

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

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NOTHING, I guess. And what you've spoken about doesn't seem remarkable to me. I just happen to like to do those things—that's all there is about it.

They were now a considerable distance from the house. "You can't explain it away—you can't make yourself commonplace—you're simply wonderful!" He halted and laid a hand upon the hand resting on his arm. "I think you are simply wonderful!"

"And do you know what I think about you?" she asked in a grave voice. "What?"

"I think you are holding my hand." He started at this directness, then laughed softly. "Why? I rather thought that same thing myself."

"Does that mean that you are about to propose to me?" "Why?"

"I just learned that you were engaged to Gloria. I wondered if two engagements a day was your regular allowance."

The moonlight showed him a mischievous gleam in her face. "You look demure, but I always said there was a little devil in you," he exclaimed in a very but pleased tone—"a sharp little devil—a nice clever little devil."

"The little devil asks me to thank you. But before you go ahead and really propose to me, would you congratulate me about Gloria. I hope you will both be very happy."

"And I hope that you and Gloria are going to be very good friends."

"I'm willing to be friends with Gloria. But it all depends upon Gloria. And whether Gloria wants to be real friends, that rather depends upon whether you are known to Gloria that you'd like things that way."

"Oh, I'll make that clear to Gloria. You're Sue's best friend—we should all be good friends—and you know I like you a lot."

"There'll not be much chance of our ever being friends if we stay out here any longer on the first day of Gloria's engagement." She gently freed her hand. "I think we'd better go in."

Inside, Kenneth advanced to Gloria. "Jennie was just congratulating us," he said. "I had heard that I hope that you and she—all of us in fact—were always going to be the best of friends."

Jennie seemed frank-eyed, modest, waiting for Gloria to make the advance. With a control that was attained with difficulty Gloria replied:

"I'm sure we shall be."

But later, alone on the stairway as they went to bed, she glowered furiously at Jennie.

Jennie inquired in a taunting whisper. "Did you order Mrs. Harrison to invite me to leave?"

Choking, Gloria hurried by her without an answer.

The following evening there was a similar procedure. Never before had Jennie consciously tried to win the attention of a man, and the novelty of the experience and pliancy to the more serious purposes which were involved in her plan. And it seemed to her that she was partially succeeding; it seemed that Kenneth was admiring her more and more.

And then a new element entered this affair. She was glad when Kenneth came home at the end of the day, she gladdened at the touch of his hand, she was trembling happy when swinging in his arms in the dance. She awoke suddenly to this uncalculated interest, and a question asked itself sharply of her: was this relationship, which she had plunged into almost as a matter of cold-blooded business, was this intimacy begetting a result she had never dreamed of—was she beginning really to care? She did not let herself answer; she put the question from her.

Nevertheless, this change in her, whatever its nature or degree, intensified and justified her intention. Kenneth was, indeed, altogether too fine; any course was righteous that would save him.

After a few days Jennie perceived that the course she had been following could not, unaided by other plans, quickly and matter between an engaged couple when the girl had so many substantial worldly attributes as Gloria.

There must be an additional plan. She began to consider, and her mind fixed upon one remark Sue had made against Gloria. In this remark her rapidly working mind saw the germ of an idea.

The idea grew—and this was the germ of a big plan, an effective plan, if she could only put it into execution.

On the following Sunday Slim Jackson came out to stay over until Monday. The appearance of Slim upon the scene suggested a new thought which fitted in with her growing plan; and she so maneuvered that she got Slim alone out upon the end of the stone pier.

"What's the big idea, Slim?" he asked. "Of course you know about Kenneth and Gloria Raymond."

"Sure. Kenneth told me the news as a dead secret the other day. What's the matter?"

"His mother doesn't like the engagement."

ment, nor does his sister. So I'm trying to break it off."

"For their sakes?" demanded Slim keenly.

"Yes—and for my own." Almost unconsciously she dropped into the informal phraseology of the days when she and Slim had the Peking as their habit. "Gloria and I don't love each other, and I'd like to jar her off her pedestal."

"You're a selfish, calculating, pretty little animal, but the idea is strictly all right. Why not step in and win him away from her? I've been watching you and Kenneth. It's as plain as four sees that he already cares a lot for you."

"I've been trying that; it's too slow and uncertain. I've thought of a way that will be quick and sure-fire, if it can only be put across. And it's something you might help me in—if you want to."

"You've got me sitting on the edge of my orchestra chair and holding my breath. What happens next?"

"They say Gloria has liked an awful lot of men—she's been engaged four times that I know of—and her being engaged to one man doesn't prevent her liking several others at the same time. That may not be the case at the present moment, but, anyhow, that's the kind Gloria is. She's crazy about men—always plural."

"I get you so far. Where do I fit in?"

"Here's my idea: If she's doing now what she's done before, then while she's engaged to Kenneth, she's also privately flirting with some other man. Kenneth, telling Kenneth this will have no effect; he's got to see things with his own eyes. If I could find out who the other man is, and if affairs could be so handled that Kenneth could be brought in upon a scene of surreptitious love-making—that would smash things right then and there. Now, you know a lot about the smart and gay life of New York and you know its gossip; its gossamer, its narrow gray eyes were just now expressionless beyond showing keen thought. When he finally did speak, he passed over all she had said.

"Have you thought any more about the proposition I made you on the Astor roof—about our teaming up?"

"That's never going to happen, Slim—never," she answered impatiently.

He lifted his shoulders philosophically. "I guess it's up to me to keep on waiting, Jennie—and I'm a good waiter."

"But will you help me?" she demanded.

Again he regarded her thoughtfully for a long space; and though he tried to control his expression, he could not mask the air of one who is swiftly looking far, far ahead, and balancing possibility against possibility.

"Sorry, Jennie—wish I could," he at length said. "But there's nothing I can do—absolutely nothing. And there's no use talking about it."

Jennie was quite taken aback and was bitterly disappointed by this unexpected refusal.

But disconcerted though she was, she caught the glint of a smile which suddenly broke through the sober regret of Slim's face. For some reason that she did not understand, she felt a vague suspicion, but not until long, long after was she to learn all which lay behind that brief smile on the pale, keen face of Slim Jackson.

How a Plan Worked Out

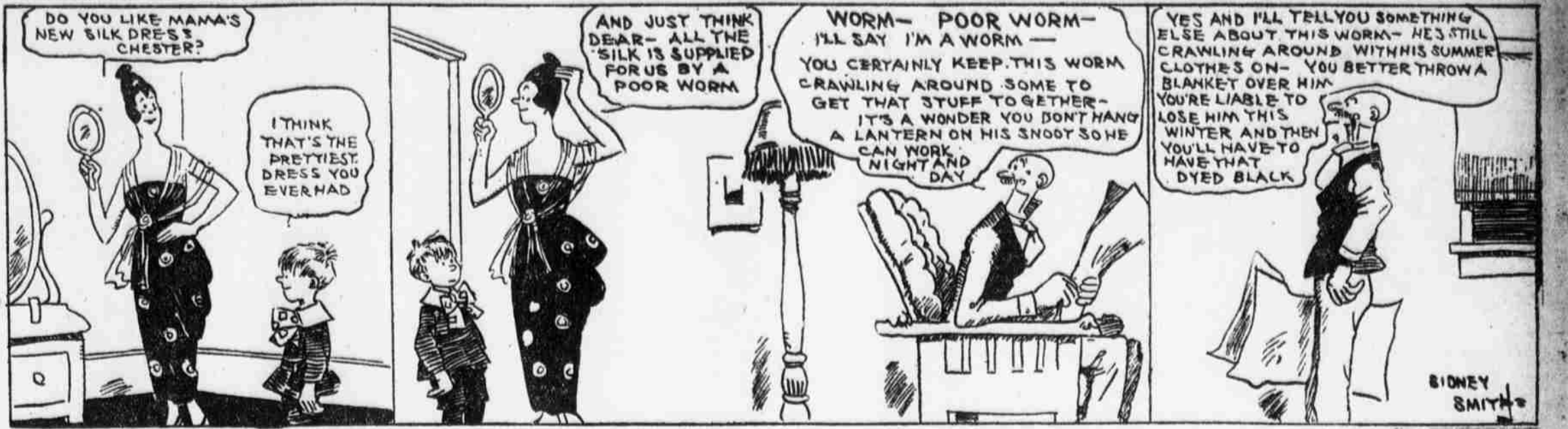
JENNIE went quietly about, watching, thinking, planning—and planning all the harder because Slim Jackson, on whom she had counted for aid, or at least for information, had just declared himself unable to give her either. But as the day passed her design, effective though it had seemed on first contemplating it, began to seem tremendously difficult, even unworkable, because of her inability to get a concrete starting point. And then circumstances very promptly came to her aid, or appeared to, and simplified and quickened what she had thought would be at the best both slow and complicated.

That evening while all were dancing—a number of young people had monitored over to Silver Bluffs to join in this, a few to stay over the night—Jennie caught a certain significant glance pass between Gloria and Slim when the two seemed to believe no eyes were upon them. That look fairly staggered Jennie. What if possible—what she had not even thought of before—that Slim himself was one of the men with whom Gloria had flirted as far as a mere flirtation dared go?

It was indeed possible! She recalled how admired, how sought after Slim was by the young women of the smarter and more daring social set. And she recalled Slim's unwillingness to help her against Gloria. Here was a full explanation of that unwillingness.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—How Do You Like Min's Dress?



PETEY—What More Do You Want?



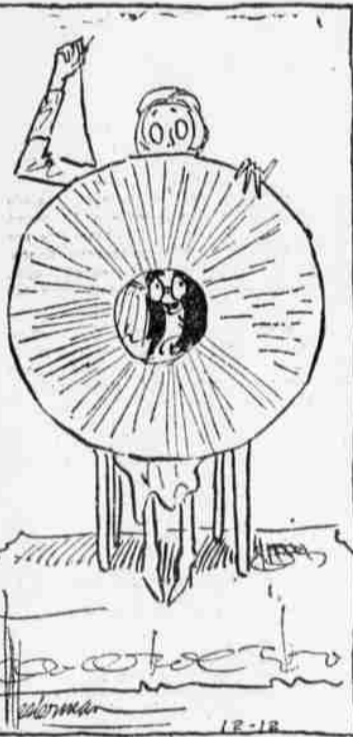
The Young Lady Across the Way

PATHETIC FIGURES

By FONTAINE FOX

"CAP" STUBBS—An Aetual Risk!

By EDWINA



The young lady across the way says it's a beautiful sight to see a sail stomaching in the gentle breeze.



THE GOLF FIEND WHOSE WIFE THREW OUT THE SCORE CARD (ATTESTED) OF THE ONLY ROUND HE EVER SHOT UNDER 100.



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Boy, Page Mr. George Cohan



DOROTHY DARNIT—You Couldn't Break Brother's Head With a Triphanmer



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

"THE CHRISTMAS TREASURE"

In last week's story, Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl, made tiny by going through a megaphone, fell into a rabbit nest. There they were taken as toys by the young rabbits. They saved the young rabbits from hunting traps and were promised hidden treasure as a reward.

The Patchy-Patch Children

JOHNNY RABBIT, Bunny Rabbit and Pinky Rabbit stood in a line before Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl and began to recite as if speaking a piece in school. "This is what they said: 'We know where treasure is buried deep,

Down where the roots of the flowers sleep; Silver and gold, piled up in a heap. All shall be yours to have and to keep.'

Peggy and Billy looked at each other in delight. They were to be their reward for saving the rabbits from Johnny Bull and Rover, the hound.

"Where is the silver and gold?" asked Billy.

"In the bank of the Underground City," answered Johnny Rabbit. "Jump on our backs and we will take you there."

Away they sped hoppy-hop over the moonlit snow until they came to a patch of cabbage stumps. Here they paused at the entrance of a hole.

"Is this the way to the hidden treasure of silver and gold?" asked Billy.

The rabbits shrieked: "No; this is the way to our own hidden treasure of cabbages and carrots," replied Pinky Rabbit. "This is our secret hole into the cellar of the Patchy-patch family. Would you like a nibble?"

"No, thank you," promptly answered Peggy. "It's wrong to take what doesn't belong to you."

"Well, we don't belong to the Patchy-patch family, do they try to take us by shooting us or trapping us. Why shouldn't we get even by taking their cabbages?" demanded Johnny Rabbit.

Pinky Rabbit stopped their talk with a quick "Hush!" She pointed to a cottage which up to this moment Peggy and Billy had not noticed. At the window were a boy and girl looking out. Their thin faces pressed close to the glass. It took but a glance to see that they were very, very poor.

"They are Harry and Minnie Patchy-patch," whispered Bunny. "See the patched clothes they wear. That is why we call them Patchy-patch."

But Peggy and Billy were listening to the words of the little girl.

"Do you think Santa Claus will come to our house?" she asked her brother.

"Well, if he doesn't come this year maybe he will next year," he answered bravely, putting his arm around her. "You know the rabbits have carved many of our cabbages that we are very, very poor, and sometimes Santa Claus cannot find the little homes of the very, very poor."

"Humph! Of course we've eaten your cabbages, and we will eat more next year, because we will be bigger then," said Johnny Rabbit saucily. And he set up to make faces at the children in the window.

"Oh, see the rabbits. They are making faces at us," exclaimed Minnie Patchy-patch. "The rascals! I'll bet they've been at our cabbages again," cried Harry Patchy-patch. "I'll go hunting for them tomorrow and perhaps they will have fried rabbit for Christmas dinner and you will have a new rabbit-fur muff."

"Come away, Quick!" exclaimed Johnny Rabbit. "You see now why we eat their cabbages." But while they sped toward the Underground City Peggy's thoughts were on the two wretched Patchy-patch children who were looking so vainly for Santa Claus.

"If we get that treasure, the first thing I'll do will be to play Santa Claus to them," she said to herself. Just then the rabbits dived into a big hole and for a moment all was dark.

(Tomorrow will be told how they find the treasure.)