

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

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THIS STARTS THE STORY A Daughter of Two Worlds is the history of the life of Jennie Malone...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES So Jennie sang it again—sang it so softly that the old love song was as gentle as a lullaby...

He looked at her, provoked but helpless. He had learned that he was no match for her in words or in mood...

She had become suddenly sober. "That's one part of it that I can't be glad about, Harry."

"You mean you think he's your friend?" "Listen here, Jennie! The young fellow's face had flushed, there was an emphatic ring to his voice...

"I've grown up to the exact size of my father. I was never so small as you are now. You were just like that when you were a girl."

was not there, and she drew a deep breath of relief. She now fixed her attention on Slim Jackson, and tried to catch his eye...

"Not till then did Jennie notice that Slim's professional partner had set down and that they were dancing alone. She caught the sudden new interest in the faces of the onlookers...

"I've grown up to the exact size of my father. I was never so small as you are now. You were just like that when you were a girl."

you would, so you wouldn't be taken by surprise if anything breaks." "Do you offer to cover the check with good money?"

"You're a good fellow, and he's a good straight friend, who'd do anything for his friends—and he's certainly down on me for me! I tell you, Sam's a damn good fellow."

"I've grown up to the exact size of my father. I was never so small as you are now. You were just like that when you were a girl."

Why, they'd soak me good and plenty, me being a man. But if you were just to tell them that you found the check-book on the floor, and then filled the check, copying it from the one your dad had cashed—why, the judge would be easy on you, you being a girl, and being able to say you were a first offender...

"Then tell it quick. I don't dare hang around here long." "It's like this, Jen. I'm already too good for this kind of a racket to you. The real thing some day—you just watch me!"

"I've grown up to the exact size of my father. I was never so small as you are now. You were just like that when you were a girl."

"But listen, Jen. I'm figuring you in this with me." "Me! How?" "As a dancing partner."

"Then tell it quick. I don't dare hang around here long." "It's like this, Jen. I'm already too good for this kind of a racket to you. The real thing some day—you just watch me!"

"I've grown up to the exact size of my father. I was never so small as you are now. You were just like that when you were a girl."

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DOROTHY DARNIT—A Diversion From the Air and an Attack on a Salient A cartoon illustration showing a man climbing a ladder to throw a bomb down at a woman below.