

AN UNFINISHED GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

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

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Sally Manver, 25, a girl, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of her house in New York. Driven to the verge of despair, she looks at the stars of the night and thinks of the future.

Can you give me a lower on the mid-night express?"

"No," Authority averred with becoming sentimentality. "An upper, then?"

"Nothing left on the midnight," she said. "I told you nothing doing."

"Well, then, perhaps you can fix me up for the Owl train?"

"Wait a minute."

A pause ensued while Authority consulted his records; not a long pause, but one long enough to permit a wild, mad inspiration to flash like lightning.

"Good enough, I'll take you."

If Blue Serge failed promptly to nominate his choice, it was only because Miss Manver chose that juncture to furnish him with a long rest.

"Then, perhaps a short rest, the quicker to recover. Sally fancied that her victim's jaw had slackened a bit and his color faded perceptibly."

"I don't see the necessity," Sally returned, biting her lip, "yet."

"Not from your point of view, perhaps— from mine, yes. Forewarned is fortunate."

"Certainly not."

"Well, of course, one can guess why."

"Why forgive me for calling your bluff, it wouldn't be safe, would it? Of course, I'm a sure-enough bad man—and all that, but you must be a bird of my kind, or you wouldn't flock together so enthusiastically."

"Sally opened her eyes wide and adopted a wondering frown known to have been of great service to Miss Lucy Spode."

"Good!" Blue Serge applauded. "Now I know where I stand. That baby stare is the high sign of our fraternity—of blackbirds. Only the guilty ever succeed in looking so transparently innocent. Do you did think of that in time?"

"I don't follow you," she said truthfully, beginning to feel that she wasn't figuring to great advantage in this passing acquaintance.

"I mean, your give-away is calculated to cramp your style; now you can't very well cramp mine, threatening to squeal."

"Oh, can't I?"

"No, can't you? You won't go through with it; not that, is, unless you're willing to face Sing Sing yourself. For that matter, I don't see how you're going to make Boston at all tonight, after that long haul."

"Sally, I'm busy. Where are you going to take now, de luxe room or—"

"Both!" With the dexterity of a stage conjurer Blue Serge whipped a bill from his pocket and thrust it beneath the ticket, not for an instant detaching his gaze from Sally. "And quick," said he, "in a hurry!"

Granting reluctantly, Authority proceeded to issue the reservation, thus affording Sally, constrained to return with out a tremor the steadfast regard of her burglar, time to appreciate the lengths to which he had gone to reach her.

"It was as if the storm had been a supernatural visitation upon the city, robbing it of every intimate, homely aspect, leaving it inhumanly detected in an obnoxious glare of light."

With the start of one suddenly delivered from dream-enslaved sleep, she found herself arrived at 42d street, and safe; none pursued her, nothing in her manner proclaimed that she was a fugitive, she only observed ordinary circumspection to escape notice altogether.

And for several moments she remained at a complete standstill there on the corner, blocking the way of foot traffic, as if blind, surveying the splendid facade of Grand Central Station, spellbound in wonder at the amazing discovery that Providence did not always visit incontinent retribution upon the heads of sinners.

With this social status, she was conscious of a flooding spirit of exultant impudence; the dead-end of her days was done with once and for all. It mattered little that—since it were suicidal to return to the studio, the first place the police would search for her—she was homeless, friendless, penniless; it mattered little that she was hungry (now that she remembered it) and had not even a change of clothing for the morrow; these things would somehow be arranged—whether by luck or by virtue of her really mattered was that the commonplace was banished from her ways, that she was alive, foot-loose and fancy-free, finally and definitely committed to the career of a social adventuress.

At the moment she was appalled by contemplation of her amazing callousness; outlawed, declassée, she was indifferent to her degradation, and alive only to the joy of freedom from the bondage of any certain social status.

Now, as she lingered on the corner, people were passing her continually on their way over to the terminal; and one of these presently caught her attention, a young man, small, slender, with a red handbag, came up hastily from behind, started to cross the street, drew back, barely in time to escape annihilation at the wheels of a flying squad of taxicabs and cabs, and was left in impatient preoccupation with his own concerns, only a foot or two in advance, but wholly heedless of the girl.

Sally caught up to him promptly, and he was identified to her as Blue Serge, the man who had been the victim of her attack. She was now in the hands of a man who owed his life to Sally Manver!

In another instant the way cleared and the man moved smartly on again, with every indication of one spurred on by an urgent business. He broke Bert's persistent shadow dogged him to the farther sidewalk, into the yawning vestibule of the railway station, on (at a trot through its stupendous gates, even to the platform gates) that were rudely slammed in his face by implacable destiny in the guise and livery of a gateman.

At this pausing a little to one side, Sally watched a grotesque, fat, balding, middle-aged man, with a large nose and a prominent belly, who was endeavoring to bribe a way past the barrier. But the train was already pulling out. With a shake of his stubborn head the unrepentant guardian moved on, and rumbling on a power of past profanity, Blue Serge turned and strode back into the waiting room, passing so near to Sally that their elbows almost touched without his pausing to the least recognition of her existence.

But that in itself was nothing to dismay or to check the girl in her purpose, and when Blue Serge a minute later addressed her, she was still as before. He broke Bert's shadow—an all but open savorer upon his communications with the authority of the brass-barred ticket.

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without troubling to verify them, seized tickets and change and turned squarely to her.

"Now that's settled," he inquired amiably, "what next?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know what to do. I don't know where to go. I don't know what to do."

"Then we'll go over an hour and a half to wait for a bite of supper? The station restaurant is just down stairs."

"Thank you," she agreed with a severe little nod.

Lugging his bag, he led the way with the air of one receiving rather than conferring a favor.

"Curious how things fall out," he observed cheerfully, "isn't it?"

"I mean your popping up like this just when I was thinking of you. Coincidence, you know."

"Coincidences," Sally informed him coolly, "are everywhere. There's nothing more common in life."

He suffered this instruction with a mildy anguished smile.

"That's true, I presume, if one knows anything about real life. I don't go for the kind of novels you see, so can't say. But you're right one way: it isn't anything extraordinary, come to consider it, that you and I, both headed for Boston, should run into each other here. By the way, I'm glad you're here, speaking of coincidences, it sort of triple-plated this one to have your friend from central office hanging round so hand-dicked. If he's in a slight, why not be a sport and tip me off?"

"I don't see the necessity," Sally returned, biting her lip, "yet."

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3000 KIDDIES CIRCUUS GUESTS OF MR. GIMBEL

Great Day for Shut-Ins Provided by "Big Brother" Little Ones.

Once in a while the children whom parents will never again "kick them out of bed" and the little ones who were never run around and climb trees and "shiny" up telephons and get into a long while they get a glimpse of things new brighter than the sort of things that have taken away from them.

There are thousands of these things. They are foster homes of Philadelphia's "Big Brother" Little Ones. They are the "shiny" up telephons and get into a long while they get a glimpse of things new brighter than the sort of things that have taken away from them.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The Photoplay Editor of the Evening Ledger will be pleased to answer questions relating to his department. Questions relating to family affairs of actors and actresses are barred absolutely.

Queries will not be answered by letter. All letters must be addressed to Photoplay Editor, Evening Ledger.

Educational "Movies"

"Illustrations Cinematografica," a semi-monthly periodical of the motion picture trade, published in Milan, reproduces in a recent number an article by C. A. Mor, entitled "The School of the Kinematograph and the Kinematograph in the School."

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ARTHUR V. JOHNSON Lubin director and film star.

answered the call of the motion picture when Katherine La Salle, who has appeared in some of the foremost Broadway productions, was engaged by Ka-

Although still in her early twenties, Miss La Salle has had a long professional career. Her most profitable triumphs were scored when she appeared opposite Edmund Breese, in "The Master Mind," in "The Yellow Ticket," in which she succeeded Florence Reed in the leading role, and more recently, opposite John Mason, in "Big Jim Garrity."

Mr. Johnson plays the leading male role opposite Miss La Salle. It is interesting to note that immediately upon completing her engagement with Ka-

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THEATRICAL BAEDERER

ADOLPH—"Peg of My Heart," with an excellent cast. Hartley Manners' popular and reliable comedy, "Peg of My Heart," is a girl and what she does to a sedate English family. First-rate amusement. 11:15

AMERICAN—German reporter from the "New York Times," with Rudolph Christians as director. All performances excellent. "The American Reporter," a musical comedy of the great war. "Immer wieder Freitag," Friday evening. 11:15

BROAD—"She's in Again," an American comedy, with a French flavor. "The French Girl," a French farce by Paul Gavault. The usual comedy of the day. 11:15

CHERRY—The San Carlo Opera Company in "The Barber of Seville," with the usual cast. 11:15

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