## THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Tighting story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a boautiful girle love by the gather of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1988, by Harold MacGrath

"Plenty of money?"

"Yes, sir."

The professor nodded; and the car went on, into the storm and the night. The young man called Shadow returned to the hotel veranda and watched the regretted that she had not let him sake the front seat. But then, it was any here in the stuffy tonneau that she becovered the taint in his breath. Perpor country book and what part in the cast had this provered that she must always be satchful and reserved among men, that two comradeship did not enter (at least, ad not in her case) the artificial life of the stage.

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The professor nodded; and the car went on, into the storm and the night. The young man called Shadow returned to the hotel veranda and watched the red tail light until a bend in the road shut in behind it. Queer old bird; something loony about him, for all his intellect. What was his game, anyh.w? And what part in the cast had this proor country book and his money? Well, the old boy knew what he was about, and it didn't pay to question or cross him. He had a way of boiling up furiously; and in those moments he was bad medicine to brook.

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The wind had arisen again, and the stomobile top and sides rumbled and supped so continously that sustained denermation was more difficult, and after a few desultory phrases about the stather they became verbally silent. They were frequently jounced, the road bins dirt, rutty and puddled and seasy. Time after time they were thrown heavily together; but Bancroft took no hurt from this or discomfort. His one regret was that the journey would be comparatively abort. Once the sharp corner of the Jaipur box stung his elbow.

The journey exceeded an hour and a searter. Arriving at the wayside fation, they found the eleven o'clock than had come and gone; but the twelve was on schedule. Bancroft wanted to mean until train time, but Williams objected boorishly.

As Williams had the car going Bancroft had to jump aboard.

"Tou're a surly codger, Williams."

"I be, buh? Well, I nin't goin' t' lang around th' depot so's you talk with th' girl. Sihe paid me; nothin' for me f wait for, is there? It's late, as'. I want t' get back home."

"If you were ten years younger I'd went your head."

"Well I ain't ten years younger."

Bancroft looked back, but the strange young woman had entered the waiting leas.

"Where'd did she come from?"

"Where'd did she come from?"
stand Williams after a few minutes.
"I don't know"—rather absently, for
its veins were still echoing their recent

when you charged this young woman

ten."
"Unfortunate, is she? Huh! So that's th' kind that's th' kind that's the kind that's the inhabitants." All Bancroft's pent-up wrath of years against the village and its inhabitants broke through the weakened barriers; and he let the deluge fall upon Williams' head. "All my life my father and I lave been ostractzed because some one called him a miser and the rest of you look it up. Now you're going to hear my epinion of you and the rest of the milagers. You're mean. Your minds are obscene; for you see evil in all chings you do not understand, and hope he the worst. You never offer the boot miless the object is down. You go to church Sundays, not to worship God, but to give your wives a chance to pick my any gossip they missed during the week. You are ready to stone the begar and lick the rich man's boots—as presently you'll try to lick mine. Here's some gossip for you. My father left means a presently for you.

isre's some gossip for you. My ather left me nearly seven millions. De you get that? Seven millions! And on won't get one single horse trough at of me, not a single trough. That's

Perhaps it was the invisible impact of Williams' Ferhaps it was the invisible impact of so much money that caused Williams' hand to falter, or it might have been a simple hole in the road. Whatever the cause was, the car swerved unexpected-y and plunged into the shallow ditch. The engine gave a loud whoof in protest and stopped.

"Now look what you went an' done!" simple Williams, plaintively.
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This was too much for Bancroft's wrath, which evaporated, and a rush of layish laughter followed. He regretted that his tongue had run away with him. He had intended that the village should live in wonder as to how much his father had left. Now the whole town would know about the millions in the morning. It took a quarter of an hour to coax the engine out of its sulks. For five minutes the car alithered back and forth in the effort to regain the road. This secomplished, the vehicle careened toward home. "Beven millions, huh?" said Williams, after they had covered three miles. "Mebbe. I wouldn't touch a soling of it."
"You never will."
Williams had his revenge in a minor degree. Bancroft was forced to walk

Williams had his revenge in a minor tagree. Bancroft was forced to walk have from the garage. As he swung such the gate he fell into laughter again. He had entered upon this adventure with ten thousand dollars in his poctat! So much for a pretty face. Btill, he might have asked where to send old her. Horne's shoes and stockings. He entered the house, tossed his hat had slicker upon the hall chair, put out he lights, and went up to his room. He had tried to marshal the events, but either the girl got in the adventurer's way or he got in hers; Bancroft could not concentrate upon either with any success. He smiled. Who could say? The divent of the girl might be an earnest of what the Great Adventure Company was capable of offering its clients. If he was rather inclined toward a consist. Man stuff easily. Well, you never

carrowwood JERENIAN SALVONDON STATE SALVONDON

Yes, sir; a queer old bird. Every matines day you'd find him in the parade, up Broadway or down, peering oddly into the faces of the women—the young ones. Nothing raw about the way he did it; more like a painter seeking a special model. Once he had taken the liberty to quis the old boy.

"What are you hunting for, professor?" sor?" "A smile."

"Why, you're getting 'em right and

left!"
"But not the one I seek, Shadow."
There was the emerald company, too. All on the level, not a nail out of plumb; really dug up emeralds and sold them. But over against this, the Great Adventure Company, which was about as logical as the old George W. Perpetual Motion; and there wasn't one chance in a million of this boob here falling for it. And what was going to happen if he did sign the contract? Some fool movie stuff? Well, well; his job was to watch friend Jeremish, and watch him he would, from pancakes to prayers. left!" cakes to prayers.

Meantime, there could be no harm in

convincing a certain village smarty that kelly pool was an art all by itself. Humming a popular air, the Shadow re-entered the hotel.

The professor—evidently known as such by his few intimates—arrived in New York at twelve. He turned the car into a garage and took the elevated downtown to Fourteenth street. Eventually he turned into Twelfth street and entered an apartment house. The apart-ment consisted of three rooms with "Oh, you don't know, huh? What's a young woman doin' at your house this time o' night?"
"None of you infernal business, you eld erook!"
"Who you callin' a crook?"
"You!"
"Youg man, that's libel, defamation of char'tter. I can git you hauled up for that. Anyhow, I can make you walk. You ain't payin' me no fare t' lag you back t' town. Git out!"
"Try putting me out!" replied Bancroft, bellgerently. "Two dollars is generally your top price for this job, and you imposed upon the unfortunate when you charged this young woman

The occupant, having no servant, pro-ceeded to make himself a cup of tea, which he drank thoughtfully. He got out of his clothes, but abstractedly, which resulted in a disorder of their placement. All this while there had been no expression on his lean, hand-some face to imply that he considered his business in the country a success or a failure, but he swung himself into bed heavily, after the fashion of a man weary in mind and body.

a man weary in mind and body.

He turned on the reading light and reached for the book on the bed-stand. It was Burton's "The Anatomy of Melancholy." He opened the volume at the marker, and began to read; and soon became absorbed in this remarkable analysis of mental depression.

Sometimes we seek books, not in idle amusement, but in hope that we may find some example which will either excuse our conduct or cure it.

At 1 o'clock the young woman with the Jaipur box came to the door of a brick dwelling with marble steps and window-ledges, in Ninth street. With no sound beyond the opening and closing no sound beyond the opening and closing click of the latch, she tiptoed into the hall and up the first flight of stairs, and let herself into a room which faced the yards. She closed the door and turned on the light simultaneously.

A Pekingese puppy, gray-brindle, black of face, with a coat so fine and thick and soft that it rivaled spun silk, dealed toward her with made.

A Pekingese puppy, gray-brindle, black of face, with a coat so fine and thick and soft that it rivaled spun silk, dashed toward her with such expressions of joy and welcome and love-madness that the girl fell upon her knees, swept the puppy to her throat, and rocked with him.

"Hush, hush!" she whispered, to still the puppy's whimpering. "Sh! Oh, Ling Foo, Ling Foo! What shall I do? I can't give you up, and I can't leave this place. "I'm so unhappy! I'm nobody; I don't belong!" She set the puppy down, picked up the Jaipur box and rose. She gazed about, questioning mute! her trunk, the bureau and the wall-stand. After all, it did not matter where she put the box; there was nothing within it of monetary value, while the box itself was like dozens she had seen in the Fourth avenue shops. It might be worth five dollars, no more. She decided upon the wall-stand, and placed the box there.

Next, she began to prepare for the puppy a dish of condensed milk diluted with warm water, which she heated over an alcohol burner; and while the puppy satisfied its thirst and hungw, the girl let down the folding-bed and freshened the pillows.

The room was large, with a ciethespress of satisfying dimensions. There was no suggestion of luxury, but all the furnishings intimated comfort and excellent feminine taste. There was a grand plane by one of the windows, and the top of this was littered with songs and opera scores.

Ling Foo, now drowsy with comfort, sat up and begged to be put to bed. The girl amiled. He was so funny. He was worth a hundred miles of mud and rain. He defied melancholy; he was irresistibly an optimist, and his optimism was contagious. So she nestiled him between the pillows, whence he syed her contentedly, with an occasional wag of the tall as she moved about.

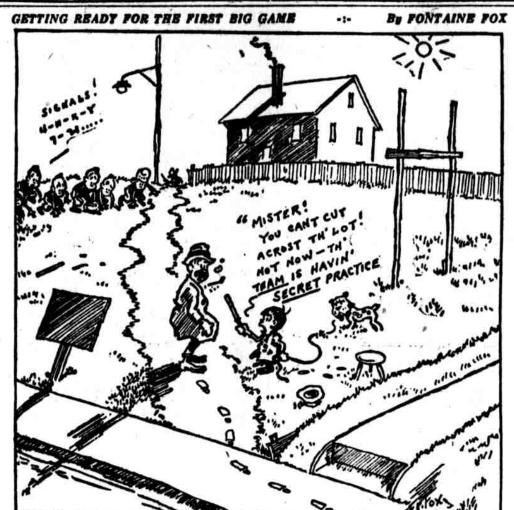
CONTINUED TOMORROW



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—A Lady Can Say Some Things Herself, But— By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office ALL SHORT AN DUMPY AN DON'T YOU WELL THERE'S ONE THING TIGGT
TO MAND IT TO THE MEW STYLES
FOR THAT'S FLOWING LINES. THEYRE
ALL MADE TO PRODUCE ALLONG FLOWING OH CHEER UP MAME! THERE'S CALL ME FAT. YSKINNY RIP! AINT GOT NO FLOWING LOTS OF ADVANTAGE IN BEING FAT-T WAST LIKE A TOMATO SILLYETTE ! I HAVE - AN MOTHIN LOOKS RIGHT ON ME! (508) G-GUESS BUBS RIGHT HE SAYS TH'ONLY PLACE FER ME IS A SIDE SHOW. OH IT'S FERCE TO BE SHORT AN DUMPY I WISH TO D'DIE!

The Young Lady Across the Way SIGRALS.

The young lady across the way says that when she makes a journey she never goes by common carrier, but always in a chaircar.



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS HEAR A TREE BY THE MARGIN OF THE WOUDLAND. WHOSE SPREADING LEAFT BOUGHS SWEED THE GROUND, WITH A PATH LEADING THITHER CER THE PRABLE
WHEN SILENCE HUNG HER MIGHT GARD AROUND THERE OFTEN HAVE I WANDERED IN THE EVENING WILL THE SUMMER WINDS WERE FRANKANT ON THE LEA THERE I SAN THE LITTLE BEAUTY BELL BRANDON S. THERE I SAW THE LITTLE BEAUTY BELL BRANCON. HUM. IT MAY MAKE AND WE MET NEATH THE OLD ARROW THE YOU FEEL SAP BUT Q DONT ME. HOM BURHIM!
LEAVES MAKES
HOW FEEL KINDD A HITTIG MI BUNGTER FIR BURHIH' THESE LEAVES -

PETEY—The Determined Duffer By C. A. Voight - DARN THESE LEAVES - WHAT'S THE ANYWAY --- I'M -YES MATTER WITH UNCLE - IVE FOUND A PETEY- DIDN'T HE GONNER HAVE A SET OF FALSE TEETH, BUT, NOW DICKENS OF ATTIME A DIAMOND RING, A HE CAN'T FIND FINDING MY BALL FORD AND A HEEDLE HIS CLUBS!" XX!!? 4 4! BUT I CAN'T FIND A-BLANKETY." THAT DINGED XXX BLANK -BALL -! - I'LL STICK TILL I FIND IT-THAT BALL HAS TO LAST OUT THE SEASON -

