THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irich," etc. Copyright, 1988, by Harold MacGrath

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neutral.

"I'll take a whiri at Monte Carlo. I may never get the chance again. I'm rather lucky at games of chance."

"But you never can tell." said stewart. "Well, good-by, Shadow. Stewart. "Well, good-by, Shadow. Stewart a word with George alone."

I want a word with George alone."

Were she hand the expression on her face and her gestures were those of a mechanical doll, badly put together. When she hand done there was a shout of approval. I want a word with George alone."

"Yes, sir. Good-night," and The
Shadow went to the door. "Where'll
I pick you up, George?"

"At the hotel, I haven't cleared out

Jet."
I'll look you up about midnight."

"So long."
The Shadow out of the picture.
Stewart rose and stood in front of Bellman, who replied to the sember inspec-tion truculently. He crossed his legs and began to teeter the upper. "Well?" he said at length. "You're a clever young man," was

"You're a clever young man," was
Stewart's observation.
"I know I am. The Shadow is what
you highbrows would call meticulous—
timid. He goes away perfectly satisfled, while I look upon this money as a
retainer, as the law sharks say."
"I see. You expect to blackmail
me out of several more packages."
"Correct."

"I have here," said Stewart, "three

"I have killed a man."

For, Georgie, you're going to be shaughaled as neatly as ever was. When you get aboard, step lively; the first mate is a roughneck. Now, then!"

Bellman fought for a while, but it was either swallow or smother. Half the pint was forced down his throat, then he was bound and a handkerchief tied across his mouth. For a space he twisted about on the floor, but the chloral was too potent and prosently he relaxed.

"Unbind him and take him away."
Stewart ordered. "And remember, no brutality. Make him toe the mark," I can't do anything, Jenny. I'm

Bancroft strolled about, examining some of the canvases which hung from the walls of unadorned brick. It did not seem possible to him that ten days uso he had been living a drab existence in a drab yillage. It was all luck, of course. If Nancy Bowman had not rung the doorbell he would not be here this night, among these friendly bohemians.

course. If Nancy Bowman had not be here this night, among these friendly bohemane singer, who experts to grand corrections of the state of foot, and the vessel of the state o

"Yes."
"The boob has signed that contract?"
"Yes."
Reliman laughed.
"The first honest money you (wo were carned," said Stewart. "What are you going to do with it? It's none of my business; still, I'm a little eurious."
"Well." said The Shadow. "I've concluded to give the straight and narrow the once over. I can buy a half interest in a poolroom on upper Broadway for two thousand."
"Good luck. And what are you going to do. George?" Stewart's eyes were neutral.

"It's off,' as Jeromiah was particularly hers.

After the hunger was satisfied there was a demand for amusement. Jenny, being hostess, was first on the list, and she gave a capital imitation of the madame in the model shop, the wife and the husband; and the dramatist boldly jotted it down for future use. Then Mannheim, who had been elected as master of ceremonies, called upon Nancy to sing the hit from the operetta.
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Monnheim rushed to her, seized her choulders and shook her. "You infernal minx! That's the encore hereafter. We'll rehearse the orchestra at ten tomorrow."

"No buts at all. My orders. The unexpectedness will knock the audience off their chairs." Then Mannheim put his arm through hers and led her to als arm through hers and led her to an obscure corner of the studio. "After the rehearsal." he said, "you'll come into my office and we'll make that contract right. I'm an honest man, Miss Bowman, and you're worth a good deal more than seventy-five a week. I'm going to make it two-fifty, and next season you'll be worth double that!"

"But—"
""There was go again! Didn't Lall."

"There you go again! Didn't I tell you there weren't any buts?"
"But I'm afraid!"
"Good Lord! And of what?"

In Bohemia letters. One is from the chief executive, one is from the warden at Sing Sing could not tell this man—whom she result one is from the commissioner. The cognized as being as human as she herpolice no longer have any interest in self was, and honest where dishonesty me, my goings or comings. Do you want to read these letters?

"No. I'm not going to trouble you en that score. I am going to wait and see what your game is with this boy from the country."

"And if I rook him, you'll turn about and rook me."

"Exactly."

"I have killed a men." the means to an end. But now that this dream was crumbling, that there might not be any end • •! She was a fool;

"Exectly."

"I have killed a man."

"Not in cold blood. According to these letters of yours—and I can guest their contents—you are a free man. After all those years up the rivery you're not likely to risk this freedom for the fun of croaking me."

"We learn a lot up there, Georgic. There are a dozen ways by which you could be made to vanish."

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"Manslaughter is one thing; premeditated murder is another."

"Oh, I shan't murder you, Georgic. You are simply going to vanish. You hadn't talked. I shouldn't have known what to do with you, even though I suspected you. Keep your lay all your cards on the table, before such a man as I am, and call yourself clever? Very good. I can send you to Sing Sing, but I'm a fool for tenderness. You shall simply leave the send of your endeavors—for four or five months. You are going to sen, Georgic, on a square-rigger, and your destination is Cape Town, South Africa."

Bellman had leaped to his feet, and was making for the door; but Stewart was upon him with cold fercetity. Ite flung Bellman to the floor and set of kase on the rogue's chest.

"Come along in, men," Stewart called.

From the bedroom issued three bulky persons, with brick-red countenances and vivid blue eyes. Deep-sea sailors and vivid blue eyes. D

persons, with brick-red countenances and vivid blue eyes. Deep-sea sailormen was written all over them. They grinned as they approached. One of them produced a whisky flask which he gave to Stewart.

"Knockout drops with good, honest whisky to disguise the superpoison. For, Georgie, you're going to be shang-haled as neatly as ever was. When

"Unbind him and take him away."
Stewart ordered. "And remember, no brutality. Make him toe the mark, but don't beat him up beyond what is mormal. There may be the makings of a man in this poor thing. Give him his chance."

"Yes, sir."

The three sailors hoisted Bellman to his feet, and they shifted his weight among them so that he had the appearance of overindulgence rather than af insensibility. They bundled him into a taxi, which at once set off at something over legal gait.

Then Stewart set upon his reading table some absorbent cotton and a small bottle of colorless fluid. Next, he pinned the Great Adventure Company contract tautiy upon a small drawing board and began carefully to wash away the body of the document. It vanished agically under the gentle application if the cotton. In the end there was sutaling left on the sheet but the automaphs of the witnesses and the signstication.

Foster's studio covered the entire-top of the bouse in Night steep.







The young lady across the way says Dickens' novels are still bought and read though they were written fully sixty years ago and you can't say that about any of the modern best sellers.





PETEY-A Pun Is the Crudest Type of Humor UM- SEEMS TO ME I KNOW THAT GIRL-GEE WHIZ! BUT, SHE'S HOMECY - I THINK SHE'S ONE OF MY WIFE'S RELATIVES OR SOMETHING





By C. A. Voight

