THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's lose by the author of "The Man on the Box," "Luck of the Irish," etc. Copyright, 1982, by Harold MacGrath

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

Two Polith world, who claims to says with the says with the says which he accepts, which he accepts, who aspires to grand overs. Jerry has done for a favor, and the soung men and gir become interested in each eiter, though she dislikes the attentions of the fautre. What tellin' me you've been the faired men. Again a girl of the theatre. Wanco's cham, whole-souled but blunt-spoken, whole-souled but blunt-spoken. Again of the soung solden. The solden is solden is solden is solden is solden. The solden is solden is solden is solden. The solden is solden is solden is solden is solden is solden. The solden is solden. The solden is solden is solden is solden is solden is solden in the solden is

and wondered what manner of thought had assailed her. The girl who had ordered the apple. One or the other of these young women might become necessary to his plans in the near future, and it behooved him to investi-

frequently he went abroad with Jenny.
There were times when he had tea with
Nancy alone, for Jenny could not always get away from the model shop.

So for an always read with Jenny.

Immoment, like that:

And never to kiss him again! she thought. For she had kissed him.

First to recover, she said, defensively: "Jeremiah, I ought t' hand you Nancy alone, for Jenny could not always get away from the model shop.
So far as Bancroft was concerned, Nancy no longer troubled herself to observe convention. She had reached that point of faith in him when his presence was comforting; she liked to be with him, for he was never dull.
They learned that they had many likes in common, the same romances, the same poets. She sang for him in the same poets.

his chin in his palms and stare into the gathering shadows. What happy hours these were to him who had never known companionship:

They were sometimes joined by Craig. Who was arranging for a tour in January. For he had taken seriously Bangroft's suggestion about playing to the broken soldiers. Nancy praised him generously, but she did not know that for this meed of praise Craig would. She gave him a gentle push toward

To dine in a real home, thought if p Nancy, with rooms and rooms to mean-old der about in, fine rugs on the floors, reaching and the state of the st

stared into the dim configuration of back yards. Two weeks, and beyond the purloining of the contract and prospectus material, the Great Adventure Company had not stirred in his direction. Battle, murder and sudden death.

death. "I beg your pardon." he said.
"I was sayin'," said Jenny, "that
you're booked to tote me th' rounds
t'aight. See you after th' show. Will
you go, Nancy?"
"I shall be too tired."
Bancroft did not care to go the
rounds with Jenny; he wanted to see
Nancy home from the theatre, but he
sad no good excuse to offer Jenny.
"Say, what's th' big idea?" demanded Jenny, breathlessly.
"What idea?" said Bancroft.
"This yankin' me across alleys 's if
thought a truck was comin' out."
Did I?"
"You did, an' I felt

"You did, an' I felt my cleave seame

rip. It ain't ony t'night; you've been doin' it right along. Some bill col-lector chasin' you "Jenny, I'm afraid of alleys."
"Yes you are!"

of these young women might become necessary to his plans in the near future, and it behooved him to investigate their habits against this possible need.

That night the god of frony entered the theatre with her as usual, but in a new role. Nancy was permitted to be conscious of everything she did; she was no longer an automaton.

After the first act Mannheim came to be ressing room.

"Was—was I all right?" eagerly.

(Bread and butter, bread and butter!)

"You were, little haly. That mechanical doll stunt has knocked them over. You're a born comedienne."

But she knew that all the rest of her stage career was going to be one constant slege of terror.

On the elevated that night—she had insisted upon going home alone—she presently became aware of an unusual interest on the part of her fellow travelers. They stared at her, some cilly, some with smiles. Curious to learn the reason, as hitherto nobody had ever paid any attention to her, she opened her handbag and stole a glance into her pocket mirror. She was horrified to see that she had forgot to take off her make-up:

A week passed, another, without any notable event in the lives of the three inseparables, for Bancroft was always either with Nancy or with Jenny or with both. The three of them went to Sunday concerts, there was generally tea at 4 in Nancy's room, and frequently he went abroad with Jenny. There were times when he had tea with Nancy alone for January could not all the first for recover, she said, defendantly for the said of the country of the countr

the same poets. She sang for him in the twillight, old folk-songs, old love ballads, and there was one particularly haunting refrain:

Only come again in dreams.
And with the morning light are fied
When she sang that he would sit with his chin in his palms and stare into the haltby fire of her heart that he would, and the would, hoping with all the healthy fire of her heart that he would, and the would, healthy fire of her heart that he would.

generously, but she did not know that for this meed of praise Craig would have gone to Dahomey and played before the savage king. But vaguely and resentfully Bancroft comprehended this fact.

One twilight Craig sat at the piano playing Chopin nocturnes. Nancy had Ling Foo in her lap. Jenny was leaning against the piano. Bancroft sat in the Morris chair, his head head water.

Kissed-me thing an' I'll call it square."
She gave him a gentle push toward the stairs, and followed. It was hours before sleep came to her.

"Oh, Jeremiah," whispered Jenny to herself, pondering on her problem before she finally fell asleep, "poor old Jenny kissed you, all right!"
She turned her cheek to the pillow • But Jeremiah musn't ever do it again.

Ling Foo in her lap. Jenny was leaning against the piano. Bancroft sat in the Morris chair, his head back, studying the patch of reflected light on the celling. Craig turned.

"I say, you people. Thanksgiving in three days. Come up to my home and have dinner with me. Turkey, cranberry sauce and mince pic. I'll set the hour at 5:30, so we can have about two hours before theatre. My aunt will come in; she always does. What do you say?"

Jenny answered for everybody. "Well, believe me, that's th' best music I ever heard! Will we go? On'y a busted subway could hold us back!"

To dine in a real home, thought

She turned her check to the pillow it again.

She turned her check to the pillow it again.

She turned her check to the pillow it again.

Jeremiah never would: he took his solemn vow to that, as he sat on his bed. The phase that troubled him particularly was his patent disloyalty to Nancy. He could love Nancy, and yet thrill to the recollection of having kissed Jenny. Something about the touch of her lips, her startled eyes, the faint odor of lilac, " He bent his head, his singers in his hair, bewildered, which had happened to him? There had not been the slightest notion in his head of kissing Jenny until one instant before the act.

Comprehending the cook his again.

Jeremiah never would: he took his solemn vow to that, as he sat on his bed. The phase that troubled him particularly was his patent disloyalty to Nancy. He could love Nancy, and yet thrill to the recollection of having kissed Jenny. Something about the touch of her lips, her startled eyes, the faint odor of lilac, " He bent his head of kissing Jenny until one instant before the act.

Comprehending the could have about the touch of her lips, her startled eyes, the faint odor of lilac, " He bent his head of kissing Jenny until one instant before the act.

Comprehending the again.

Comprehending that these cogitations, if pursued, would carry him into ripe Nancy, with rooms and rooms to meander about in, fine rugs on the floors, paintings and tapestry on the walls, and cozy bookshelves!

"Jenny is right," she said. "That is good music to three lonesome folks, who were dully planning dinner in a nearby restaurant. Of course we'll go."

Bancroft did not care particularly for the change in the plans of festival. He would now have to share these two with Craig, and be shunted to one side. He managed, however, to voice his acceptance heartily enough.

Craig departed, and Jenny sang his

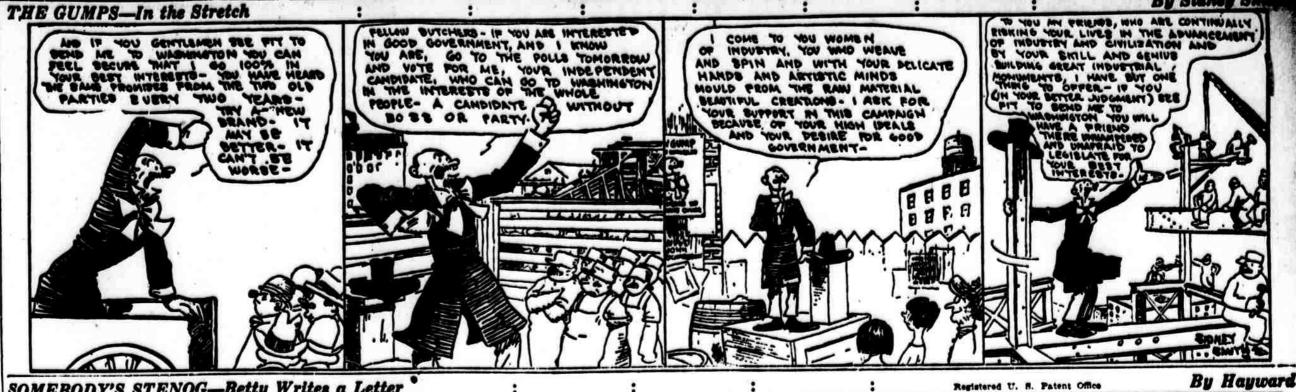
Craig departed, and Jenny sang his the kiss and Jenny and Nancy would praises. Nancy turned on the lights fill his thoughts; but the approach of and Bancroft approached a window and battle, murder and sudden death was

The Social Scene Today Is strikingly portrayed by George Gibbs, author of "Youth Trium-phant," in his new novel.

"The House of Mohun"

But while artificialities and preteners of high society are ruth. lessly revealed, scholesome Americanism also is displayed. Begin

Wednesday



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Betty Writes a Letter

DEAR MR HAYWARD! KINDLY LET ME SEE IN YOUR PAPER WHAT CAM THINKS ABOUT THIS :-

SAY CAMILLE .

WHY ON EARTH DID YOU EVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE LED TO WEAR THOSE NEW FANGLED LONG DRESSES! I THOUGHT YOU SURELY WOULD STICK WITH THE REST OF US FLAPPERS AND STICK TO THE SHORT COMFORTABLE SKIRT. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO SAY I'M GLAD YOU FELL ON YOUR MOSE OR NOT. AT ANY RATE I AM ASHAMED OF YOU. A PERFECT 36. BETTY

I D-DONT DESERVE

ON LONG SKIRTS - ONLY-W-W-WE'D ALL BEEN CRITICISES SO MUCH - 1-1-1 THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAWWOULD BE BETTER MORE MODEST FOR A CHANGE (506)

I D-D-DIDAT WANT T-TO RPUT

IM NOT SURPRISED THE SKINNY THING WAS GLAD TO LET DOWN THE CURTAIN' SHE HAS LITTLE OR NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF ! IM SORRY TO SEE THE SENSIBLE SMORT SKIRT GO' I HARDLY NEVER NOTICE WHAT THEY MISS WEARS 50'S IT DON'T BIND THEIR BRAINS TOO TIGHT. P. SCRATCH MOAH THE BOOK-KEEPER Copyright, 1966, by Public Lodger Co.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her brother says a good setback is a great thing for an overconfident football team, but she supposes all the other players are important, too.

By Fontaine Fox There Was a Long Delay Starting the Game Last Saturday -:-HE'S ONLY TEN YEARS TO LESS. SUPPOSE YOU START TOSSIN'S FORWARD PASSES TO M! HOW COULD WE EVER BLOCK LOOK AT TH' GL RAFFE THE CAPTAIN OF THE "HUM-DINGERS FOOTBALL TEAM REGISTERS A LOUD PROTEST AGAINST THE OTHER SIDE PUTTING IN THAT TALL BOY AT RIGHT END.



PETEY—Golf's a Great Recreation









MY SHAVING

CREAM

GASOLINE ALLEY-Quick, Walt, the Ladder!

