A Story of New York Life

By LEROY SCOTT

. Author of "No. 13 Washington Square," "Mary Regan," etc.

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there is everything. Their beginnings reach back through years and genera-tions and through the conditions which tions and through the conditions which have helped twist or nourish or gloriously develop them. But since histories must start somewhere, this history or Jennie Malone, and of her strange father, Black Jerry, and of the three nen who loved her, and of the history lozen or more other persons who vially influenced her ambitions and her oul—this history may be started, periaps somewhat arbitrarily, on a certain right early in October in the Pekin afe. For the Pekin had been Jennie's twironment since her early childhood; rivironment since her early childhood; is habitues, many her friends, had I been familiar figures to her; and

n such scenes as this evening a ni peeped almost nightly.
(In that October evening, in the little office at the rear of the smoke taged, orchestra-inspirited cafe, sative men, a bottle of imported mineral cater between them. One was deep of cater between them. -ster between them. One was deep o rs, and had a square, grim face, with closest shaving cannot expunge from dark and heavily bearded skins. It was which, long ago, in this quarter where every one who deviated from the average was tagged with his outstanding characteristic, had caused him to be rechristened "Black Jerry."

manner as Jerry war grin and retient. He was of indefinite arg—sixty ingigs the season of the season

ore reckless party, who had no proper operations of the cold face of the c Jerry, I'd be publicly insulting my own

The Garden Where Jennie Grew
LIFE'S, histories do not begin at some definite point, before which there was nothing, and after which there was nothing. Their beginnings of the point is a conveyting. Their beginnings as I came in. Did that plainclothes copper have anything to do with this smile of yours that won't come on?"

"Casey did try to throw it into me," admitted Black Jerry, "But I didn' let him get away with anything." "Casey's a pretty square goy-for a

copper."
"Oh, Cassy's square enough."
"What did he want?—if you don't mind telling me."
"I don't mind telling you about "I don't mind telling you about Casey," returned Jerry in his heavy voice that seemed to have its origin in sub-diaphragmal regions. Casey comes in about a guy named Morrison. wironment since her early childhood; habitues, many her friends, had been familiar figures to her; and boxe such scenes as this evening's she peeped almost nightly. On that October evening, in the tie office at the rear of the smoke sped, orchestra-inspirited cafe, sat of men, a bottle of imported mineral office between them. One was deep of set and of powerful width of shoul-set had of powerful wi the bank all right. While he's here, being already stewed, he loses his checkbook. But it's found and give

back before he leaves."
"And that's all you know about it?"
"That's all I knew till Casey shows that swarthy skin, together with his shining about hair (forty had now marked it with a few lines of gray).

which, long ago, in this quarter where discover the forgery until he got be canceled checks from the bank the oth

la. There they help restore to Rajah Mir-Bubu his daughter, Lada,

OH SISTER

DOROTHY DARNIT—Painless for the Dentist

me—guess I'd better have a look at what along outside. I'll be back in a deference, was inviting a young woman to the company of the least of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of day, had been the them of acres of day, had been the them of acres of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of the man who, in an earlier day, had been the them of acres of the property of the pr

least of my worries.

"Then what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Uncle George, staring.

But Jerry, as though he had not heard the question, stood up. "Excuse heard the question, stood up. "It's sure got me guessing!" It's sure got me guessing! "It's sure got me guessing!" It's sure got me guessing! "It's sure got me guessing!" It's sure got me guessing! The sightseers nodded excitedly: it was indeed something big to think about there, you bet! It's sure got me guessing! "It's sure got me guessing!" It's sure got me guessing! The sightseers nodded excitedly: it was indeed something big to think about and the guessing! The sightseers nodded excitedly: it was indeed something big to think about and the guessing! The sightseers nodded excitedly: it was indeed something big to think about and the guestion. The sightseers nodded excitedly: it was indeed something big to think about and the guestion. The sightseers nodded excitedly:

Rajah Mir-Bubu his daughter, Lada, who has been stolen by Ramda-Kin.

The Rajah's Gift

RAJAH Mir-Bubu clasped his little daughter Lada close to his heart.

"The Rajah's Co-la-la and Peggy, I cannot give you the reward I promised."

"Er-umph!" Er-umph!" trumpeted to prove the screens and raphage the screens are screens and raphage the screens and raphage the screens are screens and raphage the screens and raphage the screens are screens and raphage the screens are screens as the

HERE WE

guess you know how to put it back. Dance with her again." Slim started to slip through the door.

The Ralab's GHT

DAJAH Mr. Bub classed his little

Magniter Jada close to his heart.

Per fire long years as han those used the strength of th

me—guess I'd better have a look at what's doing outside. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Uncle George gazed searchingly at the face of the man who, in an earlier spirit of adventure and rose and gave day, had been the theme of acres of reporters' romancing—romances which had resulted in his being still remembered, though somewhat vaguely, as a grisly name that once upon a time had done something (just what was perburged). The face of had resulted in his being still remembered, though somewhat vaguely, as a grisly name that once upon a time had done something (just what was perburged). The face of having had resulted in his being still remembered, though somewhat vaguely, as a grisly name that once upon a time had done something (just what was perburged). The face of the man was down the post of the police had found him holding and had then sprung upon Mr. Garrison handsome and done something (just what was perburged). The face of the man was caught by the spirit of adventure and rose and gave his personality and the evil tales about him. and who had romanticized by his personality and the evil tales about him. When Jennie was five years old the pretty wife was overtaken by romance again. This time the man was died within an hour, without ever reduction of the party to darce. She drew back, startled, but then was caught by the school teacher, who had been fascinative dby his personality and the evil tales about him. and who had romanticized had then sprung upon Mr. Garrison. That was God's truth. God help her:

And that was the nearest to God's truth she ever told, for she suddenly mance again. This time the man was died within an hour, without ever reduction of the police had found him holding and had then sprung upon Mr. Garrison him. When Jennie was five years old the pretty wife was overtaken by romance again. This time the man was done Philip Garrison, handsome and alizing how serious was her injury, and

the center of the room. One well-directed blow was liable to send either of us into eternity.

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A H!" and the words slipped from been spying again—it's becoming quite a habit with you, Mr. Detective."

I was furious.

I could feel rather than see that he was edging toward the mantelpiece. I realized that he was grasping the brass candlestick. I did likewise with the similar armament on my side of the mantel. Simultaneously we stepped to the center of the room. One well-directed blow was liable to send either of us into eternity.

"Ready!" he cried, in a voice of bravado.

We made a few preliminary passes with the heavy things and the dreadful duel began. We clashed and the brass implements sounded like broadwords. Presently I made a misste struck me on the side of th and he struck me on the side of the head. Fortunately the blow glanced, but I felt the hot blood streaming down my face and that infuriated me still more. For a minute or two we con-tinued fencing without gaining any advantage.

But I could feel the candlestick grow posite sides of ing beavier and heavier in my hand.

The cold eyes and I began to fear that my strength blazing and he was giving out. Would Bromley Barnes never come?

The Brazilian looked more like a beast than a man and he lunged at me with a ferocity that was murderous. I could see a damp sweat on his brow and his gray eyes were smoldering with rage. gray eyes were smoldering with rage. He took advantage of me in an un-guarded moment and struck me a blow in the side that sent me staggering across the room. thought I heard the sound of an auto-mobile horn outside the house. I won-dered if it could be Barnes. But ther

swered. but when I go you and the Red Diamond go with me.

We edged our way around the table, glaring at one another like tigers. I thought I heard a sound at the front door and wondered if it could be Bromley Barnes. But it died out in stantly and I knew that I was mistaken. Calculatingly, I looked over my man. He had the advantage of me in weight, but I was younger and felt that I had more agility. We were so close now that we could feel each other's breath. The bristles of his closely cropped hair and of his mustache and goatee stuck out aggressively.

Suddenly I assumed the aggressive. Suddenly I assumed the aggressive of anguish from his thick lips. Step by step I pushed my advantage until he was backed into a corner of the room. As I passed over the floor I caught a fleeting glimpse of the Red Diamond, glowing like a hot coal, and the reflection that it would soon be in my possession filled me with great confidence. But his hand was soft and the cand of his nose. It must have been effective. I knew it drew blood. He gave a howl of pain and nimed at my face. But his hand was soft and the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and then he grabbed me near the blow did not even cause me discomfort. I got back at once with another punch and the feor in could be step around quickly in order to step around quickly in order to parry h

By Chas. McManus

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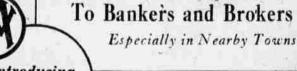
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