

THE WORLD OUTSIDE

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.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
DANIEL STEWART, a millionaire who died in an...
JENNY BANCROFT, a girl who loves Stewart...

Seeing the Bright Lights
YOU bet I'll come. Th' madame 'll let me off after three. I'm worth a hundred a week 't that dame, an' she's wis. I have a way of makin' the husbands amiable. She wants t' put me in lingerie, but I gave her th' nix on that.

"Had he been drinking?"
"Th' boy? Not with those red cheeks an' wavy hair. There you go! When you pass St. Peter you'll sniff. Men have drunk th' stuff an' always will. Did I tell you some guy is claim' t' be Hank? Well, he don't 'accet on th' boss' boshion—don't all 'em get squiffy, as they say in dear ol' Linnon. A souze 'er gettin' in th' world 's walk away. If you don't want t' go you say, 'Hire a hunderd ways o' squeeluh' 'em, Gies, kid, old Daddy 's gonna stuff you 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 boiled eggs, but I'm simply give 'em th' gate after th' first round. Say, I ain't heard th' jewel song lately."

"Aw, kid, I'm sorry! I didn't want t' hurt you, but you was givin' up on me. You got somethin' you wasn't sure of. Cheatin' yourself outa good times, an' all that. Your Daddy Bowman was a good scout; but what'd he know about a girl's heart?"
"Only wanted to save me from unhappiness."

"Do you want to know? I am what I am by sheer force of 'em. Every drop 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 know. My name is Bowman. Only God knows what it is! And I don't know sometimes fills me with the wildest restlessness; and if I ever let myself go in those moments I draw the picture to the end. That is why I act like a snob and a brute!"

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

Bancroft, tingling with unaccustomed emotions, returned to his room. Here, in this house—a his house—a picture had happened. Here was Nancy Bowman, the splendid, whom he had followed in his dreams and nightmares, and about whom in the daytime he had woven glamorous adventures. Here 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 middle age, with the address of a prosperous merchant. Bancroft greeted him seriously and offered a chair.

"You have some information for me?"
"Yes, Mr. Bancroft."

"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."

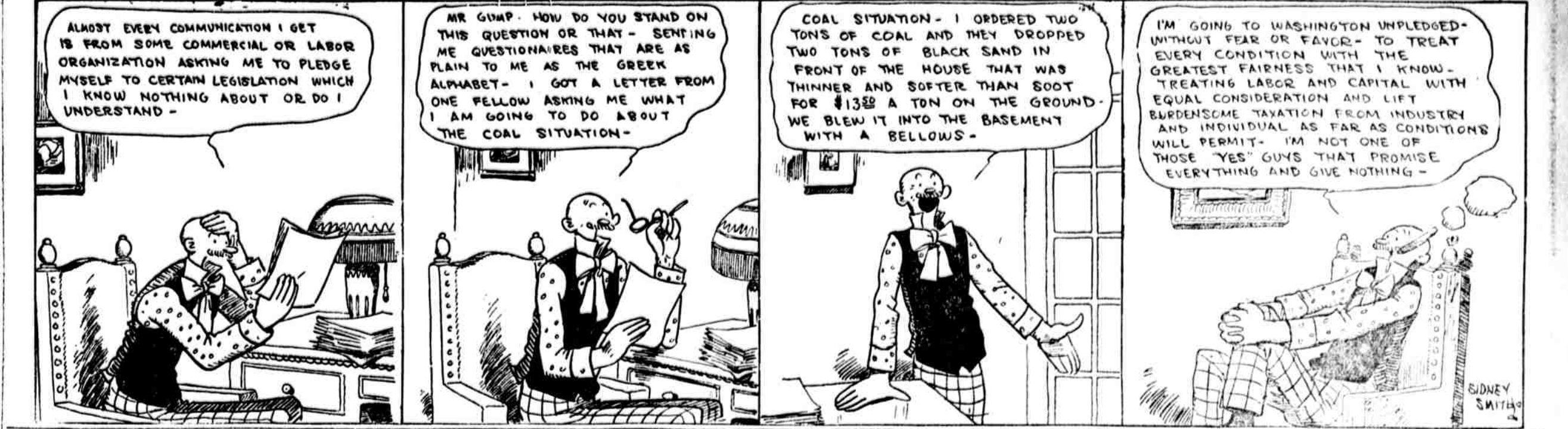
"Well, about this George Bellman, Han't been nuzzled or finger printed. So far as I can find out he's on the level. He's been living quietly at the hotel for several weeks. Only recently he returned from a world tour. His bills are paid regular, and he seems to have plenty of money. Not much older than you are, good looking and well-dressed—in, brisk and amiable in his manners. Comes from somewhere in the West, but registered from New York, as men from out of town often do. He is waiting for his fiancée, who is coming to him across the Pacific. That's all I could dig up about him."

"That's all I wanted to know."

"Now, the Bolivian Emerald Company. Perfectly square and above-board. 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 smuggling in the Bolivian office in La Paz. The sole owner is Daniel Stewart."

THE GUMPS—Nothing Could Be Fairer

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Oh! Baby Grand!

By Hayward



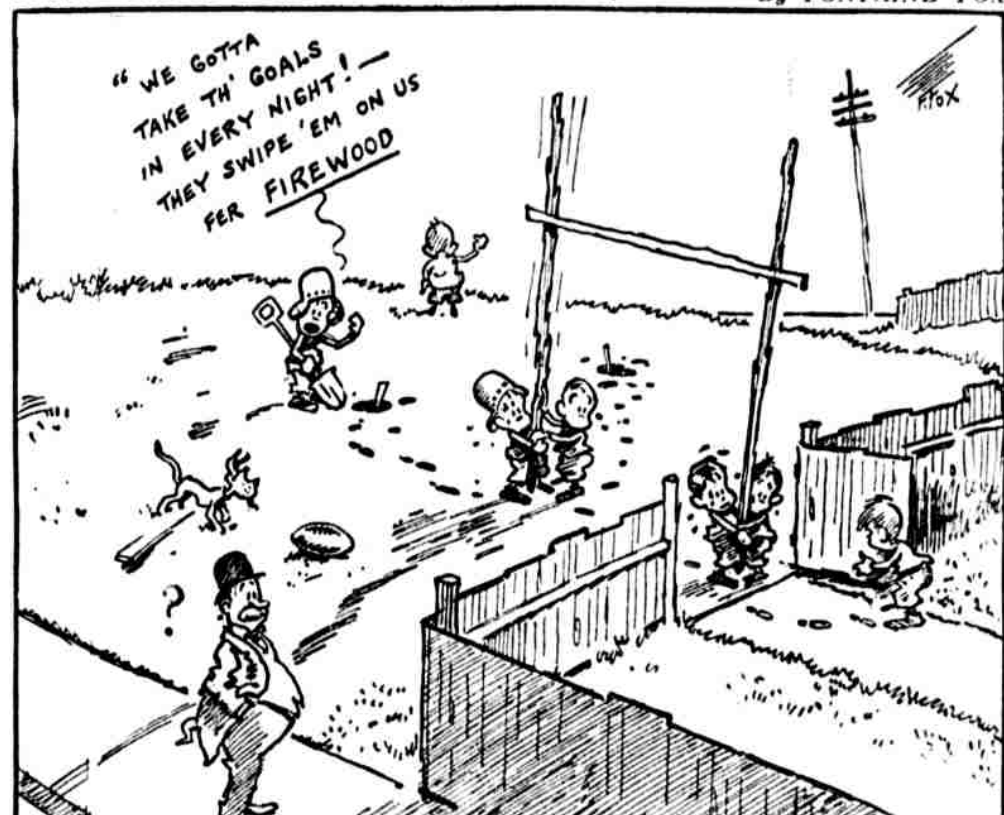
The Young Lady Across the Way

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



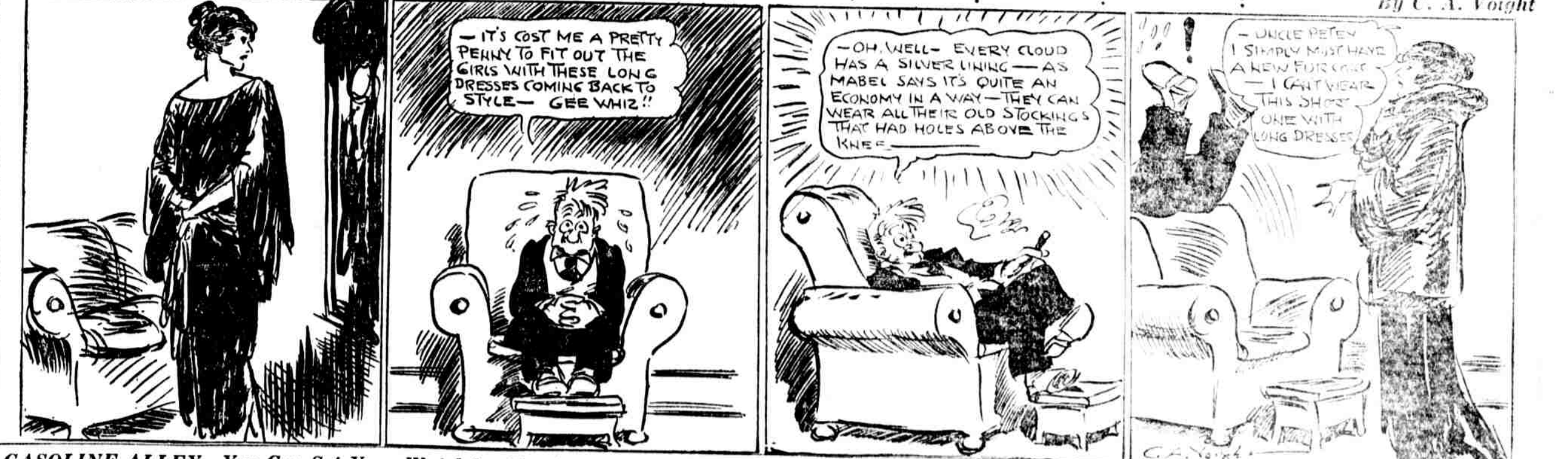
The young lady across the way says prohibition has been in force in this country for some time now, but the Old World is still liquidating.

"WE GOTTA TAKE TH' GOALS IN EVERY NIGHT! THEY SWIPE 'EM ON US FER FIREWOOD"

IN THE CLINIC

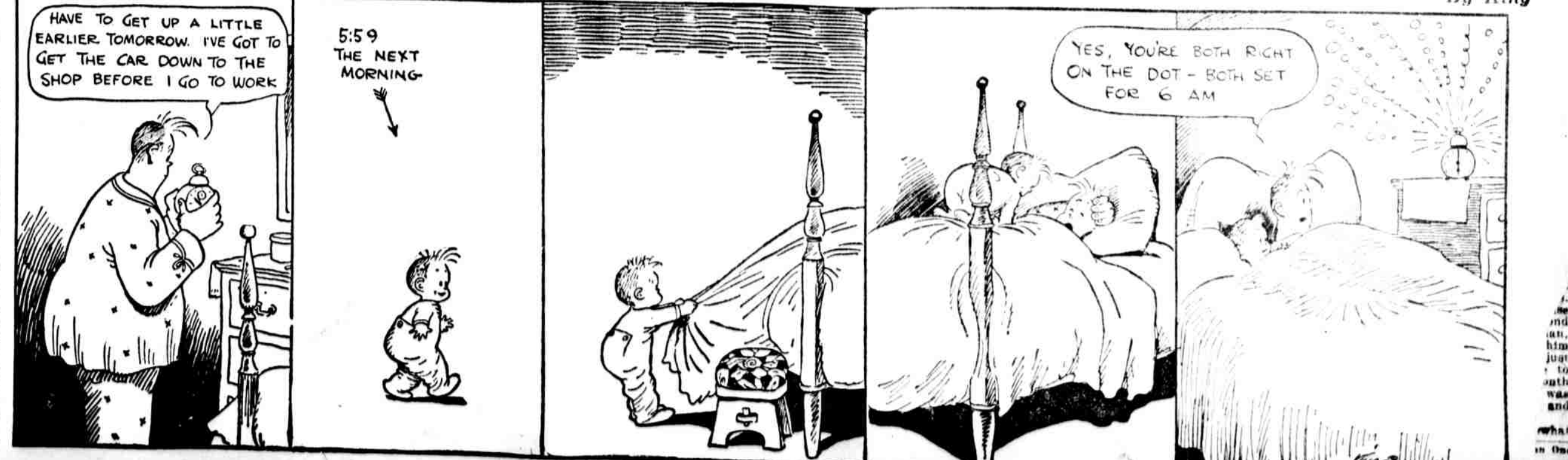
PETEY—The Sad News

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—You Can Set Your Watch by Skeezi

By King



CONTINUED TOMORROW