

INSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

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

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance. SYNOPSIS. Mrs. Cornwallis English. You must have heard of her? "Oh, yes, in the newspapers."

CHAPTER VI—(Continued).

"Got to hurry," only 20 minutes to catch a taxi before our train leaves for the island.

They hurried down a platform thronged with fellow passengers similarly hurried. The seven devils of haste, beneath a high, glazed, but opaque vault penning an unappetizing atmosphere composed in equal parts of a starchy steam and a stale steam, into a restaurant that had patiently been up all night, through the motions of swallowing alternate mouthfuls of denatured coffee and dejected glances again and out and down another platform—at last into the hot and dusty haven of a parlor car.

Then impressions found time for readjustment. The journey proved, as unalloyed delights. The early morning temper discovered by Mrs. Standish offered chill comfort to one like Sally, saturated with the emotions of a stray puppy hankering for a friendly pat.

"What's that?" Mrs. Standish prompted. "What about the burglary? Your servants, when they came home last night, must have noticed and notified the police."

"Oh, I say!" Savage exclaimed blankly. "Don't let's worry about that." Mrs. Standish interrupted. "We can easily let that go."

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

"What's the island?" he asked gloomily. "In hand, eyes vacantly reviewing a country-side of notable charms adrowse in the lethargic posture of a midsummer morning. That the Dickens was good form, anyway."

"All out," he announced. "Change here for the boat. Another hour, and—somebody's name James says—there, in a manner of speaking, we all are."

"Nobody of any consequence in this mob," his sister paraphrased, yawning delicately. "Oh," he responded with an accent of doubt. But the white corduroy vanished round a shoulder of the deckhouse, and he heisted 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."

"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.

colon and a hyphen. No matter, you have ever so much to say, 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 simply 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 thank me; thank your sensible eyes!"

"Mrs. Standish 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 she has promised to outfit you; her maid will bring you more suitable things by the 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 amazedly 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 sunny cretone, its individual bath adjoining."

"I'll be sending the maid to you at once, ma'am," said Thomas, and shut the door. Sally wandered to a window, lifted the shade, and looked out with bewildered eyes.

"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, screened by high box hedges, a tennis court was in the active possession of four or five people, 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."

"This 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 luncheon that Gosnold's work upon the parasitic swarm and "Aunt Abby" the dupe of her own unholy passions. Doubts hummed in Sally's head, and she was abruptly surprised to find the view obscured by a mist of her own making—by, in short, nothing less than tears."

"The simple kindness of Mrs. Gosnold's welcome had touched the impostor more deeply than she had guessed. All this was offered her, this life of semi-idleness and 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 Manwaring—Sarah with the vulgar h—by her own merits and defects to stand or fall."

"Be easy," Mr. Savage comforted the girl. "Trust Adele to get away with it. That young woman is sure of a crown and a harp in the hereafter if only because she'll make St. Peter himself believe black is white. You'd get nothing to worry about. Now I'm off for a bath and nap; just time before luncheon. See you then. So-long."

"He blew a most delectable 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 better Mrs. Gosnold called her."

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

"My niece has been telling me about you," she said with an engaging smile. "I am already inclined to be grateful to her. It isn't often—truth to tell—she makes such prompt acknowledgment of my former secretary. Do come nearer."

"Thank you, I recognize it now!" A shrewd, sidelong glance flickered amusement at Mrs. Gosnold'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?" "Not quite so ambitious; short stories to begin with and then special articles for the newspapers—anything that promised to bring in a little money, but nothing ever did."

status, with his pose of inhuman detachment of interest—quite too perfect to be true. "Beg pardon, ma'am!"

"Oh, nothing!" Sally swallowed her chagrin bravely. "I mean, thank you very much, but I'm accustomed to waiting on myself—except when it comes to"

banks up the back—and you must have enough to keep you busy with so many people in the house."

(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:

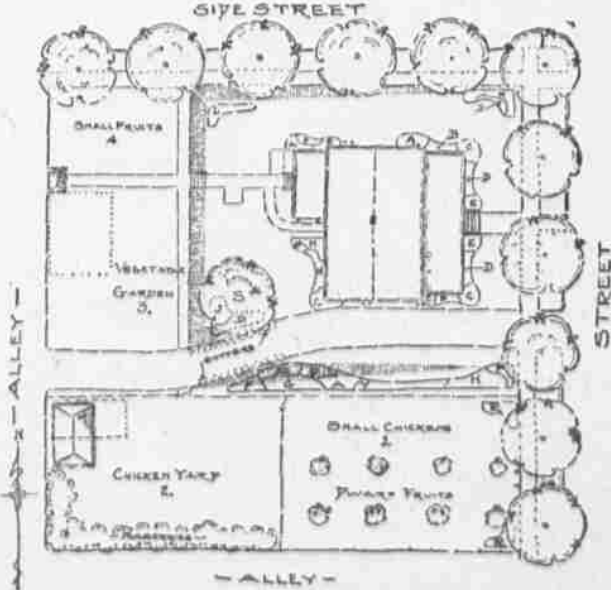
- Reason number one: Automobiles today are taxed (call it by any name you will) on the basis of horse power. In many instances this annual tax is over 2% on invested money. On the average it is larger than any other tax from which the State derives revenue. Reason number two: If House bill Number 1471 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 exceeded 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 \$1,84,646.50. 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 'Real' roads of the State." 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 not over State roads. Reason number six: Members of the Legislature as well as non-automobile 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 thousands 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 equitable. 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 must

PROTEST AT ONCE Vigorously, Emphatically, in No Uncertain Terms

Write, Telegraph, Telephone your Representative at Harrisburg, tell him this bill should be killed, or it will be railroad through. Join the Pennsylvania Motor Federation which is constantly caring for your interests.

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