

THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Continuation 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.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY... without ulterior purpose. Perhaps the puzzle—the assumption that there was a "nigger in the woodpile"—arose from the peculiarity of the scheme and the formidable intellect of the promoter.

A Beautiful Foundling... ALL things that live, there is nothing more loving or lovable than a dog. He is a creature of instinct.

she took off the borrowed shoes... She indicated self-reproach. She had never been able to return the money she might, of course, address blindly to "the house of many windows and vases"; but on second thought she dismissed the purpose as impractical.

At length she sat upon the bed... in her kimono and reviewed the contents of the letter she had found in a metal box. A letter, written in a cursive hand, in anticipation of his death, while he had yet the use of his hands. A dictated letter.

Daddy Bowman, dear old Daddy Bowman! Who had found her out? She had never told her about the box. She was not a girl who would only tantalize you and directed you.

When he awoke in the early morning... he plowed his fingers through his hair and licked his lips. Pah!—what a night! Never any more of that stuff for me!

He grinned, jumped out of bed, and drew up the curtains. It was a gloomy day. In the yard the ground covered with faded like diamond sunbursts.

upland fields were ruddy and golden with stubble and emerald green winter wheat; and above the fields were wooded heights, with scattered patches of flaming maple. The changing color of this vista was eternal; each of the four seasons was a sublime and majestic pageant.

Why should the girl lie or invent? Baneroff argued in her behalf. She should tell him those was a girl, wasn't it? He hadn't seen her since she had been under no obligation to explain any of her adventures or to give any explanations for her behavior.

That man, though! Baneroff stared at the hills, his brow furrowed. He did not dismiss the notion that the affair cloaked entirely another man and that he had been subtly induced to search for it. Hence, the suggestion that he had entered the night before and now returned.

That was the flaw, it was almost a threat. Oh, pah! The thing was ridiculous rubbish.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—The Candidate

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Breakfast

By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way

THE SCHOOL BUS

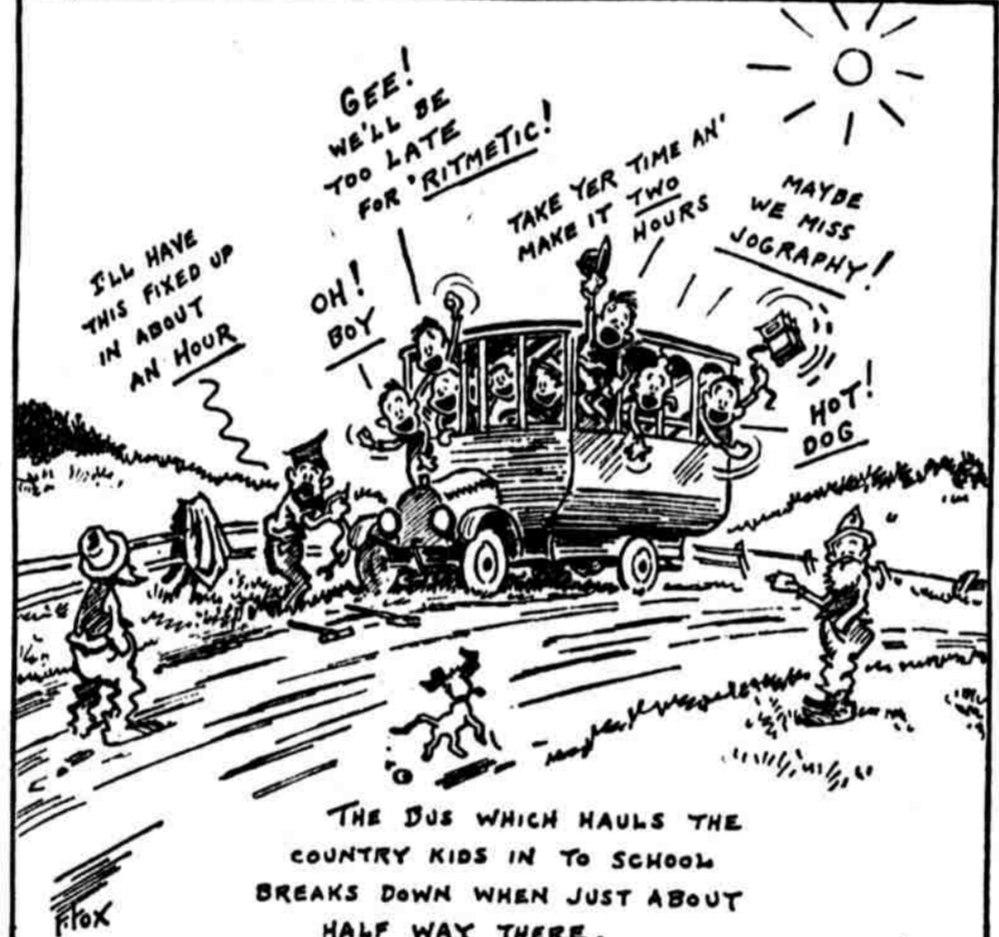
By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



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



THE BUS WHICH HAULS THE COUNTRY KIDS IN TO SCHOOL BREAKS DOWN WHEN JUST ABOUT HALF WAY THERE.



THE HALL OF FAME

PETEY—Some Day He'll Get the Best of It

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—It's a Rare Assortment!

By King

