Her pause invited confidences. And mo-

AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

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

that she is belping him, and they we set the other. Then Sally floor from boose, aimicasily, Sally meets the burger he has befriended at Grand Contral stone and insists that he get her an acomodation to Hoston. They get down to restaurant, and here the burglar presents that Sally is one of his profession. The "burglar" reveals himself as Watter Sallys here of the owner of the house into which Sally blundered. He was opening which Sally bears this confession, Adelo blun. As Sally bears the southern and alter ask Sally to sall the brother and sister ask Sally to came as secretary to their aunt. They came as secretary to their aunt. They fast a letter of recommendation and all take the own train to Boston.

A telegram announces that the Standish and the own train to Boston.

A telegram announces that the Standish length as the refer who was first driven off, by the burglar who was firs

CHAPTER XI-(Continued). idance of him without appearance of n slight. His nature and Lyttleton's nen slight. sentially antagonistic. Sally's anihad been well defined from the beginning, when she had resented being both physically and temperamentally so completely out of the picture of that existence to which she aspired. But reconnaissance up that dark alley strated it an indisputable impasse and Sally gave it up, reserving the griev-ance for tender nursing (she had a very man weakness for selected wrongs) and arned her attention to the puzzle involvng Lyttleton's business on the beach at Is m and the signals exchanged by the yacht and the window.

Nor did she make much headway in

his quarter. Instinct indicated a deli-ate harmony between those events and the formless shadow to which Sally had all along been sensitive, of something quivocal in the pretensions of Mrs. tandish. But that clue played will-o'-he-wisp with her fancy, leading it ever

fighter astray in a bottomless bog or black bewilderment.

None the less, she had just succeeded in establishing to her own satisfaction is establishing to her sponsor had been dessed—thought I'd take in the sponsor had been sp shrewdly upon that lady's high-hand-treatment of Sally's insinuation as the way I did."

That unhappy young man had been more wise if he had not taken it for eyes sought Sally's in honest consternated that 9 o'clock would be too early or Sally as well as for the same of the Sally as well as for everybody else c didn't make breakfast in bed a abit, and a more diplomatic person have been at pains to prepare him in an esteem proportionately more self against that inevitable rencontre poisonous. with a young woman of exacerbated sen-sibilities. Nothing could have been more prely predestined to ghastly failure than is cheerful assumption of a complete foot breadth of sand from the bottom of inderstanding, with the hint implicit the cliff when the tide's high, with about hat, having done Sally a signal service, was willing to let bygones be bygones and take as tacit a sense of obligation easy for her to express.

"Hello!" he saluted the charming vision of he saluted the charming vision with undisguised pleasure and sur-"You down already! Why, I made had at least two hours' lead of had at least two hours' lead of are I had at least two hours' lead of the print of a rowboat's bows on the presence. "You've slept well, I trust?"

"Yes," Sally agreed quietly: "I am while—drawn up only part way out of the water—about 3 o'clock this morning.

"I presume."

I she had not till then recognized Sally a presence. "You've slept well, I trust?"

Sally did not hesitate perceptibly; the while—drawn up only part way out of the water—about 3 o'clock this morning.

hardly the thing, this early rising know; it's not really 'clawss'; it thing, this early rising

Sally said nothing. It was safer not o. And cheerfully unaware of her self-testraint, Trego armed himself with a and went back to the boat, and the two ate and foraged at the side-table, with a array of silver-hooded hot-water

"Been for a swim," he volunteered with a thrill of coarse creature satisfaction in about it. God only knows; but if they didn't, why 3 o'clock? It's all private beach along here, and whereas I believe beaches—to my taste, anyway, and not to all-fired cold, as it generally is north of the cape, but just right. Like bathing to champagne properly chilled. No such like, me-up in the world as a dip in the of the morning. You should have

dare say." said Sally briefly, and very glad she hadn't. "But that adfully long climb up from the beach she amended, feeling it obligatory on her not to seem too short of civility. You don't mind that when you come it after a swim," Trego declared. Its only in anticipation, when you're us between sheets and debating the salelaims of the distant beach and your do you think?"

Sally shook her head and looked blank.

"Three o'clock; how can you be so posttive about that?" she inquired obliquely.

"Because it's high fide twice. of disadvantages."

He drew out the chair adjoining Sally's attacked the half of an iced cantabut after the first mouthful put

Sugar, please," he said with a depcatory grimage, indicating the bowl a sayand the girl's place. "I know I with to go in for salt if I want to come the as a regular guy, but if you tell on me. I'm going to enjoy my own primitive Western Thanks."

He committed the unpardonable deed tha iberal hand. "Frightfully weird, as know," he mimicked with a chuckle, ding: "It takes the rude, untutored and of a barbarian to be satisfied with the takes thing with sweetness instead bitterness, doesn't it?"

diteriess, doesn't it?"
but I prefer salt myself," said the "I brings out the flavor."
concluded her defense in some consulte to Trego's practically synsious utterance of her identical set. "It brings out the flavor." Then failized that he had deliberately bed her and was meanly laughing in thumph of his low cunning. And she is laugh, too, to save her face; but is an empty laugh and accompanied flash that might have warned the lind he not too soon returned attent to his meion.

is to his meion.

For falls," he remarked. "Though, war falls," he remarked. "Though, war, it lan't aste to work it on anyhisis outfit—not, at least, unless setty sure there's a trace of humanor in the make-up of the speci-lim makins a collection of those types; it helps a lot. O table-talk's thy sting—when a fellow knows answers?"

The est aside the shell of the malmelon, and returned with his strong the hot-water dishes to find the point of leaving.

Song?" he protested more soberment tell me I offended you, catchup like that?"

The staurd!" the infuriated girl re-

abaird" the infuriated girl re-ning felsely. "But—" it you've nothing pressing on. essupany for a little. I want to a style. I'm pursied. Maybe

traying umbrage, so she settled herself with a resigned temper, and for want of a better lead contented herself with a conversational stop-gap—"Puzzled"—spoken "Nothing." she replied truthfully, for "Nothing." she replied truthfully, for

traying umbrage, so she settled herself with a resigned temper, and for want of a better lead contented herself with a conversational stop-gap—"Puzzled"—spoken in an encouraging tone.

"Yes. Something I noticed this morning. But it weaves into last night—maybe. Maybe not. I'm a slow thinker when it comes to puzzles."

He filled a cup with coffee from the shining urn and resumed his obtain.

shining urn and resumed his chair.
"You see." Some intimation of his gaucherie made him stumble. "Of course," he went on semiapologetic "you understand that I'm going on the assumption that you're as human as I am."
"Thank you," said Saily, sweetly,
"Human enough," he explained, "not

to think I'm a savage because I've re-minded you of last night."
"I see no reason—" she began with

"And there isn't any," he argued hearti-"We're both old enough to behave ly. We're both old enough to behave like grown-ups. Only, a fellow never can tell where he stands with most of these festive dames. I've been lorgnetted until I'm seared to open my mouth. But with you-well, it's like meeting somebody all that time."

"But the puzzle—" she reminded him with more patience than he knew.
"Oh, yes. I was going to say when I side-tracked myself; what got me up was side-tracked myself; what got me up was Lyttleton. He has the room next mine, you know, I'd just turned out my bedside light—been reading, you understand— when I heard his door open very gently

"I see no reason-" she began

with dignity.

"Please go on," she said, conscious of

"Well. About this morning: As I say, went down to the beach for a dip. You

know how that beach is-about a 12-

20 feet more when it's low. So foot-

prints show until the weather rubs them out-takes a tolerable storm, as a rule. Below high-water mark it's different; the

sand is covered up and smoothed out

the boat, the other went up toward the

foot of the steps and mixed his footprints up with all the others. I don't know what for and can't imagine; but that's what

and went back to the boat, and the two of them shoved her off again-trusting, I guess, to the tide to cover up the signs

there are no property rights below high-water mark, and anybody has a right to

land anywhere in an emergency-where was the emergency? There was no gale last night, and if there had been, you'd

sense enough to come ashore farther along, toward the village, where they could find shelter—and all that. The

more I think about it, the funnier it looks o me." He finished his breakfast and his state-

ment at the same time, pushed back his chair, and produced a cigarette case. "You don't mind? Thanks. Now what

approximately every 12 hours. I looked up a tide-table in the hall out there and found it was high at 1:11 this morning and

low at 7:35-just about an hour turned when I had my swim, the water-line then about 12 feet short of the marks of the boat. It'll be high again about 1:48 this

afternoon-at least noon before water begins to wash over those marks."
He puffed voluminously. "If there was

any shenanigan afoot last night, a couple of thick-heads footed II—that is, if they cared whether they left any clues or not."

Constrained to fill in his expectant pause, she made shift with a "How very

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think distressed mariners would

of their landing.

the heat in her own cheeks, and holding

she was entirely at a loss to fit this new development into the adventures of Lyt-tleton and the lighted window-and make sense of it. "I can't Imagine--".
"What I want to know is this," Trego propounded cunningly: "had Lyttleton anything to do with it?"

She had prepared for that question, had settled her answer beforehand; even with any real reason to suspect Lyttleton of complicity in something underhand, she would not have betrayed him to this man

would not have betrayed him to this man -if to anybody.
"I'm sure I can't say."
"Well-it's funny, anyhow. Guess we better not say anything about it. After all, it's no concern of ours."
She couldn't refrain from the nuestion: "But why should you think he "
"Well, what was he doing all that

He checked and stammered with em-barrasament. "I beg your pardon!" "You needn't. He wasn't-with me-

The situation grown intolerable, Sally got up suddenly and without a word of excuse, took her scarlet cheeks out of the dining room and back to her bedchamber ly, perhaps, but none the less strikingly posed, in the golden glow of her boudeir window, for the portrait of a lady of window, for the portrait of a lady of and somehody go pussy-footing down the hall. And for some reason that kept me awake-because it was none of my business, I guess-walting for him to come back and wondering what in thunder took left dividing attention with a sheaf of

she murmured: "Oh, is it you, Miss Man-waring? Sit down, please. Half a min-

On the qui vive for any indication that Mrs. Standish had been false to her word

or Mrs. Gosnold informed through any other channel of the secret history of that night, and consequently inclined to hold her secretary in distrust, Sally detected

nothing in the other's manner to add to her uneasiness. To the contrary, in fact.

She sat and watched in admiration, and

thought that she had never known a woman better poised, more serenely mis-tress of herself and of the technique of

sorrow, anxiety, or grievance, the world would never learn of it through any flaw

She wrought busily with a fountain pen

for little longer than the stipulated period of delay, then addressed and sealed a

note and looked up again with her amia

"Good morning!" she laughed, quite as

if she had not till then recognized Sally's presence. "You've slept well, I trust?"

lies; though the heavens fell-only such

minor fibs as are necessary to lubricate the machinery of society. She would do

her best, of course, to preserve the hate-

"I'm not yet old enough to have forgot-ten these midsummer moonlight nights

ourted, from this very house, I know,

When I was a girl and being

in the armor of her self-possession

ble, shrewd smile.

If Mrs. Gosnold nursed a secret

"I did that last night," she responded,

"but I hadn't your excuse."
"You mean, you're not being courted?
Don't be impatient. Once to every woman-too often to most. And it's as well to take one's time these days. Perhaps it's a sign of age, and I shouldn't own it, but It does seem to me that the young men of today are an uncommonly godless crew. I should be sorry to have you make a mistake—"

She contented herself with that much warning and no more; but Sally knew their thoughts were one, focused upon a singular though by no means strange example of the young men of the present

a look excusing the transient keenness of her scrutiny, "our Island air agrees with you. If you have had one poor night, all the same you're quite another girl than the one who came here. Was it only four days ago? I hope you're quite com-fortable?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—"
"And would you care to stay on?"
"With all my heart!"

"I see no reason why you shouldn't. I like you very well; you're quick and will-ing—and you humor my weakness for the respect of my associates. I don't ask for their dependence. If you like, we'll say your engagement begins today, the first

"You are very kind." "I'm very selfish. I like intelligence, prettiness, and youth-must have them at any cost! So that's understood. Of course, there are certain questions to be scitled, arrangements to be made. For example, I assume responsibility for your losses at bridge, because playing when I wish you to is one of your duties. But these matters adjust themselves as they ome up from time to time."

Thank you." said Sally in a tone that, ough little more than a whisper, was though little more than a whisper, was more eloquent of her gratitude than the mere phrase could possibly have been. "So now I shall stop calling you Miss Manwaring.

Tiease do-"It's much too formal, considering I'm old enough to be your mother—"
"Oh, no," Sally protested involuntarily.
"That isn't possible."
"T'll not see fifty-five again," Mrs. Gos-

nold announced, "But that's a boudoir

"I'll never—"
"And a secret of Polichinelle besides,"
the other laughed; "everybody I know or
care a snap for knows it. At the same
time, no woman cares to have her age
discussed, even if it is public property and
she quite old enough to be beyond such
vanity. No matter; I'm going to call you
Sara, If you've no objection."

Sara, If you've no objection."

"Why not Sally?" the girl suggested tentatively. "That's my name-I mean, what I'm accustomed to."

"Thank you; I like it even beiter," Mrs. Gosnold affirmed. "I'm conservative enough to favor old-time names. My own, for instance, Abigail, pleases me im-mensely, though I seldom meet a young woman nowadays who can hear it without looking either incredulous or as though she doubted the sanity of my sponsors in baptism." She stayed the obvious reply with an

indulgent toss of a hand still fair, "Now to business. I've mapped out busy morning for you. here are a dozen or so notes to deliver. You may take the dog-cart-no, to save time, one of the motors. We must give these good people as much time as possible, considering it's a spur-of-the-mo-ment affair. That is why, you under-stand, there are so few invitations-because I'd no time to write and post a number. But each of these is a bid to some friend with a houseful of people to come and bring all her guests.

"Oh!" she laughed, catching the look of puzzlement on the girl's face, "I haven't told you what it is. Well, my

used to wait until everyhody had gone dear, it's an old woman's whim. Every to bed and creep out and wander for so often I break loose this way and keep so often I break loose this way and keep my memory green, as one who, in her day, never entertained but in some unique fashion. I was once famous for that sort of thing, but of late years I haven't exerted myself except when bored to extinction by the deadly commonplace of the amusements most people offer us.

"For some time I've had this in mind. mentarily Sally's heart thumped like a trip-hammer. Did she, then, either know

and everything prepared; you may, if you like, call it a spontaneous masquerade by moonlight. Half the fun of such affairs comes of the last-moment, makeshift costumes; If you give people much time to think them up it is always a stiff and frigid function. Moreover, it demands a perfect night—and we can't count on our island weather twenty-four hours in advance. But today is needed, and tonight. vance. But today is perfect, and tonight will be fair with the moon at its full. You may dance on the veranda or make love on the terrace, just as you please, from 16 o'clock till 3-or later. Supper will be served from midnight on. At one we shall unmask.

we shall unmask.

"As I say, all preparations had been made, weather permitting: I had merely to telephone the caterers, electricians, and musicians, and scribble these invitations. I'd advise you to arrange your day to include a good long map before dinner, for you'll be up till all hours very likely. I fancy I can promise you some fun

Mrs. Gosnold ceased upon a note of mis-chievous enjoyment in anticipation that would have suited a girl of sixteen, then analyzed the trouble behind Sally's per-

turbed countenance.
"As for your costume, you're give it a thought. I have arranged for it to be brought to your room at half past nine, and I pledge you my word you'll find it becoming, I have only two requests to make of you; that you refrain from unmarking or admitting your identity until I o'clock, and that if you recognize me, you hold your tongue. In it a bar-

simply, "I can't think how to thank you "Leave that, too, to me, it's quite possible I may suggest a way." Mrs. Gosnold smiled curiously, as at a thought reserved. "Now run along-order the car and put on your prettiest hat. But a moment."

She Unstantal the process of taking

She illustrated the process of taking thought by puckering her brows and clip-ping her chin between a thumb and fore-

"Let me see. Have I remembered everybody". She conned, half aloud, a list of names. "But no! What an over-sight! I should never have forgiven myself-or have been forgiven. And my fountain pen needs refilling. No"-as Sally offered to taken the pen-"sit there at the desk and write at my dictation. I will sign it."
(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

JITNEY DRIVER HELD

Bus Operator Under Bail Following Boy's Injuries in Accident.

Irwin Taylor, driver of a litney bus be-longing to Mrs. A. Matlock, of 1928 North 20th street, was held under \$300 bail by Magistrate Campbell at the Helgrade and Clearfield streets police station, today, to await the outcome of the injuries to Albert Kensie, It years old, of 531 East Westmoreland street whom he ran down last night at Kensington avenue and Clearfield streets.

Clearfield streets.

Taylor, who lives on Farm No. 3, Parker avenue, Roxborough, had just guided the jitney in the semi-darkness under the Philadelphia & Reading Railway bridge when the boy stopped in front of the car. Taylor stopped and took the boy to the Episcopal Hospital and then surrendered the roiling the street of the surrendered.

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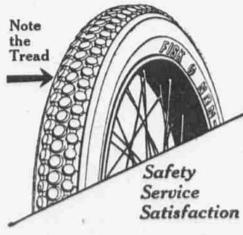
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ful truth that had been so cunningly covered up by the lies of Mrs. Standish's first invention; but she would do that best, if possible, more by keeping silence than by coining and uttering fresh false 'Not so well last night," she confessed. "I don't know what was the matter with me, but somehow I didn't seem even to want to sleep." "I know," Mrs. Gosnold nodded wisely,

the Exhibition of DREICER Jewels now in Philadelphia at the (South West Salon)



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So Thinks His Nemesis, But the Firemen Expect Their Muscot, Who Was Sent Away For Doing His Work Too Well, Soon to Reappear.

Lynamite has been sent away. Some- of those faithful mongrels and I bet he's where out in the wilds of Wawa he is on his way back now." performance of his duty.

was the adored pet and mascot of En-gine House 32, at 5th and Locust streets. Then a fire broke out and the fates conspired to nip Dynamite's chosen career n the bud. In accordance with his usual sustom when there was a fire in his district, he ran out to clear the way for the

pedestrian stopped in his tracks to watch the horses get into harness. This was a deviation from Dynamite's pro-gram. He barked. The man gave no heed. And then the dog took hold of his trouser leg to pull him out of the way. At least this is the way the fire-men down at the engine house narrate it. He didn't mean to bite, they say, but how could be know that in getting a mouthful of trouser cloth, he was also going to take in a chunk of calf. At any rate the citizen took the case

to court, and the order came from head-quarters that Dynamite had to be sent away. The consequence is that there is depressed atmosphere around the pre-

"He was only a valler dog," said of the men, "but he was the smurrest, most hu-man cur I ever saw. He'll never stay out in Waws, not if I know him. He's one shadow of a doubt

where out in the wilds of Wawa he is meditating on the queer quirk in the human make-up which causes mankind to punish a doggie for the too faithful performance of his duty.

Up until a few days ago Dynamite Up until a few days ago Dynamite was the adored pet and mascot of Engine House 32, at 8th and Locust streets.

When the telephone rang Dynamite would Jump up, and lifting the receiver off the hook would bark into the transmitter to let the person on the other and know that someone was coming.

All sorts of circus stunts were simple play to him; it was his display of almost human intelligence that made him such a source of tride to No. 32. The first gong could sound all day long and Dens mite would remain undisturbed. He'd prick up his ears and count the taps and then go about his business again doing. The horses had to be aroused to a sense of their responsibilities, the way had to be cleared for the engines. Dynamite did it-the last time, not wisely,

but too well.
In the meantime at No. 32 Engine House the men are laying bets as to just when their pet will shove his moist little nose in their palms and beg to be taken back

again.
That he'll turn up soon they haven't the



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