

ADAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life

By LEROY SCOTT

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jennie Malone, the daughter of a criminal, became involved with Slim Jackson, a habitue of her father's place, in a check forgery, and is sought by the police. To save her father she gave her a chance for a better life, her father, Black Jerry, convinces with a friend known as Uncle George to have her placed in a high-class school where she acquires culture and cultured friends. She visits the home of a school friend where she again meets Slim Jackson. At a dance she meets Harry Edwards, an old admirer. Uncle George leaves near, keeping guard.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND Uncle George stepped quickly forward to intercept the approaching Kenneth Harrison. He held out his hand, smiling.

"Hello, Kenneth. Nice of you to come over to visit an old tramp." He took Kenneth's arm. "Listen—there's something I've been wanting to tell you. Just step over here for a minute."

But Uncle George's attempted intervention met with instant failure. "Not now, Uncle George"—here in his own world every one knew Uncle George, and knew him by no other name. Kenneth freed himself and turned quickly upon Harry.

"What's this mean, Edwards?" he said sharply.

"What's this mean?" Harry repeated, glaring belligerently. "There was a moment's pause, with the two men facing each other. Then Harry exploded. "It means that—"

But even while Jennie seemed reeling to instant destruction, her wits were at work. They spoke up swiftly of their own accord, interrupting Harry—and her body moved swiftly between the two men.

"Mr. Holt had just introduced me to his friends," she explained. "And Mr. Edwards had just asked me to dance with him and I had just promised. Shall we try it, Mr. Edwards?"

As she finished, she showed her right hand into Harry's left, and he left upon his shoulder, fell instantly into step with the music and started away. Automatically his right hand went to her waist and they were dancing. They danced on, both silent, before she began evasively to recover herself. She then ventured to look at Harry. The tenor of his face had relaxed ever so little. They danced on, and then speaking in a low, inconsequential voice—always watching his face. After that dance and during the encore number, it seemed to her that the determined look was gone—or almost gone.

"Harry," she said quietly, gently, almost as if explaining things to herself. "I don't think you've been quite yourself tonight. And I think it's been chiefly because you've been drinking. You never did drink much or often, so I'm affected by it the more. I think that was what was the matter with you, Harry."

"That's only part of it, Jennie," he burst out, with a groan, and she then knew that the fierce tenor in him was broken. "I've been waiting four years for you, loving you all the time. And when I saw you at Kenneth Harrison's—with him when I didn't dare be with you—and when I saw the way he looked at you in the theatre and the way he looked at you up here—I—I—oh, it was just jealousy, Jennie!"

"But, Harry, Kenneth Harrison—"

"Perhaps I wouldn't have minded it so much," he rushed on. "If I didn't feel that Kenneth Harrison, for all his nice ways, wasn't—well, exactly all he should be. He's not good enough for you, Jennie! He's a—no, I shouldn't be saying anything against him; I know nothing of my own knowledge. Yes, I think I would have minded it just the same whoever the other man was!"

"But, Harry," she said in her quiet voice. "I hardly know Kenneth Harrison. It's his sister that I know—that's my friend. I don't care anything about him; and he's hardly seen me more than twice—so how can he care about me? It's just something you're dreaming, Harry."

"I'm not so sure of that," he returned. "The orchestra had just stopped, leaving them near the entrance to the roof. There was dumb misery and longing in his eyes. "I really lost myself awhile ago, Jennie," he said humbly. "I had just one desire, to pull you down. I want you, Jennie—I shall always want you—and I'm going to try to get you—but I shall never again try to get you that way, you have nothing to fear from me, Jennie—I'm over here now. And now, I'm not going to take you back to your friends. I—I can't, Good-night."

He turned quickly and was gone. For a moment she sat there alone, a pang in her own heart, seeing that misery and longing in his frank, boyish eyes.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

"THE RABBIT'S TOYS"

Last week was told how Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl became tiny, size going by going through a megaphone and coming out the small end. In Mouseland they went to a party and came near being eaten for supper, but escaped on the Gopher Express of the Mole Underground Railroad, after tying the tails of the mice to the roof of a tree.

The Wreck in the Tunnel

THE Gopher Express rushed at high speed through the black, dark tunnel of the Underground Railway. Up in front was Mr. Gopher, who was both engine and engineer of the strange subway train. Clinging tightly to Mr. Gopher's tail was Judge Owl, and hanging on to Billy was Judge Owl. The three made up the coaches of the express.

The train must have been late, for Engineer Gopher was putting all the machinery he had into his flying legs. Suddenly—bang! they swept past the stations lit by glow worms. Thumpety-thud! they jolted around sharp corners. Peggy, sitting up in front, had all she could do to hang on to the tail of the engine, while Judge Owl at the rear was like a boy at the end of the line in playing catch with the whip. Only the strong grip of his beak on Billy's coat saved him from being thrown off.

Peggy was glad for one reason that they were going fast, for they would be far, far away by the time the mice could gnaw through the roof to which their tails had been tied by Billy. She was worried for another reason, for now in their dashing flight through the dimly lighted stations could they pick out the mouse-hole through which they had entered Mouseland? If they went past the mouse hole they would be lost entirely in the queer underground world with its dark passages and its queer people.

he still seemed just a boy to her—perhaps always would, though he was now twenty-six, and past.

Before she had recovered herself sufficiently to start away, Kenneth Harrison was beside her. "He acted mighty queer—Edwards," Kenneth said, with a curiosity in which there was a bit of pity. "What was the matter with him?"

"Mr. Edwards did act queer," she agreed. "It must have been because he had been drinking. I thought it better to dance with him than to have a scene."

"Of course." Her watchful eyes saw that her explanation was ample—that he had no suspicions. "If he had been inquisitive, I'd have had him fired out of the firm—over, though he has been the backing of a strong interest, and even though he is getting to be a valuable man."

Jennie did not reply. A little later, homeward-bound in Kenneth's motor, beneath the surface chatter she thought deeply about that evening. She was on the upgrade, yet; but the strange part was how her old life seemed to be coming forward and merging itself with her new. Now two of the persons, both lovers in a way, she had thought she had left behind in the past, had that night strangely re-entered her life. And the foremost of the two—Harry Harrison—Jennie recalled with that pleasant shyness which had become almost a natural part of her adopted character.

"She will show you to the room that is to be yours, and Maggie"—a maid who with two men servants had come out to the car—"will help you in any way you want. Remember, you need to look upon this as a loan."

"Thank you," she said doubly.

Two minutes later Sue left her in her room, saying she would return as soon as she had cleaned up a bit and got into her dressing. Jennie refused the offered ministrations of Maggie and dismissed her; and without pausing even to examine her room, other than to note that it was very large—quite as large as the entire house of her childhood—she slipped out and made her way down the broad stairway and through the sea-facing front door. She didn't want to be in her room when her name came; she didn't want to see Sue—not just then.

She had hardly had an hour to herself since before graduation. Following the night at Slim Jackson's play and on the Astor roof, there had been two days of shopping—busy, eager days, each brought to an exhilarating close by theatre and supper parties given by the always ready Kenneth. There had been too much excitement, too many events, to permit a cool and careful study of her new circumstances. She felt the pressing need of such study, the need to be alone.

She walked rapidly down a brick-paved path and found herself upon the edge of a bluff thrust far out into the sound, below her the water beating gently upon a mica-glittering beach. She looked back. Jennie had hitherto visited the Harrison only at their town house; and though she had seen in the illustrated supplements of the Sunday papers the pictures of the so-called "cottages" of the rich, and had passed many in motoring about the country, she was rather awed as she now made her first real observation of Silver Bluffs.

The low-lying brick house seemed to her to contain far-flung domains of great comfortable rooms—there were sun parlors and great piazzas; there were greenhouses and wondrous gardens; and sloping down from the house there was a lawn that might have come from the giant looms of some super-velvet-maker; and below her was a little natural harbor that had been extended and re-extended by huge granite breakwaters; and lying in the harbor were two sailboats and three motor launches, and the gracefully slender ninety-foot power-jet, the Myra, which in a week or two was to begin its daily task of carrying the male Harrisons to and from the city, doing her work in a little over an hour.

As she realized what it all signified, Jennie drew a slow, thrilled breath. She was Jennie Malone!

And yet she belonged here—they were glad to have her here!

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—Their Favorite Meeting Place!

I WONDER HOW MUCH LONGER THAT WOMAN'S GOING TO KEEP ME WAITING THAT'S THE LAST TIME SHELL GET ME OUT— SHALL WE SEND THEM OR WILL YOU TAKE THEM WITH YOU? OH! WE'LL TAKE THEM— THEN SHE'LL HANG ANOTHER ON ME



ILL BE RIGHT BACK SHE SAID AND THAT WAS THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR AGO



SHE FORGOT TO GET A PAPER OF PINS— A SPOOL OF WHITE THREAD— YOU'D THINK SHE WAS BUYING A PIANO OR PICKING OUT SOME LIVING ROOM FURNITURE— I'LL BET SHE'S IN THERE SITTING ON A STOOL— GETTING A PEDIGREE OF ONE OF THESE LADIES



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME— WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KEEPING ME STANDING ON THIS CORNER LOOKING LIKE A FOOL?



WELL ANDY BEAR— I MAY HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING ON THE CORNER— BUT NATURE DID THE REST



PETEY—Save One for Auntie

MABEL, HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR AUNT WOULD LIKE ME TO GIVE HER FOR XMAS?



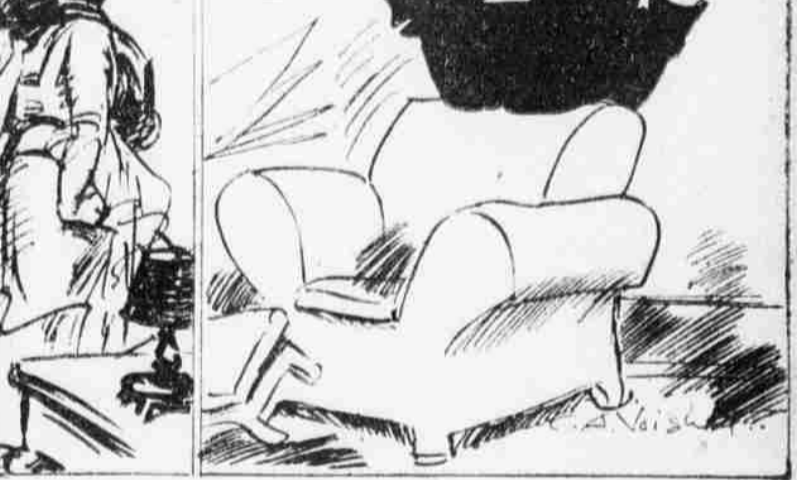
SHE DID WANT A NEW FUR COAT AND A PEARL NECKLACE



BUT SHE DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS A CHANCE OF YOUR GIVING THEM TO HER FOR XMAS



SO SHE BOUGHT EM HERSELF, TO-DAY



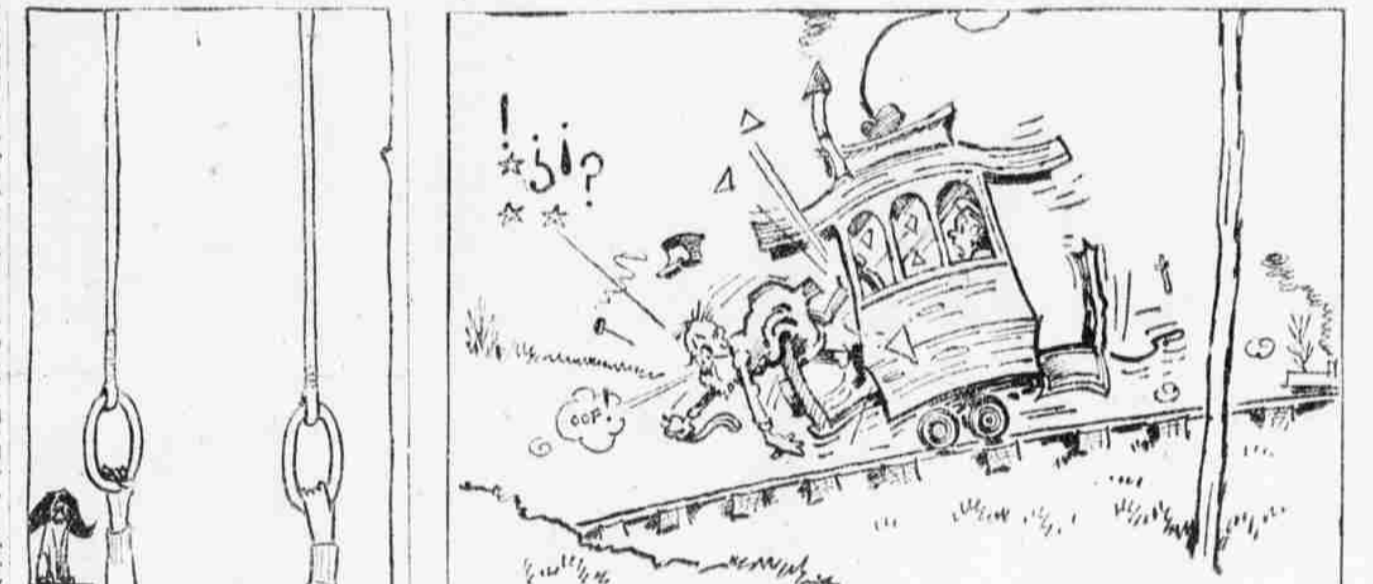
The Young Lady Across the Way

The Terrific Trouble That Makes All Trains

By Fontaine Fox

"CAP" STUBBS—It Takes Pa to Turn th' Trick!

By Edwina



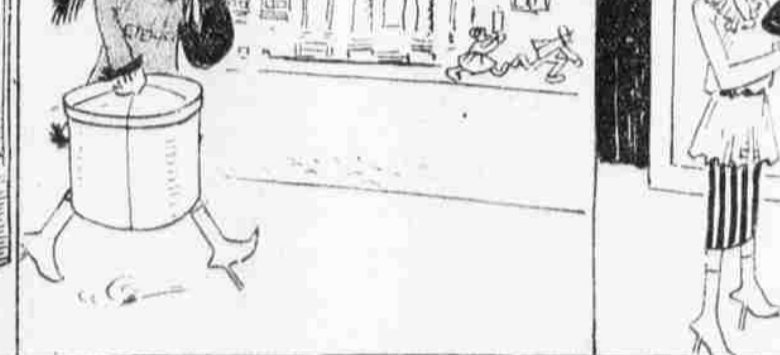
THE SOCKET OF THE BRAKE HANDLE HAS BECOME PRETTY BADLY WORN AND LAST WEEK THE HANDLE FLEW OFF WHEN THE SKIPPER WAS PUTTING A GOOD DEAL OF WEIGHT AGAINST IT. SIM EVARTS WHO WAS ON AT THE TIME IS STILL TALKING ABOUT IT.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Isn't That Always the Way?

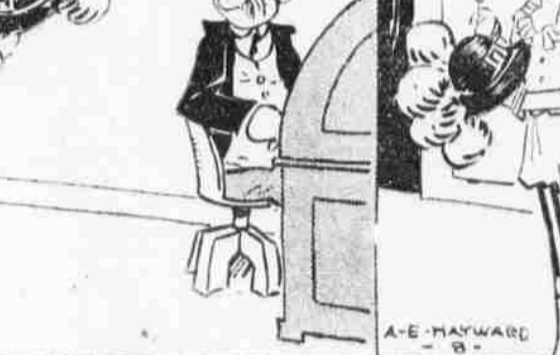
SEEMS AS IF HATS WAS ABOUT AS HIGH AS THE PROFITEERS CAN GO!



WELL, WHAT MUST BE MUST BE. I GUESS I'LL EAT ROLLS AND COFFEE FOR LUNCH THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.



LOOK BOSS, ISN'T IT CUT? THIS HAT WILL ONLY SET ME BACK \$80 THIS WINTER!



EIGHTY DOLLARS! FOR ONE HAT? EIGHTY DOLLARS?



DOROTHY DARNIT—If She's French So Is Von Tirpitz

PAPA MEETMLE DE POM POM ZIS ISS ZE PLEASURE



SHE'S WITH MY COMPANY FROM FRANCE? OUI OUI



NORA, BRING IN SOME REFRESHMENTS VERY WELL SIR



WELL AS I LIVE— TILLIE SWIGGLEBAUER FROM BILLY GOAT HILL

