

A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

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

WITHOUT remark Conway reached for the desk telephone, and after a minute he was talking with Mr. Harrison. "This is Sam Conway," he said.

"What engagement?" "His son's, didn't you see it in the papers this morning?" "I've hardly had a chance to look at today's papers. I suppose it is that Miss Raymond."

"See here, Harry—" But Harry was already swaying toward the door and did not pause. "On the sidewalk he lurched along like a man in liquor, save that his head was up and his eyes were wildly staring."

"All that being so, why do you burst in here like this, making me spill coffee on the pajamas?" "New York not owned by a woman?" "Because I know you've got some safe way of getting quick work to Jennie. I've got to see her, and it's up to you to arrange it."

"Oh, yes, you can—and you will! I don't want to do anything that'll hurt Jennie—God knows I don't—but unless you fix matters right now, I've got a chance to see her and argue my side of this case. I'll smash everything. I'll tell all I know! That may be a rotten thing to do—but I'm crazy over this— I'll do it, Uncle George—I'll do it!"

else, businesslike voice, totally unlike his own: "The office of Taylor and Johnson wishes to speak to Miss Miller, please." There was another long pause; then George's voice of a chief clerk spoke again. "Hello. Is this Miss Miller? This is Mr. Harper, of Taylor & Johnson. The firm finds it necessary to ask you to come in to the office some time this afternoon."

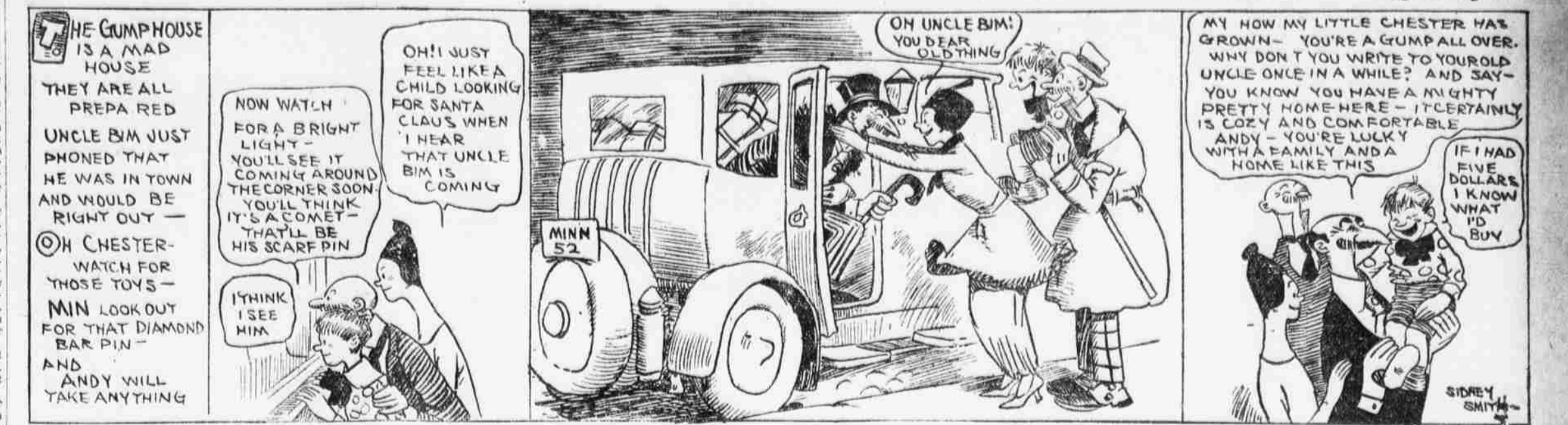
"Well?" demanded Harry as Uncle George hung up. "She'll meet us. Now, you go into my front room, and let an old man think about our end of the how and where."

"The afternoon was a period of burning suspense and searing misery to Harry. At 8:30, using an almost unnoticeable doorway in a side street he entered a small hallway of the Grant-ham, and was shot upward in the little elevator, run by a wrinkled little man with the quick, furtive look of one who has been schooled to see everything and tell nothing."

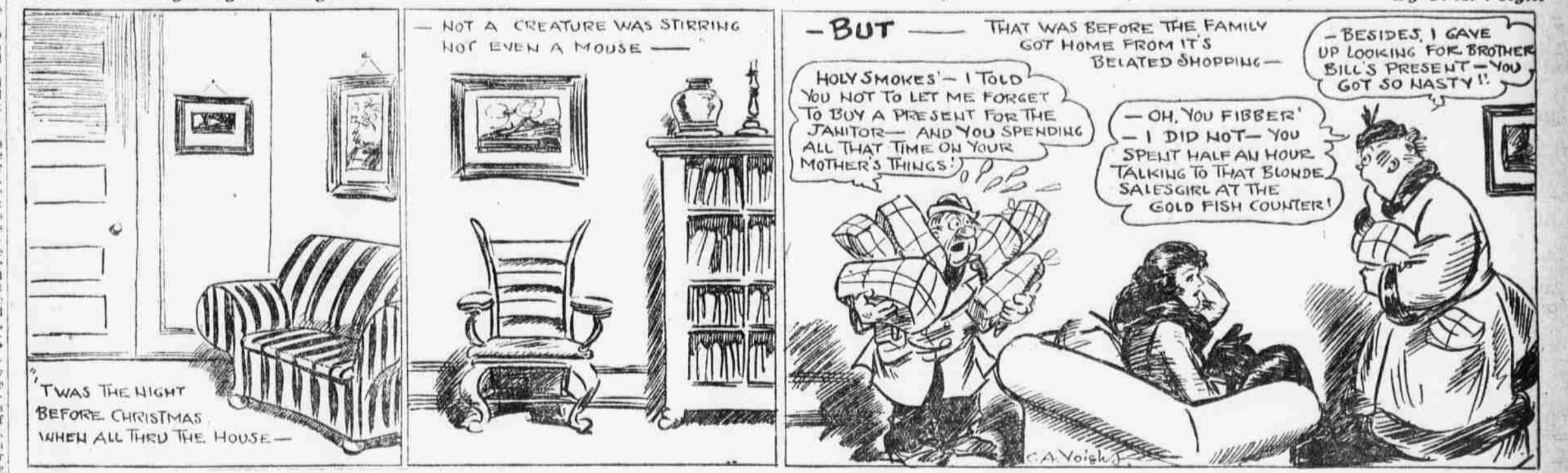
"Good evening, Harry. Shall we sit down? Sorry to be so late. But I was with a party of people, and it was hard to get away. I managed so that we didn't go to a theatre; they're all at another roof garden. I went out as if to answer a telephone call—I'd fixed that up with Uncle George—and I sent back word that I'd had a message from a friend and had to see the friend at that moment, but she crossed easily and gave her hand to Harry, who had risen unsteadily."

"Suppose you have a talk with Jennie, and suppose she still swears no—what then?" demanded Uncle George. "If she still says no, I'll swallow my medicine and never say a word." "Remember, Harry, that's a promise."

THE GUMPS—Welcome, Uncle Bim



PETEY—Everybody's Doing It



The Young Lady Across the Way



Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties



SCHOOL DAYS



THE GREAT CROSSROADS



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Office Christmas Presents



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



WHEN TIME IS YOUNG



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