## THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MecGRATH

Leve—They Fairty Shouted It

THE old root," said Kennedy. "I
wender what will happen to me?"
The taxicab came to a halt.
Jenny heard their entrance and subsequent mounting of the sinirs, and guessed at their identity. She rushed note the hall. Jereniah's clothes were considerably disordered and atreaked with dust, and Nancy's, too, her hat it a precarious angle; otherwise there was nothing to suggest a hazardous adventure in the night. Jenny, however, was somewhat puzsled over the pale, handsome stranger, who apparailly took but little note of his surgently took but little note of his surgently took but little note of his surgently took out little note of his surgently

sign and come stranger with the processing and continued to direct him dispersion and the process of the dispersion of the di

Bancroft nudged her, and she un-derstood that she was not to interpolate again. The casual tone in which Ken-nedy recalled the room was a good sign. They must let him run on as he pleased, anywhither.

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She didn't want a husband! He didn't want a wife! But they married on an original theory. Out of this quaint situation Berta Ruck has woven a fascinating novel.

The Subconscious Courtship BEGINS TOMORROW ON THIS

PAGE

she paused before her mirror and correct her reflection a caustic smile, for Jenny had the virtue of sometimes seeing herself as others saw her.

"T poor nut!" she said. "You an' that kid in Sunday school are in th' ame boat. Our golden text is: Them wot's got gits; an' them wot ain't got gits left."

Jenny undressed and went to bed, which is the one true compensation for all our petty ills. The only real magic is life is the pillow.

Kennedy began to talk, but to no one is particular, ramblingly.

"Ween his hands and conning the features, one by one. In the end he dropped his hands and shook his head.

"No. There is not one sign," he said, his voice less round and steady: "nothing that reminds me of my wife."

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"No. There is not one sign," he said, his voice less round and steady: "nothing that reminds me of my wife."

"But when she smiles, sir." said Bancroft, to whom there was no longer any puzzled me that first night. Do you remember when you smilled at the chair? Well, the smile she offered me was identical; but I did not know it then."

This rather staggered Kennedy. He set down heavily. "You don't under-

it then."
This rather staggered Kennedy. He is life is the pillow.

Kennedy began to talk, but to no one is particular ramblingly.

"He called you Jeremiah, after me.
The innocent bystander again. I hated it."

"Why, it's a beautiful name!" said Nancy.

"Then the incident is closed. This used to be the nursery," went on Kennedy, dreamily. "Little dolls and radies; Mary was just beginning to walk. The window with the stars, her mother used to call that one."

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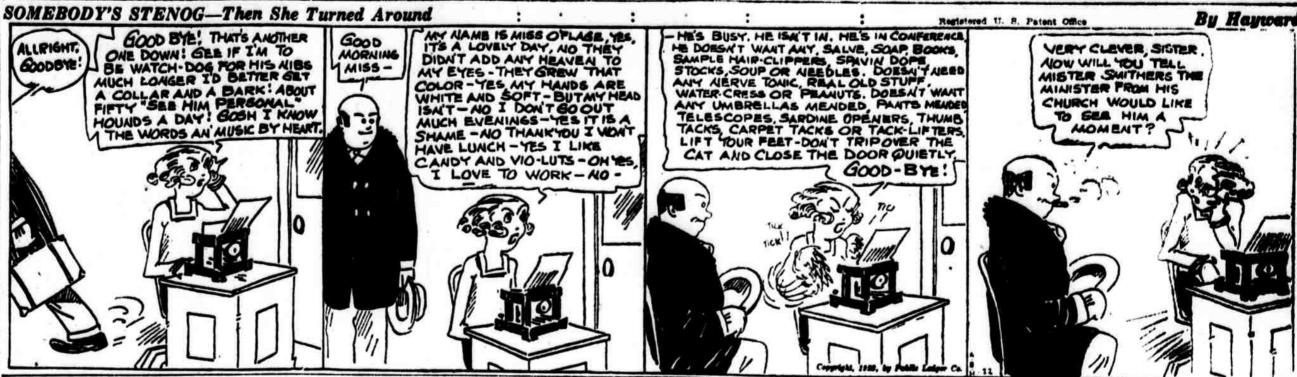
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"The old roof; I was born under it in those days it was quite fashionable down here. Mary, my wife. lived over in Washington place, and I used to go to ber parties. I wore a white sailor collar, stiffly starched, and a blue polik did it. I met your father there and we had a fight over Mary in the conservator. I won. Your father here and bloody nose and I a black eye; but I was atop of him when they pulled us fart. Later, at college, he saved my if while we were in awiming. The while we were in awiming. The whole we have the conservation of him when they pulled used to climaky, old lanky; and he wasted to go that when he wasted to go that he wasted to go the parties. I work to we have the conservation of him when the pulled him her arms, crooning a luilaby and watching the stars frow crise. What a handsone young man he unit have been. Her heart was wrung again by the thought of what the man had see though. The torturing memory and brighter as the night deepsned, what a handsone young man he unit have been. Her heart was wrung again by the thought of what the man had see though. The torturing memory was the word was a stream of the life of him her arms, crooning a luilaby and watching the stars grow crise words and brighter as the night deepsned, what a handsone young man he unit have been. He heart was wrung again by the thought of what the man he was also been born and known have the provided the heart was wrung. There were no high worth was through the heart was wrong. There were no high worth was also and the provided the heart was wrong. The winds the provided the provided the heart was wrong. The winds the provided the







The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she dislikes the silent typewriter since she can't hear a word of what she is writing.







