

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

There was an amused, provoking smile in his gray eyes. "Oh, Kenneth and I are better friends than ever—didn't you know?" Then he added, in a guarded voice, "This part of it also has worked out exactly as I told you it would that night last summer. I said to you then that though Kenneth hated to see you there, after a while he'd come to realize that I'd really done him a great service. He hasn't said this in so many words, but that's exactly the way he feels."

So I'm ace-high with Kenneth, and we're back together on these business stunts I once mentioned to you, and one or two besides. His lean face was smiling, triumphant-looking. At this particular moment she felt no personal fear of him as she had done before; but she did catch her breath at a attitude with which power and ease to pass.

And the other things you said were going to come about, the things you didn't want to specify—have they happened, too?" she whispered. "Some of them—but not all," he replied, a bit mysteriously.

All are not due to happen yet—the time's not come out all will happen. She beat closer to her car, and whistled admiringly. "But one thing has happened even bigger than I thought, Jen—and that's you. The way you've put yourself in the way of me, I'm sure along a bit, Jennie—you and I. God! If Black Jerry and the old boys down at the Peking could only see us now!" she did not answer. When the music ceased there at her shoulder stood Gloria, who must have entered during the dance; and Gloria was looking directly at her. This was also the first time she had seen Gloria since that historic night at Silver Bluffs. Jennie looked back at Gloria, remembering what Gloria was going to do. The pause while their looks held was only for a moment; then Gloria said in as friendly a voice as she ever used.

"Hello, Jennie. Been out of town for several months—Adirondacks—Asheville—Florida—and this is the first chance I've had to congratulate you face to face. Never write letters, you know. But I do congratulate you. And I hear that of the new wives of the season, you're getting all the blue ribbons. I congratulate you again, too. Thank you. If Gloria was easy and self-possessed, Jennie was no less so. "By the way, Jennie, I've been asked by Mrs. Shipman to put on a little act at the bazaar she's giving. I wish you'd join in and help me. I can't do it myself. I have already promised to help her in something else."

"That's good. Then we'll be seeing each other just the same. They chatted on about inconsequential matters for a few moments, Gloria as striking a figure, in her bold fashion, as in other days. Slim stood beside her with a sober but satirical face, and Gloria, when she could control her temper and suppress her ego (which occasionally she did) had a fair portion of what the sophisticated world considers good sense, and was a moderately good actress; and Jennie also knew Gloria realized that their worlds were now the same and that Jennie could no longer be snubbed or patronized. So much Jennie knew; beyond that she could only guess.

While they chatted Kenneth came up. Gloria congratulated him on his marriage just as though there had never been anything between them. Kenneth, after an instant of stiffness, responded politely. The music started up. Without a word Slim swept Jennie away, and she saw Kenneth and Gloria fall into step. After a moment Slim chuckled softly in Jennie's ear. "That was a fine piece of drawing room comedy acting between you two young dames."

"I wasn't acting," returned Jennie. "No!" There was irony in Slim's soft laugh. "Well, if you were in Slim's soft way, and listen to an old playmate. You'll see that, so long as you are on top, you're too much for her. Her for her to be nice to you. But that darling child hasn't forgotten a thing—and she carries a gun in her kick—and she's just waiting for her chance. So look out, my dear!" Abruptly, teasingly—there was already something of the imp in Slim—there at Gloria and Kenneth. Look over there at that fine-looking couple, yes? Do you wonder at it, beneath it all, Gloria should be a sore?" Jennie looked. She had to admit that Gloria and Kenneth were a striking pair. And it did seem to her that

Kenneth was just a little less formal than the circumstances should have made him. But she made no reply to Slim's comment.

In their car on the ride home Kenneth brought up the subject of that evening's meetings. "Funny, wasn't it, our running into Gloria Raymond and Jackson Holt?" And then he added apologetically: "I can't very well be sore at Jackson Holt over that night last summer, when he did his turned out to be a favor. And Gloria—since we've got to be meeting her we might as well be polite, particularly when the fight is over and has come out our way."

"Of course," agreed Jennie. But she spoke absently. Just then her mind was filled with Slim Jackson's half-jesting words of warning about Gloria; and also—was it the germ of jealousy on her part?—with Slim's remark about Gloria and Kenneth being a fine-looking couple.

Opportunity Presents Itself

JENNIE'S big chance came sooner than she expected, and in a way she did not expect—and it came with unexpected complications and untold risks; yet she was ready for it when it did come. When the participants in Mrs. Shipman's coming business began to meet in Slim's big house on upper Fifth avenue, first to talk things over and then to rehearse, Jennie had opportunity for intensive study of the woman whom it was part of her great plan to win. Since the passing of that older order of grand dames who, a decade or two before, had truly ruled society with imperial might and hauteur, Mrs. Shipman was more nearly approaching being the leader of society than any of her contemporaries. She was more tactful, more considerate of others, than had been the great ladies of her own young womanhood. Jennie perceived that she ruled more by the good-will of her subjects than by the imposition of her might; in keeping with the political trend of her time, she was more of a democratic queen. But though her methods were different, Jennie sensed that her desire for dominance was no less than in the leaders of old. And to maintain her leadership she had to be always active, and every affair with which she was concerned had to be at least a success, if it did not actually stand above every similar enterprise. She dared not fail; at least she dared not fail often.

And yet, for all her adroit democratic imperialism, for all her pleasantly hidden determination to light her own way, Jennie perceived that she was at bottom a good-hearted and generous woman—perfectly willing, so long as the main glory was hers, to give full credit to others.

Jennie, studying quietly, decided on the traits of Mrs. Shipman which offered her her best chance to win; the older woman's desire for success and continued success, and her willingness to render credit. These traits Jennie must use.

Mrs. Shipman had decided upon a program of emotional and dramatic tableaux—the "Woes of the Allies"—the figures of which were to be portrayed by the younger women of society. And since she really liked a certain young Percy Farwell, and was more of a thought than a habit, she had been rehearsing many times she became the stricken daughter around whom the others were grouped. But in the bustle of preparation she paid more attention to young Farwell's opera than she did to her own act. Gloria, with that swift, possessive instinct which few ever combated, had seized upon Percy Farwell's work ever while Mrs. Shipman's plans were forming; she gave time to it, she privately spent her own money, she got the prettiest girls who were not otherwise engaged for her chorus, and she secured Slim Jackson as coach and of course Gloria had the chief himself playing the romantic lover. It really looked very good to Jennie in rehearsal, with Slim acting as her coach. Gloria had enough assurance to be a fair actress, and she had a fair voice—altogether quite adequate for an amateur performance. Gloria plainly intended to register the personal success of the evening, and she would undoubtedly do so, for she had the superior vehicle.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—Still Burning the Candle at Both Ends

Comic strip panels for 'THE GUMPS'. Panel 1: 'OUT AGAIN TONIGHT—EVERY TIME UNCLE BIM SAYS—SHALL WE GO OUT TO NIGHT?—SHE'S JOHNNY AT THE RAT HOLE—SHE WOULDN'T SAY TO HIM—MAYBE ANDY'S TIRED—IF SHE DON'T GIVE ME A COUPLE OF NIGHTS SLEEP SOON—SHE CAN HAVE THAT EVENING GOWN DYED BLACK'. Panel 2: 'I REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS A NOVELTY TO PUT ON A DRESS SUIT—NOW—I'VE GOT IT ON AS MUCH AS A HEAD WATER'. Panel 3: 'IT USED TO BE A JOB FOR ME TO PUT THESE BUTTONS IN MY SHIRT—NOW I CAN DO IT STANDING ON MY HEAD'. Panel 4: 'ANY MOTH THAT EATS MY DRESS SUIT HAS GOT TO EAT IT IN PUBLIC—NOT IN THE SOLITUDE OF A DARK CLOSET—BUT OUT IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT—IF THE MOTHS WANT TO DINE ON MY CLOTHES NOW THEY'VE GOT TO EAT WORKING CLOTHES—THEY'VE GOT TO EAT COMMON FOOD—THIS OLD SPIKE TAIL—WHEN HE ISN'T ON MY BACK—HE'S ON THE BACK OF A CHAIR'. Signed: SIDNEY SMITH.

PETEY—That Lets Him In

Comic strip panels for 'PETEY'. Panel 1: 'ARE YOU READY AUNTIE?'. Panel 2: 'YES, WHERE'S YOUR UNCLE?'. Panel 3: 'FOR GOODNESS SAKE!'. Panel 4: '- THE IDEA!! YOU CAN'T GO LIKE THAT—THAT'S NOT A PROPER SKATING COSTUME!'. Panel 5: '- I GOT MY BATHING-SUIT ON UNDER-NEATH!!'. Signed: C. A. VOIGHT.

The Young Lady Across the Way

Comic strip panels for 'The Young Lady Across the Way'. Panel 1: A woman in a long dress stands on a sidewalk. Panel 2: A man in a suit looks on. Panel 3: A man in a suit says 'NOW! TRY THE HOG OFF THERE!'. Signed: FLOX.

Every Now and Then You Read of Some Workman Who While Tearing Down an Old House Comes Across a Bottle of Whisky!

Comic strip panels for 'Every Now and Then...'. Panel 1: A man in a suit stands on a street. Panel 2: A man in a suit says 'NOW! TRY THE HOG OFF THERE!'. Signed: FLOX.

SCHOOL DAYS

Comic strip panels for 'SCHOOL DAYS'. Panel 1: A man in a suit says 'Gosh, I wouldn't care if I was you! You can't be supposed to go on to school without any lunch, can you? But you can't get back home and get some more, so get to school without being late, can you? Nah? You're in luck, you are! I'd go skatin'. If it was me— you can eat some of it—when you get hungry—the cake's all right!'. Panel 2: A man in a suit says 'Right in the mind!'. Panel 3: A man in a suit says 'This got out on the town!'. Signed: DWIG.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Jimmy Makes Another Slip

Comic strip panels for 'SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER'. Panel 1: 'YOU BET, JIMMY—IT'S TANNED GOOD TOO—LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BE'. Panel 2: 'HELLO, SWEETHEART IS THAT A REAL LEATHER COAT?'. Panel 3: 'THE OTHER WAY FROM YOU—FRESH'. Panel 4: 'AW, NOW DON'T GIT MAD! DON'T HIT THE SKY! WHICH WAY ARE YOU?'. Panel 5: 'HA—HA—HA—HA GO ON YER POOR—'. Panel 6: 'BANANA SKIN'. Panel 7: 'CHEESE!'. Signed: A. E. HAYWARD.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Maybe the Teacher Puts Hers on the Bureau at Night

Comic strip panels for 'DOROTHY DARNIT'. Panel 1: 'WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT?'. Panel 2: 'THE TEACHER WHIPPED ME'. Panel 3: 'YOU MUST HAVE BEEN BAD'. Panel 4: 'NO I WASN'T'. Panel 5: 'WELL THEN, WHY DID SHE WHIP YOU?'. Panel 6: 'SHE ASKED ME HOW MANY TEETH A PERSON HAS'. Panel 7: 'AND I SAID, A MOUTHFUL.'. Signed: CHAS. McMANNUS.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY "THE WITCH'S TRICKS"

In this adventure Peggy and Billy go on an exciting ride with a witch. The Witch's Broomstick RAPPITY—RAP—RAP! came a knocking at the window. Peggy gave a frightened jump. She was deep in a story about goblins and witches and the sudden knocking startled her. Her eyes turned toward the window and there she saw a grinning face half hidden under a peaked goblin cap. A finger beckoned her to come out. Peggy backed her mind was still on the goblins and witches of her book. Perhaps this was one of the goblins. The grin grew broader and a round eye winked at her. The wink was familiar, and in an instant Peggy's fears vanished. The goblin wasn't a goblin in his skating cap. "Yo, ho! Peggy! Come on skating, shouted Billy, and again he beckoned with his finger. Peggy eagerly ran for her coat, her mittens and her skates. In a jiffy she joined Billy, her skates hanging from her arms. "I've skated that been given her at Christmas. "Yes, but you scared me, Billy," she confessed. "I had been reading about goblins and witches and I thought you a goblin. "Ha, ha!" laughed Billy, pointing ahead of them. "And I suppose you think that little old woman sweeping the snow is a witch?" The little old woman he pointed at was vigorously brushing the sidewalk with a big broom twice her size. "She does look like an old witch," whispered Peggy. The little old woman whirled around. "Who are you calling an old witch?" she cried angrily. Peggy was so taken aback that she stepped on a piece of slippery ice and down she went—ker-splunk! "He!" uttered the little old woman, and her beady black eyes snapped in sudden wrath. "That's what you get for calling me old. "I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to be rude," said Peggy, promptly,

(Tomorrow will be told where the broomstick takes them.)