By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 12 Washington Equare," "Mary Regen," etc.

Printed by Special Arrangement with Houghton, Miffin Co. Copyright, 1919, by Lercy Scott.

that thought kept rising and mixing with his pride and exultation in Jenuic's rise, and mixing in with his fierce affection for her. In consequence, he that evening hired a touring car, and goggled as he had been on the day of Jenuic's graduation, he rule out touring the next day.

Should come out right then and there. But she controlled herself and spoke steadily enough. "Yes, I suppose the man is a sort of relative." She forced a smile. "As I've always told you. I'm very much of a nobody. And my people out West, or such as are left, are pretty rough—and direct."

Kenneth smiled—though wryly—and

Silver Bluffs.

At 10 o'clock he left the car on the roadside a quarter of a mile away from Silver Bluffs and crept inside the grounds. He had had training neither as burglar nor as spy, but he would have made a fair success at the precatious trade of either. Hid approach rious trade of either. Hid among the ised Jennie. shrubbery he watched the house, studying, listening to such talk as he could overhoar; and he slipped about the grounds getting the location of the outbuildings, and the lay of the land, and white may reassure and quiet him a

of fellow do you think this Harrison is?"

'I' don't know. And since I don't know, here's what I got to say to you. Jerry's naturally heavy voice, subdued though it was, was vibrant with menace. "Some people say I'm a tough guy, and mebbe I am. I'm going to be watching you all the while—but I'll never bother you and you'll never see me if you treat Jennie right. But if you don't treat her square' —Jerry was now holding the two wrists in his big left hand, and his right hand had slipped up and closed softly about the other's square. I'll wring your damned neck off. So I guess you'd better treat her square. Remember I'll be watching. That's all I want to say."

He drew quickly back into the shrubbery and slipped through the heavy shadows, out of the grounds.

To Jerry's mind his action had been a wise precaution. When there was the slightest doubt about a man, stiffen him up in advance by throwing into him the fear of God or the devit; that was plain common sense as life had taught it to Jerry Malone. What he had just done was the only further thing he could do which would guarantee the safety and happiness of Jernie's future.

Within the house, somewhat shaken, Kenneth told Jennie of his experience.

antee the snfety and happiness of Jennie's future.

Within the house, somewhat shaken, Kenneth told Jennie of his experience.

"He had a deep growl of a voice and though I'm no weakling he could have twisted my arm right off if he had wanted to. He said he was a sort of relative of yours—a cousin. Who was he, Jennie!"

Jennie knew well enough who the Jennie knew well enough who the

Jennie knew well enough who the man was. So her father had gone to such an extreme for her sake! But

though dictated by love she saw hi But Black Jerry was thinking of George had gone, and all the next day, that thought there is the saw his nation for that moment as ill-considered, as a terrible risk. She had a feeling that Kenneth was eyeing her suspiciously. For an instant she trembled inwardly lest the whole truth should come out right then and there.

goggled as he had been on the day of Jennie's graduation, he rode out toward she knew that her danger was over, if silver Bluffs.

Kenneth smiled—though wryty—and she knew that her danger was over, if indeed there had been any. "Your cousin

buildings, and the lay of the land, and particularly noting the Myra which lay at anchor in the little harbor.

The three following nights be did the same. On the fourth night, at about half-past ten, he broke the lock of the bouthouse and, subduing his voice, he telephoned up to the big house asking that Mr. Kenneth be told that the captain of the Myra wished that certain or ders left for the morrow be made more clear, and that the captain would be awaiting him upon the pier.

There was a turn in the path that led down from the louse, and at this turn there was a clump of thick shrabbery. Behind this Jerry stationed himself. Presently he heard footsteps, and after a few moments a solitary figure came sround the turn. In the darkness he could only see that the figure was a man. He stepped forward and saluted sailor fashion.

"Mr. Kenneth Harrison, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes," confirmed the other. "But where's Captain Graham?"

Jerry stepped closer. "That message about the captain was just a fake to get you out here."

"Then this is a hold-up!" cried Kenneth, and instantly his fist shot out at his dim opponent.

But Jerry had been on the siert; and he had eyes to which night was almost the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; and in the same as day. Even as Kenneth Harrison; a

But Jerry had been on the alert; and he had eyes to which night was all ing following Black Jerry's brief seen most the same as day. Even as Kenneth struck, both his wrists were seized; and country club athlete though he was, he was helpless in those twin grips.

The time was 10 o'clock of the morning following Black Jerry's brief seen with Kenneth Harrison; and in the inner office, alone together, sat Harry and country club athlete though he key will be seen and under the arms of his swivel chair.

was, he was helpless in those twin grips.

"Listen," said Black Jerry. "I ain't going to hurt you. I just want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"The girl you're going to marry—Jennie Miller."

"Jennie Miller."

"Jennie Miller." exclaimed Kenneth.

"Who are you?"

Black Jerry had given much thought to this point. "I'm a sort of cousin—pretty—distant—haven't seen Jennie since she came east—I'll never tigure for anything in her life. Jennie writes to her people out west about her engagement; no close relatives, but some people who think a lot of Jennie—we all do that, though we're nobody compared to her. So they wires me to look over what sort of a fellow this Harrison is. You get me?"

"Yes." Kenneth had begun to recover his composure. "And wint sort of fellow do you think this Harrison is."

"I don't know. And since I don't have the pelice department for them to

"Shoot, Harry," said the big man jocularly, "I got too many good friends in the pelice department for them to

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS THE GUMPS—Only One More Day to Do Your Shopping



GIVE ME SOME OF THOSE BUNDLES-NOW TAKE HOLD OF MY ARM - HOLD ON THENT

Copyright, 1919, by the Tribune Co.

By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

-TTS GETTIN'

KINDER LOW BUT ! BETTER TAKE SOME

ALONG IN CASE OF

ACCIDENT-





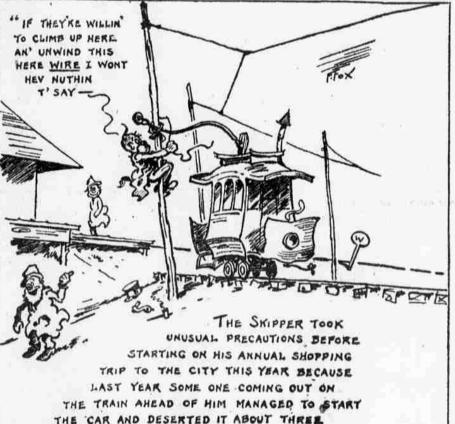


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady agrees the way says she loves to go down to the swimming pool, get into her bathing suit and indulge in a little dipsomania for half or three-quarters

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains By Fontaine Fox



"CAP" STUBBS-It's Hard to Find Just What Ma Would Like By Edwina THREE DOLLARS!

By DADDY "TICKLE TOE TIMMY"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

(Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl, made (Peggy, Bitty and Juage Otte, may tiny as mice by going through a megaphone, are carried to the Underground City, where they find the Underground Folks in a hubbub because they have been avakened from their winter sleep by Tickle Toe Timmy, an elf.)

The Up-Side-Down Trees

The Up-Side-Down Trees

Do YOU youngsters like fun?"

asked Tickle Toe Timmy of Billy,
Peggy and Judge Owl, as he slammed couldn't understand if at all.

Peggy and Judge Owl, as he slammed the door of his hole shut in the faces of the mutering Underground Folks.

"Of course, we like fun," chuckled Billy, "It was very funny the way Pather Rabbit kicked you."

"Aw, that wasn't so funny—that hurt!" snickered Tickke Toe Timmy, grinning uncomfortably and rubbing his shins. "I mean do you like having fun playing jokes on other folks. If you do, come with me on a tickling spree."

Bang! Bang! Some one thumped on the door. It was the Underground Folks eager to punish Tickle Toe Timmy for waking them out of their winter map, "My, those sleepy-heads are cross over being waked up." giggled the elf. "Come away before they catch us."

Tickle Toe Timmy led the way through a dark tunnel which soon brought them to what appeared to be growing down from the roof.

"It was the queerest forest Peggy and Billy had ever seen. The ground, seemed to be growing down from the roof.

"Jiminy crickets! We've been turned topsy-turyy!" exclaimed Billy Belgium, and quick as a wink he stood on his head so as to be right side up. Peggy just as quickly lay on her back for she didn't know whether her feet, the trees instead of growing them on the ground. It was the cought to be up or down and thought that the safest way was to keep them either up nor down. As for Judge Ovil, he turned somersaults in the air and kent on turning them because he didn't know whether her feet, where it is not any the way the safe to be growing own his head so as to be right side up. The elf plucked long feathers from the ground when the safest way was to keep them either up nor down. As for Judge Ovil, he turned somersaults in the air and kent on turning them because he didn't know on which and to ston—his lead of a lit of laughter.

The left of her tree in surprise and then burst with his icy blasts. The Tree spirits are asleep, too. We're going to make them up in our tickling spring has come. My, but they'll have a lit of the shivers when they find one each to Billy and Peggy. "Tickle the trees hard," he snickered,

"Ho! Ho! Ho! The joke is on you," he cried. "You think you are topsyturvy because you are looking at the bottom side of the forest justend of the top side. Don't you know that things growing in the ground live downstairs as well as upstairs? There are the trees of Birdland."

(Tomorrow will be told how the Underground force greakens.)

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—She Has an Inspiration

WHAT TO GIVE SOME FOLKS AINT SO

HARD BUT I BE BLAMED IF I KNOW

WHAT TO GIVE POP! I GUESS I'LL

PUMP HIM A BIT AT BREAKFAST,

IM NOT SUPPOSED TO DO IT

ACCORDING TO THE SCENARIO.

STIKE DINNAL



COMEL

MILES FROM THE DEPOT.





DOROTHY DARNIT-Mortimer Walks Right Out of the Picture

NO AND I CAN'T

TELESCOPE [





