By LEROY SCOTT Author of "No. 13 Washington Square," "Mary Regan, etc.

printed by special arrangement with Hambian Midlin Co. Copyright, 1920, by Leroy Scott "ONLY that he expects to get off

"Well, it's not going to turn out like

"After all the hard work converged with the time (George announced mighty cheap. The way things are fired the verdict is the same as ren-tered and the sentence the same as bered and the sentence the same as renounced. And I don't need to tell renounced by the sentence is going to be. There—that's how the case stands. We

height you ought to know."
"My God!" she breathed, appalled. "And Harry was so sure Sam Conway would get him off!"
"Sam Conway, to save himself, is do-"Sam Conway, to save himself, is do-read to get Harry sent up, any down't have a chance. That is,

In paused, his old eyes fixed on her steadily. Suddenly sick, dizzy, as perer before, she knew the uncompleted part of Uncle George's sentence. But more the less her dry lips asked: "Unless what, Uncle George?"

"Unless you were to state that you were with him on the Grantham roof at the year, time the murden was com-

at the very time the murder was comtted over near Third avenue."
"But—but—Uncle George!" she

Barry, but the District Attorney would cross-examine you until he'd found out wery last word about you. And what he'd learn would give New York the biggest jolt it's had for years."

She did not speak; her tense faculles were all engrossed in considering the consequences. Certainly it would all come out—who she was—the bold wonderful home that was hers—as she hurried about other homes yet more wonderful in which she was always welcome—Jennie was feverishly thinking—thinking! This world was hers—she had worked for it—she had won it. But always she was thinking of what she should do about Harry—what should be the answer she had promised to send back to Uncle George and her father.

CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Well, how about it, Jennie?" But her father spoke before Jennie could reply. He had not said a word during all this talk. But now as he

spoke, his face was defiant, dogged. "After all the hard work there's that," Uncle George announced with been to get Jennie 'way up where she is. I don't see where we're called on to

His manner was forbiddingly per-emptory and gruff.

"Good night." Jennie said in a faint voice, and to Uncle George she nodded; then she slipped through the door without even so much as a farewell glance at her old home.

At the foot of the darkened stair-

way Slim's shadowy form awaited her.
The street was clear, and a few
minutes later they were out of the
neighborhood and out of danger. But
Jennie had too much to think of to have Jenne had too much to think of 10 have anything to say, and she allowed Shim's many attempts at opening a conversation to go unnoticed until he remarked:
"I say, Jennie, tell an old friend just what is that business between you and Harry Edwards?"

Harry Edwards?"
"That business is none of your business!" she returned sharply.
"Onch!" he said with a soft laugh. By this time they were nearing Jennie's home. "Look at me, Jennie." She did so; he spoke quietly, with none of his previous taunting, teasing tone. "Here is something that is my business. And this jet the last call for the dining. "Of course, I could help alibi him."

"Of course, I could help alibi him."

"And I could get that little elevator man to help get that little elevator man to help out with the alibi. But that would be out with the alibi. But that would be out with the alibi. But that would be a later?"

certain to drag you in somehow, Jennie: and I'm not going to make a
more without your O. K. Now it's all
up to you, Jennie. Are we going to do
Insthing to help Harry?"

Terror seized upon her us her swift
mind cisualized herself on the witness-

Terror seized upon her as her swift mind visualized herself on the witness fand down in the Criminal Courts Bailding. "But—but—if I went on the stand—the District Attorney——"She could get out no more.

"That's exactly it." Uncle George mid gravely. "Of course, you'd clear Harry, but the District Attorney would cross-examine you until he'd found out so before.

"So, we're through, are we, Jennie?" "So, we're through, are we, Jennie?"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES BY DADDY

"UP TO THE MOON"

(Peggy, Bilby, Balky Sam, Johnny Bill and Billy Goat are carried to the moon by the witch on her broomstick, here they meet the Man in the

The Show on the Moon

67 ET the show begin," cried the

The Show on the Moon

6I ET the show begin, "cried the Man in the Moon, beaming upon Pegy and Billy, who sat beside him a his diamond throne.

Balky Sam, Johnny Bull and Billy foot sat down at the foot of the throne and the Moon Folks gathered around it a hisf circle, like an audience at a leatre.

At the word of the Man in the Moon, see side of the wall slowly swung see and there wasen stage with seen and garden and there wasen stage with seen and dozens of beautiful Moonbeam Midens, all dazzling and shimmery as the flashed back and forth under the large of the Sun, which poured in flavous the great skylight which formed he roof of the chamber.

Such surprising dancing, Peggy and Billy had never seen. The Moonbeam Maidens seemed as light as air. They feated like birds, their feet only occasons by touching the stage. They feated like birds, their feet only occasons by touching the stage. They feated like birds, their feet only occasons by touching the stage. They feated like birds, their feet only occasons by touching the stage to the other. The music was peculiar. It sounded that they was a much puzzled as Peggy are the side of the stage to the other. The music was peculiar. It sounded that they was a much puzzled as Peggy at the sound of the wind rose and his making the music for the dance.

Base the roof opened and closed little sidows, and as they opened and closed little sidows, and the roof of the chamber.

Such surprising dancing, Peggy and Billy had never seen. The Moonbeam Maidens seemed as light as air. They foated like birds, their feet only occasoally touching the stage. They facefully bounded over each other's bads, and long leaps took them from one side of the stage to the other.

The music was peculiar. It sounded like the sighing wind, and to their assonishment Peggy and Billy found that a what it really was. The musicians, who were in a gallery fiway up close to the roof, opened and closed little sindows, and as they opened and closed and the sound of the wind rose and all, making the music for the dance.

As a storm began to rage outside, he music grew louder. And as it grew longes the dance grew wilder. The Mondaam Maidens began to turn sommalis in their leaps, just like acromals in a circus, and soon the stage has a dazy maze of spinning, twist-theresteen. maze of spinning, twist-

a disay maze of spinning, twistsparking flashes.
hen saidenly the musicians closed
windows. The wind was shut out,
music stopped, and the Moonbeam
has ran from the stage.
La la, la! How's that?" asked
has in the Moon, smiling brightly the Moon, smiling brightly

much," declared the Man in the Moon.
"Can you dance?"
"A little," replied Peggy modestly.
"But not like the Moonbeam Maid-

"Good!" said the Man in the Moon T've grown tired of watching the Moonbeam Maidens dance."

on, let's jump and leap as high as we With that he whirled Peggy into a leaping, whirling dance, in which they bounded as high as the Moonbeam Maidens had done, and higher. Indeed,

maidens had done, and higher. Indeed, in one jump they went so high that Peggy banged her head smartly against the skylight.

"La, la, la cried the Man in the Moon, as she slowly floated down, rubbing her head. "You are better leapers and bounders than the Moonbeam Maidens themselves."

and Billy.

If the second seco (Tomorrow will be told how Peggy's

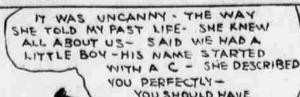
THE GUMPS—Right Away Andy Gets Peeved

WELL-

TAHW ABOUT IT?

I HAD MY FORTUNE

TOLD TO DAY



YOU SHOULD HAVE ABOUT MY FUTURE TO BE MARRIED AGAIN

AFTER YOU GET ANOTHER HUSBAND PERHADS YOU'LL BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE ME- I'M TRYING TO MAKE IT SOFT FOR SOME OTHER BIRD GOOUT AND FIND A FELLOW WHOSE NAME STARTS WITH G-YOU WON'T EVEN HAYE
TO CHANGE THE
INITIALS ON THE SILVERWARE - I WEAR AND SHOE-7% HAT AND 15% COLLAR YOU OUGHT TO FIND SOME FELLOW TO FIT THAT

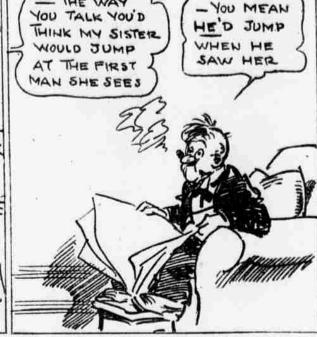
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WELL!

OH! I SUPPOSE -

By Sidney Smith Copyright, 1920, by The Tribune Co. GIVE ME A COUPLE OF MORE YEARS SO I CAN SLAP ENOUGH DOUGH TOGETHER - AND WITH MY LIFE, INSURANCE IT OUGHT TO MAYE HIM PRETTY COMFORTABLE. CALL UP THAT OLD HINDU AND SEE IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT HAPPEN IN SUMMER TIME WHEN FLOWERS ARE CHEAP. DANDELIONS ARE IN SEASON





By C. A. Voight -:-SAY, LISTEN-THAT'S WHY THEY FALL IT LEAP YEAR!

The Young Lady Across the Way

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets Alll the Trains

By Fontaine Fox

KEERFUL!

DONT LET'ER

TIP AWAY FROM

-:-

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



The young lady across the way says people who own their own homes are the best citizens and bolshevism would die out very soon if we had an entirely homogeneous population

I GOT TO STOP THIS

LATE SLEEPING GEE

I WENT DOWN TOWN

TO GET THAT JOB YOUR

FATHER TOLD ME TES

GO AFTER

SOME WIND!



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Nobody Need Know It Was Cheap

GEE CAM THATS A IF I TOLD SWELL NECKPIECE YOU, YOU'D YOU' GOT! HOW MUCH ONLY BE DID IT SET YOU BACK? JEALOUS DEARIE

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA PUSH THE

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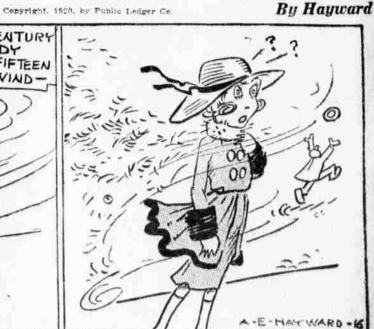
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CAR ACROSS THE GAP ON TWO WHEELS.

IF SHE THINKS IT COST A CENTURY IT WON'T HURT HER. NOBODY NEED KNOW IT ONLY COST FIFTEEN GOLLY - THIS WIND -BEAUS! -

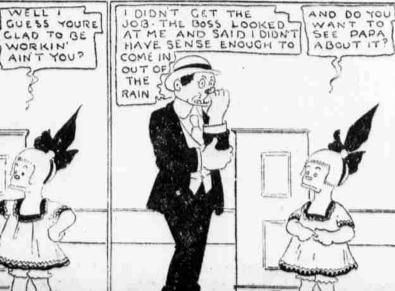


DOROTHY DARNIT—Papa Agrees With the Boss

WELL

WORKIN'

AIN'T YOU?



Copyright, 1920, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc. PAPA IS BUSY BUT

By Chas. McManus GIVE YOU THIS COODY

YES-I WANT HIS ADVICE . I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW JUST WAIT. PLL TELL HIM