

By Sidney Smith

THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Writing 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.

THIS BEING THE 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.

Jerry in New York. Mr. HORNE retired precipitately to the kitchen to have a good cry. This boy was as her own. She had made him a man. And now his inno-

With what the matter? he wanted to know, observing the redness of her eyes. "I'm afraid!" "Don't worry about me, Auntie. I'm a country bumpkin, but not the New Yorker ever saw before."

He stole away at sundown and took the 8:30 for New York. His only piece of luggage was a suitcase and a battered lock. In order to keep the case from falling open he had had to bind it with a length of clothes line.

Once the train had reached the city, he began to examine the typewritten sheets which enumerated his worldly possessions. There were thousands upon thousands of bills; there were all manner of gilt-edged bonds and stocks; ships, houses, apartments and tenements.

His laughter roused the young man in the seat behind. The stranger smiled at him as not at all surprised, but at a picture: the clothes line around the suitcase, the cheap, ill-fitting clothes, the derby which recalled the headgear of Joe Weber when old Broadway was somewhere.

Not in his will, but now! When they were growing old and bent and helpless, when a spell of sickness would keep them all they had saved up, while they could enjoy it. To make these three happy he had tried to lighten a sensitive boy's misery.

THE GUMPS—The Noble 700

WELL—THE TOUCHES ARE STILL COMING IN—IF I LAST UNTIL ELECTION DAY I'LL BE AS CLEAN AS A HOUND'S TOOTH—HERE'S A GUY WHO WANTS MONEY TO CONVERT SOME ZULUS—THEY'RE NOT VOTING IN MY DISTRICT—



FOR THE MONEY I HAVE SPENT AND GIVEN AWAY I COULD HAVE GONE TO SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY, BOUGHT LAND, ESTABLISHED A NEW GOVERNMENT, ELECTED MYSELF KING INSTEAD OF CONGRESSMAN, AND BUILT A HAVY TOO—WHAT'S THIS? IF THIS IS A TOUCH I'M THROUGH NOW—



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS, EM? A RESOLUTION FROM A LARGE MANUFACTURING FIRM ENDORSING ME AND SIGNED BY ITS PRESIDENT, MARSHALL S. LLOYD, ALL THE OFFICERS AND 700 EMPLOYEES—THAT MUST BE A WONDERFUL INSTITUTION—LEAVE IT TO SMART PEOPLE TO PICK OUT AND ENDORSE THE BEST CANDIDATE—



OH MIN!

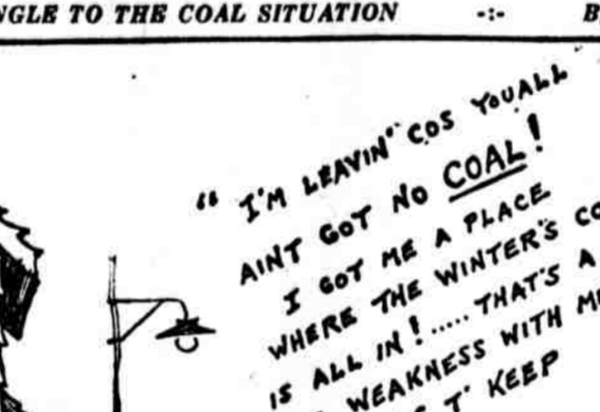


SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Dear Little Girl From Next Door

OH MY KANG O TANG BABE—ZANG BANGO TANG BABE—OH LOOKIT LOOKIT LOOKIT—WHAT A HUG-A-DUG-HUG—



THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR JIMMY—STEP OFF IT A MINUTE.



HELLO—PAPA SENT THIS PIECE OF MUSIC IN TO YOU HE SAYS SEE IF YOU CAN PLAY IT



WHY IT'S THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL FROM NEXT DOOR



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes the funny-bone is so called because it borders on the humerus.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO THE COAL SITUATION



"I'M LEAVIN' COS YOU'LL AINT GOT NO COAL! I GOT ME A PLACE WHERE THE WINTER'S COAL IS ALL IN! ... THAT'S A BIG WEAKNESS WITH ME. I LIKES T' KEEP WARM!"

SCHOOL DAYS

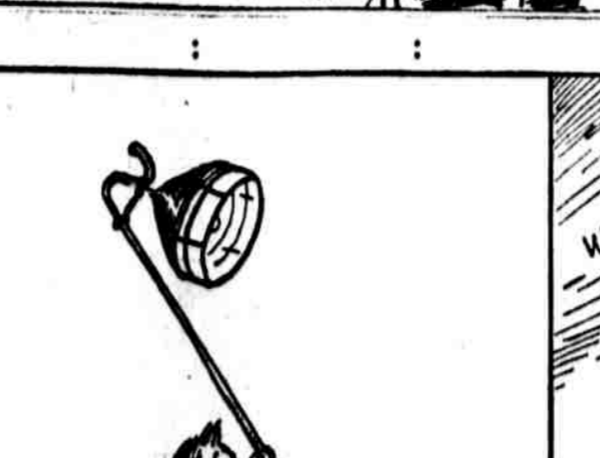


PETEY—A Slight Mistake

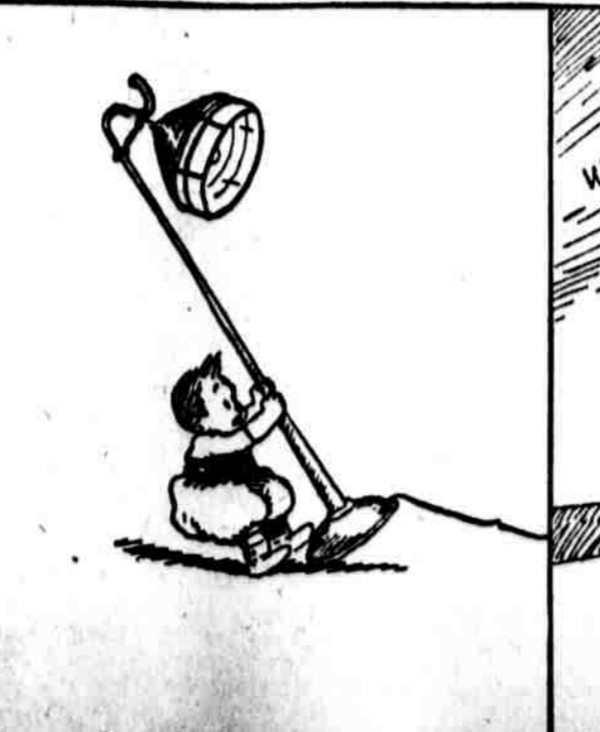
—GOODNESS! ISN'T PETEY HOME YET—? —NO—AND I'M NEARLY STARVED WAITING—HE'S AN HOUR LATE—



—WHAT DO YOU MEAN—BEING LATE FOR DINNER!!! —WHO—ME—!? —NOT ME—YOU!—I HAD MY DINNER DOWNTOWN!



GASOLINE ALLEY—Why, of Course!



By C. A. Voight

By King