Author of "No. 23 Washington Square," "Mary Regan, etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

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Jenuie Malone is the daughter of Black Jerry Malone, who conducts a cafe in New York. "Slim" Jackson and she have been good friends since childhood. Together they forge a check for which Jennie is arrested. Taking the full blame upon herself, to screen Slim, she is given a preliminary hearing and remanded for further trial, but allowed liberty on ball. The next morning Jennie has disappeared. Uncie George, posing us her guardian, takes her to a first-class boarding school, where she is introduced as Jennie Miller from Wyoming, Weeks and months pass and Jennie fits into her surroundings. She is snubbed and ignored, but and Jennie fits into her surroundings. She is snubbed and ignored, but makes one friend, Sue Harrison, and an enemy, Gloria Raymond. In the spring Sue's mother invites her to spend the Easter holidays as Sue's guest, She finds herself in a handsome Fifth avenue house, and she fits in here too. But "blood calls to blood." Jennie must see her father, Unexpectedly, she meets Harry Edwards, an old-time admirer, on the street, and she asks him to tell her father that she is coming. At midnight she sneaks away from the Fifth avenue mansion to the old Pekin Cafe. Father and daughter talk on her dless of time. Quite unexpectedly the door opens and Casey, the detectives, wa "sin." What are you doing here 'says Black Jerry? 'Friendly call, whain't you glad to see me, Jerry?' mys Casey.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

#### AND HERE IT CONTINUES The Face of Disaster

The Face of Disaster

The four looked at him in strained silence. Then the apparently slow eyes of the detective caught the skirt flaring behind Jerry's knees. His face went loose with amazement.

"Jeunie!!" he exclaimed. "By God—Jennie Malone!"

And then his eyes grew bright with professional keenness.

Chisey closed the door and without a word crossed the room. Jennie, suddenly sick, did not try to evade himshe knew such effort to be of no avail. And when he had come around her father, her dark eyes looked straight into his—and she stood tense, nerveless.

Jerry, "We re rendy—go abend and make your pinch!"

Casey crossed his legs, mirsed and ther large unlovely foot, and sneked tendily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco and with his so far gone that it could be held only by pinching it with his mails. Then he turned to Harry.

"You there, Edwards,' he said, "we all know you're thinking that a young may hit his job waiting in the morning ought to have been in bed long ago.

"So though we're sently—go abend and make your pinch!"

Casey crossed his legs, mirsed and ther large unlovely foot, and sneked tendily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco and with so far gone that it could be held only by pinching it with his mails. Then he turned to Harry.

"You there, Edwards,' he said, "we all know you're thinking that a young may he held the pinch with his only to held the pinch with his object. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his tobacco. Then he gazed deadily at his cigar which was now a stub so far gone that it could be held only by pinching it with his mails. Then he turned to Harry.

"You there, Edwards,' he said. "We all know you're thinking that a young may he had to be a young and he to held only by pinching it with his began he with so far you and he with his

"Jennie!" Casey ejaculated again, still amased, "If it ain't Jennie." He stared for a moment, silent, "Jennie, came back!—and dressed like a queen! What's the play?"

Suddenly from a drawer in the table, Jerry drew a short black pistol and shoved it hard into the officer's stomach. "Here's the play, Casey, "gritted Jerry. "You try to start anything about Jennie—you try to take my Jennie—and this gun goes off."

wise it was unperturbed.

"I don't know what this kid has been doing, Jerry," he said evenly—"but whatever it's been, it'll only make the case worse for her if that gun should go off. Forgery and jumping her bail is all I got against her now. If a little murder is thrown in it'll only make things that much harder for her—not to mention what'll happen to you, Jerry—and somebody'll get her just the same. Just let all that soak in a little while, Jerry, before you lean too heavy against that trigger."

Jerry's dark eyes blazed fiercely into the officer's. A minute passed.

Then Casey remarked in his same even tone, "Guess you'd better let me have that gat, Jerry," and reaching down he took the pistol from Jerry's unresisting hand, and laid it on top of the piano. When he turned back it was to gaze at Jenuie.

"Well, kid, it looks like I got you again. I certainly did get it rough on the last deal—what from that judge roasting me—and the chief giving it to me—and the boys at headquarters giving me the grand laugh because a girl had put one over on me. But before I take you along with me, Jennie, I'd like to know what you been doing the last six mouths. It's something big, you bet; six months ago you looked like 'most any girl around here—new you look like a million dollars. What's been the game?"

"It's none of your damned business!"

growled Jerry. "Go ahead with your pinch!"

"Oh, yes, it is some of my business," the even voice of Casey returned. "And you might as well hand it to me now, for you know it's going to come out anyhow. Take your time, if you want to. I can wait till you loosen up. And while I wait I'll just give my feet a little time off duty."

things are going bad for you, and are about to go all bloo-ey, that you'll get me quick word, so I can beat any other guy to the pinch."

In a bare whisper Jennie promised.

"And now for to-night's get-away.
You go back the same way you came, you might as well know I'll be tailing you all the time—and if any trouble happens to you, why. I gotta jump in

futility. She was dizzy with fear: more

so than the other time Casey and walked into her life, for she had more to lose—far, far more. And it was lost, all lost!—she had a gasping seuse of falling swiftly from a great height—and with it a more poignant sense of being haled before a great shame.

All were silent. Then one by All were silent. Then one by one they sat down. And presently Black Jerry began to speak, reughly, definantly, briefly at first—then more fully; and while he spoke Casey crossed and recrossed his broad policeman's feet. Jerry told all; how, seeing that Jennie was going crooked down here and seeing that his name would always be a drag on her he and Uncle George had evolved the plan to give her a chance; told about Braithewood Hall; told of Jennie's visit to the Harrisons.

Casey blinked when the story was

Casey blinked when the story was done. "God, what a pinch?" he 'reathed. "And what a story for the papers: the daughter of Black Jerrythat swell school-visiting the Harrisons! It's a peach!"

"Sure—it's a peach for you!"
growled Jerry. "Every paper in town'll
have your name in it big for the next
few days, and so'll the papers all's
through the country. And you conpers, you nate publicity just like you
hate a shot of whisky on a cold night!"
P'And you done it all just to give the
kid a chance?" demanded Casey.

"Ale's I told you then a results. What

"Aln't I told you that a ready." What else would I do it for? And she was making good, too—only she puffed that bene of coming down here."
"What did you come down here for,

Jennie "I-I just wanted to see dad," she

"Aw, cut out the questions!" snapped Jerry. "We're rendy—go abend and make your pinch!"

on t you? I thought water said vas simple. I said good-night.

Harry looked at Black Jerry. Jerry lid not understand either, but he nod-'ed. Harry stood up, hesitated, went

'ed. Harry stood up, hesitated, went
to the door, halted there.

"If you need me, Jennie, you can
count on me to the limit." he stammered. "I guess that's all, except—
xcept good-night."
"Good-night." she whispered—and
the door closed behind him.
Casey turned to Jennie's aunt, "I'm
sure you ought to be in bed, too, Good-

about Jennie—you try
nie—and this gun goes off!"

Casey turned his gaze from daughter
to father. His heavy face still bore
signs of his astonishment, but otherwise it was unperturbed.

"I don't know what this kid has been
doing, Jerry." he said evenly—"but
doing, Jerry." he said evenly—"but
to father. His heavy face still bore
Mary rose, clung to Jennie in a tight
kiss, then passed into her bedroom.
"A capacity house is a swell thing
or a regular show." remarked Casey.
"but it sure doesn't help this kind of

game?"

"It's none of your damned business!"

to promise me, and I it always keep an eye in your direction. But I want you to promise me, if ever you see that pinch!"

while I wait I'll just give his rect a high you are the and it as it the little time off duty."

He sat down heavily and crossed his and identify you and say I'd been tailfeet. Jerry glowered at him, then he gazed at Jennie with a look of grim

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## THE GUMPS—Andy's Gift to Mother-in-Law

THEOLD ICE BOX -WELL- WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE USE FOR YOU - WE'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE BUILT RIGHT IN THE PLACE WHERE WE'RE GOING - YOUR HINGES GOT KINDA RUSTY SINCE



I'M GOING TO FIND A GOOD HOME FOR YOU- I'M GOING TO SEND YOU TO MAMAS- SHE CAN OPEN YOU WITH MORE GRACE THAN ANY ONE



-:-

YOURE JUST GOING ON A LITTLE JOURNEY | AND SHE KEPT YOU CLEAN-OLD PAL- YOU'L FEEL AT HOME YOU KNOW MY MOTHER IN LAW-SHE PALLED WITH YOU - SHE WAS THE ONE THAT SAT UP NIGHTS WITH YOU ALL LAST SUMMER- SHE WAS FAITHFUL -



SOMOTHER- HERE'S TO YOU

Convright, 1919, by the Tribune Co.

By Sidney Smith



PETEY-How Trouble Starts



- YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT SWEET LITTLE THING IS GOING TO MARRY ) THAT AWFUL BOW-LEGGED CREATURE ?

+:-



By C. A. HOW Do You KHOW

HOW IT SEEMS

By FONTAINE FOX

-:-

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The young lady across the way says some people prefer to pay eash for everything, but personally she finds it easier to use her credulity at the dry goods stores.

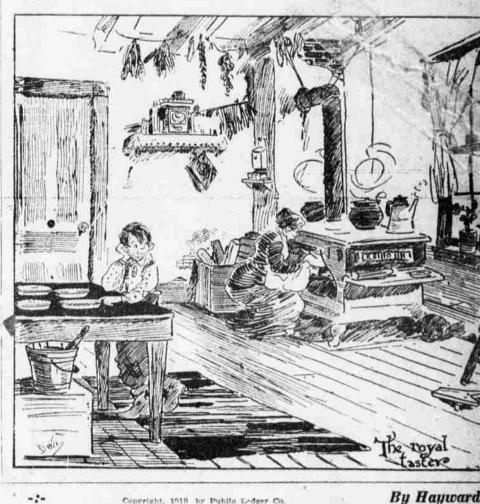
BOSS, ISN'T IT

FIERCE THE WAY

GOIN' AND EVERYTHING!

THE WORLDS





### DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY "THE SHOWER OF JEWELS"

(Monkeys run away with the jewels of Rajah Mir-Bubu after holping Go-la-la and Peggy recover them from Hindu robbers. Oo-la-la, Peggy and Pindar, the elephant, trick the monkeys into throwing the gems at them, and then flee, but are met by the Hindu robbers with three fighting electrons.

him. The three fighting elephants stopped short when they saw this queer way of greeting them, and trumpeted loudly. They were loaded with Hindus, Ramda-Kin himself riding in the howdah of the largest. Every Hindu was armed with a knife and every one of them seemed every them seemed over to fight

# SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Pathetic, Very Pathetic!

HUH-HUH!

4'E TONS OF MUTS

@ \$ 124 LESS 25

PER CENT + 10 +6



-:-



2.0



\*:\*

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By Chas. McManus

