

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," "Lush of the Irish," etc.

A Tower of Strength... A Tower of Strength... A Tower of Strength...

The Social Scene Today

Is strikingly portrayed by George Gibbs, author of "Youth Triumphant," in his new novel, "The House of Mohur"

But while criticalities and pretensions of high society are realistically revealed, wholesome Americanism also is displayed. Begin to read it

Today

night. His presence would hold her together until she gained 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 certain 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.

Once her arithmetic was interrupted by a thought which more or less translated this passing of madness. Before Daddy Bowman's death she had never been subject to moods so violently perverse in character.

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

"We goin' to have a grand wind-up at the Claridge. Come along." "Too tired."

"A little supper by your twosome?" which was as near as Jerry got to the utterance of the real question.

"I'm going straight home, Jerry—alone." "Been a great day for a couple birds who expected nothing better than the corner seat."

"Good night, Jerry!"—with a sudden yearning to run into Jerry's arms, some kinder in all this world; but she dared not, fearing the consequences.

The wave of perversity—to carry on hissing—was beginning to make its way to Nancy's ears certain ominous little sounds. But her chin was still propped stiffly and defiantly. It was at the end of the performance, in her dressing room, where she had neither mental nor physical diversion with which to defy the flood, that it fell, crashing, thundering, smothering. Instantly she saw herself for what she was, a despicable creature.

"Where is Mr. Mannheim?" "Why he was out in front with his dog. He didn't come back. Anything else?"

"I wanted to see him." "Never had the known such shame." "Come in and sit down while I telephone his house." Mannheim knew that she had taken his aunt by auto to her country place and wanted to spend the night there; but he wanted to give the girl a chance to recover her poise.

"Supposing I send out for a cup of coffee? You look done in." "I want nothing," and she departed, closing the door.

Something serious had happened? That tragic expression. Mannheim was so after her, but she was so thoughtful and so thoughtful. He wondered if anything... "Oh, phaw!" girl was having one of those temporary breakdowns with which he was tolerably familiar. She would be all right tomorrow.

"To see Craig now, while she was hot with shame; to confess she hadn't meant to ask him to forgive her; to show, before her courage needed; to borrow the shame would be there, but there was only one way to recover her respect, and that was to face him. She never recollected how she had pitched the street. She started over her usual route to be elevated, blindly; and after a while became aware that some one was keeping step with her and she looked to see who it was.

"I thought maybe you'd like company," said Jerry, "I'm glad to see you."

THE GUMPS—Today is the Day



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Long and Short of It



The Young Lady Across the Way



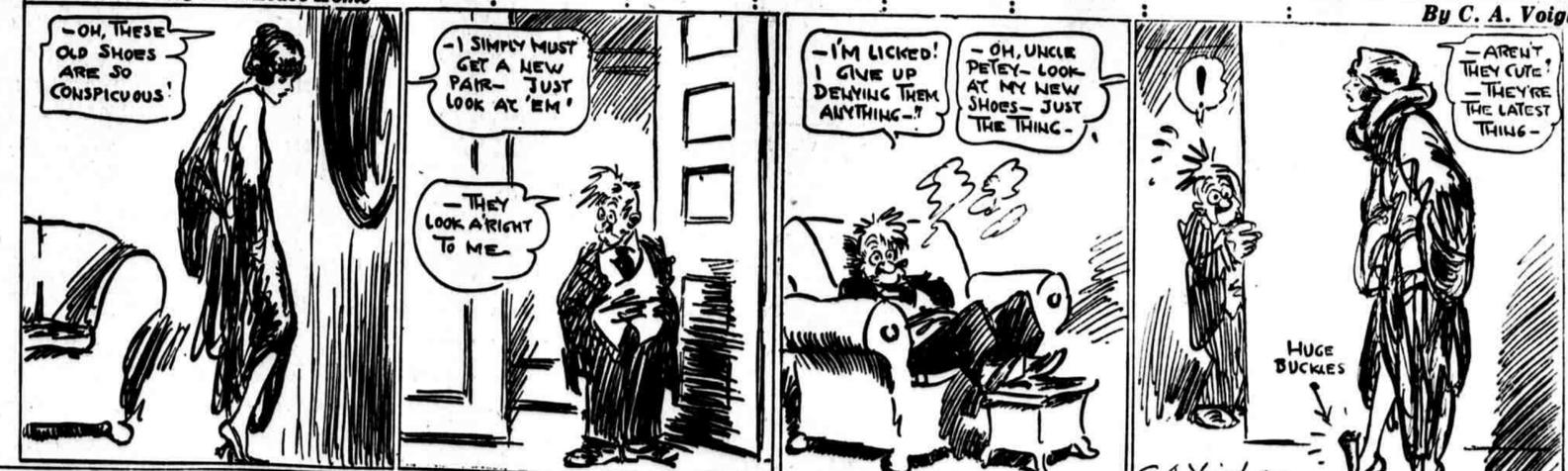
The Old Grad Gets the Big Football Game Over the Radio



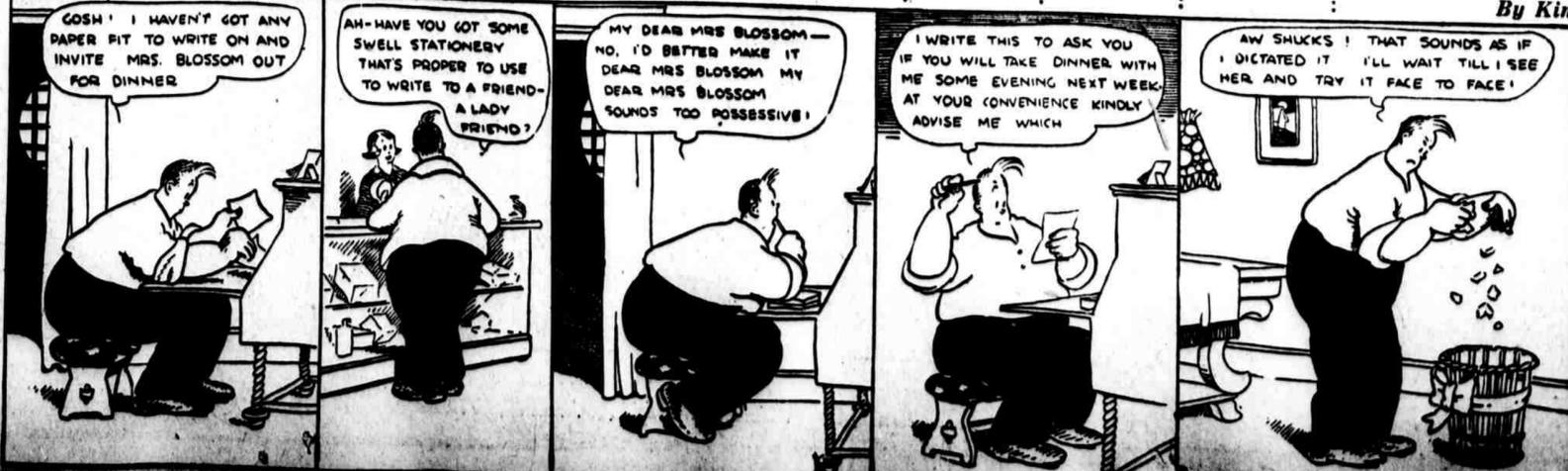
SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—Some Day He'll Leave Home



GASOLINE ALLEY—Make It Short and Snappy



CONTINUED TOMORROW