A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Lafe By LEROY. SCOTT

Author of "No. 18 Washington Square." "Mary Regen." etc.

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Inside the taxi Jennie veiled berself; he veil was the same that she had worn to her Aunt Mary's burial, and the plain dark suit she had changed into was the same she had then worn. Uncle George discussed ways and means with her all the ride down to the dingy granite building with its heavily grilled windows which has been the stage for an act in so many of the city's dramas.

"Wait here till I get everything fixed up," Uncle George whispered as he got out.

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She drew back into the corner of the taxi, and gazed out at the sprimy building, so familiar a sight of her carlier girhood. Harry was in therework which is a sign of the corner when the same gray, implacable walls for a year and more.

Presently Uncle George opened the dioor. "It's all right—come on." And as they crossed the sidewalk in which those same gray implacable walls for a year and more.

Presently Uncle George opened the dioor. "It's all right—come on." And as they crossed the sidewalk in which was they crossed the sidewalk in which is a sopened to them, and they were admitted into a big, dingy anteroom where uniffermed clerks scribbled at desks and keepers kept in line the huddled, strain-def-faced folk who had come to make brief visits upon relatives or friends confined within. All her senses quickened to abnormal perception, Jennie "here with the wear of a figure immediately behind for hat time, in the Cupon this same seened to abnormal perception, Jennie "here was some little pinch you made of Edwards last night."

"Hello, Uncle George," said the man.

"Hello, Casey," replied Uncle George.

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beside her! With her every sharp breath Jennie expected the detective's hand to fall heavily upon her shoulder. But Casey allowed them to pass on; apparently he had not even seen her. She was searched by two matrons, was admitted through a little wicket, was guided through a little wicket, was guided through a corridor that smelled of damp darkness and 10,000 prisoners, and was ushered into the bare counsel's room and the grilled door was locked behind her. And there was Harry, still in the evening clothes, now grimy and disarrayed, in which she had seen him hardly more than a dozen hours before.

"You!" he exclaimed, startled. And then, straightening up stiffily, he demanded: "Well, what do you want?"
Now that she was here, Jennie hardly knew why: she was such a chaos of reasons and emotions.

Jennie, All you need to know is that I'm not in any danger. And I wouldn't have told you this much, only—well, have told you

reasons and emotions.

"Well, what do you want?" he re-

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CHE straightened up with a jerk and a gasp. At 9:15! Why, at 9:15 Harry had been with her on the roof of the Grantham!

Then Harry had not done it!
What, then, did it all mean? What was behind it?

But even during her first minutes of astounded relief, even while she first began to try to peer behind the event for its meaning, she preceived a fresh aspect to the affair, and she sank back, sickened and terrified anew. For whatever it might mean, her life, her dreams, were enmeshed in it all. The more she examined the implications of the situation, the more she looked forward upon its possible developments, the more sickened did she become.

At length she could stand it no longer. She had to know! She sprang up, dominated by a desperate determination. She used caution, she used methods she had previously used, and at twelve o'clock she was waiting in a sitting-room at the Plasa when Uncle George entered. There was a rapid talk with the old man, and then she declared:

"You see how it is, I simply must

even voice.

"Yes, I think I see it all as you see it in your mind. It's a big predicament for Jennie Malone; it's one

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES BY DADDY THE PADRE'S PIGEON

(Peggy and Billy are turned into liny, wispy persons and carried away to the Sunmy Southland in a snow sleigh that flies through he air. The sleigh melts and they drop toward the ground but are saved by falling on top of Gen. Swallow and King Bird.)

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Two Astonished Birds

CENERAL Swallow, not knowing that it was Peggy who had dropped upon his back from out the sky, did all sorts of queer airplane tricks trying to shake her off. He dived, he looped the loop, he stood on his tail. But Peggy, clinging to him for dear lite, didn't let go her hold.

It was the same way with King Bird and Billy. King Bird tumbled and twisted and turned and dodged white Billy rode him like a cowboy on a buck-ring pony.

At last General Swallow and King Bird and swaltown riders by air circus; stunts, so they soared down toward the trees.

"Help! Help:" they screeched. "The padre's pigeons have caught us."

The birds below heard their shrieks, but instead of coming to the rescue, fied caway as fast as they could.

"Help! Save us from the padre's pigeons," screamed General Swallow.

Peggy, now that she found that she could ride General Swallow.

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Peggy, now that she found that she could ride General Swallow safely, thrilled with the fun she was having. She even giggled a bit at his frightened diving and his frantic calls for help. But she was puzzled by one thing—his shricks about the padre's pigeons. She couldn't understand at all why either General Swallow or King Bird, both of them strone, feerless fighters, should he afraid of pigeons, the most gentle of all tirds she lucus.

"He! Ha! General Swallow is exceeded and the figure of the padre's pigeons." Something he midest and sweetest of friends and shall anded did she save herself from a fail.

"He! Ho! King Bird must be sick than he is afraid of a pigeon," laughed in his cared of the safety of the padre's pigeons. Shrilled Gene

"Ho! Ho! King Bird must be sick than he is afraid of a pigeon," laughed Billy he is afraid of a pigeon," laughed Billy he is a pigeons, and King Bird the padre's pigeons,)

was so surprised that he, too, dived into a tree, stopping so suddenly on a perch that Billy also went flying off upon a

THE GUMPS—Call a Thread Specialist, Quick!

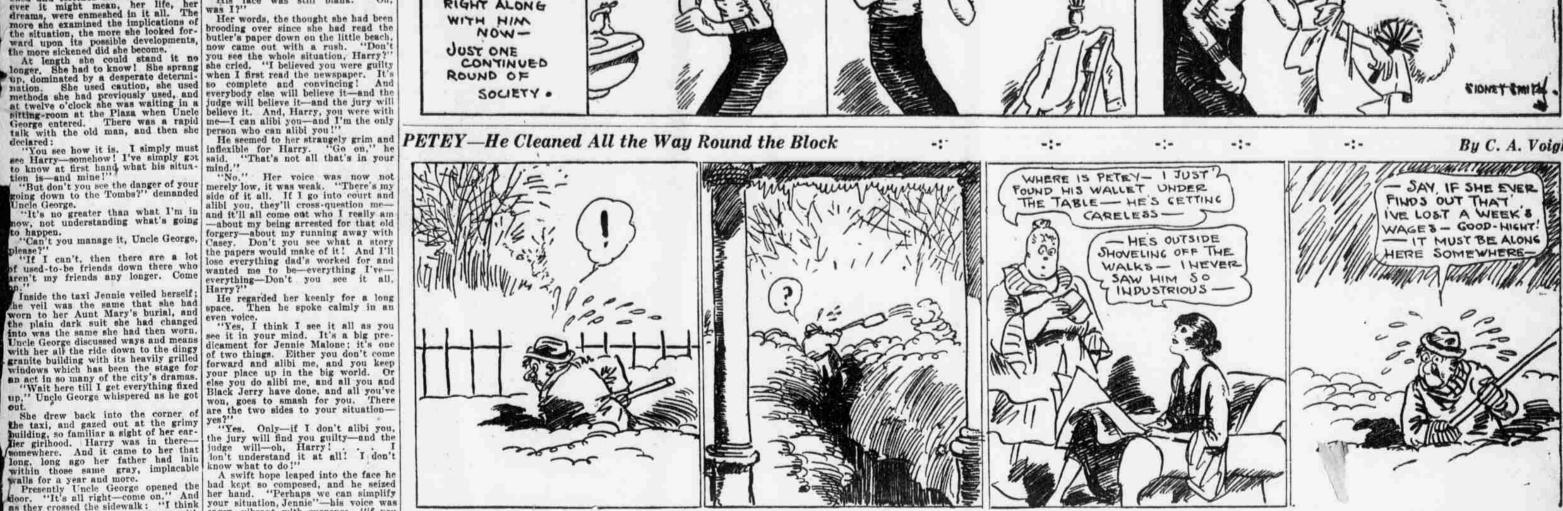
TONIGHT







By C. A. Voight



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the English pound sterling has

fallen so in value that she should think they'd adopt the gold stand-

ard and be done with it.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET A TAXI

DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA TAKE A CHANGE OF FALLING AND BREAKING ANY OF THIS LIQUOR!

AND HAD TO WALK OVER

TO THE NEW YEAR EVE PARTY.

By FONTAINE FOX



Bu DWIG SCHOOL DAYS Devver make it clean down acrost the cricic? Jeak, an turned down crick clean to the Swing bridge - but, say oboy! Lyou ever hit Kish's fence goin. thru that sap! Mooney done if-Mooney done D bitter, cold , dreary, raw, bleak, miserable winter day

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-New Year Resolutions, Like Charity, Begin at Home

I'M GOING TO BE NICE TO THE WHOLE ALL RIGHT PA-PAH - DEAR, I'LL GET FAMILY THIS NEW YEAR. I'VE BEEN YOU MORE COFFEE? MORE TOAST? PRETTY NEGLECTFUL OF 'EM! IT AINT MOM, YOU SET DOWN, I'LL GET IT MOM, YOU SET DOWN, I'LL GET IT RIGHT. A DAUGHTER SHOULD FOR PA-PAH SHOW LOVE AN' SWEET DISPOSITION TO HER





"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Enjoyed the Game!

TALWAYS GOTTA
TAKE A OLE
UMBRELLA 'LONG
WHETHER IT'S
RAINING OR NOT!
HERE TIPPIE!

(HERE! GIMME IT

-:-





By Edwina

-:--:-Protected by George Matthew Adams