A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 13 Washington Equare," "Mary Regan," etc.

Will you get those messages over to Mr. Harrison—somehow—and—and tell him I'm sick. Good-by."

"See here, Harry—"

But Harry was already swaying toward the door and did not pause. Out on the sidewalk he lurched along like a man in liquor, save that his head was up and his eyes were wildly staring. For several minutes he did not know what he was doing, or where he was—his walk was wild, purposeless. His brain, his soul, was fiery, agonizing chaos. So Jennie was to be married.

His throbbing chaos did not lessen, but presently out of it emerged a purpose. At 11 o'clock he entered the apartment house on Central Park West, pushed by the Japanese valet-butler who answered his ring and strode into Uncle George's bedroom, closing the

Printed by special arrangement with topy flow the special arrangement with township of the desk telephone, and after a minute he was talking with Mr. Harrison. "This is Sam Conway. I want Harry Edwards's salary raised to seventy-five a week, the raise to date back to the first of the month. He's to be put on some things I'm specially interested in—I'll tell you just what when I see you. Good-by."

"Why, Sam—" began the astounded and gratified Harry.

"Gut out the thanks. I take care of my friends when they've proved that they are my friends and when they've proved they are my friends and when they've proved they are an do the work. You're worth the raise. You'll get your orders later. That's all there is to that. So let's forget it."

"Harry's lips did not speak, but his soul was cloquent. It was wonderful, this straightforward, big man's method Conway had of doing fair and generous things and then instantly dismissing them.

"And here's another thing you might tell Mr. Harrison," Conway went on.

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Arrayed in a purple dressing gown, he told Harry where the meeting was to be reached. "Be there at 8:30, son, and wait: no telling just when Jennie can show up. And wear your evening gove."

"How'll Jennie get there?" "It won't be easy. But you leave it to her; she'll manage it. And also leave it to your Uncle George."

The afternoon was a period of burning suspense and searing misery to

The afternoon was a period of burning suspense by the Japanese valet-butler who answered his ring and strode into Uncle George's bedroom, closing the door behind him. The old man, propped up in bed with many pillows, was having his morning coffee.

"I say, Harry, what's broke loose?" cried the old ran, staring at the frantifigure that had stormed his bedroom.

"You know about Jennie Malone's cugagement to Kenneth Harrison?"

"Why, I suppose I do. Harry." Uncle George set his cup on his breakfast tray. "But what's that got to with this calling out of the fire department?"

"I've always loved her! I've always expected to marry her!—snd I've simply got to see her!"

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"I've always loved her the frantic evator, run by a wrinkled little man with the quick, furtive look of one who his been schooled to see everything and the little man with the quick, furtive look of one who his been schooled to see everything and the little man with the quick, furtive look of the George her devator, run by a wrinkled little man with the quick

THE GUMPS—Welcome, Uncle Bim

HE GUMPHOUSE HOUSE THEY ARE ALL HOW WATCH PREPA RED FOR A BRIGHT UNCLE BUM JUST LIGHT -PHONED THAT YOU'LL SEE IT COMING AROUND THE CORNER SOON HE WAS IN TOWN AND WOULD BE IT'S A COMET-RIGHT OUT -THAT'LL BE HIS SCARF PIN OH CHESTER-WATCH FOR THOSE TOYS -

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MIM

OH UNCLE BIM! YOU DEAR OH! I JUST FEEL LIKEA CHILD LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS WHEN INEAR THAT UNCLE BIM IS COMING

Convenient, 1919, by the Tribune Co. By Sidney Smith MY HOW MY LITTLE CHESTER HAS GROWN- YOU'RE A GUMPALL OVER. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE TO YOUR OLD YOU KNOW YOU HAVE A MIGHTY PRETTY HOME HERE - ITCERTAINLY S CORY AND COMFORTABLE ANDY - YOU'RE LUCKY WITH A FAMILY AND A HOME LIKE THIS FINAD POLLARS 1 KNOW TAHW BUY

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ANDY WILL TAKE ANYTHING

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FOR THAT DIAMOND

this straightforwards big man's method Conway hold doing fair and generous things and then instantly disabilistic them to be considered; then spoke in the tell Mr. Harrison, "Conway went on "I think there's a good chance for this Murdock matter to blow over. Some friends have arranged for us to meet friends have arranged for us to meet friends have arranged for us to meet together; they think if we're brought together, they think if we're brought together we may patch things un."

Mr. Harrison will be mighty glad to hear that,' said thar,' a good and to have that,' said than's glow on the consequence of the him,' said conway, "this coning on top of the engagement in its family."

What 'unagement?'

"Has any have near the think and the together was not in the papers this morning?"

"You hardly had a chance to look at today's papers. I suppose it is to that the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the waste of the total to the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the paper it was in '--taking a newspaper of the waste of the desired the newspaper from Conway's '--taking and the paper it was in '--taking and the paper it was the day of the pape NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING HOT EVEN A MOUSE -

-:--:-By C. A. Voight -:-THAT WAS BEFORE THE FAMILY -BUT -- BESIDES, I GAVE GOT HOME FROM IT'S UP LOOKING FOR BROTHER BELATED SHOPPING -BILL'S PRESENT - YOU HOLY SMOKES'- I TOLD GOT SO HASTY !! YOU NOT TO LET ME FORGET TO BUY A PRESENT FOR THE - OH, YOU FIBBER' JAHITOR- AND YOU SPENDING ALL THAT TIME ON YOUR - I DID HOT- YOU SPELIT HALF AN HOUR MOTHER'S THINGS! TALKING TO THAT BLONDE, SALESGIRL AT THE GOLD FISH COUNTER



PUGILIST?

Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties By Fontaine Fox +1+ THE LITTLE JONES BOY WAS THE ONLY CHILD BESIDES HER NEPHEWS AND NIECES WHO WAS ABLE TO HANG UP ONE OF AUNT

EPPIE'S STOCKINGS XMAS EVE.

-:-

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG +24 424 +2+ 475 Oh Verne! Will you fetch in an armital of wood for the? Yes, mamma! Centainly! Lwas the night before Christmas



I GOT THIS BATIK WORK BLOUSE FROM "VENUS GAVE ME PHOTYGRAFT AND A DOZEN FINE HANDKERCHIEFS AND TEN POUNDS OF CANDY MOBODY, WHAT DID THE BOSS OF

MARY EVERYBODY WAS SO THEH, HE WAS A BIR IM SO GLAD WE I THIS CHRISTMAS AICE GAVE THE BOSS IT'S GOOD WE SOMETHING WAS PARTICULAR NICE. HE WAS ABOUT HIS PRESENT SO GOOD TO GEE, YOU PICKED OUT PRETTY BANDS TO



DOROTHY DARNIT-Mortimer Ought to Have a Couple of Cauliflower Ears in a Day or So

By Chas. McManus

WHEN TIME IS YOUNG

T KNOW that Time is old because 1 Old Time is what we call him; But when he meets with Santa Claus A strange thing will befall him. Erect becomes his manly form As joyous songs are sung. His bounding blood is rich and warm

For Christmas Time is young! Ay. Time and Santa are but kids Despite their snowy whiskers. Dull Care they swift put on the skids, For they are gay young friskers. Where good St. Nick unrolls his pack Old Time consents to stay, And, gayly loading in his track.

He throws his scythe away. St. Nick, old Santa, jolly Kriss. In mind and heart are single.
If you would still know youthful bliss Take Time to see Kriss Kingle.
Relieve him of his hour-glass while
The Christmas tales are told—
And if you make the kiddles smile
You never will grow old!

-GRIF ALEXANDER

