted, all her life long? Nothing could be more mad; there was that chilled her heart and checked her breath in a twinkling-an odd, scuffling noise on the roof. At first remote and confused, it drew

no telling what might not happen; there vas every warrant for belleving that the nearer and grew more clear-a gound of succome might be most unpleasant. But ight footfalls on the sheet-tin Her self-confidence and satisfaction adventures are to the adventurous, and

surely this one had started off propitious featful of betraying herself to the person on the roof that she went to the absurd y enough. what I need she'll never miss. And Besides, I can send back everything in extreme of gathering her skirts up tightly the morning, anonymously, by parcel post. It's only horrowing." Already she had passed from contem-

low she remembered the policeman who lation to purpose and stood committed o the enterprise, reckless of its consekept nightly visil at the avenue crossing! She was beginning to be definitely frightened, vividiy picturing to heraelf the punishment that must follow detec-

Liences. But she found it far from easy to make er selection; it wouldn't do to fare forth in decollette without an escort-a con-

And as she crept downstairs, guided ideration that sadly complicated the uly by the banister rail, the sense of her for just the right thing, at once loweliness and hopelessness there in that simple and extravagant, modish and be-coming. Moreover, any number of capti-vating garments positively demanded to be tried on, then clung tenaciously to her dued with terrors so frightful pretty shoulders, refusing to be rejected. | was ready to scream at the least alarm.

# Accessory After the Fact

#### CHAPTER III

At the foot of the stairs Sally paused | ceptions even finer than sight, touch and in the entry hall, thoughtfully considering hearing had found and recoiled from the front door, the pale rectangle of something strange and terrible skulking whose plate-glass was stenciled black there, masked by the encompassing with the pattern of its lace panel. But murk

she decided against risking that avenue Probably less than 20 seconds elapsed. of escape; it would be far loss foolhardy but it seemed a long minute before her heart stirred anew, leaping into action to steal away via the basement, unostentasiously, that the always possible to reassert command o passer-by might more readily take her

a servant. Turning back, then, toward the basement staircase, she began to grope her way through blinding darkness, but had taken only a few uncertain steps when, transfixed with terror. of a sudden, she stopped short and for a little stood like a stricken thing, quite motionless save that she quaked to her very marrow in the grasp of a great and

emervating four. If she could not have said what pre-The finally the basement proved to be

An electric chandeller was on full blass above the broad and heavy centre table of mahogany, beyond which, against the further wall, stood on the one hand a bookcase, on the other a desk of the rollterclust precariously upon the iron ladder, she tried her patience sorely with a stubborn scattle-cover before recalling

op type-closed Above each of these the wall was decorated with trophics ancient armor; between them bling huge canvas in a massive glit frame-th portrait of a beautiful woman beautifully painted. And immediately beneath the portrait stood a young man, posed in profound abstraction, staring at the desk. He rested lightly ngainst the table his back square to Sally's view, revealing a well-furned head thatched with dark said, slipped snugly by well-formed ears and the salient line of one lean, brown check. But even so, with his countenance hidden, samething conveyed a strong imrenaurably dashed, she climbed down, so

pression to the girl of a perplexed and lisconcerted humor. She was frankly disappointed. For o still their silken murmur. Now she must leave by the street. And some reason she had expected to discover a burglar of one or another accepted type-either a dashing cracksman in full-

down evening dress, lithe, pollshed, pantherish, or a common yegg, a red-aged, unshaven, burly brute in the rags and tatters of a tramp. But this man wore unformantic blue scripe upon a percon-neither fascinating nor repellent. She could hardly imagine him either stealing a diamond dara or hopping a freight. But that he was of a truly criminal disposition she was not permitted long to doubt; for in another moment he started from his pensive pose with the animation of one inspired, strode alerity to the wall, stenned upon the seat of a check back that she stepped upon the seat of a chair besid

the desk, and straining on tiploes though tolerably tall; contrived to grasp the bundle of a short-bladed Roman sword which formed part of one of the tro-

With some difficulty and, in the end, grunt of satisfaction, he worked the weapon loose and, jumping down, turned to the desk, thrust the point of the sword between the writing pad and the edge of the roll-top, forced the blade well in, and bore all his weight upon the haft of this improvised junniy. Promptly, with a sound of rending wood, the top flew half way up.

At this the man released the sword, which fail with a thump to the rug at his feet, pushed the top as far back as it would go, and, bending over the desk, ex-plored its rack of pigeomholes and draw-ers. One of the latter eventually yielded the oblight of his search; he took from it with a quickened beat, and she was able rensaured, persuaded her fright lacked any real foundation-move on. Five pares more brought her to the elow of the rail; here, in the very act of the object of his search, he took from it first a small automatic pistol, which he placed carelessly to one side, then a small turning to follow it down to the base-ment, she halted involuntarily, again But this time her alarm had visible exleather-bound book. whose pages he thumbed in nervous haste, evidently seeking some memorandum essential to his ends. This found, he paused, conned it that strange house, so strangely deserted, was evident beyond dispute. She stood facing the dining room door. The door to the library on the left: if not in any way evident to her senses, she could fix its position only approximately

and took the book with him across the roam beyond the bookcase, thus vanishing from the field of Sally's vision. Now was har chance to ally down-

by an effort of memory. But through the former opening her vision, ranging at random, instinctively seeking railef from minds about advantaging herself of the

tion for whatever steps had been neces-sary to bring it about. And when she could do no more to beautify her person Sally turned again to the clothes-presses, by new so far gone in self-indulgence, her moral sense so insidential sense when the base state of the beauting the base state state state state state so insidential sense had of all this piltered huxers, that she could contempliate with

For now the miscreant was facing sally be heat over the table and fumbled with the book of the lewel case, and she made good use of this chance to memorize a countenance of mildly sardonic cast, not unbaildsome—the face of a conventional meder. voluming said consistence modern voluptuary, self-conscious, self-satisfied, selfish-rather attractive withat in the sizes of an excited young woman. But a moment later, finding the case to he fast-locked, the burglar gave utter-ance to an exclamation that very nearly coat him his appeal to her admiration. She couldn't hear distinctly, for the limpatient monosyllable was breathed rather than spoken, but at that dista sounded damnably like "Pshaw!" distance it

And immediately the man turned back to the deak to renew his runnaging-in search of a key to fit the case, she guessed. But his business there was surrisingly abbreviated-interrupted in fashion certainly as starting to him as to her who shulked and spiel on the dark tide of the folding deers.

Neither received the least intimation. that the door from the library to the hall that the door from the library to the hall had been opened. Saily, for one, remained firmly persualed that they two were slone in the sheet house until the instant when she say a second man hurt himself upon the back of the first-a amore a start of the lift of the lift of a second of the lift of a start of the lift of the second o table.

There, presumably, Blue Serga recovered sufficiently from the shock of sur-prise to make some show of fighting back. Confused sounds of scutting and hard breathing became audible, with a thump or two deadened by the rug; but more than that, nothing-never a word from either combatant. There was something

uncarry in the silence of it all. For an instant Sally remained where she was, rooted in fright and wonder; out the next, and without in the least inderstanding how she had come there, she found herself by the open door in he entry-hall, just beyond the threshold to the library, commanding an unobstruct the conflict. this neared its culmination. Apparently

Phough he had gone down face forward. | fection.

The Gentle Art of Blackmail

## CHAPTER IV

There was a breathless instant while woman well round the corner and into he combination of knobs, bolts and locks | Park avenue before she appreciated how the combination of knobs, bolts and locks defied has importunity so obstinutely that Sally was tempted to despair. And when the door suddenly yielded she heard-or funcied that she heard-his

voice, its second peremptory: "Step!" Or perhaps it was: "Wait!" But she did neither: the door slammed

behind her with a crash that threatened its glass; she was at the foot of the front steps before that sound had fairly registered on her consciousness; and her panie-winged hesis had carried the young

With flattering docility the fat razeal faced about. "And now." Blue Serge suggested, "by

your leave .....

Drawing near the girl, he held out his

afraid, that he was rapidly assuming com-prehensive command of the situation beyoul her to gainsay, and that he knew, and knew that she knew he knew, that she had never entertained any real intention of pulling the trigger, however desperate the emsigency might become, And incentinently, as though he had

taken away all her courage, together with that nickel-plated symbol, she started back, almost cringing in a panic of sadly jangled nerves.

Happily for her conceit, once he had disarmed her, Blue Serge transferred his interest exclusively to his late assailant. Caimly showing the girl his back, stepped over, poked the pistol's nose sig-nificantly into the folds of the ruffian's neck, and with a sharp word of warning plapped emartly his two hip-pockets; in inequence of which singular perform ance he thrust a hand beneath the tall of

the reliaw's coat and brought away a buildog revolver of heavy calibre. And then he stepped back, smiling, with a sidelong glance of triumph for Sally's benefit-a glance that spent itself on emptiness.

For Sally was no more there; her untrstructed fingers were already fumbling with the fastenings of the front door when Blue Serge discovered her de-

interesting her tempertuous flight from that rather theroughly burgiarized man-sion would be ant to seem to a per-pen-pelleeman. And then she pulled up short, as if reckning to divert suspicion, with remblance of nunchalance-now that she had escaped!

Continued in Monday's **Evening** Ledger

