THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

a Rate for \$7,000,000 and a bountiful girl's loss by
"The Man on the Boo," "Luck of the Irish," ste-

"What!—Jenny?"
"No, no: Crais."
"This the way you take it, Jerry.
was hard to confess, even in the
left. But it's all I have to confess."
The man downstairs could wait;
writing could wait; this hour would
the be repeated. The crest of such
wave hangs but for little; then
he back to ordinary levels.
"The celebrated Nancy Bowman!"

said.
"Nonsense! I am like Koko in "The

Wafted by a favoring gale,
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale
Save by long and weary dances.

Tours is rather forlorn. That doorgate and you must have believed your
after a hypocrite! But I must read
that letter. He didn't have anything
to divert a brooding mind; but the point
was, the ruse succeeded. Kennedy
found himself amused.
"Jerry," said Nancy, "what's Jeremiah mean?"
"Hanged if I know."
"It means the Toura"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

they was to relate this question in the daylight he want that makes me want to weep the man who has lost everything that I want that I wanted over the man who has lost everything to me. That's the kind of a sire. That he was transcendentally happy, and he had to express aloud this happiness to keep his body from fight purplement to determily and then for aloud variables, for aloud variables, for aloud the resolution for the had to express hea

pany!
"Will you be wanting these books, sir?" he asked.

"No. They are yours. They mean a good deal more to you now than they do to me. But what became of your father's things?"

"Don't you remember? He said in the letter that he had to sell everything to make a new start."

the letter that he had to sell everything to make a new start."

"A new start."

There was a lull. Bancroft searched for Nancy's hand and found it. Then he fell to describing the adventure of the ambassador's suite, of his majestic sensations, of renting his first dress suit, of discovering Nancy's photograph, all interpolated by shrewd commentaries.

There again, I am queer. I should a sail with joy; and I hate the whole items. What fun—talking in the like this!"

The began to wonder, and to worry little, too. All this in the dark. The would be their sensations when my faced each o'her in the light?

Walln't she become critical? Wouldn't be deserve flaws in him she could not be discern?

"What is the matter?" she asked, as bough his hand had translated his bought.

"Rothing."

"Tell me; what is it?"

"Tou won't change your mind in the light?"

"To

mish mean?"
"Hanged if I know."
"It means the Lord's exalted—in his case," said Kennedy. "What it means in my case, only God knows."
"Nancy, what am I going to do? My father's letter—which is really the true will—orders that I pay over to Mr. Kennedy half of what I have, and he refuses it."
"And always will. I am no longer troubled by an obsession: I am troubled only by regret. When I came out of prison it was too late to pick up the

was not two flights of stairs that he seek down. He steeped from the stay winds of earth and see the winds of earth and see the seek that he dear winds of earth and see the seek of the seek that he se

My sullen attitude impressed the senting in the second degree; but they in the second degree; but they are the victim in anger. I was selected for a few days. Fourteen an among the dregs! And all the will let me be now."

The quiet despair of the tone wrung and the time and the time and the time and the time and the time. There will be tamorrow."

My for you two; but for me there will be anything but yesterday. I old and empty. But, no more; here the boy."

There will be tamorrow."

And all of us, every human being that lives, passively or actively, innocent bystanders, paying the price of another man's roguery, half the time a man we never heard of."

"Do with me as you will," asid Kennedy, in complete surrender. "The Shadow was right."

"For several days you were under constant surveillance. He warned me that I was underestimating you. And I told him not to think, thinking being my part. He was right. What a wild night that was! I stood outside your window, watching you. "And I walked five miles through that storm," broke in Nanoy; "through the mud and the rain, to Jerry's deep."

The several days you were under that I was underestimating you. And I told him not to think, thinking being my part. He was right. What a wild night that was! I stood outside your window, watching you."

"And I walked five miles through that storm," broke in Nanoy; "through the mud and the rain, to Jerry's deep."

The several days you were under that I was underestimating you. And I walked five miles through that storm," broke in Nanoy; "through the mud and the rain, to Jerry's deep."



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Storm Warnings



IT'S ALL OFF MAME! LOOK AT THAT CIGAR WHAT'S GOT NEW ABOUT THAT? AINT IT ALWAYS SMOKE ROUND HERE?

TES MARY BUT SEE, THE SMOKE HANGS LOW-THAT MEANS ITS A DAMP DAY! Copyright, 1968, by Public Ladger Co

By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office AND IF IT'S A DAMP DAY THE OLD CRAB'S RHEUMATISM HURTS. THERE BAT A CHANCE! 45 YOU WERE !

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she knows it's foolish to be afraid of cows and they never really

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY By FONTAINE FOX .:-THE TOONERVILLE TRACTION CO PURNISHES NO SHELTER FOR ITS PATRONS WAITING TO BOARD THE CAR, AND, SINCE WAITING IS ORE OF THE BEST THINGS THE PATRONS DO, THEY HAVE DISPLAYED CONSIDERABLE INGSHUTY IN PROVIDING "WAITING ROOMS" AT SOME OF THE STORS ALONG THE LINE.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG HEY KIRKY! ICE! ICE! BOY! THAS OF WINTER

PETEY—And They Got All Tarnished

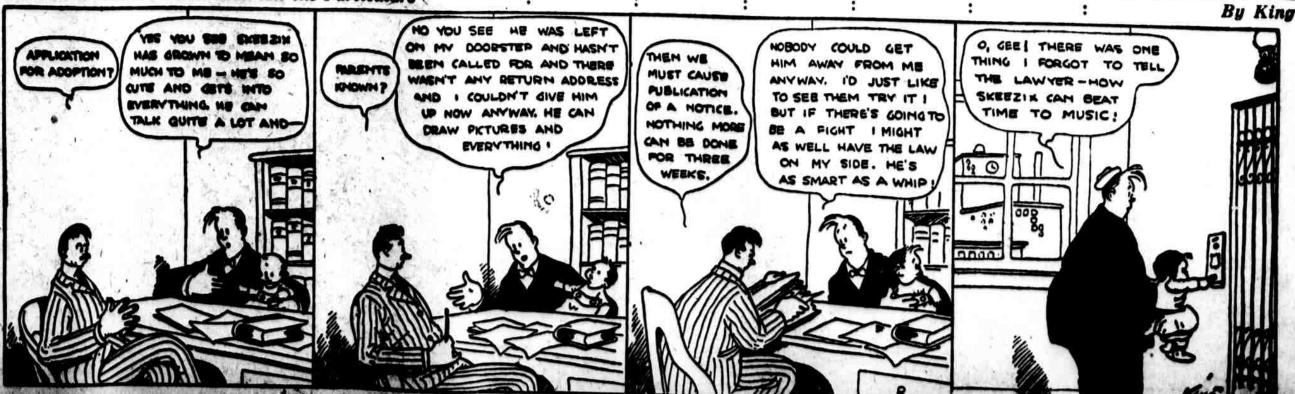


- AND HE SIMPLY WILL HOT GO
TO SLEEP WITHOUT HIS TOYS AND
THINGS - HE INSISTS ON TAKING
THEM TO BED - HE'S WONDERFULL - THAT'S AN ODD WOMAN, - SHETHINKS HER CHILD'S A PEACH-



- SO I HAD TO PUT THEM INTO A HOT- WATER BOTHE SO HE COULD-CA Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—Give Him All the Particulars



By C. A. Voight