THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH ng story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a boautiful girl's lose by author of "The Man on the Boa," "Luck of the Irish," ste. Copprisht. 1982. by Harold MacGrath

VAN COLLINGSWOOD BANCROPY.

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STADOW, a crock in Streamt's employ. Wild CRAIG. backer of Nancy's show. in low with her. If EDT. a musterious individual. with them the elder Bancroit had unexplained with the has disappeared.

beters in his young life. An' he tongs in his young life. An' he tongue-tied, either. I was though. I was actually afraid o' th' listler! Plum puddin', with real brandy asse. An' not a drop t' drink! But that was on your account. He knows you don't like it."

Nancy peered into the glass, critically.

Where's Ling Foo?"

The perversity which had driven her has this morass now reversed its ener-sise and became animated terror. To set out, now, tonight! There was some-

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

"The House of

Mohun" But while artificialities and pre-tenses of high society are ruth-lessly revealed, wholesome Ameri-canism also is displayed. Begin

Today

In the world her.

Nancy's dressing room and was adverted. Neither appeared in the openation. Neither appeared in the openation of the openation of the openation of the openation. Neither appeared in the openation of the openation of the openation of the openation. The world grew a little brighter to him for that "Jerry." He drew her arm through his and patted her room.

The world grew a little brighter to him for that "Jerry." He drew her arm through his and patted her hand, quite brotherly; and with a thrill—perhaps of melancholy origin—felt her arm tighten.

The seller of adventures, having followed them from the theatre, did not pursue them as they climbed the elevated station steps. He was content. This would be the girl when the time came. He laughed and turned away. Jeremiah would find another knife, this time imbedded in the inner jamb of the door. Rank theatricality; but the point was to keep the boy in a constant state of expectation, until the real trap could be sprung. Disposing of the Bolivian Emerald Company was not an easy task; money was tight. Meintime, Jeremiah must be amused. Stewart burst into laughter again, his cheeks wrinkled sardonically.

Nancy began to count—the advertising signs in the car, the people, the election of the country of the country of the country of the country of the country.

Wrinkled sardonically.

Nancy began to count—the advertising signs in the car, the people, the electric signs in the air, the number of lighted windows on the level with the rails, not an uncommon way of fighting an insistent thought. She was fairly successful: but intermittently she heard the car wheels murmur: Tomorrow, tomorrow! The day of reckoning.

Once her arithmetic was interrupted by a thought which more or less trans-

Where's Ling Foo?"
"I had to leave him home. Not much see him to give thanks for—alone all day" said Nancy; still with her gase toused upon the strange face in the mirror.

"We're goin' t' have a grand wind—at th' Claridge. Come along."
"Too tired."
"A little supper by your twosome?"
Which was as near as Jenny got to the ulterance of the real question.
"I am going straight home, Jenny—alsee."
"Been a great day for a coupla birds whe expected nothin' better than the corner beanery. Well, th' music has stopped. "I'll have to skedaddle. See you later."
"Good night, Jenny!"—with a sudden yearning to run into Jenny's arms, sme kinder in all this world; but she send not, fearing the consequences.
The wave of perversity—to carry on the illusion—was beginning to make in lateny's ears certain ominous little sends. But her chin was still proposed stiffy and defiantly. It was at the end of the performance, in ber dwains from, where she had neither mental nor physical diversion with which to dyke the flood, that it fell, eaching, thundering, smothering. Instantly she saw herself for what she was, a despicable creature! " "For his money! She did not care for him in the least; just his money! " " As they sharted down the station stairs, he drew her arm through his again, but there was no pressure from had shown her many little kindnesses." "Oh, she was as base and vile the god. There was a dark alley in the sol. There was a dark alley in the sol.

it—to kiss her as he had kissed Jenny:
But this act was not on the knees of
the gods. There was a dark alley in
between. He was half way past this
alley, when he heard a scutter of feet,
and understood instantly what was

about to happen.
"Run, Nancy! Run!" he cried.
Before he could set himself to do
battle, the avalanche of human beings

Revelations

No. Miss Bowman. Ain't seen him back. The manager himself answered the pinched nostrils, the pale natches, and the daubed, the tensemble of the body, immediately conveyed that that she was laboring under some strandary excitement.

What is the matter?" he asked.

Where is Mr. Craig?"

Why, he was out in front with his and o?"

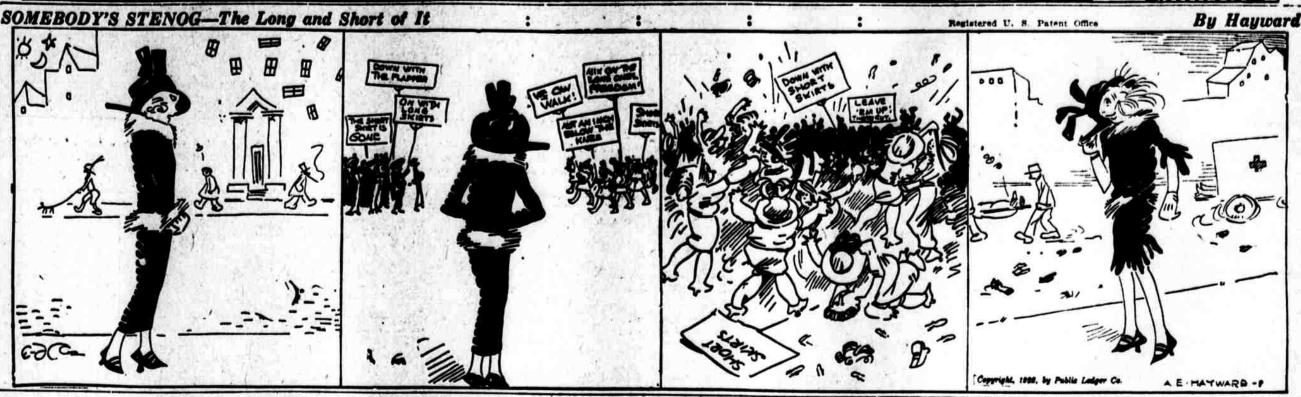
Nancy then witnessed one of those instances of which she had often read but never dreamed of seeing. During the initial phase she looked upon the scene as she would have looked upon an interesting picture in an art dealer's window. Four men, with gray patches for faces, swarmed over Jeremiah and obliterated him—temporarily. Almost immediately there came an upheaval and Jeremiah stood free.

He was the reincarnation of that amiable ruffian whom we know as Ajax, who challenged all Troy daily to come out of its walls and fight him. Homer doesn't mention this so particularly, supposing, no doubt, that it would be Revelations

to the cody, immediately conveyed to his that to cody, immediately there came an upheaval and several him—temporarily. Almost immediately stere came an upheaval and Jeremiah stood free.

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The young lady across the way says it's wonderful how this great rich nation is able to do some new financing every little while, just as if there hadn't been any war at all.

