

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

HE REACHED for a switch, and the next instant his twitching, loose-hanging features were a part of the darkness. He guided Harry to the outer door. "Try to make Fourteenth street before you're arrested," he whispered rapidly. "The farther away from here the better. Remember, this is going to be for only a few months—and that I'll never forget. It's said that there will be nothing I won't do for you! Good-by!"

With that Harry was thrust out and the door was closed. He started to start through the dark, quiet streets for the brighter regions of the city. But even as he walked toward arrest all this business was of minor consequence. His mind did not reach forward and vision some one halting him and snapping bracelets of steel upon his wrists. What he saw was Jennie crossing from the Grantham to Kenneth's Harrison's possessive manner as he helped her into a seat. "I was Jennie sitting by Kenneth's side as she rode away out of his life."

THE Web of Life THE next morning was as softly radiant as if the air were an impalpable solution of luminous gold. A gentle eastern breeze, saturating across the sound from its birthplace out upon the wide ocean, bore sea fragrance and a broad exhilaration through open doors and windows. Nature did not know how to bring out of the night a more gracious summer morning.

But when Jennie came in to breakfast a trifle late—at Silver Bluffs the family breakfast was served at 7:45 in the sake of the city-going men—she did not so much as note the rare splendor of the day. Most of the night she had kept going through the Grantham roof, and she had kept seeing the despairing yet quiet look which he had given her at parting. Her decision had been wise and proper—she knew that; but the approval of her judgment had not brought her that calm which is the necessary prelude to sleep. So she was worn this morning and nervous, though her habit of self-control enabled her to seem the usual Jennie.

She had just said good-morning to the others, and had attacked her grapefruit, when a sharp exclamation from Mr. Harrison caused her to raise her eyes. Mr. Harrison was staring, mouth loosely open, at the morning paper he had just taken from beside his plate. "God!" he gasped—"God!" "What is it?" cried the startled Mrs. Harrison. He did not even look at her. Instead he addressed his son. "Kenneth—Murdock's dead!" "Dead?" ejaculated Kenneth. "Murdered—shot last night!" This Murdock was barely more than a name to Jennie; his fate had so little interest to her that only her outer consciousness was aware of what had been said. But she did notice that a look of vast relief had come into the face of Mr. Harrison held upon his son, and that a shudder, if lesser, relief was in Kenneth's face.

For a moment, in the significance and the surprise of the event, the two men forgot that they were not alone. "Kenneth, that clears up our situation entirely," explained the older man in a marvelling tone. "Understand what it means to our business?" "Of course! We're in better shape than ever."

"And the very day we thought matters were going to explode for us!" "We're certainly placing in luck! And so is Sam Conway." A quick, keen look came into Kenneth's face. "Who killed Murdock—Conway?" "I don't know. I've only just seen the headlines."

Mr. Harrison glanced back at the paper and skimmed the text. The next moment he was looking up, new astonishment in his face. "Murdock was killed by that young man in our office—you know, Harry Edwards?"

Out of her apathy Jennie came staringly to her feet. "Killed by Harry Edwards?" she cried. "That's what the paper says."

"Killed by Harry Edwards?" she repeated with a shivering gasp. "Only her hands, one of which clutched her chair's back and the other the edge of the table, prevented her toppling over."

"Why, Jennie—what's the matter?" cried Kenneth, springing up to her side and seizing her in his arms. "She saw that all were gazing at her in amazement. Fighting for self-control, she managed a smile, though it was a very white one. "I'm all right now. I guess it was just the shock. You know—the shock of a man I'd met in this house, and once had danced with, actually doing such a thing."

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Harrison in her soft, sympathetic voice. "Perhaps you'd better lie down in your room, and I'll have breakfast brought up to you a little later."

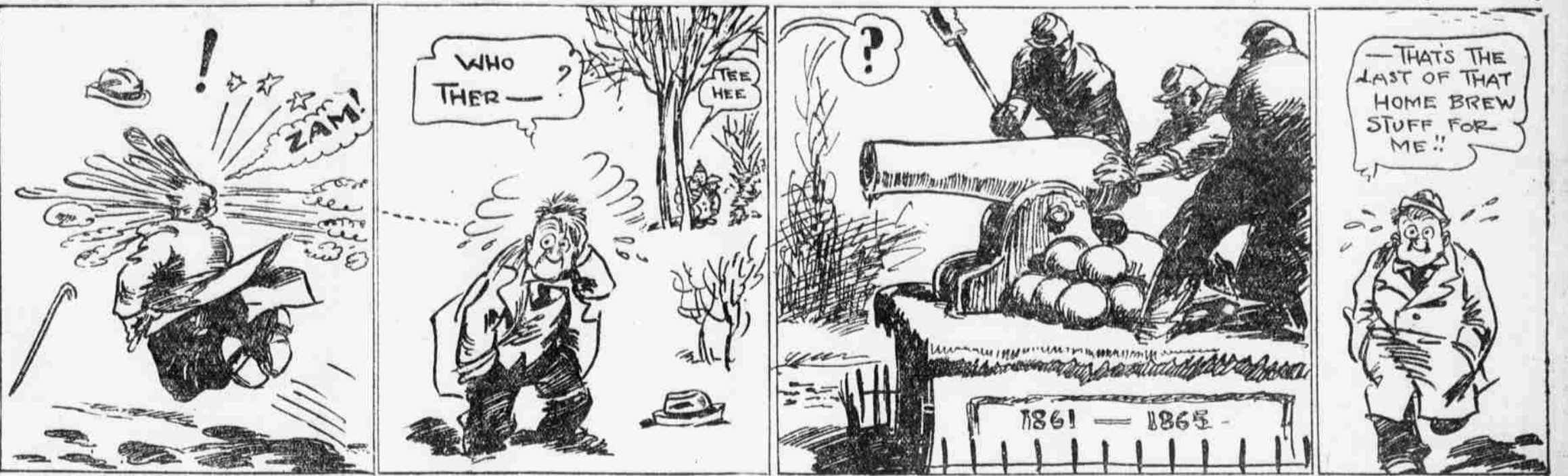
"Thanks, I will. But don't bother about breakfast—I don't care for any. And don't come a-ong, please—taint last smilingly to Kenneth, who was supporting her with an encircling arm as she started out—"I'm all right, I tell you. Please go back and finish your breakfast."

He relinquished her, and she walked out steadily enough. But instead of going up to her bed, she sank upon the great leather couch in the living room. She lay tense, hardly breathing—watching for them to come out from breakfast. She remembered that only one morning paper was delivered to the family at Silver Bluffs; that Mr. Harrison glanced through it perfunctorily, and left it behind for the family to read when he started for the city.

THE GUMPS—A Feast for Sore Eyes



PETEY—Seein' Is Believin'

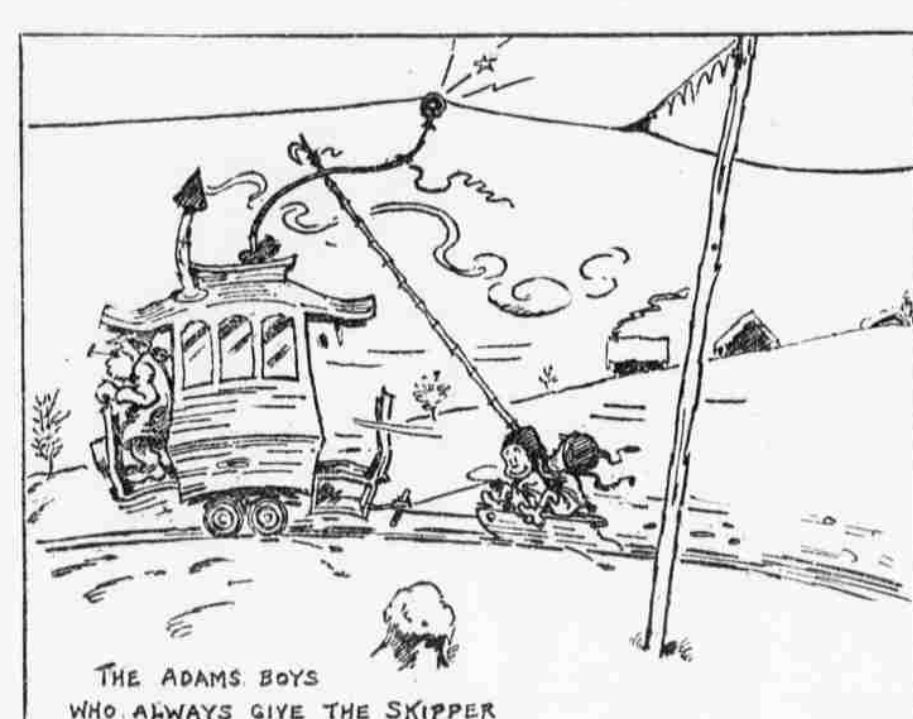


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that great oaks from little acorns grow and many a new concern that starts off in a modest way with quarterly dividends will be paying two or three times that amount within a year's time.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



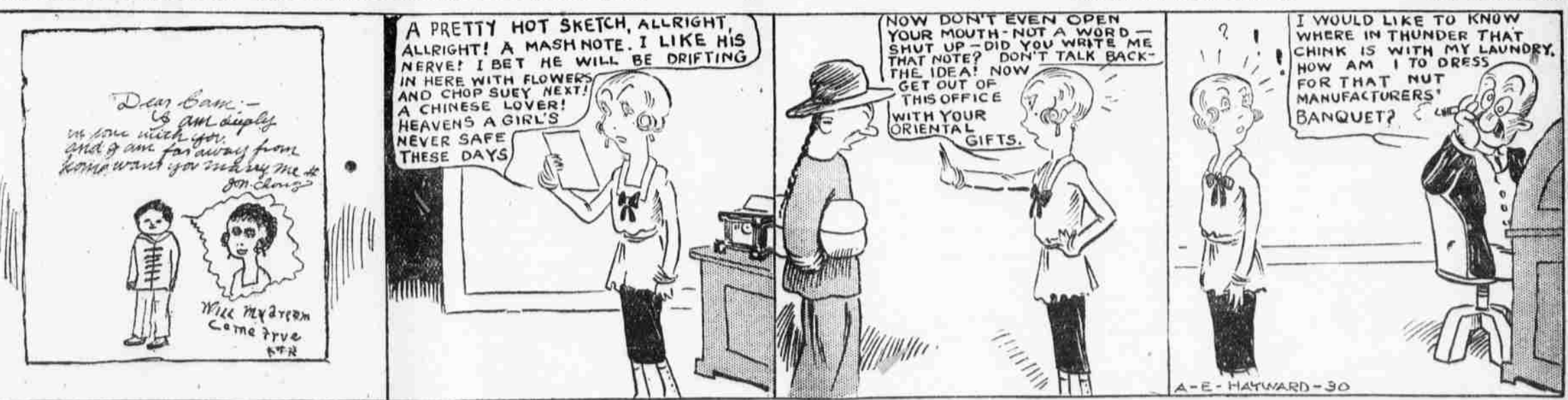
THE ADAMS BOYS WHO ALWAYS GIVE THE SKIPPER A LOT OF TROUBLE DURING THE HOLIDAYS HAVE HIT UPON A WAY TO PULL THE TROLLEY OFF EVERY NOW AND THEN SO AS TO SLOW DOWN THE CAR WHEN IT'S GOING OVER ROUGH SLEDDING.

SCHOOL DAYS



The haunted house where Ole Widder Blakely was murdered are 'thowed into the well in the front yard.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Cam's Suspicions Are Hard on the Boss



"CAP" STUBBS—Gran'ma Isn't Going to Humor Him



(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy are called upon to help solve a mystery.)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY THE PADRE'S PIGEON

(Peggy, sitting before the fire on a hazy afternoon, finds herself turned into a tiny, wispy person. She is carried up to the chimney by the draft and finds Billy waiting at the top with a snow sleigh in which they ride through the storm to the Sunny South.)

The Snow Sleigh Melts PEGGY gave a cry of alarm when she saw that the snow sleigh was melting under the warm rays of the southern sun. She expected that any moment she and Billy would go tumbling through the bottom to the green earth far below.

"We're thawing," she exclaimed, leaning back from the broken side of the sleigh and getting close to Billy. "See—whiskers!" And we haven't any parachutes!" shouted Billy. "We'll get an awful bump when we hit the ground."

Just then the whole front of the snow sleigh gave a sudden shiver and dropped off. Just like an icicle falling from the edge of the roof. Billy hung tightly to Peggy to keep her from sliding with it. "It was a mistake to come south in this snow sleigh instead of going north," he cried. "We might have known it would turn into rain."

And the sleigh was turning into rain. Drop by drop it fell away beneath Peggy and Billy. At any moment they expected to go plunging downward through the empty air. But now they had a surprise. They found that as fast as the snow turned into drops of rain the drops of rain turned into mist, and the mist was forming a fluffy bit of cloud which floated along beneath them.

"Splish!" The last piece of the snow sleigh melted away and down went Peggy and Billy. Head over heels they tumbled, but strange to say they didn't fall far. Instead they tumbled upon a cushion as soft as hay. The cushion was the bit of cloud. It had caught them and as they lay upon its downy surface it floated gently toward the earth.

Of course, if Peggy and Billy had been their natural size the cloud could never have held them up. But the chil-

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy are called upon to help solve a mystery.)