# A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Lite By LEROY SCOTT Author of "No. 18 Washington Square." "Mary Regan." etc.

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disordered, incongruous evening nine!

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

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

There was no trouble over this request for a quiet wedding. Kenneth

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 Kenneth did it 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 the license clerk she remarked:

"Oh, there's one thing, Kenneth I'd almost forgotten. Miller was my uncle's name and I was always called that, but he never really adopted me. My father's name was Malone—so I suppose my legal name is Jennie Malone."

"Lucky you remembered to mention it," said Kenneth—and after the next few minutes it had passed out of his mind as a matter of no consequence.

She was rather appalled by the magnificence of his choice the afternoon in the records she was married as "Jennie Malone." The an-

'I should say not." he laughed.

neth, 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. Murdock 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 like future. Even during the bewildering days following her unexpected engagement, she had dimly perceived a certain distant conclusion; and after her marriage all her thinking along this line had made that conclusion was that as a wife she had to be the most successful wife possible; to be less might be failure. She knew that Kenneth was infatuated with her just then: but she

THE door closed behind her. She glanced back. Despite the cell, despite discordered incongruous evening of the grant property of the cell, despite the cell,

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:

When Kenneth had pressed an early assertized by the distriction over all Europe.

When Kenneth had pressed an early assertized by 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

The Great Step

HARRY'S assurance that he was a brought Jennie 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, whish she had believed could be easily managed if one 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 con.

She was rather appalled by the magnificence of his choice the afternoon 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!"

And so on the records she was married as "Jennie Milor." The annumements, however, which had been prepared by Mrs. Harrison gave her name as "Jennie Milor."—and the next day the marriage of Jennie Milor and Kenneth Harrison filled considerable space in the New York papers, though unfortunately there were no pictures of the young bride.

"There are not many more like it on Park avenue—or 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 Supreme Plan

The Sup 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 now 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 again taken back. 'Nine thousand dollars!" she breathed, "Kenneth, can wee-you, I mean—afford that much just for rent?"

He laughed, delighted at the effect lower is with those who are ambitious, who are emergetic, who quickly adapt themselves; the daring aspiration, once it is achieved, swiftly settles into an accepted and almost commonplace fact he taking-off point for another flight into yet higher realms. By the day she began living in it Jennie was accustomed—almost, that is—to her wondrously lofty home, and within the privacy of her smooth, girlish forchead she already had plans looking far into the future.

Even during the was na sit the ever is with those who are ambitious, who are ambitious.

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 Murdock'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-

### 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 know sleigh. They surprise their old friends General Swallow and King Bird, and hear about the mystery of the padre's

## The Robber Raid

WHIR-R-R-R! Like a whirlwind, birds came rushing through the Whir-r-r-r-r-! After them flock of pigeons, flerce, bristling,

and Billy, looking from the rggy and Billy, looking from the ho of leaves where they were hidden in General Swallow and King Bird sped in surprise. Never had they fen pigeons so bold, so fearless. Like the chiding robbers the doves drove the birds helter skelter in wild flight, pecking at them and picking up the food which they decorped they dropped.

Cold Poulter himself is leading them.

I't let him see you." whispered GenI Swallow, pointing to a portly
son who was at the head of the

Coo!" cried Old Poulter in a ce as harsh as the caw of a crow.

he good padre's sake! Get food! Coo! natures changed."

"They have done away with our friend, the padre. War!" clamoras over. The pigeons, loaded with all he food they could carry, flew heavily way. The birds, hungry and angry, allied from their flight. General Swallow and King Bird sprang from their digreplace.

"War!" shrilled General Swallow. "War! War!" shrilled General Swallow. "There must be some reason for the strange madness of the once with a pigeons and some reason why the

il the birds, among whom Peggy saw many of her Birdiand subjects and

of pigeons was streaming out toward the village. They were flying slowly and seemed heavily burdened. Another string of pigeons was going on guard around the garden wall.

Peggy and Billy looked at each other a puzzled surprise. They couldn't merstand what all this fuss was about. They had come south for a pleasant isit, not to plunge into a fight.

"Tell us what is the matter," said reggy to the birds. "Why have the will all the strength of the said reggy to the birds. "Why have the swallow." reggy and Billy looked at each other in puzzled surprise. They couldn't understand what all this fuss was about. They had come south for a pleasant visit, not to plunge into a fight. "Tell us what is the matter," said Peggy to the birds. "Why have the ligeous become raiding robbers? Why ave they taken your food?"

"Why? Why?" shrieked all the birds. "Tell us why?"
"I'm getting all mixed up." said Peggy. "Tell us all about it."
"Come," said General Swallow and away he flew with Peggy on his back. "Come," said King Bird, and he mounted into the air with Billy. Away they flew with the other birds following until they came to a tall tree overlooking a neat garden and orehard in the midst a neat garden and orchard in the midst of which stood a little cottage. "Behold the padre's garden where we

have been welcome guests ever since we arrived south!" shr.lled General Swalow, alighting in the tree. "Behold the cottage in which dwells the good old padre who spends his days feeding the birds and doing kind deeds among the poor of the nearby village. Behold the dovecote near the cottage where the nigeous dwelt in gentle content ustil pigeons dwelt in gentle content until that topsy-turvy day a week ago when they suddenly turned from helpful,

orchard?" broke in King Bird indig-uantly. "Why have they become food robbers and misers? What have they ce as harsh as the caw of a crow. done to our friend, the good padre? We sood padre's sake! Get food! Coo! natures changed."

place.

ar! War!' shrilled General gentle pigeons and some reason why the good padre has vanished. We should learn those reasons before going to

the birds, among whom Peggy saw ny of her Birdiaud subjects and nds.

'Lead us into war, Princess Peggy Billy Belgium,' shrilled General of pigeons was streaming out toward the garder. A long line of pigeons was streaming out toward the garder.

(Tamorrow will be told what they

THE GUMPS—Those Amateurs Don't Last Long

HOME TAKING CARE OF LITTLE CHESTER HOME TAKING CARE OF LITTLE CHESTER PROMINENT TABLE IN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN TOWN -THEY COULD GO AS FAR AS THEY LIKED-

HE SHEAKED ONE OF HIS TITLE PETS OUT OF THE STORE ROOM AND IS GIVING ITA LOTOF ATTENTION



AT 10,30 HE KNEW AT 8,30 HE WASTHE LIFE THE HEAD WAITERS OF THE PARTY-WITH A HORN BY THEIR FIRST NAME.
HE I VISITED EVERY
TABLE - THE SELFAPPOINTEL
LEADER OF FESTIVITIES LEAVE IT TOHIM TO SHOW EVERY BODY A GOOD TIME



ONG BEFORE THE DEW EAR CAME IN- ANDY WENT OUT ... THE WHISTLES BLEW- THE BELLS RANG BUT ANDY HEARD NOR CARED MAUGHT.

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By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

CLOCKED AWAY IN A QUIET CORNED OR THE CLOCK ROOM — OUR HERO LAY — UNMIND FULDE ALL THE GAYETY - FAST ASLEED!





"19-2-0"

ATHAIM TANT-CAUSED US A LOT OF TROUBLE

By FONTAINE FOX



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it may be merely the result of custom and tradition, but there's no question about it that a girl looks better in skirts than she does

I'LL SAY THIS IS \*NINETEEN-TWO-



"CAP" STUBBS-Tippie Finds Favor at Court Again







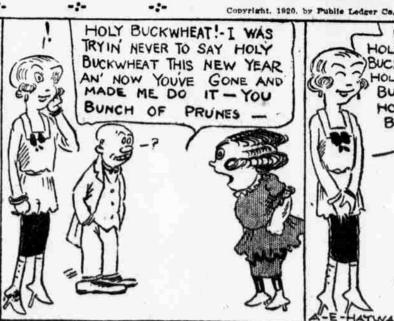
By Hayward





COME ON MARY C

TAKE THAT PADLOCK





DOROTHY DARNIT-Mortimer Got It in the Bean!

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Mary Simply Couldn't Keep Her Resolution

