

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

THE door closed behind her. She glanced back. Despite the cell, despite his disordered, incongruous evening clothes, her last glimpse of Harry gave her an impression of an older, a more manly and characterful figure than he had ever been in her mind.

As she hurried through the corridors the clang of each steel door behind her was a direct impact upon her raw nerves. But the sharpest impact of all came out in the street, when Uncle George was helping her into the taxi. And that impact was merely the quietest of whispers sounding close against her ear.

"I'm still hoping you make good, Jennie. But, remember, if the breaks ever go against you, the pinch belongs to me."

She went chill. That voice she knew only too well. With a great effort she turned about. But, his back toward her, Detective Sergeant Casey was moving in his slow-footed manner toward the Criminal Courts Building.

Even when she was safely back in the luxury and seclusion of Silver Bluffs, that low, even voice of Casey kept whispering its message in her ears.

The Great Step HARRY'S assurance that he was a willing party to a frame-up brought a relief. But a restlessness of soul developed, though she controlled all external manifestations of it. She had won much, very much—but she was not satisfied with herself; and a sense of uncertainty, of insecurity, began to fill her with shadows. She was finding life, which she had believed could be easily managed if she only took the proper thought, becoming very complex and showing hints of instability.

So it was that when Kenneth began to urge a very early marriage, she consented. Marriage would bring order and security out of all this complexity. They at once began the business of house-hunting, rather than the usual all through a broker, and Jennie had nothing to do but choose between the two apartments to which the selection had already been sifted down—and even between these two Kenneth had already established his preference before she had seen either.

She was rather appalled by the magnificence of his choice of the apartment. Kenneth took her to see it. Despite herself, as she stood in the living-room, there flashed upon her the contrast between this large room and the room where she had seen Harry but a few days before.

"Kenneth—fifteen rooms and six baths! I never saw an apartment like it!"

"I should say not," he laughed. "There are not many more like it on Park avenue—in New York either."

"But we don't need anything so large the first year."

"Oh, yes we do!" He put his arm about her. "Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harrison will be doing a lot of entertaining this winter—and we can't be having the best people of New York at any cheap-John place. We're going to be the real people—don't you forget that!"

The best people of New York! Yes, that was where she was now—among the best people of New York. And once she was away from the friendly and experienced guidance of Mrs. Harrison and in her own home, she would have to face the great brilliant world all alone. She caught a sharp breath. Could she do it?

When he told her the yearly rental she was aghast. "Nine thousand dollars!" she breathed. "Kenneth, can we—you, I mean—afford that much just for rent?"

He laughed, delighted at the effect of it all upon her. "The rent's nothing!" And then he explained: "I'm not going to bother you much about business, Jennie, but it's like this: I guess you know that things look pretty bad for the firm because of some trouble which threatened Mr. Conway from that Mr. Murdoch Edwards killed. But now—since Conway is out of danger—the firm's in better shape than it ever was before. And besides, I'm carrying a lot of stock in several companies making steel—and the stock's booming and there's going to be a tremendous clean-up."

He ended with his light, half-humorous laugh at himself. "I ought to be arrested; it's simply scandalous the way I'm making money—and the way I'm going to make more money!"

She had winced at his reference to Harry as Murdoch's slayer; but that feeling she had instantly suppressed. After all, Kenneth had spoken only out of ignorance. And as she gazed upon him, standing there by the great Italian fireplace, his naturally pale face a little flushed by his recital of business suc-

THE GUMPS—Those Amateurs Don't Last Long

HE WAS CARE FREE LAST NIGHT—A NURSE AT HOME TAKING CARE OF LITTLE CHESTER A PROMINENT TABLE IN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN TOWN—UNCLE BIM WITH THE RUBBER OFF HIS ROLE—THEY COULD GO AS FAR AS THEY LIKED—THEY INVITED A FEW OF THE NEIGHBORS—AND OLD FOX ANDY DIDN'T GO—UNPREPARED—HE SNEAKED ONE OF HIS LITTLE PETS OUT OF THE STORE ROOM AND IS GIVING IT A LOT OF ATTENTION



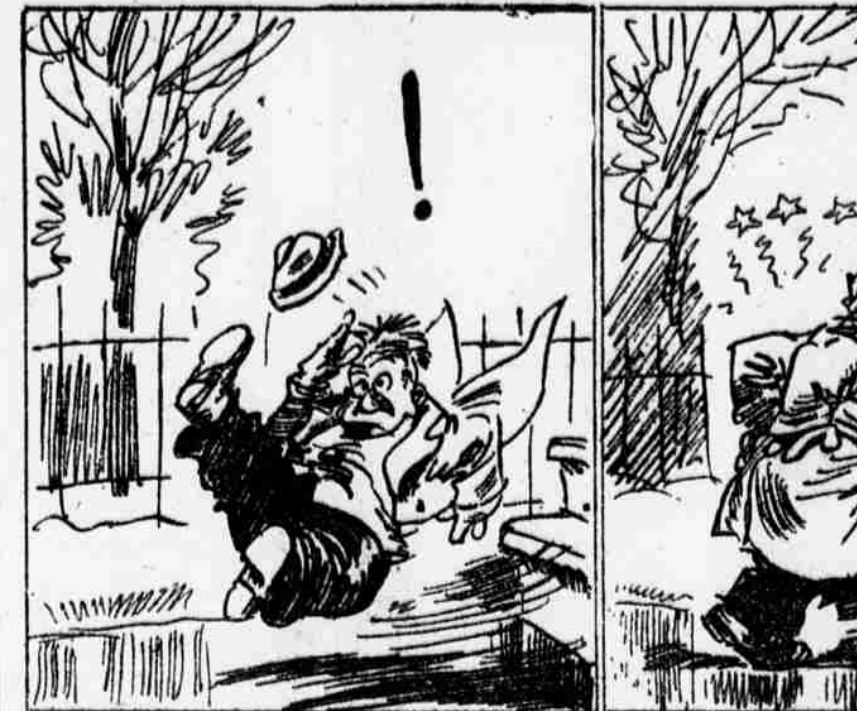
AT 8:30 HE WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY—WITH A HORN A RATTLER AND A BELL—LEAVE IT TO HIM TO SHOW EVERY BODY A GOOD TIME



AT 10:30 HE KNEW ALL THE HEAD WAITERS BY THEIR FIRST NAME. HE VISITED EVERY TABLE—THE SELF-APPOINTED LEADER OF FESTIVITIES



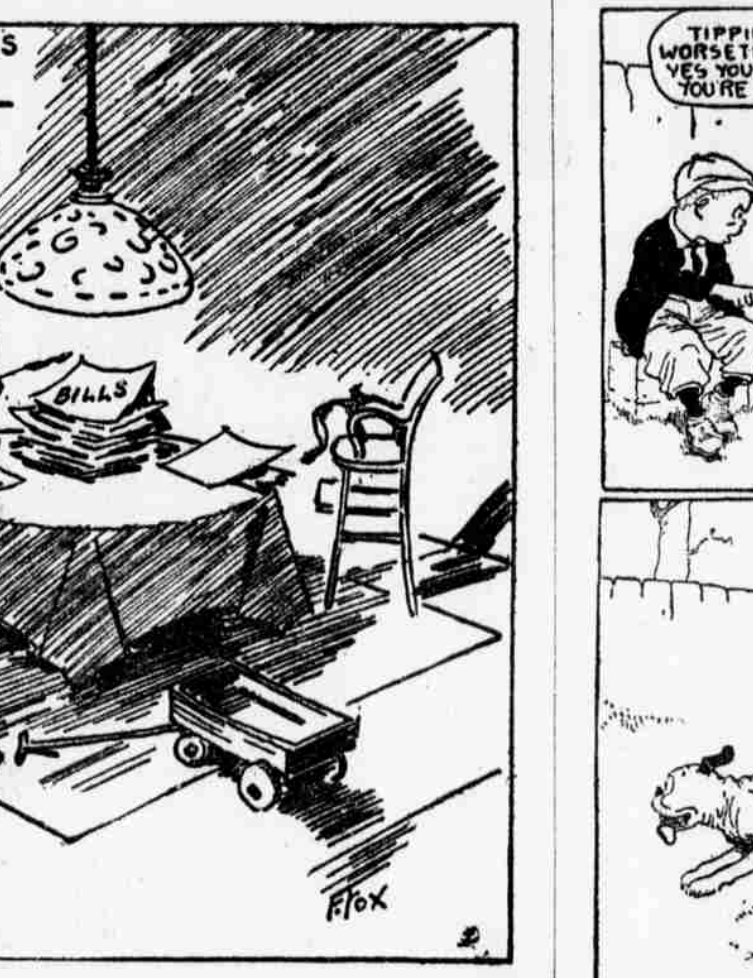
PETEY—Sweet Patootie



The Young Lady Across the Way

By FONTAINE FOX

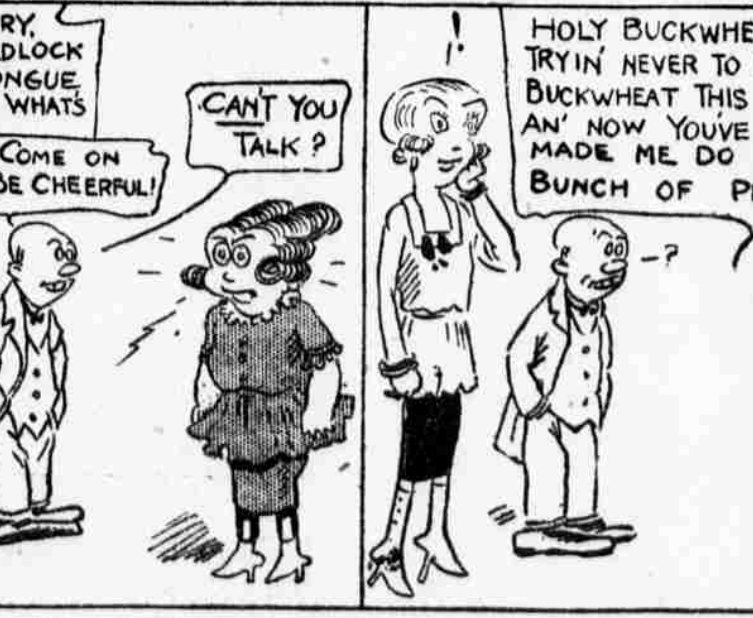
"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Finds Favor at Court Again



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Mary Simply Couldn't Keep Her Resolution

By Hayward

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DOROTHY DARNIT—Mortimer Got It in the Bean!

By Chas. McManus

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY THE PADRE'S PIGEON

(Peggy and Billy, turned into tiny, wispy persons, sail through the air to the Southland in a snow sleigh. They surprise their old friends General Swallow and King Bird, and hear about the mystery of the padre's pigeons.)

The Robber Raid WHIR-R-R-R! Like a whirlwind, birds came rushing through the trees. Whir-r-r-r-r-r! After them a flock of pigeons, fierce, bristling, fighting.

Peggy and Billy, looking from the top of leaves where they were hidden, saw General Swallow and King Bird, who were in surprise. Never had they seen pigeons so bold, so fearless. Like raiding robbers the doves drove the birds before them in wild flight, pecking at them and picking up the food which they dropped.

"Old Poulter himself is leading them. Don't let him see you," whispered General Swallow, pointing to a portly pigeon who was the head of the attack.

"Coo! Coo!" cried Old Poulter in a voice as harsh as the caw of a crow. "Lead us to the food! Get food! For the good padre's sake! Get food! Coo! Coo!"

Then, as quickly as it began, the raid was over. The pigeons, loaded with all the food they could carry, flew heavily away. The birds, hungry and angry, called from their flight. General Swallow and King Bird sprang from their hiding place.

"War! War!" shrieked General Swallow. "War! War!" shrieked King Bird. "War! War!" clamored all the birds, among whom Peggy saw many of her Birdland subjects and friends.

"Lead us into war, Princess Peggy and Billy Belgium," shrieked General Swallow.

"Hurray for Princess Peggy and Billy," shrieked all the birds. "Lead us into war!"

(Tomorrow will be told what they find in the garden.)