A Story of New York Lafe
By LEROY SCOTT Author of "No. 15 Washington Square," "Mary Regan," etc.

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She thought frequently of Kenneth.

Was he, out there in the solitude of the West, where he had gone to conceal his hurt, recovering from his heartbreak and disillusionment? She hoped so, for he was deserving of a far finer girl than Gloria—of the very finest girl? She wondered what was happening to him, and within him, away out there, all alone. ** **

As the June days passed her he.

"You'll do like Jerry said and not come to the funeral?" the old man insisted.
"I'll not come—if dad says so," she
"I'll not come—if dad says so," she

But back at Silver Bluffs she kept to herself, and most of that night she lay A ND after, there was this much that Slim could not take away from her: she had acted in the full belief that the 2 o'clock tryst in the library between Slim and Gloria had been bona fide on both sides—and if ahe had not originated this plan and carried it out the Harrisons and Kenneth would not now be free of an unfortunate relationship. So much was real and unsubtractable and therefore since averything had awake. Her mind went back and went —and therefore, since everything had grown out of this, was this not in consequence almost everything? * * shought frequently of Kenneth.

And her plan for securing this glimpse was based upon her remembrance that, however largely attended a funeral in her neighborhood might be, usually only a single carriage followed the hearse on the far and expensive journey to the outskirts of Brooklyn where are colonized the city's dead.

PETEY—And Throw in the Coal Scuttle

She wondered what was happening to him, and within him, away out there, all alone. ""

As the June days passed her humiliation lost its first keen edge, and she accepted matters as they were with a growing composure. The days were much alike, given over to bathing, going to teas, motoring about, or merely quiet chaits with Mrs. Harrison: and of evenings there was frequent dancing in neighboring houses. With this pleasant summer routine she developed rapidly.

Her unchanging appearance of modesty made Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison believe her unspoilable, so the generous elder woman never withheld her praise. One afternoon, when Jennie had been at Silver Bluffs over a month, and she and Mrs. Harrison had her harrison that she was obliged tog ointo New lawyes. At half-past ten city's dead.

She dressed herself in a dark, unprediction that sh

Jennie's other world reached out to her a beckoning hand.

The Old World and the New THE beckoning hand took the form of a telegram carried out to her by a maid. The message bore the signature of the lawyers who managed her affairs, and its ten words, to any other eyes than Jennie's, would have meant nothing more than that her lawyers required her presence that evening upon a matter of immediate business. But the telegram was a code, prearranged for use in case of extreme necessity. To Jennie the routine telegram meant that Uncle George wished to see her without delay.

She showed the message to Mrs. Harrison, and two hours later she was in the sitting-room of a suite in that great hotel-city, the Biltmore, in whose multifudinous bustle persons could come and go unnoticed, and she was shaking the hand of Uncle George.

"You sure are looking great, Jennie!" exclaimed the old man. "You sure are looking the real goods—better even that I ever thought you would!"

Despite his words of admiration and approval, there was a soberness in his wrinkled face that would have excited Jennie's slarm even had the telegram not already done so.

"What's the matter, Uncle George?" she demanded.

"It's bad news, my dear"—patting her hand—"but take it easy. It's what the motor-hearse quickly discharged its black freight and then speed away on its next errand of expressage. Jennie, glancing about, saw a soore or more of little groups scattered among the slabe of marble. She had the scuse that here the burying of the dead was just a great freightant be the slabe of marble. She had the scuse that here the burying of the dead was just a great business amy function was just a great freightant be were transhipped from the present to whatever points might lie beyond.

With so much routine business going on, only the day's-work attention was just to the father glance at her, and she was quite certain the recognized her dayle from her taxi to the edge of the grave. She saw her father glance at her, and she was quite certain the moist, yello

task.

Black Jerry turned abruptly away "It's bad news, my dear"—patting her hand—"but take it easy. It's what toward his taxicab. Silently Jennie happens to us all, and I guess some day it'll be my turn." and walked beside him. Even then he gave

day it'll be my turn."

"Is it—something—about dad?" she breathed.

He shook his head. "It's about your Aunt Mary. She died last night."

"Aunt Mary—dead!" Jennie stood dazed; never before had death touched her closely.

"Her funeral's tomorrow morning at eleven. Black Jerry asked me to see you and tell you. He was afraid you might learn of it some other way, and he was afraid you might be impulsive and forget everything else and come rushing down to the funeral where there may be a bunch of people. That's why Jerry asked me to see you; that's

walked beside him. Even then he gave no sign of recognizing her presence. Arrived at her taxi, she whispered. "You're coming with me." He hesitated, then, settling with the chauffeur of his own taxi, he stepped into Jennie's car.

Her fingers clutched his big hand tightly and she drew up her heavy veil; but despite the privacy he sat gazing straight ahead, his heavy jaw clenched his eyes hardly winking. Jennie was suddenly bereft of the power to onen conversation; the old habit of child hood returned to her, not to speak to her reticent father until he had first spoken.

why Jerry asked me to see you; that's what Jerry gave strict orders about—you are not to come to the funeral."

"Aunt Mary—dead!" she repeated.

"Aunt Mary—dead!" she repeated.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY "THE CHRISTMAS TREASURE"

(Peggy, Billy and Judge Oul are taken by the rabbits to the Under-ground City, where the rabbits offer them a buried chest of silver and gold. Peggy rejects the offer, saying that the chest must belong to some one, and Father Rabbit then tells its storm.)

Billy, Judge Owl and the Rabbit family the story of the hidden treasure.

"Once upon a midnight dreary when I was out seeking my supper I came upon two rough-looking men creeping toward the house where the Patchypatch family now lives. At that time an old man dwelt there alone. He was the grandfather of Harry and Minnie Patchy-patch, whom you saw on your way here, and he was a miser. He loved gold and silver above all else and hadriven his family away from him.

"As the rough-looking men crept toward the house I heard them plotting to rob the miser. Being young and curious I followed them.

"The doors and windows were locked fast. This angread the men and they began to smash their way in, being determined to get the miser's gold. I was watching them from around the colar door slyly open and out came the miser deeps of the house, when I saw the cellar door slyly open and out came the miser dragging his treasure chest—the very treasure chest—the very treasure chest—the wery teasure chest you see there. "He had given the robbers the slip, and while they raged through the house seeking him and the gold, he bore it to the edge of the wood and there in the dark he buried it. This done, the miser caught an awful cold. He became very lill. Then his son and his son's family, forgetting his meanness toward them, came to care for him. They rursed him and spent all their money for doctors, but the old miser grew worse and worse.

"At first he kept allant about his

hidden gold because he hoped to get well; but when he knew he was about to die his heart was touched by the faithful, tender care, given him by his son and family, and he tried to tell them about the buried treasure. It was too late. He died on Christmas Eve and he took his secret to the grave with him.

The Secret of the Gold

TATHER RABBIT wagged his ears
wisely as he sat down to tell Peggy,
Billy, Judge Owl and the Rabbit famble belonged to them, but for two seasons the crops have been bad and now they

Tamorrow will be told how a new kind of Santa Claus comes to the Patchy-patch home).

THE GUMPS—Hurrah for Uncle Bim!



ET OUT THE ORNAMENTS AND DRESS UP THE CHRISTMAS

A REAL SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

Consideration of the second UT OUT THE WELCOME MAT. SHINE THE SILVER BRING OUT THE EMBROIDERED AND THE NEW LINEN AND PUT THE PINK SPREAD ON THE SPARE BED .

ROLL OUT THEOLD EASY CHAIR AND BRING THE FOOT STOOL



WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT

TO GNE LUCY SPIVVEUS- I MUST

GET BACK AT HER SOME WAY



-:-

-:-HAVE IT



The Young Lady Across the Way

RIGHT BESIDE HIS OWN HOUSE DAD MAKES A REMARKABLE "FIND" OF CIGAR STORE COUPONS -:- By Fontaine Fox



The young lady across the way says her father always gives his stockholders a square deal, paying their dividends right out of the money they bought their stock with if there don't happen to be any earnings.



"CAP" STUBBS-THE WATER WAS SPILLED

-:-

By Edwina







SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Extraordinary Service

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By Hayward



-:-

DOROTHY DARNIT-It Saves the Price of Moving

WELL W.FE, I THINK

APARTMENT

WELL MOVE TO A

MORE EXPENSIVE

JOYFUL

NEWS

AT LAST



-:-



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By Chas. McManus

