THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's love by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1982, by Harold MacGrath

THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

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The Adventure Syndicate OUNG man," said the adventurer

L'coldly, "if you are marked, all the precaution in the world will not the precault you are fortunate, you will the in bed, of old age. That's all there to it. You remember the old lines—

He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

"What's the use of all this money if owhat's the use of all this money it of carrier some fun out of it, ou can't squeeze some fun out of it, ou, who have lived so frugally? Will you spend it in riotous living, or will stories? Or will you let it grow until it topples over and smotners you? In it topples over and smotners you? In it topples over and smotners you? In it topples over and smotner bear it topples over and smotner bear will be seller you will necessary on a temperature of these millions. I offer you a temperature of the boy had an old babble? Decidedly the boy had an old babble? Decidedly the boy had an old babble? The whole south end of the collar was lined with sloping racks, upon which reposed three or four hundred bottles, covered with dust and cobwebs. The adventurer seized the candle and bent to scrutinize a bottle. Romance Conti. So the wine was here, too? Romance Conti. So the wine was here, too? Romance Conti. Clos de Vougeot, and Chateau Yquem! He leaned against an apple barrel and began to chuckle unmindful that the tallow from the candle dripped on his shoes. ean't squeeze some fun out of it, who have lived so frugally? Will

"Ask as many questions as you like,"
mid the seller of adventure in response

Bancroft's query. Supposing I signed a contract for an adventure." said Bancroft, "Later I fall in love. Wouldn't it be likely for me to distrust her as one of your paid purpets? How about that?"

for me to distrust her as one of your paid puppets? How about that?"
"You read the prospectus a little hurfielly. All we offer is man-stuff. For love is not a subject of reasoning but of feeling, and therefore there are no common principles upon which one can persuade another concerning it. So persuade another concerning it. So mays our mutual friend Boswell. If a syour party woman entered the dining room,"

"How long has it been here?"
"Oh, ever since I can remember. Pick out your bottle. The steak will be getting cold."

The adventurer returned the candle and selected a bottle of Romanee Conti, which he wrapped in his handkerchief, carreless of the dust, and tucked under this arm. He followed Bancroft into the dining room, says our mutual friend Doswell.

young and pretty woman entered the dining room,

young and pretty woman entered the dining room,

You will have fo drink it out of game, she would enter it naturally, in the true adventurous style. And if the right sort, your ten thousand will have everyone there are some formalities, some ceremonial, in opening a bottle of this control of the suppose there are some formalities, some ceremonial, in opening a bottle of this

You have an answer for everything. A man who sells anything should have. Well, I'll leave the prospectus. photograph of George Bellman, who bought one of our adventures. gether with a synopsis of what befell him. Understand, part of the adventure is ours, part of it the natural sequence of events." The adventurer sequence of events. The adventurer placed the photograph and synopsis on "Here is our regular ad-

"The Bolivia Emerald Company." read, Bancroft, "West Forty-second, near Broadway." "That is the sign on our doors. We

"That is the sign on our doors. We should hestitate to use the Great Advenue Company for reasons already explained. Ostensibly we are manipulating—not promoting—a small emerald mine from which we are really taking a manutary of marketable emeralds. These

At this moment there came a tremen-dous rumble of thunder; forked light-ning farted littler and you; the wind rese to tempesi strength, and the old house trembled. The two men stood house trembled. The two men stood listening, abstractedly perhaps. The adventurer turned, his eyes twinkling with fictitious merriment. "All that is needed," he said shifting

the partifolio unider his arm, "to perfect the moment is for me to vanish in a moment is for me to vanish in a

the moment is for me to vanish in a cloud of sulphurous smoke."

"I would if it would astonish me?"
said Bancroft, laughing. Then he observed Mrs. Horne in the doorway. Her attitude was hestitant.

"Smooth to be table wit." she to said and did not come particularly

whether you bought it or not. Bancroft was impressed. He eyed his goblet of winc. Took a swallow, and found it good. A mellow fire seemed to set about invaling every rein in his body.

"These charies here. A fine lot of Dutch cherry, worth about three hundred each; probable here."

These charies here. A fine lot of Dutch cherry, worth about three hundred each; probable here. The

there was something akin to the look croft confessed. "Yet I have always of a marauding wolf who unexpectedly admired these chairs—without knowing inds himself caught to a trap.

"Yes; come and have supper," urged Bancroft, who wouldn't have turned forth a tramp into such a storm. Not that this charitable instinct was wholly accountable for the present invitation. There was a sudden born craying for tompany and entertainment; and this horizontal properties of a mile from here to the hotel, and the walk will be no plenic in this downpour."

Bancroft was young. He had by consultation interest in."

He was gone but a

Bancroft was young. He had by contant study acquired a formidable array of facts, even digested them: but as fet few of these facts had been exertised. He was, then, something like face book, waiting for some one to cut the leaves. Those outside forces which barpen a man's wits and strengthen his defenses had not yet touched him save a negligible degree. His knowledge sked Bancroft with an eagerness all ountenance. Here, in the village, he much make everybody by their acts; their acts their acts their acts that character, and the chairs. They did not belong in a house of this ordinary quality.

"It says here that the chairs are owned by the author." The adventurer rson, not of this or that character, owned by the author.'

5. then, throughout this remarkable turned back to the ti erview, he missed the cold menace expression on human faces, his ears ere sharp enough in the translation of tk cavern from hehind which or out which it came. There was,, however, e yisible point: the laughter, which

Manal its approach by a smile nor

Fears; that if he were romantic struction. No regue could smile use struction, and that struction is struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. No regue could smile use struction, no regue could smile use struction. Struction is that struction is the struction is that is the suppose the su Great Adventure company. He about filled with pearls and rubies and

het, then, in order to premote his dismonds.

"I dou break bread under his roof is, photograph himself in-the youngster's memory. bread under his roof! He

"Hang it!" he said, with a gayety which would have deceived the Cumnean Sibyl; "I'll go you. I feel that I shall be perfectly at home!"

"Another plate, Mrs. Horne."
"I put another one on, sir, not

knowing—"
"Come along, then, Boswell," said
Bancroft, jovially. "I say, do you

Bancroft, jovially. "I say, do you drink?"

"Occasionally; but I am more or less a temperate man, Mr. Bancroft."

"The cellar is full of the stuff, though I've-never opened any of it. Sometimes, in the fields during harvest, I've taken my glass of eggnog, made with hard cider."

"Nobody in the village told me your father drank,"

"He didn't. He was a teetotaler."

"Ah! another one of those forcelos-

"Ah! another one of those foreclos-

"Possibly. I'll take the candle and

ped on his shoes.

"In a dead world like this!" he said. "Have you any opinion of what you have got here?"
"No."
"How long has it been here?"

stuff. But I am a green hand on that

score."
"Will you join me?"
"Well. I don't suppose a glass will be my utter damnation."
"You never can tell."
"How much is this stuff worth?"
"Somewhere around ten thousand."
Bancroft's sensation was one of indifference; and he began immediately to analyze this indifference. Not so long ago the information would have wrenched a shout of incredulity out of him.

ed a shout of incredulity out of him, while now he accepted it as something ordinarily possible. A millionaire, why shouldn't his wine cellar be worth some-

Rare Old Wine "I could sell it for you tomorrow,"

said the adventurer.

Bootleg it?

Something like that, of course."

times, when we find nothing but wishy-washy youth."

Bancreft griuned. "If I could go on an adventure with you as a side partner, why, I don't say."

Then it would become a Cook's tear, Sill, I'm obliged for the thought," the adventure added dryly. "We may get the fortfolio and rose.

At this moment there came a transfer of the second and beings. A this moment there came a transfer of the second and beings. A transfer of the second and beings. ber of years, and they reach the top of their vigor; then they begin to decline. Oh, i know what is going on in the back of your head. You have written me

down some kind of a crook, and your suspicions have been confirmed by my offer to take the wine off your hands." Bancroft was conscious of a warmth his cheeks. "Honestly, now, can you

"All right, We'll say no more about the Great Adventure Company. Keep the prospectus and laugh over it in

"Supper is on the table, sir," she to sell and did not care particularly whether you bought it or not. Bancroft

Ing glances: there was diffidence in old Mrs. Herne's, tolerance in Bancroft's: but in the glances of the adventurer "And both are over my head." Ban-"And both are over my head," Ban-roft confessed. "Yet I have always

why."
The adventurer rose and shifted the "Yes; come and have supper," urged The adventurer rose and shifted the Bancroft, who wouldn't have turned chair about in his hands with loving the course of the course of

a negligible degree. His knowledge asked Bancroft with an eagerness all physicismy was at present ordinary, out of proportion with his actual inno wise curious or deliberate. He had terest in the chairs. He had always ever had any cause to study the human been curious about the books, the vases,

turned back to the title page. which from time to time revealed itself the smiling blue eyes of the unknown, who suddenly began to laugh.

New, while it is true that Bancroft's type were naturally and the smiling blue eyes of the unknown, who suddenly began to laugh.

The were naturally began to laugh. Wes were untrained in the art of read-they are old, but for two reasons—the artistry of the maker and the shadowy unds. Once more he sensed the hol-wass of this laughter, the wall or Take that chair there—with the arms. Three hundred years old. You have Three hundred years old. You have imagination. Think of-conjure upall the women who have sat in that

chair, their bright faces, their lace caps * * * and some of them with a child in their arms." You are asking me to stay to sup- To Bancrott's wonder, the which he had been waiting broke. To Bancroft's wonder, the smile for The stranger became conscious of an malterable fact: that this boy was no strange beauty to the harsh face. Banla fears; that if he was educated far beyond the lateral facts that if he was educated far beyond the lateral facts. The strange beauty to the harsh face. Banla fears; that if he was educated far beyond the lateral facts and the lateral

> "I doubt it," said Banerott. "How did you two get on?"

CONTINUED MONDAY







The young lady across the way says she voted by mail at the pri-

mary and hasn't got an answer yet.

PETEY-Get His Name and Address



ON THE STREET IN SKIRTS UP TO THEIR KNEES.





