## 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. Copyright, 1922. by Harold MacGrath

where who in the storic wall and a match flamed. The gas was feeble. Stewart and the few objects in the room had the effect of being seen in the analysis of water. Bancroft saw a deal table and two chairs, one of the man of the world, who claims to see life, and sore to meet the "Adventure Syndicate," who is a few of the sore of WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

Mantrical men. a pirl of the theatre. Notes's chum, whole-souled out of the state of the state

"She Threw Him Down"

"The subject, but aside from that he has reason. Besides, when he sees that I am commanded to give him half of what I have—"
"You're goin' t' give him three millions? That's tough. Knock on my door when you come back. I'll be here."
"She doesn't care for Craig?"
"She threw him down. Maybe she heard you had seven millions."
"You don't mean that, Jenny."
"I'm a mean pup! Of course I don't had seven miral and carried him to one of the chairs, Bancroft was forced to sit. Nancy was probably in some room above, numb with cold and terror. Whatever he did, he must always keep this fact in mind, Nancy!
"You are Charles Jeremiah Kennedy my father's friend."
"You are Charles Jeremiah Kennedy my father's friend."
"Your father's trusting friend!"
Demoniacal laughter followed this, and it broke queerly. "Ah, my God! And in another minute I should have had my bands upon his throat!"
"In a little while you will thank God, sir, that he died before you reached him."
"It would have been an extraordinary miracle. I have wandered, these

them—shyly.

"If only I had had a sister like you, Jenny! I wouldn't have cared."

"Well, I'll be your sister from now on. Better toddle along—before Nancy has hysterics."

As she saw the top of his head vanish below the floor level, she leaned against the wall and let the flood of tears fall—silently. Oh, Jerry, Jerry! Buddenly she saw herself, ten years hence, wrinkled and fat, and both jobs sone.

Bancroft jumped into the taxi and sammed the door behind him. No need of asking the chauffeur any questions as to this or that or whereabouts; the end of this journey would be at Stewart's door, wherever that might be. As he settled back against the cuishion he sought the feel of the letter. He had not left it behind. Then he remembered the copy of the affidavit stuck behind the bow of his hatband. He would not require this now; so he ter it up.

The mind had an odd way of misbehaving at times. His thoughts now should have been exclusively of Nancy—and were divided between Nancy and Jenny. He was very fond of Jenny; be wanted to help her in some way. The notion had been in his head for some days, nebulously, where he could not attach it to a settlement. Now the notion came into the clear. He would purchase a half interest to the remaining shop where Jenny posed. He would lend this half interest to the remaining shop where Jenny posed. He would lend this half interest to the remaining shop where Jenny posed. He would lend this half interest to the would lend this half interest to the remaining the streets to the servers. It have sought her in the learn who with the ironic strain again. "Then Kennedy burst into the ironic strain again. "Then Kennedy burst into the ironic strain again. "Then kennedy bursen agains. Then Great Adventure Company—some absurd business to start your wonder. And a little later you put two and two and two does the two and two and two doubt and two down the with the man who entered your father's office. Everything I planters to do you did I was an and the would work the wait in the ironic star dressmaking shop where Jenny posed. He would lend this half interest to Jenny. If, by some stroke of bad luck the establishment should fail, the loan would not become a liability, but would automatically cease to exist. On the other hand, Jenny should pay him annually as much as she could, until the loan was wiped out.

He chuckled. Despite the fact that, by placing htms.

by placing himself unreservedly in the bands of a madman, he might be rolling toward permanent injury or death, be could find something to chuckle over. the Good Samaritan to everybody he took a fancy to his solvency would be of short duration. No matter. If this night's business turned out well Jenny should have her chance. was right. If he went on playing The taxi stopped so violently that

Bancroft was shaken to his knees. The chauffeur opened the door. "First door to the right as you go said the chauffeur, politely

mough.

Bancroft got out and brushed his knees. The locality was utterly un familiar. As for that, there was a goo deal of New York unfamiliar to him. The locality was utterly un-iar. As for that, there was a good "Am I expected to pay you?" "No. sir. The gentleman who sen

me for you paid me in advance. He said Mr. Bancroft, room four. He said you expected him to send for you."
"That's tolerably correct."
"None of my business, but nobody

was has fostered an obsession for years to a point where it becomes murderous inclination. And yet Bancroft could ealy reiterate in his thoughts: "The poor, unfortunate devil."

Well, there must be no doddering. He turned the known and counsed the

He turned the knob and opened the Utter darkness within, Here I am, Mr. Stewart.

lence. Rather impatiently Bancroft over the threshold. He had to there could be no backing Nancy to think of. Queer Everything this man wished by he did, and had done from beginning, for one reason or an-

This cogitation wasn't quite finished

Melodramatic," said an ironic voice behind the light, "but the Great mure Company must keep to the of its contract, which consists by of thrills—manstuff, if fou will mber. Besides, I heard about that fracas, which, of course, I had to do with. You are a husky and I have ceased to believe in He was in neither telephone nor city directory—naturally. But in the end I found him—a second too late Imagine me, entering that village home of yours and finding my books, my porcelain, my chairs! Loot!"

But Bancroft now knew that it was not so. His father had rescued these tending some day to restore them to Kennedy, should Kannedy.

the denouement.

'Oho! So you and I misunderstand each other?'

'Yes, wir.'

Stewart did not reply, but approached Bancroft and carried him to one of the chairs, Bancroft was forced to sit.

heard you had seven initions.

"You don't mean that, Jenny."
"I' would have been an extraordinary miracle. I have wandered, these twenty years, through all the labyrinths of hell; so don't expect any mercy."

"They went out into the hall, Bancroft with a light and Jenny with a heavy step. At Jenny's door he suddenly caught both her hands and kissed them—shyly.

"If only I had had a sister like you. Jenny! I wouldn't have cared."

"What has that to do with it? You are his son." Then Kennedy burst into the ironic strain again. "The Great Adventure Company—some absurd business to start your wonder. And a little later you put two and two together and connected me with the man who entered your father's office. Everything I plant

between me and sunshine—because of your father's perfidy. I trusted him absolutely, and he beggared me. My child! She may be dead, she may be hungry, she may be a drab thing of the streets. Day after day I have sought her in the crowds. Oh, I would know her instantly. She would have her mother's smile.

The Madman Becomes Sans

The Madman Becomes Sane

Tears welled into Bancroft's eyes and began to roll down his cheeks. What an Odyssey of sustained misfortune! Lawyer Snell's comment returned: Johnny Jones of South Dakota, content to be a cowboy, but whose bones rotted in France because a man by the name of William Hohenzollern—the unhappy man relieve his soul of all its accumulated bitterness; tell his story; then he should have the truth. But what a weak little staff it seemed for these colossal miseries to lean on! The truth would not bring back the wife and child, return the fourteen years wasted in a dungeon-keep; it

faith in mankind.

Kennedy went on. He did not address

Kennedy went on. What have I Bancroft particularly, "What have I done that God should pile these miseries upon my head? I have never harmed any human being. I had played square. And here I stand, guilty of an inno-cent man's death, guilty of the death of your father, if not by deed, by intent, From a kindly man, something of a dreamer, I became a piece of machinery, dedicated to destruction! \* \* \* Rooked "None of my business, but nobody lives in this house. You can take that for what it's worth."

The chauffer jumped back into his contact and whitzed away into the deep-space of the chauffer in the chauffer jumped back into his contact to destruction. It does not be a second of the chauffer in the chauffer jumped back into his contact to destruction. It does not be a second of the chauffer in the

The chauffer jumped back into his seat and whizzed away into the deep-suing night.

Thoughtfully Bancroft proceeded into the house and began slowly to mount the trembling stairs. A dusty smell suggested vacancy. The house was tenantiess; Stewart had borrowed a from in it. Bancroft had decided upon encounter. This passivity would serve to lessen any violent intention on Stewart's part. All that was required of the Fates was light and a straight look into Stewart's face.

The upper and lower hallways were like by thin, wavering gas jets. The abiging chauffeur had said. Bancroft the boliging chauffeur had said. Bancroft was your father's game. So I turned everything I had into cash—borrowed on call loans—dumped it into his hands, and sailed away! 'Kennedy laughed again. 'I sailed away! When I returned, two months later, my wife was dead and buried, my child gone, the savings of years wiped out. Why, I didn't even was that trunsful! I immediately wrote to a friend of mine in LaPaz and turned over the mine to him in trust. To buy that mine had taken up most of my ready cash; and I would need capital to work it. I then destroyed all my luggage and papers—anything that would nidentify me as Kennedy—and would indentify luggage and papers—anything that would indentify me as Kennedy—and started out to kill your father. But first, I wanted one more look at the old home where I had known such happiness. There was a crowd about the door. An auctioneer was chanting in-side. The world became red. I pushed people aside, A policeman interfered I knocked him into the areaway, He died almost instantly from concussion.
An hour later I was in the Tombs
for manslaughter, under the name of
Stewart, the first that came into my
head. Manslaughter!" Kennedy covered his eyes for a moment, "I suppose God wanted to see how much a human when he felt his chows saized from behind in a mercilessly powerful grap. It was instinctive that he should results but he recollected in time his mumbered, and stowed away in a coffinium plan of passivity. the wall.

was instinctive that he should restat; but he recollected in time his plan of passivity, and relaxed. Rope saddenly burned his wrists. Then with amazing swiftness this rope began to encircle his body, eventually pinioning his arms and legs. After this he was let be. He stood balancing himself, rather a difficult feat in the velvet blackness of the room.

There came a click out of the silence. A spot of light from a battery hamp struck the floor and moved toward the wall.

Was mugged and tham the colling numbered, and stowed away in a coffinumbered, and stowed away in a coffinumber at the stowed away in a coffinumber at the stowed away in a coffinumber at the stowed away in a coffinumber at the

But Bancroft now knew that it was not so. His father had rescued these treasured objects out of the crash, in-tending some day to restore them to Kennedy, should Kennedy ever return,



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Parking Permitted on Vine



WHERE'S THAT FOOL BILL CLERK NOW ? HE'S WHY HAVENT NEVER 'ROUND WHEN TOU NOTICED? I DON'T WANT HIM AN HE'S NEVER HERE WHEN I MEED HIM' F Copyright, 1882, by Public Ledger Co.



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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says there's no telling how seriously we might be involved in the Near East now if we hadn't been in the League of Nations.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA By FONTAINE FOX 111/ =0-WILL YOU READ HOW THE POWERFUL KATRINKA DOES NOT READ PERY WELL AND LITTLE EGBERT WAS TOO SHORT TO SEE THE DIAL SO KATRINKA HAD TO GET SOMEONE ELSE TO READ IT.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG THE DAY OLD INFIDEL

By C. A. Voight

PETEY DEAR

ARE YOU ASLEED

YET-



