THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH alling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's love the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1922, by 'Harold MacGrath

without ulterior purpose. Perhaps the puzzle—the assumption that there was a silent, musterious magnate, who a silent, musterious magnate, who a silent, musterious magnate, who a silent, musterious and rare a collector of antiques and rare a collector of antiques and rare a collector of antiques and rare works as own the father's death. under sign own the will, and rare works as own the will, and rare works as own the will, and rare works and thinking of his shellered, until live on a tempesitous night, when the force a sinister stranger into liege home. Dan Stewart, the figure home. Dan Stewart, the stranger into single home, ban single but a joke.

The man's laughter—the hollowness of it and the shading of the mockery—was in itself something to speculate upon. Had he ever known Silas Banchesear the work of the contract, if there was such a beautiful young oirt, rain-soaked, a constitution of the magne. Stewart she does not give her name. Stewart she known as the Shadow, to give her name. Stewart she does not give

ing more loving or lovable than a my kind of a dog. He is a human and the he would call on Lawyer Snell and by whom.

First he would call on Lawyer Snell and by whom.

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stockings, she made a little gesture h indicated self-reproach. She id never be able to return the is tockings, she made a little gesture ich indicated self-reproach. She might able to return the icles. She might, of course, address in blindly to "the house of many is and vases"; but on second such that she dismissed the purpose as liculous as well as impractical. She conscious now of having acted too ich upstage without any justification is in that the young man's breath if been tainted with drink. He had if yed the part of the Good Samaritan is feely; and she would still be in that the interpretation of the city; and she would still be in that it will be in the constant of the c

ecause of other men unknown to this chance benefactor was made suffer apparent ingratitude. It was way of the world. One man comto the stone cast, the ripples ched far and wide, bringing misery

At length she sat upon the bed Turkmetal box. A letter, with the metal box. A letter box of his you?" A particle box of the metal box. A dictated let-

locket and left the chain? Had rogue robbed the other? arling Daddy Bowman, who had

tht her all he knew about music. that today she was capable of proing for herself! How glad she was, the midst of her grief, that she had turn been able to take care of him, visit him Sundays and to take him wees! Now he was gone; and to-rrow the muddy earth would cover in forever.

He was hungry when he enteredining room. "Chow, Aunty!"

ats were unreciprocated.
When he awoke in the early morning, as was his habit, Bancroft sat up bed, plowed his fingers through his ped, plowed his lips. Pah!—what and licked his lips. Pah!—what "Aunty, am I really Silas Bancroft's" goblet. A nightmare was a nov-

e grinned, jumped out of bed, and up the curtains. It was a gloday. In the yard the ground cob-flashed like diamond sunbursts. upland fields were ruddy and golden In with stubble and emerald green winter wheat; and above the fields wooded heights, with scattered ches of flaming maple. The changing auty of this vista was eternal; each the four seasons was a sublime caused her death?"

ist. And he might be gazing thither-rd for the last time. What had chained him here? Why

there was to that. Just the sort impulses were totally different.

girl to chase around the world. "I am going to New York,

she took off the borrowed shoes able kinks this morning.

Surely his mind was full of unaccountable she took off the borrowed shoes able kinks this morning.

He heard voices below and lent an

den, bitterly.
"He will," replied Bancroft, sotto voice; "and this very night!"
"Autymobiles and moving picture actresses and all that. He ain't so in-

say of the world. One man comside an evil, and like water respondto the stone cast, the ripples
the far and wide, bringing misery
disruption to the innocent. (Of
the is the woof and warp of this
the length she sat upon the bed Turkto, in her kimono and reviewed the
most of the letter she had found in
metal box. A letter, written
the gore, in anticipation of his
the while he had yet the use of his
the while he had yet the use of his
to the stone cast, the ripples
the ripples
the father did,
"What he does with his money is
his own business,"
"Did you know that there was a
young woman here last night and that
there was his father did,
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his own business,"
"Did you

ce if no, his hands. A dictated letbloaddy Bowman, dear old Daddy
wman! * * * Who had found her outde his studio one morning years ago!
had never told her about the box
de the chain because "it would only
he tantalized you and directed you
where." She was not an ordinary
indling. Daddy Bowman had allys maintained the opinion that she
by amintained the opinion that she
by in the plans of the rogues had
aced them to abandon her at the nearty door, which fortunately had been
While he lived she had been Daddy
wman's; now she was nobody's;
I it was beyond all possibility that
box and chain would ever lead to
be identity. But why had they taken
locket and left the chain? Had
rogue tabbed the caller?

The Neighbors Are Curious

The Neighbors Are Curious

Silence followed. Bancroft peered from behind his curtain, He saw Mrs. Linden—something of a grenadier— marching stormily down the path to the gate. He blew a mocking kiss after her for this conversation bad suggested fine idea.

He was hungry when he entered the she came in with platters in both hands, one heaped with smoking golden brown pancakes and the other sizzling overed that for once his endear-ats were unreciprocated.
When he awoke in the early morn-

"What? Land o' Goshen, Jerry boy, bottom of the sea ten times and he d still taste the brine of it * * * What? Land o' Goshen, Jerry boy, whatever put that into your head? What makes you think you mightn't be?'' curiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Popped into my head. It seems to me a real father would have left some advice with all this money, considering that until recently I never saw a hundred dollars in a lump

sum."
"Jerry, I was present when your father and mother were married. I was with your mother when you came and when she died, a week later "Maybe he hated me for having

"No. He never spoke a harsh word to you, my boy, or ever laid a heavy hand on you. You wasn't ever whipped. But what had chained him here? Why in't he run away from it all and gone in't he run away from it all and gone enturing as some of the village boys eady had? Cowardice? Had he feared fate too much? Did he love the hills it valleys, while he had hated the findiants? Had the soil held him? He left you with me. He got pneumony and was in a hospital for weeks. When the finding the soil held him? He ald not answer.

His thought, irked by this invisible going to live here. But, Oh, how changed he was!" he finally came back he told me he was

lis thought, irked by this invisible basse, took another direction. Had girl really taken all that trouble the sake of a dog? He was conpus of wanting to know this for a tainty, though the wanting had no ined reason for being. Perhaps in a his first romantical contact with female of the species, he dreaded illusion.

If I was you, Jerry boy, I'd go away y should the girl lie or invent If I was you, Jerry boy, I'd go away

and she had gone home to him. The identical advice offered by the advectment difficulties, and that was venturer, but that was all. The two

a girl to chase around the world, a in nightmares.

The rued his punctilious regard for rules of convention, exacted for no reason than to impress the girl the fact that he knew how to be a si f a country bumpkin should be what was what in manners; y hadn't he boldly given his name asked for hers? She would be in York, whither he was bound, but would have as much chance of findher as he would in particularizing grain of sand from another on a beach.

Impulses were totally different.

"I am going to New York, Aunty, this very night. I'll be gone several months. I want you to keep the house for me. I'll write you from time to time, but nobody must know where I am. You see, that chap last night was the beginning. The door is going to be hammered loose by men and women who'll have schemes—a thousand of them—by which they hope to transfer some of my shekels to other pockets. Tell; them I've gone away and will not return under six months."

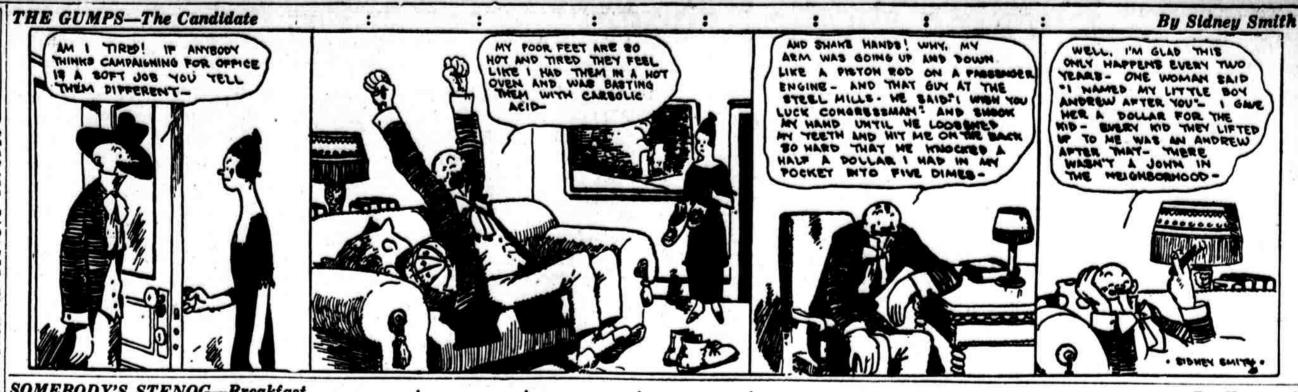
"Take care o' yourself. New York

"Take care o' yourself. New York man, though! Bancroft stared is a dreadful city—and you like Red hills, his brow furrowed. He Ridinghood!"

not dismiss the notion that the affair cloaked entirely another I'll fight shy of wolves who pretend to and that he had been subtly into search for it. Hence, the sin-New York with any illusions about it. suggestion that had entered his different that had entered his different that had entered his depth background.

I'm not going in search of fortune: I have one. But I've got to leave this town for a while. So why not to the big city, and get my education over with? I have brains; I want to find out how to use them."

That was the flaw; it was almost want threat. • • • Oh, pshaw! the thing was ridiculous rubbish of the control of the cont







The young lady across the way, reading of Jumbo's death, says she supposes the mammoth creature was taken down with elephantiasis.





