

The World Outside

(Continued From Page Three.)

By Harold MacGrath

father's pensioners. "I can destroy this."

"Certainly. But will you?"

"There were no instructions regarding it."

"But you are going to tell me to go on sending these checks so long as any of the beneficiaries continue to live?"

"You're right."

"Don't ever be afraid of growing too rich. An honorably rich man is always a human benefactor. It is not only a great responsibility, but a great trust. Spend if you will, but wisely. If you throw it away indiscriminately, you take the strength out of those who receive it. Out of what might eventually become a man you will make a parasite. Do you want a little fatherly advice?"

"Yes. I never had any."

"Then go by instinct. Do that which instinct urges you to do, and you'll come out all right."

"But why did he never refute the term of miser?"

"I know no more about that than you do. There's that date on the calendar. Any idea what it means?"

Bancroft studied the calendar for a minute. "Why, it's the anniversary of my mother's death."

"Then that explains the bills for flowers."

"My father never visited that grave."

"He must have had good reasons."

"Had he an enemy?"

"None that I ever encountered. If your father had an enemy, it appears rather incredible that I shouldn't have heard something about it. But I am forced to admit that there was a side to his life of which I knew nothing. I'll call in Johnson."

But in answer to Bancroft's questions, Johnson could add nothing to the suppositions in Snell's letter. The clerk had heard high voices and the death cry of Silas Bancroft; nothing explanatory. The clerk was dismissed.

"Anything else before we visit the banks?" asked Snell.

"Yes. Have one of the clerks call up the rooming house I own and see if there is a room to let. I am going to spend several months in town under the name of Jeremiah Collingswood. I wish to make some real friends. I shall drop in on you occasionally. I want you to take charge of the estate as you did during my father's time."

"We agree to shoulder all the responsibility we can. I'm going to leave you alone for a few minutes, as I've a will to correct."

"Just a moment, Mr. Snell. I shall need three certified checks this morning for \$50,000 each."

He set himself for the violent protest which he expected to follow this astounding declaration; but no protest followed. Mr. Snell nodded benignly.

"There are ample funds," was all he said.

"Aren't you curious?" demanded Bancroft.

"Why should I be? It is your money. Anything else?"

"There's a mortgage on the First Presbyterian church, home, that I want canceled."

"Ah."

"Conditionally."

"And what are the conditions?"

"That the church shall permit me to offer a window in memory of my father."

"By gad, young man, that's the best thing I've heard in years! Your father will chuckle over that. Well, I'm blessed! Anything more?"

"Nothing more that I can think of."

"I'll be back in 10 minutes," said Snell.

Left to himself, Bancroft inspected the room. A film of dust lay upon everything. He saw a small bookcase, and he went to it eagerly. The Bible, Shakespeare, Dante, Emerson, Lamb, and Dickens; all well thumbed. He understood now why he had never seen his father take down a book at home; he had done his reading here.

"Why?" he said aloud, without being conscious of it. "An honest man. My father! . . . Why did you never take me into your life? Why did you never try to make a friend of me? I don't understand!" His throat became stuffy and his eyes filled. "I would have been happy with only you! You were interested in me; but why, in God's name, didn't you let me know it?"

He sat down in the desk chair, and there came into his mind a vision of his father, sitting on the porch in the afterglow of day, always with the unchangeable serenity of countenance. Bancroft bent his head in his hands; and so Snell found him.

"We'll do the banks and have lunch together. Now," went on Snell, "don't fall into any moods.

Some day all this puzzle is sure to smooth out."

"But it seems so useless! Mr. Snell, did my father ever mention to you a man by the name of Kennedy?"

Snell, after some deliberation, shook his head. "No. If he ever did, I have no recollection. Why?"

"I found a slip among his papers, announcing that he had paid Kennedy in full. It was heavily underscored; so I judge that the settlement was something out of the ordinary."

"I can't recollect the name as associated with your father. It might have been something before he came to this office."

"There was a water mark in the paper, dated 1912."

"As I have already informed you there were chapters in your father's life of which I knew nothing."

"Do you know, where he was born?"

"In this city."

"Has he any kin?"

"None other than yourself. But if your father wrote paid, you can rest assured that this Kennedy was paid—whatever the debt."

"Battle, murder and sudden death," said Bancroft, to no one in particular.

"What's that?"

"I was thinking out loud, Mr. Snell."

Bancroft discovered that he was, for the first time in his life, contentedly happy. There was no urge to violent expressions, to sing, dance, shout. He was more inclined toward a bench seat in Union Square park, in the sunshine, with the brown leaves pleasantly dancing in the fresh breeze. He had come upon a great truth in life; that the only possible way to become happy is to make others so.

To see Mrs. Horne's face when she opened the letter and beheld the check! Bancroft would have given much to stand invisibly at her elbow.

Bancroft observed a clock in the distance; it was 3. He must arrive in Ninth street at 4, or he would lose his chance to engage the one room vacant; for in this instance he was not the owner but Jeremiah Collingswood. So he rose from the bench and started across town. The Shadow followed at a respectable distance.

He noted with pleasure the well scrubbed marble and the fresh surface of the ruddy bricks, the genteel quality of the neighborhood. It was quiet, too; such noises as he heard came from a distance. He would do very well here. He mounted the steps and rang the janitor's bell. That person appeared shortly and even grumpy.

"My name is Collingswood. I was advised that you had a room vacant, furnished. May I inspect it?"

"Five or six months."

"Well, come along. The room was vacated this morning for lack of rent. We toe the line here. Pay day is every Monday. We don't gouge you as they do elsewhere in the street, but you settle on the nail Monday, or hoof it."

"Who owns the house?"

"Don't know. I'm hired by Snell & Pride, attorneys for the estate."

"That's odd—for a janitor not to know the name of the owner."

"So it is; but my pay comes in regular, so I ain't no complaints. I'll show you the room. No general cooking; but you can cook an egg and boil coffee on an alcohol burner, if you want to. No children or dogs allowed."

The room faced the street and contained a fairly decent bed, a bureau, a washstand, and an old black walnut clothes press. Worn linoleum covered the floor. At one side of the bed was a worn machine-made rug.

"There's nothing against my re-furnishing the room is there?"

"No; but it won't make any difference in the rent; that's fixed. This is the only furnished room we have."

"How much the week?"

"Twelve; 15, if you want my wife to make the bed and clean up every morning."

"That's pretty stiff for a room without board."

"Try some other houses along the street if you think we're harpooning you," was the callous advice. "You save enough to buy a meal ticket at Doblin's across the way."

"All right; I'll take the room. Do I give the extra three now, or at the end of the week?"

"Same as the rent—in advance."

"What did you say your name was—Scrooge?"

"Jansen. When'll you move in?"

"About six. By belongings are at a hotel."

Bancroft went into the street, musing. So the janitor had never heard of Silas Bancroft? That was unusual. Had it any significance?

At 7 o'clock that evening The

Shadow reported to his employer that Bancroft was domiciled, and calculated upon remaining in his new quarters for several months. Also, that the young man had visited his lawyers, made the rounds of the banks, and had, later, entered the offices of Brown & Co., investigators, late of the Department of Justice.

"Good work, Shadow. From now on you will have a little more freedom. But keep in touch with him, particularly where he goes at night. See if he makes friends, and with whom. He is moving exactly the way I expected. In a few days he will be interviewing George. I can't anticipate that. If he approaches George as Bancroft, everything is arranged for his reception; but if he advances under his assumed name, George will have to use his wits, which is my reason for employing him."

After The Shadow had gone his way, the Professor fell to pacing the room. Ironies! They came up as thickly as the fabled dragon-teeth of Jason. That boy, now, in that house!

"Root and branch!" he cried, his fingers closing convulsively. "Root and branch!"

Unaware of this menace or rather of the exterminating quality of it, Bancroft pursued his affairs to a happy conclusion. He found himself more or less comfortably situated. He would have his meals across the way, beginning with tomorrow. Tonight he would not have time to dine, dress and get uptown in time to avoid standing during the performance.

for he knew that for the next half dozen nights his particular amusement would consist in listening to and watching Nancy Bowman. He reasoned that by familiarizing his eyes and ears, his pulse would be less likely to jump when the inevitable meeting came.

Thus dinnerless, the young analyst arrived at the box office in time to purchase a single chair in O, behind a supporting post. He was happy, but he could not analyze this happiness. It wasn't the quality he had sensed upon mailing those checks. He succeeded in getting near enough to compare this state of mental exhilaration to the joyousness of a dog; it galloped and romped and cavorted, but remained beyond the reach.

Her voice was like all feathered songsters he had ever heard, combined; and she moved her body with the inconsequent airiness of the butterfly. He drew other pictures rufely; the limousine, the rich furs, the luxurious apartment near Central park. He began to regret the masquerade into which he had entered. As a millionaire she might consider the value of his acquaintance, but as a Latin translator, living in most humble if decent quarters, he wouldn't be worth her while.

He studied the men in the audience, particularly those who were young and dressed as he was. Did this one know her? Had that one the freedom of her conversation? He fell to reconsidering his resolution not to seek the stage entrance, and finally decided that there could be no harm in watching to see if she walked or rode away with anyone after the performance.

With much diffidence, to which was added a meed of self-scorn, he stationed himself at one side of the stage door and waited. Several closed cars stood invitingly at the curb. When he arrived there was no one about; the stage door remained shut. After quarter of an hour men began to gravitate in his direction, all of them smoking; then the stage door opened. A man stepped forth and hurried. He belonged to the orchestra, as he carried a violin case under his arm. Other men followed, chatting. None of these gave the least attention to the young man loitering about.

By and by women came out, in pairs and trios. Some of them walked away, some of them entered the cars and were driven away. There followed another period of inaction; then Nancy Bowman appeared. She immediately turned toward Broadway, alone and foot. Bancroft was delighted, but he was also puzzled. The most attractive young woman in the operetta, and none offered to see her home! Perhaps by this time they knew the futility of approaching her; she was the butterfly on the stage, nowhere else.

He gave her three minutes' headway, then he followed, all the way across town to the Elevated. As she ran up the stairs and vanished he recollected that he was hungry. He entered the first restaurant he came to and ordered an oyster stew.

When the stew came on The Shadow bade Bancroft a mocking good-night through the window.

Bancroft walked from the restaurant all the way down to Ninth street. He was conscious of weariness only when he arrived at the marble steps. Phew! He entered the silent house and went up the first flight.

At the end of the hall was a bathroom. He remembered seeing a typewritten slip of paper tacked at one side of the door, and he approached inquisitively. Some rules to be observed probably. Instead he was informed that the bathroom was "divided up" for the mornings, that each tenant on this floor had priority rights at a certain hour. Thus, No. 3 had the bathroom at 11, No. 1 at 8, and so on. His own number, being 4, was followed by 6 o'clock. That was satisfactory. No names appeared on the slip; simply the room numbers and the allotments of time.

He heard an automobile in the street, heard it semi-detachedly; but when the hall door below opened he rushed to the stairhead. Why? Not if his head had depended upon it could he have explained his action. For the present he had no interest or curiosity in the comings and goings of his tenants. Still, with the impetuosity of a doubtful husband, he had dashed to the stairhead. He arrived just as a young woman, blonde, handsome, turned the elbow of the banisters. Tableau, denoting inusual astonishment. Almost at once Bancroft's turned into horror, while the young woman's expression became cold and determined. She caught hold of the banister rail, not for support, however. She was making a barrier against this unknown young man's departure. His presence here had to be explained.

"Too late Bancroft started to turn back."

"Just a minute, please!" said Jenny Malloy. "Who are you and what are you doin' in this hall after 1 o'clock? Shoot it quick, or I'll holler!"

By the look of her the evidence was conclusive that she would do exactly as she threatened.

"I . . . I beg your pardon!" he stammered.

"No old stuff!" Jenny interrupted. "Come across, I never saw you before, an' I live here. Who are you?"

"My name is . . . Collingswood. I came late this afternoon."

"Is that so! Why th' hurry when you heard me?"

"I was going for a walk." He knew the moment the defense was uttered how infernally lame it was.

Jenny laughed contemptuously. "I'll say you was goin' for a walk . . . all th' way 't Troy! I don't know; I guess I'll holler."

"I'm the new tenant in No. 4," he said desperately.

"That listens good. If you're all right you'll have th' key. So toddle over an' unlock th' door. An' if you don't unlock it I'll let out a yell you'll remember 's long's they keep you in th' hoosegow!"

Bancroft had never before encountered a woman—young and handsome—with such rough and ready diction, and perhaps that added to his confusion. But as he unlocked the door and flung it open he began to laugh at himself. In all his life he had never felt so like a fool; for it was in his nature to lend dignity to all his acts. He did not blame the young woman. Indeed, he found her worthy to admire. She was as brave as she was handsome.

At the sound of the laughter a twinkle popped into Jenny's eyes. She realized that she had had her scare for nothing.

"But you looked as if you was just about 't do th' Fairbanks down th' stairs. Honestly, now, was you goin' for a walk?"

"I was not. I ran to the head of the stairs for no reason that I can explain. Will you accept my apologies for scaring you?"

"Well, well; no harm done. What did you say th' name was?"

"Coolingswood, Jeremiah Collingswood."

"Jeremiah? That settles it!"

"Settles what?" asked Bancroft, who was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Why, no crook in th' world'd ever admit havin' that tied to him."

"Bad as all that! But Jerry sounds all right."

"Of course, that'll help. My name is Jenny Malloy, an' I live in three."

"Jenny. That's the diminutive of Joanna."

"Are you guyin' me?"

"Oh, no. Just happened to recall. Jenny is a beautiful name. It was astonishing how easy it was to talk to this odd young woman."

"Leigh Hunt wrote a charming poem about a girl named Jenny."

"Never heard o' him."

"It runs like this—"

"Jenny kissed me when we met, Jumping . . ."

"She did not!" But Jenny was

smiling. After all, this boy might turn out to be regular.

Bubbling with mischief—now that he was sure of himself—he went on with the verses:

"Jumping from the chair she sat in, Time, you thief, who love to get Sweets upon your list, put that in. Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, Say that health and wealth have missed me, Say I'm growing old, but add— Jenny kissed me!"

"Hey, you!" bawled a voice through one of the doors. "Forget it, and beat it into the hay!"

So much for the introduction of Jenny Malloy, show girl and manikin, to Jeremiah Collingswood, nee Bancroft.

No matter how seriously bent the human mind may become upon a project, there will be diversions. It is unimaginable that any human being should proceed unaltered toward an end, as it is unimaginable for a tree to grow without branches. The seller of adventures was never wholly out of Bancroft's thought; nor was Bancroft ever wholly out of the seller's, but there were many diversions, more so Bancroft's account because he was younger. Thus, while the professor amused himself with "The Anatomy of Melancholy," Bancroft's interest was devoted to anatomies particularly discouraging to melancholy. Still, it is doubtful if he noticed these shapely supports, save in a detached way. When there is a central point of focus, the bi-sections become negligible.

For five nights running he vociferously beat his palms together as Nancy Bowman came upon the stage to enliven the operetta; which wasn't so bad as Nancy thought it, nor so good as Jeremiah believed it to be. It may sound incredible, but he never once recognized Jenny Malloy in the chorus. Why should he have?

(Continued Next Sunday.)

A new copper process makes it possible to weld together iron and steel parts. The copper penetrates into the fine pores of the iron and forms a firm weld.

Archaeologists have found bones believed to be those of Giovanni Boccaccio, the great Italian novelist and poet of the 14th century. The bones were found in the house at Certaldo in which he lived.

The bolshevik leaders have preserved the great Royal palace of the Kremlin, of Moscow, almost without change, as a reminder of "the lavish wealth and the pomp and splendor of the old regime."

Fishermen off the Norwegian coast are catching more mackerel than has ever been caught in that section. Fishing smacks are loaded to the water's edge with 10,000 mackerel each. They are retailing at 2 cents each, and in quantities for less than a cent. The fish are unusually large.

University professors of Princeton may retire hereafter on half-pay when they reach the age of 55 years. Professors can continue to teach, if they wish to do so, until they are 68 years of age, but after that they are to retire automatically.

A new gas has been developed for aerial navigation. It is called currenium and costs \$100 a thousand cubic feet less than it costs to produce helium. It is non-inflammable and nonexplosive and has a lift about the same as pure hydrogen.

Supporting piers are now being made of paper in California. These piers are not subject to attack by the teredo. They are 60 feet in length and from 18 to 30 inches in diameter. A square steel cap is fitted over the top to receive the shocks of the pile driver.

Except for 100 miles there is now a paved highway from Los Angeles to Portland, Ore., a distance of 1,200 miles. In less than three years the Pacific highway will be completed from the Canadian line to the Mexican border.

Twenty-nine men were murdered last year in the half-mile between the Tombs prison and the police headquarters in New York City and only four men have been convicted for these crimes.

The smallest house in London is opposite Kensington Palace Gardens. It has a six-foot frontage and the ground floor apartment is used as a shop. A sitting room and bedroom are above and a basement kitchen below.

Soda fountains are becoming more popular in Great Britain. Until recently iced drinks and soda fountains were practically unknown outside of London, but they can now be found in most of the provincial cities of the kingdom.