## THE WORLD OUTSIDE

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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.

HE SHADOW, a crook in Stewart's employ. Applicate leaders acker of Nancy's show, at the law with her to be to be with her to be sometimes a manufactor individual, with when the cider Beneroft had unexplained dealings. He has disappeared.

Seeing the Bright Lights

You bet I'll come. The madame 'll bank at once and have the letter of credit made out? The sooner I start, the better. Kennedy; and initia's?' 'I suspect that if any they will be C. J.' bands amiable. She wants t' put me in lingerie, but I gave her th' nix on that.

the country. Well, believe me, it must be some village. You should have heard him spoutin' somethin' about 'Jenny lissed me'?'

"Had be been drinking?''

"That boy? Not with those red cheeks an' clear eyes. There you go! When you pass St. Peter you'll sniff. Men have you pass St. Peter you'll sniff. Men have drunk th' stuff an' always will. Did I tell you some guy is callin' it Prohiboshion—with th' accent on th' bosh? They don't all ef 'em get squiffy, as they say in dear ol' Lunnon. A souse is th' easiest thing in th' world to get is th' easiest thing in th' world to get is the saiest thing in th' world to get is the saiest thing in th' world to get if the one will be an one with the dark there will be no risks."

"I'll keep him in the dark. I can go to San Francisco and sail from there. When we leave the bank you can hand me a phony check. I'll look it over. Then we'll shake hands and part."

"Because you may be followed. You never can tell. The check business will make it look as if you had paid me off. We'll not be seen together again. This job is important or you wouldn't be sending me thousands of miles away. Now, some one might not care to have you dig up what you are hunting for. Logical deductions, they call that."

It never entered into Bancroft's head head with a lot o' junk. Look at me.
I go everywhere an' have good times, an' ain't headed for th' reformatory none. Of course, there's a 'ot o' hard with the Department of Justice during with the Department of Justice during

"Aw, kid, I'm sorry! I didn't want t' hurt you, but you was givin' up everythin' for somethin' you wasn't sure of. Cheatin' yourself outa good that, an' all that. Your Daddy Bowman was a good scout; but what'd he know about a girl's heart?"

"He only wanted to save me from unhappiness."
"An' wiled!" "Source of the you find Kennedy's name, cable Yes; if it appears nowhere, cable No. I don't want any letters or cables that will explain anything. Remember that."

"Yes, sir; good idea. Now, I'll be honest with you, Mr. Collingswood. The thing could be solved right here in town."

Nancy turned upon her friend with a species of fury so new and unexpected that Jenny was dumfounded.

of blood in me cries out for good times and more good times! That is why I have buried myself in study, study. I am afraid of myself. Who am I? I don't how. My name isn't Bowman. Only God knows what it is! And the knowledge sometimes fills me with the wildest recklessness; and if I ever let myself so in those moments I dare not picture the end. That is why I not like a specified in the state of the state

the end. That is why I act like a snob and a prude!"

She flung herself into Jenny's arms, and Jenny held her close, with infinite tenderness and understanding, until the storm passed.

followed in his dreams and nightmares, he shooting at the moon? The emerald conpany was an honorable concern. woven glamourous adventure. Here, Bellman, on the face of his affairs, was across the hall: no longer the moon, but a human being like himself. At 10 o'clock Bancroft had a visitor. This visitor was a man of midd'e age. chant. Bancroft greeted him seriously

and offered a chair.

level. He's been living botel for several weeks.

"Now, the Bolivian Emerald Com-

"Daniel Stewart," repeated Bancroft state his business. thoughtfully.
"An old bird, and lives in an apart-

the partners, who is now associated with another pub ishing house. He raguely recalled the book, but C. J. K. awakened no reco lections. The fire destroyed everything. The literary adjace of that firm was the only one who use what C. J. K. stood for, and he is dead. A blind alley there, sir. Anything else?'

Bancroft rose and approached a "Come up, ne said into the mainter."

Now. Bellman had the gift. He could make friends anywhere; he possessed personality, misdirected, no doubt, but none the less vital. He had the air and the manner of a gentleman born. He smiled affably as he opened the door for his victim. He took the profered card —J. Collingswood, read estate—and the hurred with hurred.

"Bet a price."
"Well, say five thousand in a letter
of credit and a hundred a week until

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

BREMIAU COLLINGSWOOD BAYCROFT, son of a mysterious recluse who died in an obscure village. Leaving him 17,000,000, leave, on alert, well-read, clean-out woung leave, an alert, well-read, clean-out woung leave, an alert, well-read, clean-out woung leave, is anxious to see life, and goes to leave for the world, who cleans to work which you can hold for me until I'm back in this port."

"I agree to that."

"All right," said the man hunter, his gaze roving about the room and comparing the meagerness of the furnishing with the accepts, a successful musical leave has done her a lavor, and the woung leave has done her a lavor, and the woung man and girl become interested in cach gher, though she dislikes the attentions of leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave has done her a lavor, and the woung leave has done her a lavor, and the woung leave has done her a lavor, and the woung leave has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the dislikes the attentions of leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave the layer has done her a lavor, and the woung leave to that."

"I agree to that."

"All right," said the man hunter, his gaze roving about the room and comparing the meagerness of the furnishing with the royalness of his hire. Something like seven thousand, and yet this boy hadn't batted an eye. Bancroft; he would consult old man Snell to see where the youngster got her the letter of credit to be applied against the salary, which you can hold for me until liter of credit to be applied against the salary, which you can hold for me until letter of credit to be applied against the salary, which you can hold for me where the youngster got his money.
"The deal's on. Now, what is it you want me to find out down there?"
"A' the names of the former owners.

f SHA Power's trail one of the "Adventure down to the present, of the Bolivian BERLLMAN, one of the "Adventure down to the present, of the Bolivian Emerald Company; and if you come across Kennedy among these names you can start for home. The important point is that Daniel Stewart skall have no knowledge of this enterprise."

"I see, sir. Supposing we go to your

"The author of the book?"
"I have only a suspicion."
"Well, somebody must have owned

Ingerie, but I gave her the mine that the mine before Daniel Stewart. No physical risks in this, is there? I'm not showin' Well, believe me, it must the country. Well, believe me, it must be some village. You should have heard to some village. You should have heard Stewart in the mine before Daniel Stewart. No physical risks in this, is there? I'm not skying; on'y I want to be heeled." "If you can manage to keep Daniel Stewart in the mine before Daniel Stewart in the mine before Daniel Stewart. Stewart in the mine before Daniel Stewart.

none. Of course, there's a 'ot o' hard belled eggs; but you simply give 'em the gate after th' first round. Say, I san't heard th' jewel song lately.''

Nancy frowned and looked away. "I haven't had the heart.'' she said. "You've made me lose some of my considere.'' if you find Kennedy's name, cable you the same of the said. "If you find Kennedy's name, cable you the same of the same of

your business known. The least rumor, and I may find myself blocked. I am ecies of fury so new and unexpected in a blind alley, the same as you are, at Jenny was dumfounded.

"Do you want to know? I am what I want an indisputable, undebatable fact; and I stand ready to spend several." I am by sheer force of will. Every drop of blood in me cries out for good times

"For a young man, sir, you seem to "For a young man, sir, you seem to know your mind," said the detective,

ness begins and ends with carrying out your instructions."

"Precisely."
That Bancroft was the young man's

name, rather than that on his ticket of lodgment, was sufficient to excite considerable interest in the detective's mind. He had already built up a case. emotions, returned to his room. Here, in this house—his house! A miracle had happened. Here was Nancy Bowman, the splendid, whom he had followed in his dreams and nightness.

an idle young man with money and a taste for travel; but whether he had gone through the remarkable exploits attributed to him in the prospectus was something to be proved. Over against these apparencies stood the pre-"You have some information for posterous Great Adventure Company, the mysterious visitor to his father, his "Collingswood, please."
"Very well, sir. I have positive information; but whether it's what you want or not I am unable to say."
"All I want is facts."
"Well, about this Classical and the state of the publishing business was a blow of force. That describes the identity of C. J. K. through the publishing business was a blow of force. That describes the identity of C. J. W. through the publishing business was a blow of force.

"Well, bebout this George Bellman, ever.

Hasn't been mugged or finger printed. Daniel Stewart—since that was his so far as I can find out he's on the official name—would know that C. J. He's been living quietly at the Bancroft was no fool. Unused to the or several weeks. Only recently world he might be, in fact but not in bills are paid regularly and he seems resolving into fact. Stewart had known to have plenty of money. Not much older than you are, good looking and singular visit in the storm. Why, even lively—that is being any large in the storm. Brely—that is, brisk and amiable in his an uneducated boy would have shied at manners. Comes from somewhere in the West, but registered from New York, as men from out of town often to the waiting for his fiancee, who ta coming to him from across the Pacific. That's all I wanted to know."

"Yow, the Bolivian Emerald Com-

Now, the Bolivian Emerald Company. Perfectly square and aboveboard. It does a legitimate business of between forty and fifty thousand a year and stands well with the customs officials, which means that there is no amuggling. The Bolivian office is in La Paz. The sole owner is Daniel Stewart."

"Daniel Stewart." repeated Brancoff.

"Real estate. "Beg pardon?"

"An old bird, and lives in an apartment in Twelfth street. His pastime is second hand bookshops. He lives alone, without servants. Walks the streets frequently, but has no clubs or intimates. Friendly, though, with one old book seller, who says Stewart is a learned man and a great traveler in his time. But of his antecedents, nothing. That's all the information I could lay hold of in that direction."

"I am satisfied. How about the book an antiques?"

"Nothing there, not a grain. That publishing house burnt down twelve years ago. I managed to find one of the partners, who is now associated "Real estate."

Bellman frowned into the transmitter. Bellman frowned into the tr

thing else?".

Bancroft rose and approached a bindow. He stood there for a space, apparently eyeing the life of the street.

He turned.

smiled analy, he took the proffered care his victim. He took the proffered care his victim.

"Does your company ever send you "Take a chair. What gave you the idea that I might want to rent or buy?" "Accidentally heard your name mentioned and that you were shortly to be married."
"Why, that's in the Andes, man—the roof of the world!"
"No matter about that. Will you charge to take a trip to Bolivia—to La Paz?"
"Why, that's in the Andes, man—the roof of the world!"
"No matter about that. Will you shadertake the job if you are well paid for it?"
"Sure. But it will take a big roll, and appeared to know exactly what to do with his hands and "Have you any notion how much?"

La Paz would be about the same as but mighty hard to get to. All sorts of discomforts, and no Spanish to speak

"Bet a page of the same as a diamond, and no speak of the same as a speak of the sam Here was a diamond, and not even in the rough.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

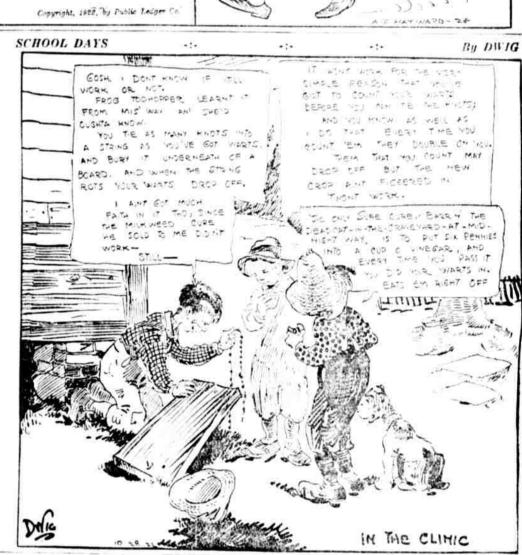




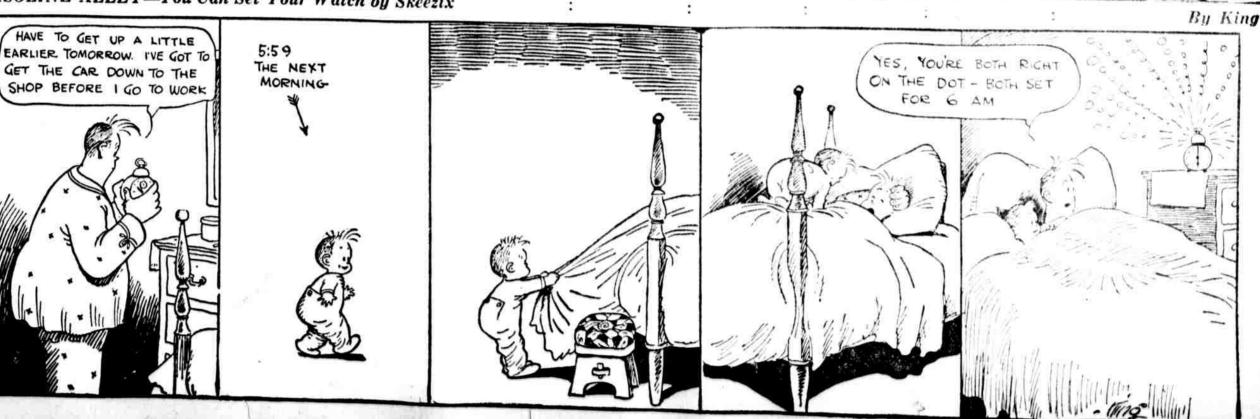


The young lady across the way says prohibition has been in force in this country for some time now, but the Old World is still liquidat.









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