

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.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY... COLLINGSWOOD... STUART... BANCROFT... MALLOY... HAWKINS... HANCOCK... JENNY... CRAIG... PAL... PIPPIE... ADA... RAGGIE... MARY... MRS. MOORE...

People You Know!

A lot of them, likable or otherwise, make up the cast of characters in an absorbing drama of American Life of Today... Flapper, jazzhound, busy money-making father, fashion-butterfly mother—all appear in "The House of Mohun"...

Get acquainted with them beginning Tomorrow

Nancy's Reckless Mood... "ONE." That signified there would be other dangers. Rather silly, he considered it, for a man of Stewart's mentality, to stoop to such cheap theatrical devices. To wear him down with terror; well, that could not be done.

Stewart had a key to the house and a key to door No. 4. Emphatically that was not pleasant to contemplate. Moreover, the man had acquired much information as to the habits of the tenants; knew when his entrance would not be observed. Still, Bancroft was reasonably certain that whatever was to happen to him would not happen in this house.

He dropped the dagger scornfully into the bureau drawer, and went to bed. If he had any dreams, he could not remember them in the morning. Which puts him into the picture again; he had not meant anything by it. Thanksgiving Day came, with its cheerful turkey-cranberry atmosphere. Seven-eighths of the human race were gaunt of eye and empty of belly; but there was plenty in New York, and much of this plenty would be wasted thoughtlessly.

Of the trio, it was Jenny alone who exhibited the proper excitement over the prospect of going to Craig's beautiful home, near the park, for dinner. To her, it was tremendous event. A real party, not a stuffy dinner or apartment; elbow-room, with Oriental rugs and pictures, silver and cutglass and laced table-linen, a butler and a second man. Nancy laughed at these rather childish party manifestations. Today Jenny's ear was not keen enough to note the hard quality of this laughter. Nancy was having one of her recurrent restless moods. That her speech was not bitter was due to her love of Jenny and her native kindness that had no wish to cast asunder on Jenny's great day. But she was bitter to the bottom of her soul. To eat a Thanksgiving dinner in a stranger's house, because she had no house of her own! The food would have a taste of bitterness.

A thought crept in. It was vague and shadowy at first, and without nobility; but it spread as shadows spread; and as she began to sense fully the import, she tried to force it out of her mind. But shadows are indestructible save by light; the shadows of the mind are dispelled only by revelation. After the untimely, on the way from the theatre to Craig's, Jenny unconsciously saved the ride from utter dullness. Most of her slangy commentaries were laughable, but the laughter of her audience was of false and empty quality.

Craig was in a highly nervous state of mind. He had neither eye nor ear for anything but the young, good-looking woman who had first tripped his leg on his love. He had overcome her aloofness by never attempting to step beyond the line she had drawn. If now she must have some inkling of what his real intentions were. Bancroft was also in a peculiar state of mind. He had the absurd sensation of being a thinking puppet on wires, and that Craig was a man who would not be in this luxurious sedan against his will; he was about to enter Craig's home against his will; he would have to eat this man's food against his will. No clairvoyance was necessary; he knew that he and Jenny had been invited to enter Craig's home without them. All through the dinner Craig would be secretly resenting the presence and maneuvering Nancy into snags and corners; and he, Bancroft, determined to make these little conversations as short as it was politely possible.

But he reckoned without Jenny, who had a premonition of what this dinner truly signified. Nancy married Craig, Jeremiah would be unattached. Even Jenny, philosopher that she was, could not utterly abandon hope. So she laid her plans to use every device to hold Jeremiah at her side. So then the spirit of Thanksgiving rested solely with Craig's maiden aunt, whose amiability set the guests at ease at their ease or at such ease as their general perversity would permit.

First, Craig took them about the house, filled with rare and beautiful objects. Everywhere was unostentatious luxury. With consummate skill he exhibited the treasures of his mind. Then he sat down at the piano and played until dinner was announced. Deeper and deeper Bancroft descended into the abyss; and further and further Nancy drifted out to sea. And Jenny, noting the eyes of the two men was almost constantly glancing at her overboard and drifted, too. The aunt alone found the turkey sweet; the rest of the guests were tasteless to Nancy and Craig. Jenny never thought about the turkey, one way or the other.

The dinner was not prolonged, as both girls had to be at the theatre before seven-thirty; but the general conversation of the evening was of superior ability, but because he had an ally in Jenny; Jenny, who had and was prey to love-madness. She did not care how much she hurt herself, so long as she could hurt Jeremiah. It was no longer blind. The boy was all the luck in the world. Jenny would have her name in the lights; she had salary, offers from the movies, the world at her feet; while all Jenny Malloy could get out of it was a kiss that hadn't meant anything!

So she pushed him over to the phonograph, and found that there were no comic songs or jazz records; but her malice rose above the shock of this discovery. So she plucked out of the case the "Aida" record, and pretended that she knew from the whiff, watching him eat from the corner of her eye. It was not a difficult matter. Jenny had taken upon her shoulders. Bancroft understood the maneuver, but there was no way to cope with it except by open rudeness to both Jenny and Craig's aunt, and he was incapable of that. He knew he was trapped. In any event, he could not go storming through the rooms in search of Nancy.

Continued Tomorrow

THE GUMPS—Comrades

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—This is Sheer Madness

By Hayward



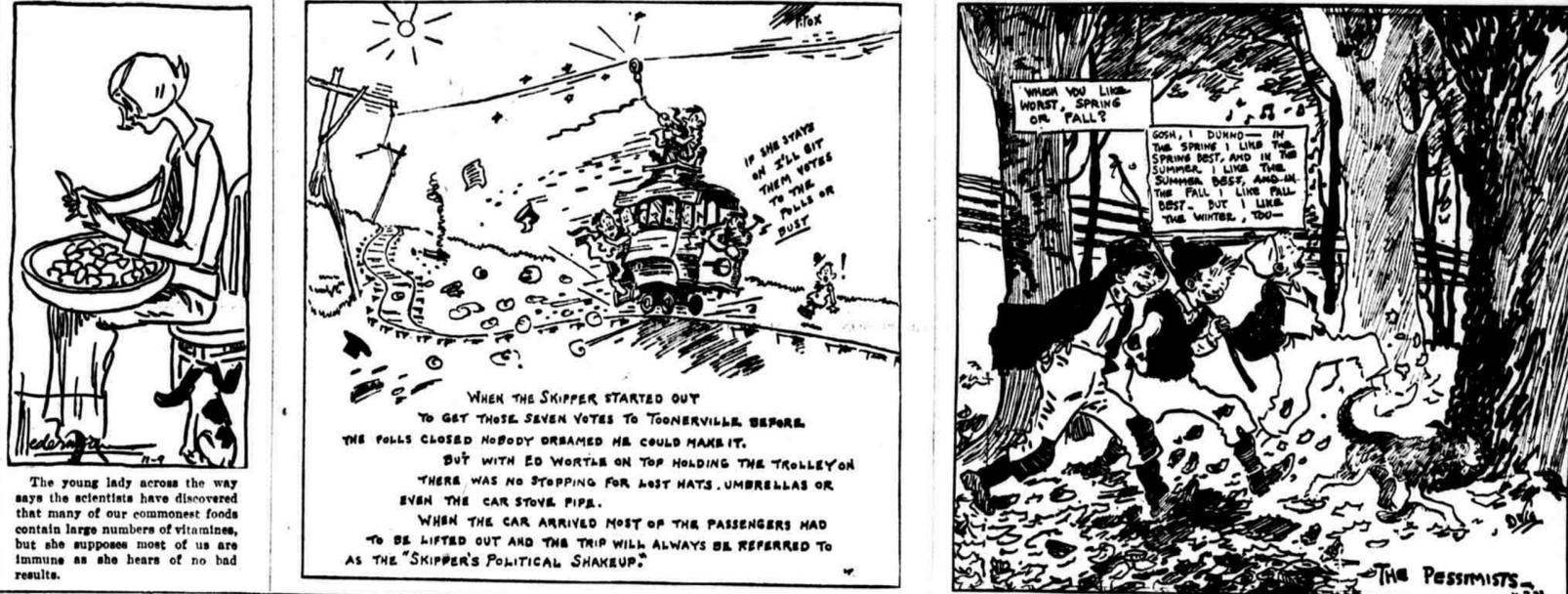
The Young Lady Across the Way

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—Models Is Models

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—Saved!

By King



Continued Tomorrow