

COURTESY URGED FOR CITY WORKERS

Municipal Research Bureau Says Some Court Employees Are Insolent in Manner

ASK INSTRUCTION COURSE

Courtesy towards the public is more common among city employees since the new administration entered office, the Bureau of Municipal Research declared today. This attitude should be encouraged by officials, the bureau added, through a course of instruction. "Such a course of instruction might be used to good advantage in some parts of City Hall. If any one doubts this, let him visit the several court-rooms while court is in session, and note the manner in which tipstaves and other minor court officials deal with jurors, witnesses and spectators. "In some court rooms decorum and order are maintained without the slightest unnecessary show of authority. In others, the petty authority given these minor employees has so inflated them with a sense of importance that one is outraged by the arbitrary, bureaucratic insolence and by the small acts of tyranny in which they are able to indulge. "The research bureau suggests that an information desk be placed on the ground floor of City Hall so that visitors, unfamiliar with the various bureaus and departments, could be properly directed when they have business to transact. A large number of questions, the bureau stated, are put to guards and elevator men which they are unable to answer.

FOR BETTER POLICE FORCE

Civil Service Expected to Raise the Standard—Prefer Service Men

Higher standards for police force applicants are expected to follow a study of the personal qualifications of such applicants by the Civil Service Commission. An increase in the minimum physical standard to a required height of five feet eight inches and a minimum weight of 140 pounds are two of the ratings expected. The present rating allows for men as short as five feet seven inches and weighing at least 130 pounds. The commissioners especially are in favor of securing as many service men as possible for the force. These men will be given the preference whenever their merits warrant equal rating with other applicants.

CORTELYOU REJECTS BIDS

Throws Out Proposals for \$360,000 Worth of Fire Apparatus Director Cortelyou has thrown out bids for \$360,000 in contracts for motor fire apparatus. The contracts were scheduled for a quick push through Council in the last days of the Smith administration, but a determined fight waged against them by independents prevented their approval. Director Cortelyou investigated the bids and their sources and determined that the equipment could be obtained much cheaper. So the bids were thrown out. New bids will be advertised for soon.

A DAUGHTER of TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 12 Washington Square," "Mary Egan," etc.

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"It's a lie, Mr. Harrison," whispered Jennie. "That part is a lie!" "You're a damned dog, Kenneth!" his father blurted out. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Yes, it's a lie, Mr. Harrison," Jennie went on rapidly, brokenly. "I did forge your name—that much is true. But Kenneth told me he was in terrible trouble—that he was about to be found out and disgraced—he said I alone could save him—he had to have money—he begged me to forge your name. And I did what he asked—because he begged me—because he said that would save him! That's the God's truth, Mr. Harrison!"

Kenneth's white face, though it twitched, was tense with purpose. "That's Jennie's story, father. It's for you to decide whether you want to believe her story and have me disgraced, which doesn't count for so much, but to have the work and ambition of your lifetime ruined and to have our family destroyed. Or whether you want to accept my explanation, which will save you, the family, all of us, and which will place the blame where it belongs—upon an adventuress who has unfortunately imposed upon all of us and who already has a record as a forger. "Yes—my God, Kenneth," she breathed.

She was appalled. It was so clever, so cunning, so plausible, this swiftly and despatchly invented explanation of Kenneth's. She had been weak before, but now her strength entirely left her and she sank into a chair beside the table and gazed wistfully at son and father, hardly able to think in this chaos which had so suddenly enveloped her. The two men were looking at each other fixedly, the older man's heavy eyebrows drawn down, his eyes piercing. His eyes shifted to Jennie, then back to Kenneth, then rested on Jennie. "You have just two hours in which to try to escape," he announced. "Galenically she came to her feet. "What! You don't believe Kenneth!" "Of course I believe Kenneth," he said.

Jennie saw that Kenneth's adroit appeal to his father's essential worldliness had been in every way successful; she saw that Mr. Harrison did not believe it, but that he perceived in Kenneth's explanation that chance to save himself and his family which Kenneth had so cunningly pointed out. His gray eyes grew hard and regarded her with indomitable purpose, his voice became crisp and harsh.

"You'd better hurry," he advised. "I'd rather have you escape than for us all to be dragged through a trial. And to make you hurry I'll tell you exactly what our course will be. I shall notify police headquarters of my discovery in just two hours. I shall tell them, and we shall tell in court, if it ever gets to court, exactly what Kenneth has told me—and you, with a charge of forgery already hanging over you, won't have a chance. Every detail of your past will substantiate our statements. And tomorrow I shall further clear ourselves of you by beginning suit for the annulment of Kenneth's marriage on the grounds of deception practiced upon him. And we'll get this decree. I tell you you don't have a

chance. So get away from here—quick!" "You—you wouldn't do that?" whispered Jennie.

"I shall—and I can put it all through!" was the dominant reply. "You've got just two hours!" For a moment Jennie's eyes rested upon the two men—upon the granite face of Mr. Harrison, who had seen a way out, and upon the greenish-white face of Kenneth, who was again nervously licking his thin lips—a face that now, stripped of its fascination, seemed only selfish and weak and treacherous. She might have struck back at them with contemptuous words—but words of any kind she knew would neither change them nor help her. She knew that exactly what Mr. Harrison said—that he could and would do; she was trapped completely—and trapped all the more hopelessly because she had helped trap herself. For the moment all the spirit of fight, which had been so essential an element of the Jennie who used to be, was gone out of her.

In silence the two men entered her dressing-room, and thence passed into her bedroom. With weak hands she removed her few jewels, then she undressed her gown, slipped it off, and stepped outside its flimsy circle. For a moment she gazed down upon its deflated beauty; she had admired it more than any evening gown she had ever owned. It was to her the concrete symbol of all she had fought for, and won, and lost. Looking down upon these few ounces of silk, she realized, even more poignantly than a few moments earlier when she had faced those two determined men, that the end had come. Yes, at last the end had come—the end to all glory, all dreams, all hopes.

She changed quickly into a plain suit of a finer texture and a better make, but otherwise not very different from the serge suit in which five years before she had fled out of her old world. Snatching a veil, she passed out through the living-room; the men were no longer there; and two minutes later she was down in the street. And thus in her simple dark suit she hurried away out of her glorious new world to—She did not know to where. She had no plans. She had only the instinct to escape.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Jennie Seeks Sanctuary

BUT presently as she hurried on, avoiding policemen whenever she saw one idly swinging his night-stick, Jennie began to think of what she should do. She needed help—advice—refuge. At first her impulse was to fly back to her father—the Pekin—back to her other world. But almost instantly she recognized that that procedure would not be a wise one; the police, searching for Black Jerry's daughter, would first of all search Black Jerry's home; further, she would be merely walking into danger were she to ask her father to come to her aid. She turned next to the other person who had tried to plan her destiny—Uncle George.

It was still only a little past 7. She remembered that Uncle George usually dined late, and always dressed elaborately for dinner. She slipped into a telephone booth in a Madison avenue drug store and called his apartment. As she had calculated, he was in. Using the code they had developed she

told him she needed him desperately, and if he could help her he should come to her instantly dressed in inconspicuous garments. He promptly replied that she should be waiting for him in fifteen minutes at the northern end of the Mall in Central Park.

She had been standing for hardly a minute at the head of the broad flight of stone steps that lead down to the fountain and the lake when a closed car halted at the curb and the door swung open.

Inside she saw Uncle George, in sober garb, and she quickly stepped in and closed the door. "Around the park, Jack," Uncle George said to the chauffeur; and then to Jennie: "What's the trouble, Jennie? Speak right out; no danger if the chauffeur does hear a word or two. He's safe; same one who drove us away from the Pekin all those years ago. Remember?"

Jennie glanced forward. Yes, the driver was the same man who had been at the wheel on that far-gone night when she had fled the world of her childhood. Briefly she told Uncle George the situation. She told him everything—even that Slim had been the person who had been blackmailing her—even told him of Slim's part in that Morrison check business of long ago. Uncle George cursed her husband and her father-in-law with a sulphurous ferocity; it was rather startling to Jennie, for Uncle George was not given to swearing. "And to think," he raged, "that this has happened after you've climbed so high—after you'd done so much for your husband—after you seemed to have everything!"

With an effort he controlled himself. "No time to waste talking about that now, though. We've got to talk about what you're going to do. They certainly have got you for fair, Jennie! Nothing you or your father can say will count for a nickel; it won't be better, for you, and lost. Looking down upon these few ounces of silk, she realized, even more poignantly than a few moments earlier when she had faced those two determined men, that the end had come. Yes, at last the end had come—the end to all glory, all dreams, all hopes.

try to get out of the country, and if he could help her he should come to her instantly dressed in inconspicuous garments. He promptly replied that she should be waiting for him in fifteen minutes at the northern end of the Mall in Central Park.

They discussed ways and means with the result that Jennie found herself following almost the same grooves in escaping her great world that she had followed in entering it. Uncle George, who instinctively prepared for emergencies, had brought a traveling bag in the car. Half an hour later Jennie, her veil down, and looking just a limp, inconspicuous child, was standing once again at the desk of that most irrefragable hostelry for homeless women, the Martha Washington, and Uncle George, again in his kindly voice which denoted the deacon, was saying:

"My niece isn't feeling at all well, and a doctor I took her to when we reached town ordered her to stay in bed for several days. I've got to be going on to Boston—so that's why I brought her here where I know she'll get the best of attention. I'll send her around some more clothes tomorrow. From what I've heard you always give the best of care to strangers."

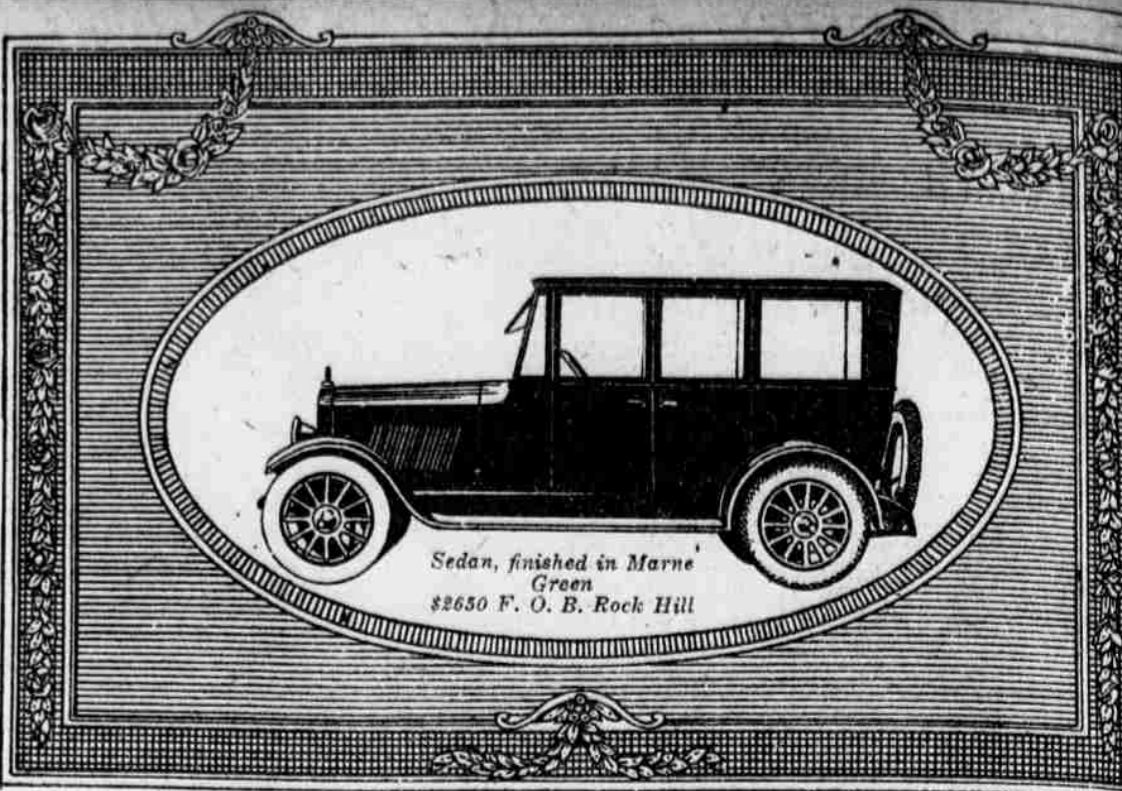
They did—and went. But despite that care, Jennie slept not at all that night. She lay gazing into the darkness of her austere room, thinking, wondering, fearing. What heights she had reached! And what a miserable ending her glory had come to! She wondered what was going to happen next—how it was all come out.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

BURIED UNDER HOT ASHES

Mine Laborer Meets Shocking Death While at Work

Shenandoah, Pa., Jan. 22.—Michael Devaney, fifty-one years old, was smothered and his body horribly burned at Packer No. 5 mine this morning. He was employed on a scraper line carrying ashes from the boiler house to the ash bank. His clothing caught in the line, and before assistance could reach him he was carried to the bank and covered with tons of hot ashes. The body was recovered two hours after it had disappeared from view.



Sedan, finished in Marine Green \$2650 F. O. B. Rock Hill

ANDERSON

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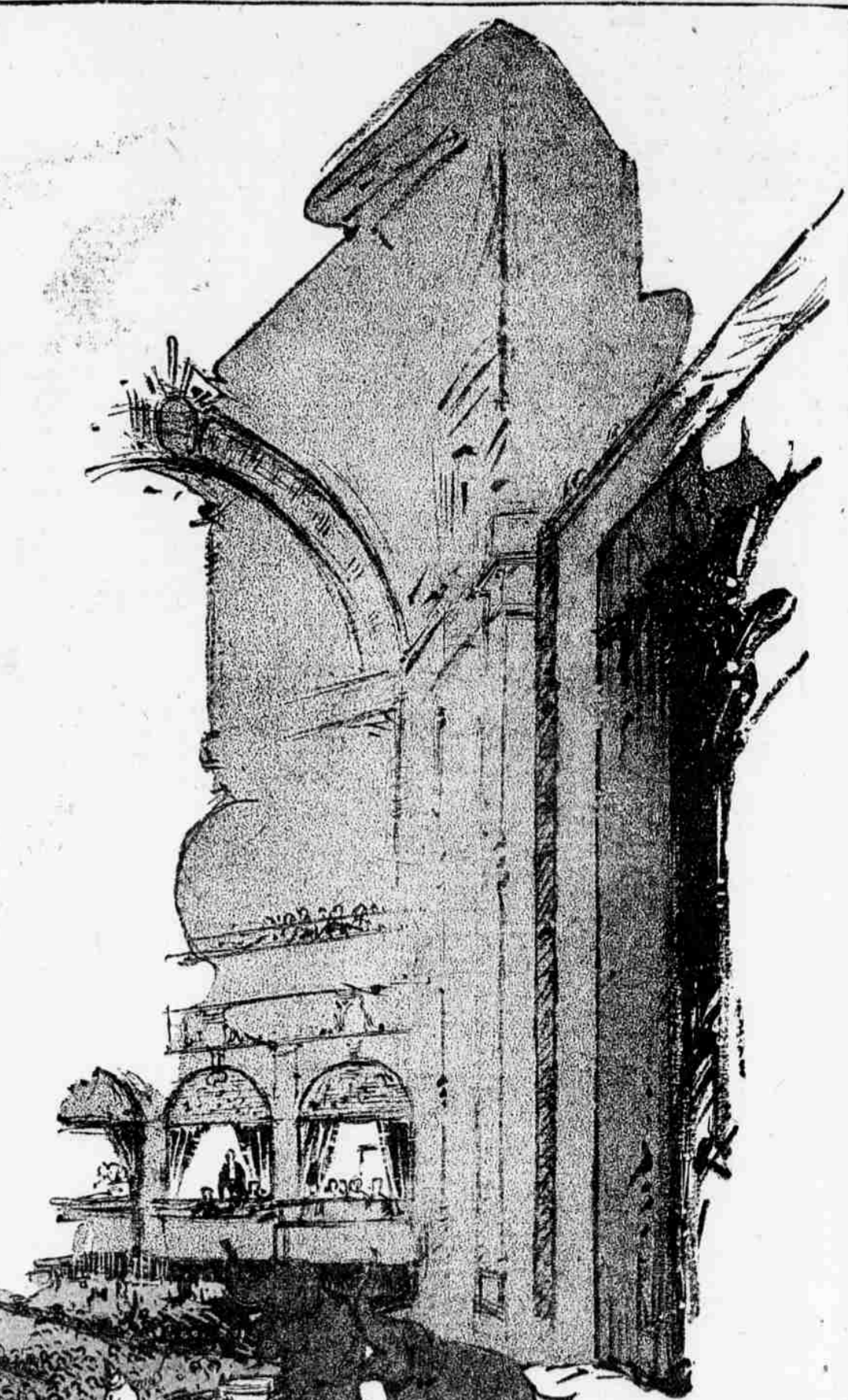
At the New York Hippodrome, drawing over three million theatre-goers annually from every corner of the country, Fatima is not merely the largest-selling cigarette—it actually outsells any other by more than two-to-one.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

"Just Enough Turkish" A Hippodrome audience may truly be called "representative" of the whole United States—so this day-after-day preference for Fatima is highly significant. For one thing, it shows the broad sweep of Fatima's popularity. But—more important—it indicates that men generally are growing more sensitive to the taste-effect of too much or too little Turkish tobacco in their cigarettes. Fatima's "just enough Turkish" blend, in other words, is the one feature which sets it definitely apart from all other cigarettes—and which accounts for its leadership at so many famous places.



Five more Gold Medals won by Supplee-Wills-Jones products

A CLEAN sweep for Supplee-Wills-Jones products. This was the comment made at the State Milk and Cream Contest at Trenton, N. J., just closed, when five more Gold Medals were added to the Supplee-Wills-Jones' long list of awards. This was the largest number of Gold Medals ever won by a single exhibitor in any exhibit.

In all five classes Supplee-Wills-Jones dairy products won first, in competition with products of exhibitors throughout the state. The awards, made by U. S. Government experts were as follows:

Class 1—Raw Market Milk	99.4	Gold Medal
Class 2—Certified Milk	99.1	Gold Medal
Class 3—Pasteurized Milk	99.1	Gold Medal
Class 4—Raw Market Cream	97.2	Gold Medal
Class 5—Pasteurized Market Cream	98.5	Gold Medal

These fresh winnings are added testimonials to the richness, the flavor, and the cleanliness of Supplee-Wills-Jones products. But final proof is the daily appreciation of more than half a million people who use this Gold Medal Milk.

Supplee-Wills-Jones Clean Milk

"Vital food for children"

Philadelphia—Atlantic City—Ocean City—Chester

