AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

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

CHAPTER VI-(Continued) "Got to hurry, you know," Savage in-formed her bruskly; "only 30 minutes to anatch a bite before our train leaves for

They hurried down a platform througed with fellow flassengers similarly haunted by the seven devils of haste, beneath a high, glazed, but opaque vault penning high, glazed, but opaque vault penning an unappellzing atmosphere composed in equal parts of a stagnant, warm air and stale steam, into a restaurant that had patently been up all night, through the motions of swallowing alternate mouth-fuls of denatured coffee and dejected rolls, up again and out and down another platform at last into the hot and distriplatform—at last into the hot and dusty haven of a parlor car. Then impressions found time for read-

fustment. The journey promised, and turned out, to be by no means one of un-alloyed delights. The early morning tem-per discovered by Mrs. Standish offered chill comfort to one like Sally, saturate with all the emotions of a stray pupp, hankering for a friendly pat. Ensconcerin the chair beside her charge, the pa-troness swung it coolly aside until little of her was visible but the sallent curve of a pastel-tinted cheek and buried her of a pastel-tinted cheek and buried her mose in a best-selling novel, ignoring overtures analogous to the wasging of a propitatory tail. While Savage, in the chair beyond his sister, betrayed every evidence of being heartily grateful for a distance that precluded conversation and to a providence that tolerated Town Topics. Sally was left to improve her mind with a copy of Vanity Fair, from contemplation of whose text and pictures she emerged an amateur adventure.

The gray cliff had given place to greently the contemplation of whose text and pictures she emerged an amateur adventure. tures she emerged an amateur adventuress sadly wanting in the indispensable quality of assurance. It wasn't that she feared to measure wits, intelligence, or even lineage with the elect. But in how many mysterious ways might she not fall short of the ideal of good form?

What-she pondered gloomily, chin in hand, eyes vacantly reviewing a country-side of notable charms adrowse in the lethargic peace of a midsummer morning -what the dickens was good form, any-

keen power of observation, offered any

seal collightenment.

She summed up an hour's studious reflection in the dublous conclusion that good form had something subtly to do with being able to sit cross-kneed and look arrogantly into the impertinent lens of a campfollower's camera—to be imof a camp-follower's camera-to be im-

of a camp-follower's camera—to be impudently self-conscious, that is—to pose and pose and get away with it.

The train came to a definite stop, and Sally started up to find Mrs. Standish, afoot, smiling down at her with all her pretty features except her eyes, and Mr. Savage smiling in precisely the reverse fashion.

All out," he announced. "Change here for the boat. Another hour, and-as for the boat. Another hour, and—as somebody says Henry James says—there, in a manner of speaking, we all are." They straggled across a wharf to a

fussy, small steamer, Mrs. Standish leading the way with an apprehensive eye for possible acquaintances and, once established with her brother and Sally in a secluded corner of the boat's upper deck, uttering her relief in a candid sigh.
"Nobody we know aboard." she added. smiling less tensely at Sally.

from a phase of hypnosis induced by a glimpse of good form in a tailored skirt of white corduroy. "Nobody of any consequence in this tob," his sister paraphrased, yawning

"Oh," he responded with an accent of doubt. But the white corduroy vanished round a shoulder of the deckhouse, and he bestirred himself to pay a little attention.

ne bestirred himself to pay a little attention to Sally.

"That's the island," he said languidly waving his hand. "That white-pillared place there among the trees-left of the lighthouse-that's Aunt Abby's."

Sally essayed a smile of intelligent response. Not that the island failed to enchant has a serious a fast diminish.

sponse. Not that the island falled to en-chant her; seen across a fast diminish-ing breadth of wind-darkened blue water, bathed in golden mid-morning light, its villas of delicious gray half buried in billows of delicious green, its lawns and terraces crowning fluted gray-stone cliffs, from whose feet a broad beach shelved sently into the set it seemed more head.

from whose feet a broad beach shelved gently into the sea, it seemed more beautiful to Miss Manvers than anything she had ever dreamed of.

But what was to be her reception there, what her status, what her fortunes?

"I've been thinking." Mrs. Standish announced when a sidelong glance had reassured her as to their practical privacy, "about Miss Manvers."

"I hope to heaven you've doped out a good one." Savage interrupted fervently. "In the cold gray dawn it doesn't look so good to me. But then I'm only a duffer. Perhaps it's just as well: if I'd been a good liar I might have married to keep

Perhaps it's just as well; if I'd been a good liar I might have married to keep my hand in. As it is. I never forget to give thanks, in my evening prayers, for my talented little sister."

"Are you finished?" Mrs. Standish inquired frigidly.

"I'd better be."

"Then, please pay close attention, Miss Manvers. To begin with, I'm going to change your name. From now on it's sara Manwaring—Sara without the h."

"Manwaring with the w silent, as in wrapper and wretch?" Savage asked po-

Wrapper and wretch?" Savage asked po For Sally's benefit Mrs. Standish spelled

For Saily's benefit Mrs. Standish spelled the word patiently.

"And the record of the fair impostor?" Bavage prompted.

"That's very simple. Miss Manwaring same to me yesterday with a letter of introduction from Edna English. Edna sailed for Italy last Saturday, and by the time she's back Aunt Abby will have forgotten to question Miss Manwaring's credentials."

"What did I tell you?" Mr. Savage
wassed a solemn head at Sally. "There's
art for you!"
"She comes from a family prominent
socially in"—Mrs. Standish paused a
fraction of a second—"Massillon, Ohio—"
"Is there any such place?"
"Of course—"

"Is there any such place?"
"Of course..."
"What a lot you do know, Adele!"
"But through a series of unhappy accidents involving the family fortunes was obliged to earn her own living."
"Is that all?"
"Is that all?"
"Plenty. Simple, succinct, stupendous!
Is has only one flaw."
"And that, if you please?" Mrs. Standish demanded, bristling a trifle.
"It ain't possible for any one to be prominent socially in a place hamed Massillos. Ohio, it can't be done-not in a stack i never heatd of before."
"Do you understand, Miss Manwaring?" the woman asked, turning an impatient shoulder to her brother.
"Fursectly," Sally assented experty.
"Buty-who is Edna English?"

"To their infinite annoyance," inter-polated Savage.

"At all events, that's how she came to notice you."
"I see," said Saily humbly.
"You may fill in the outlines at your discretion," Mrs. Standish pursued aweet-

"That's all I know about you. You called at the house with the letter from Mrs. English yesterday afternoon, and I took a fancy to you, and, knowing that Aunt Abby needed a secretary, brought you also."

"Thank you," said Sally. "I hope you understand how grate..."
"That's quite understood. Let us say no more about it."

"Considerable story," Savage approved. "But what became of the letter of intro-

"I mislaid it," his aister explained complacently. "Don't I mislay every-For once the young man was dumb with admiration. But his look was elo-

Deep thought held the amateur adventuress spellbound for some minutes. "There's only one thing," she said sud-

"And that?" Mrs. Standish prompted.
"What about the burglary? Your servants, when they came home last night, nust have noticed and notified the po-

"Oh, I say!" Savage exclaimed blankly. "Don't let's worry about that," Mrs. Standish interrupted, "We can easily let It be understood that what was stolen was later recovered from-whatever they call the places where thieves dispose of their stealings."

"That covers everything," Savage insisted impatiently, "Do come along. There's the car waiting."

Coincident with this announcemen. . and with a start Sally discovered that, without her knowledge in the preoccupa-tion of being fitted with a completely new identity, the vessel had rounded a

The gray cliff had given place to green-clad bluffs sown thick with cottages of all sorts, from the quaintly hideous and the obviously inexpensive to the be-witchingly pretty and the pretentiously ornate—a haphuzard arrangement that ran auddenly into a plot of streets linking a clutter of utilitarian buildings, all conerging upon the focal point of the village wharf.
Upon this last a cloud of natives and

summer folk swarmed and buzzed. At its head a cluster of vehicles, horse-drawn as well as motor-driven, waited. In the shadow beneath it, and upon the crescent beach that glistened on its either side, a multitude of children, young and old, paddled and splashed in shal-lows and the wash of the steamer. Obviously the less decorative and ex-

clusive side of the island, it was none the less enchanting in Sally's vision. A measure of confidence reinfused her mood. She surrendered absolutely to fa-talistic enjoyment of the gifts the gods had sent. Haif closing her eyes, she drank deep of sait-sweet air vibrant with the living warmth of a perfect sum-

mer's day A man whose common face was as im-passive as an Indian's shouldered through the mob and burdened himself with the hand luggage of the party. Sally gathered that he was valet to Mr. Savage And then they were pushing through the gantlet of several hundred curious eyes and making toward the head of the pi-

"Trying," Mrs. Standish observed in an aside to the girl. "I always say that everything about the island is charming

but the getting here." Sally murmured an inarticulate response and wondered. Disdain of the nalty was implicit in that speech it was contact with the herd, subjection to its stare, that Mrs. Standish found so trying. How, then, had she brought her-self so readily to accept association on almost equal terms with a shop girl mis-demeanant—out of gratitude, or sheer goodness of heart, or something less su-

The shadow of an intimation that

The shadow of an intimation that something was wrong again came between Saily and the sun, but passed as swiftly as a wind-sped cloud.

The valet led to a heavy, seven-seated touring car, put their luggage in the rear, shut the door on the three, and swung up to the seat beside the chauffeur. The machine threaded a cautious way out of the rank moved sedately up way out of the rank, moved sedately up a somnolent street, turned a corner and picked up its heels to the tune of a long. alken snore, flinging over its shoulder two miles of white, well metaled roadway with no appreciable effort what-

by like so many telegraph poles past a car window. Then they became more widely spaced, and were succeeded by a blurred and incoherent expanse of woods, fields, parks, hedges, glimpses of lawns surfaced like a billiard table, flashes of white facades maculated with cool blue

Then, without warning, if without a jar, the car slowed down to a safe and sane pace and swung off between two wilderness of trees that stood as a wall of privacy between the highroad and an exquisitely parked estate bordering the

Debouching into the open, the drive swept a gracious curve round a wonder-ful wide lawn of living velvet and through the pillared parte-cochere of a long, low, white-walled building with many gally awninged windows in its

two widespread wings. Setineled by somber cypresses, relieved against a sapphire sky bending to a sea of scarcely deeper shade, basking in soft, clear sunlight, the house seemed to hug the earth very intimately, to belong most indispensably, with an effect of perma-nence, of orderliness and dignity that brought to mind inatinctively the term estate, and caused Sally to recall (with misspent charity) the fulsome frenzy of a sycophantic scribbler ranting of feudal

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"Mrs. Cornwallis English. You must have heard of her?"

"Oh, yes, in the newspapers—"
"Social upliff's her fad. She's done a lot of work among department store girls."

"To their infinite annoyance," interpolated Savage.

"At all events that's how she came to his cool even and experienced a flash of his cool eyes and experienced a flash of intuition into a soul steeped in contemplative indulgence of the city crowd and its ally antics. And forthwith, for some reason she found no time to analyze, she felt more at home, less approhensive.

As the car pulled up beneath the porte-ochers a mild-eyed footman ran out to help the valet with the luggage: Savage skipped blithely down and gave a hand to his sister, offering like assistance to Sally in turn, and on the topmost of three broad, white, stone steps the chat-elaine of Goanold House appeared to welcome her guests—a vastly different ersonality, of course, from any of Sal-y's somewhat incoherent anticipations. iy a somewhat incoherent anticipations. Going upon the rather sketchy suggestions of Mrs. Standish, the girl had prefigured Aunt Abby as a skittish female upward of three-scors years and odd; a gabbling creature with a wealth of empty sesticulation and a parrot's vacant eye; semi-tresponsible, prone to bright colors and an aver-vention sixte of dress.

semi-irresponsible, prone to bright colors and an over-youthrul style of dress. See found, to the contrary, a lady of quiet reserve, composed of manner, authoritative of speech, not lacking in humor, of impeccable taste in dress, and to all appearances not a day older than 45, despite hair like snow that framed a face of rich but indisputably native complexion.

In her regard, when it was accorded exclusively to Sally, the girl divined a mildly diverted question, quite reasonable as to her choice of fraveling costume. Otherwise her reception was cordial, with reservations; nothing warranted the assumption that Mrs. Gosnold (Aunt Abby by her legitimate (itle) was not disposed to make up her mind about Miss Manwarine at her complete legitimate. waring at her complete leasurs. Interim she was very glad to see her any friend of Adele's was always welcome to Gosnold House; and would Miss Manwaring be pleased to feel very much at home? At this point Mrs. Standish affectionately linked arms with her relation and, with the nonchalant rudeness that was in those days almost a badge of caste, dragged her off to a cool and dusky corner of her paneled reception hall to acquaint her with the adulterated facts

Manwaring. "Be easy," Mr. Savage comforted the girl airlly: "trust Adele to get away with it. That young woman is sure of a crown and harp in the hereafter if only be-cause she'll make St. Peter himself believe black is white. You've got nothing to worry about. Now I'm off for a bath and nap; just time before luncheon. See

sponsible for the phenomenon of Miss

you then. So-long."

He blew a most debonair kiss to his maternal aunt and trotted lightly up the broad staircase; and as Sally cast about for some place to wait inconspicuously on the pleasure of her betters Mrs. Gos-nold salled her.

"Oh, Miss Manwaring!" The girl responded with an unaffected liffidence apparently pleasing in the eyes of her prospective employer.

"My niece has been telling me about you," she said with an engaging smile, "and I am already inclined to be grateful to her. It isn't often-truth to tell-she makes such prompt acknowledgment of my demands. And I'm a most disorderly person, so I miss very much the services of my former secretary. Do come nearer.' Sally drew within arm's length, and the elder woman put out a hand and caught the girl's in a firm, cool, friendly grasp, "Your first name?" she inquired with a look of keen yet not unpleasant

crutiny

"Sarah." said Sarah bluntly. "Man'ar-ing" stuck in her guilty throat. "S-a-r-a," Mrs. Standish punctiliously

"S-a-r-a," Mrs. Standish punctificusly spelled it out.
"Thank you; I recognize it now!" A shrewd, sidelong glance flickered amusement at Mrs. Gosnoid's niece. "You come from the Middle West, I understand and you've had rather a hard time of it in New York. What do you do best?" "Why-I've tried to write," Sally confessed shyly. "Oh! Novels?"

ambitlous; short stories to to begin with and then special articles a nice change to be waiting on a pleasantspoken person like yourself after that"—
with a sniff—"Miss Mairing."

"Oh!" Genuine disappointment was re-

spewriters? "Oh, yes."
"And can punctuate after a fashion?"
"I think so."
"You don't look it; far too womanly,

unless your appearance is deceptive, to know the true difference between a semi-

their doings.

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colon and a hyphen. No matter; you have every qualification, it seems, including a good manner and a pleasant smile. You're engaged—on probation; I mean to say, for this one week we'll consider you aimply my guest, but willing to help me out with my correspondence. Then, if you like the place and I like you as much as I hope I shall, you'll become my personal secretary at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses. No—don't than me; thank your sensible eyes!"

Mrs. Gosnoid laughed lightly, gave Sally's hand a final but barely perceptible pressure, and released it.

"Now Thomas will show you your room, Mrs. Standish tells me abe has promized to outfit you; her maid will bring you more suitable things by the time you've had your tub and some rest.

time you've had your tub and some rest. Plenty of time; we lunch at one thirty." The girl stammered some sort of an acknowledgment; she was never able to recall precisely what she said, in truth, but it served. And then she was amazed by ascending the broad staircase and following the flunky's back down a long, wide, drafty corridor to a room at one extreme of the building—a small room, daintily furnished and bright with sum-

"I'll be sending the maid to you at once, ma'am," said Thomas, and shut

Sally wandered to a window, lifted the

From the front of the house to the edge of the cliff the grounds were as severely composed as an Italian formal garden, but to one side, erreened by high box hedges, a tennis-court was in the active possession of four your 'poople, none of them, apparently over twenty years of age. Their calls and laughter rang clear in the quietness, clear and vibrant with careless joy of living.

They did not in the least suggest the rew of adventurers which Mrs. Standish and led Sally to expect.

Thus far, indeed, Sally had failed to detect anything in the atmosphere of the establishment or in the bearing of its mistress to bear out the innuendo that Gosnold House was infested by a para-sitic swarm and "Aunt Abby" the dupe of her own unboly passions. Doubts hymmed in Sally's head, and she was abruptly surprised to find the view ob-scured by a mist of her own making-by, in short, nothing less than tears.

The simple kindliness of Mrs. Gosnold's elcome had touched the impostor more luxury in this spot of poetic beauty, in return for nothing but trifling services. But she was not worthy!

A little gust of anger shook her-anger with her benefactors, that they could not have introduced her to this mundane paradise as her simple self. Miss Man-vers-Sarah with the valgar h!—by her own merits and defects to stand or fall. But, as thought the fates were weav-ing the fabric of her destiny less blindly than is their commonly reputed custom, the young woman's conscience during those few first hours had little time in which to work upon her better nature. Its first squeamish qualms, when it at length got Sally alone, were quickly counteracted by a knock at her door and what followed—the entrance of a quietnannered maid whose fresh-colored coun-criance loomed like some amisble, mature moon above a double armful of summery apparet.

"Mrs. Standish's compliments, ma'am, and I'm bringing your things. There's more to come—as much again I'm to fetch immediate—and the rest. Mrs. Standish says, there'll be time enough for after luncheon, when all her trunks is unpacked."

Carefully depositing her burden upon the bed, she beamed acknowledgment of Sally's breathless thanks and made off briskly, to return much too soon to suit one who would have been glad of longer grace in which to become more intimately acquainted with this new denation of her ravishing good fortune.

None the less, it didn't need another double armful of beautiful things to satdouble armful of beautiful things to sat-lafy Sally that, whatever and how many might be the faults of her benefactress, niggardliness was not of their number. "That's all for now, and Mrs. Stan-dish's compliments, and will you be so kind as to stop and see her, when you're dressed, before going down to lunch. It's the last door on the left, just this side the stairs. Will I turn on your bath

"Please don't trouble. I-" "No trouble at all, ma'am. Indeed, and I'm sure you'll find us all very happy to do anything we can for you. It'll be

sponsible for the exclamation. But a mo-ment's thought persuaded Sally she had been unreasonable to hope her secret might be kept from the servants. Even if Mrs. Standish had not betrayed it to this paid, there had been that flunky. Thomas, in the reception-hall close hand during the establishment of Sally's

"Oh, nothing!" Saily awallowed her chagrin bravely: "I mean, thank you would no keep you busy with so many very much, but I'm accustomed to wall- lng on myself-except when it comes to (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Automobile Owners PROTEST!!

If House Bill No. 1471 Becomes a Law, Automobile Registration Fees Will Be Doubled

This proposed new law should not be allowed to become operative for the following good and sufficient reasons:

Reason number one:

Automobiles today are taxed (call it by any name you will) on the basis of horse power.

In many instances this annual tax is over 2% on invested money. On the average it is larger than any other tax from which the State derives

Reason number two:

If House bill Number 1471 is passed, this annual automobile tax will, in some instances, be over 4% on invested money, and in all cases highly out of proportion to what should reasonably be expected.

Reason number three:

The present fee or tax in Pennsylvania is as high as in any other State and the gross income last year was only exceded in two States, New York and California, where a far larger number of cars are owned.

Reason number four:

In 1914 automobile registration fees amounted to \$1,184,646.50. Since January, 1915, this amount has already been exceeded, the probable income for the year being in excess of \$1,500,000, enough, to quote one of Pennsylvania's legislators, "to maintain all the 'State' roads of the

Reason number five:

The new bill would be most drastic in the case of motor trucks, as eighty per cent. or more of their mileage is within corporate limits and

Reason number six:

Members of the Legislature as well as nonautomobile owning residents of the State should distinctly realize that the majority of automobile owners today are people of very moderate means, not the wealthy as some might suppose.

Reason number seven:

There are over 15,000 farm-owned automobiles as well as many thousand more used in daily work by the doctor, small business man and mechanic, the major portion of their cars have a horse power in excess of twenty and cost not more than \$500. To pay an annual tax of \$20 for the privilege of using their vehicles, when horse-drawn vehicles pay no license fee and do much more damage to the roads, is not just or

Reason number eight:

There is no tax that has been so constantly increased and in the same proportion, as that on the automobile. There is no figure that it might not reach unless a decided stand is taken on the question.

Reason number nine:

The motorists of the State are already contributing their full share to the highway fund and unless they want to have their registration fee just double what they are now paying they

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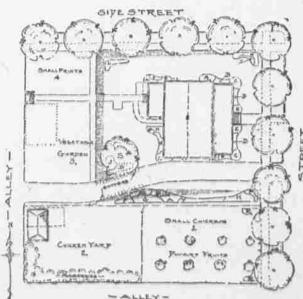
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