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A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

Equare," "Mary Regan," etc

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jennie Malone forges a check for which she is arrested, but allowed liberty on bail. The next day she has disappeared. "Uncle George" has quietly taken her to fashionable boarding school, where she registers as Jennie Miller. Four years have passed and Jennie has studied hard and done well. From being snubbed whe can now hold her own and easily take her place with the best. On commencement day Jennie delivers the valedictory for her class. Her father, Black Jerry, goggled and muffied, watches her from a distance, proud of her accomplishments. She accepts an invitation to spend the summer with the Harrisons. Kenneth, the son of the house shows open admiration for her, though engaged to marry her old-time enemy at school, Gloria Raymond. THIS STARTS THE STORY

second act they took their seats in a theatre. The setting of the act was a beliroom in some millionaire's bouse. There was not much of a story, but there were lots of girls—"With Lots of Girls," that phrase was run beneath the play's title on the posters—in very large hats and in dresses which certainly had never been selected by Miss Yan der Brunt. And after the girls had sung something with an ogling air of naughty innocence, and had danced and maneuvered, they marched off as a tramp comedian came on with his trick dog; and after the tramp comedian had finished the stunts which he had been repeating without variation for five wars. In value in an evening yown of a cut which knew no fear (exit tramp and dog) followed by the previous young women now gowned as guests at the ball, and followed also by chorus men also in supposedly fashionable evening wear. The young woman, evidently the hostess of the stage party, advanced to the footlights, conscious of her every charm, with the air of being a personage that every one knew and which does and sang a supposedly homorous topical ditty, dealing with the varieties of stumbling men a woman hay not done to the footlights, conscious of her every charm, with the air of being a personage that every one knew and which the provided the varieties of stumbling men a woman hay not also the provided the provided the varieties of stumbling men a woman hay not also the provided the provided the varieties of stumbling men a woman hay not also the provided the provided the varieties of stumbling men a woman hay not be provided to the footlights. Conscious of her every charm, with the air of being a personage that every one knew and which the provided the provide

rears."

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"Good? He's the best there is in his line. He's a marvel! He's the real star of this show!" And then Kenneth added: "He's not only good on the stage, he's a gentleman off of it—I happen to know him a little. And the women, who like to dance are crazy about him; he goes just about where he likes in society."

Jeanie drew a slow, deep breath. So that was Slim Jackson! And so Slim had made good his boast about getting to the top! She watched him closely. There was nothing vulgar or suggestive or exaggerated in his work: it was graceful, finished, refined; it was ball-room dancing at its truly highest. His partner was good—but he belonged to a different order of dancers. The gods had put gifts in his feet. Indeed he was a marvel!

But how had he done it all? How had he got up here? Jennie sat wondering through the succeeding scenes of the play * * Once she had a start of a different sort. Glancing back, she saw a man leaning against the orchestra rail who seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She thought it was Harry Edwards, and she turned quickly again to the stage. But a few minutes later curiosity impelled her to look backwards; a more composed glace showed her that the man standing where she thought Harry stood was not Harry Edwards. She had been deceived by a mere fancied resemblance, had been played upon by this resurgence of old memories. * For the rest of the performance she continued to wonder about the rise of Slim Jackson.

She was relieved to get away from

watches her from a distance, proud of her accomplishments. She accepts an invitation to spend the summer with the Harrisons. Kenneth, the son of the house shows open admiration for her, though engaged to marry her old-time enemy at school, Gloria Raymond.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

TWAS a wonderful dinner—a thrilling dinner. But at length it was over, and just as the curtain rose on the second act they took their seats in a theatre. The setting of the act was a ballroom in some millionaire's house. There was not much of a story, but

their petty rogueries. She almost gasped aloud.

"Who—who is he?" she at length asked Kenneth.

"What—you don't know who he is!"

Kenneth exclaimed.

"Miss Gresham didn't let us come in to see plays very often." she explained, "and I've read almost nothing about the theatre the last four pears."

"That," said Kenneth with emphasis, "is Jackson Holt."

"Is he—is he very good?"

"Good? He's the best there is in he in the see the set of the see of the see the see of the s

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES BY DADDY

"IN THE MOUSE'S HOLE"

(Peggy, Biky and Judge Oul chase Gnower, leader of the mice, into a megaphone, and when they come out of the small end they find themselves as they as the mice. Gnower saves them from a cat, and not knowing who they are, takes them by the anderground railway to the party of the field mice.)

Peggy and Billy became the hall. aware that dozens of mice were sitting there twitching their ears and looking as uncomfortable as children do when they come early to a party and are waiting for some one to start the games. But while the mice wriggled and squirmed all were too shy to begin

However, their eyes were busy, and they noticed what Gnawer did—that Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl were not like mice. They began to whisper among themselves as they looked and looked, and Peggy began to get nerveus. Supposing that they should find that the strangers were two children and a mouse-eating bird! Then there would be trouble. It would never do to let the mice look too sharply nor to whisper too long. Somebody ought to start the play at once, and as no one else did, Peggy started it herself.

"Tot's play tag first," she said. "Tag, you're it." She touched Gnawer and darted away. Gnawer tagged Billy, he tagged Judge Owl, Judge Owl tagged one of the mice and in less than a minute the game was in full wring.

whiskered mouse made her give up this idea very quickly.

"This is a lot of fun," squeaked Gnawer, after he had dropped the handkerchief behind Peggy and darted away, "but it would have been more fun if I could have brought that girl here and given her the scaring I'd planned."

The Mouseland Party

CNAWER was eager for the party to begin. He wanted to have fun. Perhaps that is why he didn't pay closer attention to Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl when he found they did not look like mice.

"I'm here!" he squeaked. "Lat's play!"

There was a wriggling and a squirming in the shadows around the edge of the hall. Peggy and Billy became

But even though Peggy was nervous,

But even though Peggy was nervous, she no longer felt creepy when the long tails of the mice touched her. And they seemed so jolly at their play that she was sure they wouldn't hurt her if she could only keep them good humored.

They played button, button, whose got the button? and were having a jolly time when suddenly a fat lady mouse came squealing into the hall.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Sure support has been

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Our supper has been stolen!" she said. "It was corn and cheese, and a gang of bad rats has car-ried it away."

At once the play stopped. The mice were angry. They were hungry, too, and the more they thought of how hungry they were, the angrier they got. Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl could no longer rely upon the protection of their good humor, for their good humor was

gone.

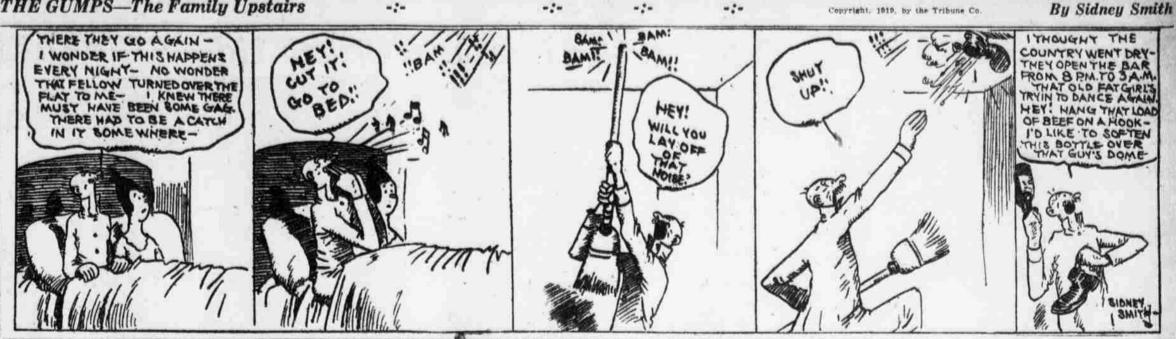
Peggy saw that something had to be done quickly.

"Virginia reel! Virginia reel! Come dance the Virginia reel," she cried.

"That's more fun than eating."

She had said just the right thing. It turned the thoughts of the mice away from their lost supper. If there was anything more fun than eating they wanted to try it.

THE GUMPS—The Family Upstairs



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PETEY—Does Your Wife Act Like That? - UM - DARN'-THE CURTAIL S UP BY HOW-





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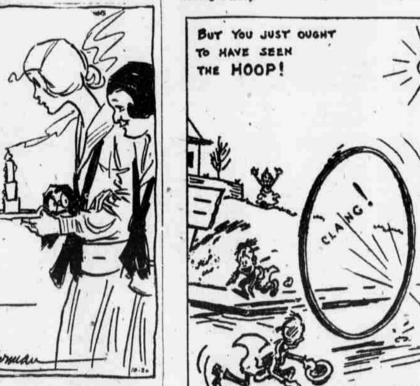
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By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way

It Didn't Seem at All Like Tomboy Taylor to Engage in Such an Innocent Pastime as Rolling a Hoop -:- By Fontaine Fox



We asked the young lady across the way if her father's new automobile was an eight and she said he called it that, but it certainly would take some crowding.



Paradise lost

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-How Do You Like Her Hair? :-

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DOROTHY DARNIT—Getting in Is One Thing; Staying in Another!

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By Chas. McMar

