

# AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

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

**SYNOPSIS.**  
 Sally Manners, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of her house, in New York. Driven to seek shelter by a storm she tries the trap-door of other houses and finally enters the house of a rich family. She is met by a man named Blue Serge, who is a burglar and a thief. She is attracted to him and they become lovers. She helps him in his crimes and they live a life of social piracy. The story follows their adventures and the eventual discovery of their secret life.

I'm a moral coward before a coatroom attendant. I remember keeping tabs one summer, and will you believe me?—a common, ordinary, every-day \$3 straw hat set me back \$22.50 in tips. But I hope I can buy a better one.

"Oh, how can you?" she protested, lips tremulous with indignation.

"Don't flatter; I bore even myself at times."

"I don't mean that, and you know I don't. How can you sit there joking when you—when you've just—"

"Come off the job!" he caught her up as she faltered. "But why not? I feel anything but about it. It was a good job, wasn't it? A clean haul, a clear getaway. Thanks, of course, to you."

She responded not without some difficulty. "I wouldn't have dared if he hadn't tried to get at that sword."

"Just like him, too!" Blue Serge observed with a flash of indignation. "His kind, I mean—less burglars than burglars with no professional pride, no decent instincts, no human consideration. They never stop to think it's tough enough for a householder to come home to a cracked crib without finding a total stranger to boot—a man he's never even seen before, like as not—weltering on the premises—"

"Oh, do be serious!"

"Must I? If you wish."

The man crossed his features to a mask of whimsical attention.

"What—what did you do with him?" the girl stammered after a pause, during which consciousness of her disadvantage became only more acute.

"Our active little friend, the yegg? Why, I didn't do anything with him."

"You didn't leave him there?"

"Oh, no; he went away, considerably enough—upstairs and out through the scuttle—the way he broke in, you know. Surprisingly spry on his feet for a man of his weight and age—had all I could do to keep up the chase. I got my head word ran into him—I happened thoughtlessly to be carrying it—only a quarter of an inch or so, and he chucked his sword and, in the time it took me to get through the scuttle he was gone—vanished completely from human ken."

"He had broken the scuttle open, you say?"

"Tried it open with a jimmy."

"And you left it so?" he got back.

"No, he won't. I found hammer and nails and made all fast before I left."

"But," she demanded, wide-eyed with wonder, "why did you take that trouble?"

"Silly conceit, I presume. I couldn't bear the thought of having that rounthead return and muss up one of my nearest jobs."

"I don't understand you at all," she murmured, utterly confounded.

"Nor I you, if it matters. Still, I'm sure you won't keep me much longer in suspense, considering how open-faced I've been. But here's that animal of a waiter, again."

She was willingly silent, though she exerted herself to seem at ease with her companion, and a distinct, hollow echo in her hearing; her wits were all awheel, her nerves as taut and vibrant as banjo-strings; before her vision the face of Blue Serge swam, a flesh-tinted moon now and again traversed by a flash of white when he smiled.

"Come!" the man rallied her sharply, if in an undertone; "this will never do. You're as white as a sheet, trembling and staring, as if I were a leper or a relation with a bad case of something repulsive!"

She sat forward mechanically and mustered an uncertain smile. "Forgive me, I'm a little overwrought—the heat and—"

"Get another word, then, till you've finished. I'll do the talking if it's all the same to you. But you needn't answer—needn't listen, for that matter. I've no pride in my conversational powers, and you mustn't risk losing your appetite."

He seemed to find it easy enough to make talk, but Sally spared him little attention, being at first exclusively preoccupied with the demands of her hunger; and latter, as the meal progressed, renewing her physical strength and turning the ebbing tide of her spirits, now thoroughly engaged with the problem of how to extricate herself from this embarrassing association, or, if extrication proved impossible, how to turn it to her own advantage. For if the affair went on this way—she was a sorry adventuress indeed.

Small cups of black coffee stood before them, steaming, when a question roused her, and she shook her head, together and faced her burglar across the cloth, once more full mistress of her faculties.

"You're feeling better?"

"Very much," she smiled, "and thank you."

"Don't make me uncomfortable; remember, this is all your fault."

"What?"

"That I'm here, alive and whole, able to enjoy a most unique situation. Who are you?"

But she wasn't to be caught by any such simple stratagem as a question plumped suddenly at her with all the weight of a rightful demand; she smiled again and shook her head.

"Shan't tell."

"But if I insist?"

"Why don't you then?"

"Meaning insistence won't get me anything."

Sensitive to the hint of a hidden trump, she stiffened slightly.

"I haven't asked you to commit yourself. I've got a right to my own privacy."

There fell a small pause. Lounging, the elbow on the table, cigarette fuming idly between his fingers, the man favored her with a steady look of speculation whose challenge was modified only by the inextinguishable humor smoldering in his eyes—how that Sally met squarely, dissemblingly her excitement. For with all her fears and perplexity she could never quite forget that, whatever its

sequel, this was verily an adventure after her own heart, that she was looking her best in a wonderful frock and pitting her wits against those of an engaging rogue, that she was in the hour of her life, and that herself better dead was now living intensely an hour of vital emergency.

"But," the man said suddenly, and yet deliberately, "surely you won't dispute my right to know who makes free with my own home?"

Her bravado was extinguished as suddenly as a candle flame in a gust of wind. "You homes?" she parroted wistfully.

"Mine, yes. If you can forgive me." It sounded rather like his cardcase. It has been amusing to play the part you assigned me of amateur crackman, but really, I'm afraid it can't be done without a better make-up."

He produced and placed before her on the table a small white card, and as soon as his neat black script ceased to writhe and run together beneath her gaze she comprehended the name of Mr. Walter Arden Savage, with a residence address with no professional pride, no decent instincts, no human consideration. Her great adventure had begun.

"You!" she breathed aghast, "you're not really Mr. Savage?"

"He smiled indulgently. "I rather think I am."

Sally's voice faltered her entirely, and he laughed a tolerant little laugh as he bent forward to explain.

"I don't wonder you are surprised—or at your mistake. The fact is, the circumstances are peculiar. My name, really, is Billy. She's such a flighty little thing—unpardonably careless. I must have warned her a hundred times, if once, never to leave valuables in that place. But she won't listen to reason—never would. And it's her house"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## A TALE OF RED ROSES

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS  
By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

**CHAPTER XXXVIII**  
**THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.**  
 Molly's first and perfectly normal action when the limousine drove away with her was to indulge in a splendid case of hysteria, not one detail of which was omitted. She laughed, she cried, she shrieked, she pounded her heels on the floor of the car, she tried to jump out of the machine, she laughed and she cried again, and Sledge was so scared that he wilted his collar.

"You're all right, Miss Molly," he hoarsely cooed over and over, but finally a happy thought struck him, and, opening the door, he called out, "Get out, get out, get out!"

"Say, Billy, stop at Sheeny Jake's and bring out a slug of rye."

Molly dabbed at her eyes with the filmy lace handkerchief, while she had intended to call for the cut-glass chandelier.

"You are hurting my wrist," she complained.

He let go slowly and looked at the deep white indentations of his big fingers.

"I'm a slob!" he confessed. "Why, Miss Molly, I'd say my leg off before I'd hurt you. Why, doggone it, you're like a flower, or a butterfly, or a canary to me. You're hurting my wrist."

She drew her hand away, with a splendid assumption of cold disdain, although through some freak of fancy, she could see the giggling face of Fern in the distance.

"Home," he informed her. "We're gonna get married."

In spite of her tearing anger there was something in this so ridiculous that she was compelled to laugh, and with the first peal Sledge paled.

"Hit 'er up!" he yelled to his driver. "I want that booze quick. Please don't. Miss Molly, you're all right!" And he made the futile attempt of mopping his brow with the foolish little handkerchief which he somehow found in his hand.

"Let me out of here!" she demanded.

"Nix!" he gruffly replied. "You don't fool me again. I'm gonna marry you."

"You can't," she told him. "It isn't legal if I don't say 'Yes.'"

"You got to say 'Yes.'" He insisted.

"Look here, Molly, I couldn't let you fool me again. He's a woman fuser. He's been mixed up with them since you were engaged, and he'd never stop."

"It won't do you any good to belittle Bert," she fared.

"I can't," he informed her. "I kept my mouth shut, but now I got to spill what I know. These pretty men are always worse after they're married. Bert's a bum! He can't make a living unless somebody helps him. You'd hate his bones in six months. So don't you marry him!"

"I am the one to decide on that," Molly indignantly advised him.

Sledge looked at her a moment contemptively, then he opened the forward window.

"Stop!" he ordered Billy, and closed the window again. "A right and a wrong. He's unexpectedly told her as the machine stopped. "But be on the level now. Do you love Bert?"

"That's my affair," she evaded, flushing.

"Now it ain't," he insisted. "It's mine. Do you love him enough to be poor with him? Now, be square."

Molly was silent.

"He don't," he concluded. "Put it the other way. How about Bert? Now, don't kid yourself."

Again Molly was silent. She could answer that question if she chose, and the picture of little Jessie Peters' sublime adoration of Dicky Reynolds came before her eyes, linked with the memory of Bert's face when he had suggested a postponement. Being broke was an incident with Jessie and Dicky, and entirely aside from their love. With Bert and herself, it was the love which had been incidental.

"Waver's tickled stiff. I got him a big job. He didn't want to sell, though."

Molly longed for Fern.

"I thought the Governor was going to Switzerland," she observed, wondering how things fell so conveniently to Sledge's hand.

"Waver Judge Landale's going there," he told her, looking moodily ahead at the road. "You'll take me out to the house before you go back, won't you, Molly?"

"Who's there?" she inquired.

"Like and the servants. They went with the furniture."

Sledge seemed to feel no need of a Mother Grundy, and she realized, with a trace of approbation, that there was a fitness in him which made decency a matter of principle, rather than of circumstances.

"I don't mind the ride," she laughed, feeling suddenly triumphant. After all, she had won her battle with Sledge, and had reduced him to the pulpy consistency all men should be in their loves.

He was so obviously downcast that she wanted to cheer him up, but she could think of nothing to say which would lighten the heavy gloom now settling upon him. That failure in itself made her feel rather mean, and she was not at all satisfied with herself when they finally drove up to the porch of the magnificent Waver mansion.

Sledge alighted immediately, and held out his hand.

"You fooled me before," he charged.

"It's that's off," she assured him in his own language. His big hand was warm, and a solid substantial thing to hold to. She was glad that he liked her so well. It was safe and comfortable to know that "good words" he approved. "Molly, you're a lady." He still held her hand. He looked at it foolishly. He squared his shoulders with sudden defiance. He kissed it. "Back to Marjorie's, Billy," he directed, and closed the door of the limousine.

Billy pulled away from the porch. She waved her hand at Sledge as they made the turn. There was a new droop to his shoulders as he stood there on the stately big porch, all alone, in his black Prince Albert, with a red rose in his buttonhole.

Around the corner of the house, there painfully limped a once white bull terrier, with one eye gone and both ears matted with ribbon, and scars criss-crossed in every direction.

Molly tapped half hysterically on the window in front of her, and fumbled frantically to get it open.

"Sledge's back!" she called. "I want to see Bob!"

**CHAPTER XXXIX.**  
 Bob looked up at her with a distinct grin as she alighted.

"He's crazy about you when I grin him," Molly mischievously suggested.

"I'm glad to hear that," he directed, and closed the door of the limousine.

"That fat devil landed on my devoted head with all the force and fury of two hundredweight of professional jealousy! And then he asked me if you walked from God knows where—"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

**Funeral of Dr. H. B. Brunster**  
 The funeral of Dr. Harry B. Brunster, a prominent physician of the port of Philadelphia, under Governor Beaver's administration, was held today at the late residence, 708 North 53rd street. The service was held in the parlors of the late residence. Dr. Brunster conducted a large practice in this city for many years. He was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1872 and was a member of several medical societies. A widow, Mrs. H. B. Brunster, and three daughters, Mrs. H. B. Brunster, Mrs. H. B. Brunster, and Miss Margaret Brunster, survive.

### OBITUARIES

**Nathan A. Taylor**  
 Nathan A. Taylor, a senior member of the firm of N. & G. Taylor Company, member of the Union League, died yesterday at his home, Etnemore, 4000 Chestnut avenue, St. Martins. He was 64 years old. Mr. Taylor's firm, which is one of the oldest in the country, is a member of the Down Town Club, Philadelphia Cricket Club and the Philadelphia Country Club. He leaves a widow who was Miss Florence X. Supple, and four daughters, Mrs. W. W. Justice, Mrs. William M. Humphrey, Miss Evaline Taylor and Miss Marjorie Taylor. The funeral services will take place tomorrow afternoon at Mr. Taylor's home in St. Martins.

**James T. Halsey**  
 James T. Halsey, a well-known inventor, died early today at the University Hospital after an illness of several months. An operation, which was performed, failed to save his life. He was survived by his wife, Mrs. Halsey, and two daughters, Mrs. Halsey and Mrs. Halsey. He was a member of the Merion Club and lived at 30 South 22d street.

**Louis R. Halstead**  
 Louis R. Halstead, head of the firm of Halstead & Co., brass founders, died yesterday at his home, 453 Chestnut street, following an illness of four months' duration. He was 62 years old. Mr. Halstead succeeded his father, David Halstead, in the control of the brass foundry in 1892. The concern was founded in 1823. Surviving him are his widow and one son, who was a member of a number of fraternal orders.

**MARRIED**  
**SELLERS.**—At St. Peter's P. E. Church, at noon April 26, 1915, by the Rev. J. J. Jaffray, RICHARD CONE McCALL, son of Mr. R. H. McCALL, and ELLEN JACQUEL SELLERS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jacques Sellers.

### Deaths

**AUERBACH.**—On Monday, April 26, 1915, at his residence, 173 W. 72d St., New York City, Mrs. L. Auerbach, wife of John Auerbach, in the 76th year of her age. Funeral services will be held at 12 o'clock, Wednesday, April 28, at 12 o'clock noon.

**COANE.**—Sudden, on April 24, 1915, LAURA COANE, wife of John Coane, in the 70th year of her age. Funeral services will be held at 12 o'clock, Wednesday, April 28, at 12 o'clock noon.

**FENMORE.**—On April 24, 1915, at his residence, Ocean Grove, N. J., ELIZA J. wife of Captain George W. Fenmore. Relative and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock precisely, at the residence of her nephew, John H. Fenmore, 429 Locust st., Philadelphia. Interment private.

**HALSTAD.**—At his late residence, 453 Chestnut street, on Monday, April 26, 1915, LOUIS R. HALSTAD, husband of S. Edith Halstead. Due notice of funeral will be given.

**HICKMAN.**—On Monday, April 26, 1915, LEWIS B. HICKMAN, in his 77th year. Relative and friends are invited to attend the funeral at 12 o'clock, Wednesday, April 28, at 12 o'clock noon, at his late residence, 1019 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Carriages will meet trains leaving Chester at 10:30 a. m. and Philadelphia at 11:30 a. m. on Wednesday, April 28.

**HIGGINS.**—On April 26, 1915, MARY LUCY HIGGINS, wife of Dr. Pauline L. Higgins. Due notice of funeral will be given.

**REYNOLDS.**—On April 26, 1915, DICKY REYNOLDS, in his 19th year. Relative and friends are invited to attend the funeral on Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, from the residence, 328 South 22d street, Philadelphia. Interment private.

**THE Tales of Hoffmann**  
 When the Behrens Opera Club produces "The Tales of Hoffmann" tonight the part of Coppolius and Doctor Miracle, the sinister duality of the later acts, will be sung by Homer Lind, who is saving the club from disaster by substituting for the virtuous Mr. Spalding in playing its part and just. Often in a climax he stirred his hearers through an evident sincerity of feeling. One may speak of him, not patronizingly as a young violinist. He is young because his technique is still imperfect; but more happily, he is young because he gives himself unreservedly to his music, and in keeping with this devotion should not be rewarded, in time, with high distinction.

**SCHOOL GARDENING BEGUN**  
 State College Professor Gives 1000 Trees—First Meeting Today.  
 The contribution of 1000 small trees to public school gardens by Professor Ferguson, of State College, marks the first important step in the new course of school gardening. The meeting, which was held in the Stock Exchange Building today, plans for the study of soil culture, flowers and vegetables will be formulated, whereby school children will be taught to care for trees and to fight the various insects that prey upon them. Arrangements will be made for a garden exhibit at the end of the summer, at which prizes will be awarded to the juvenile gardeners achieving the best results. Miss Caro Miller, director of school gardens, will present her plan of work.

## NO. 103—ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN—THE KID'S CLEVER, BUT THE ODDS SEEM TO BE AGAINST HIM!

