

ADAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 13 Washington Square," "Mary Queen," etc.

There followed silence, which each of the rigid forms at the doorway filled with a mental picture which was more or less similar. Then Kenneth reached for the electric switch and the room instantly became as brilliant as day.

"Jackson Holt, you're a damned sneak!" he blazed in a voice colored with angry fury. "You've got your car here. Five minutes is enough to get your things together. In five minutes I expect you and your car to be leaving!"

"All right, I'll be ready for the car—and you can't make it too early to suit me," she drawled. "I guess what's happened is the best thing that could have happened for me."

"Your mother and your brother. They've evidently been snooping around and watching me."

"That's a lie, Gloria Raymond!" blazed Sue, who had lost herself in righteous and scornful anger.

"I am not," Gloria's voice was insulting. "No," she said, "I haven't spied on you for a minute."

"Through that!" And Sue held out the letter Jennie had given her.

"That's nothing but a forgery, Sue Harrison," declared Gloria; "a bit of cheap work on your part."

"It's not a forgery, and I didn't do it!" cried the wrathful Sue.

"No, I never saw it before."

"None of the three Harrisons spoke. They had believed Gloria had lied, and they now believed that Slim was lying to support her."

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THE GUMPS—Oh, Sing Me a Song of the Sunny South!



PETEY—It's "Old Nick" Himself



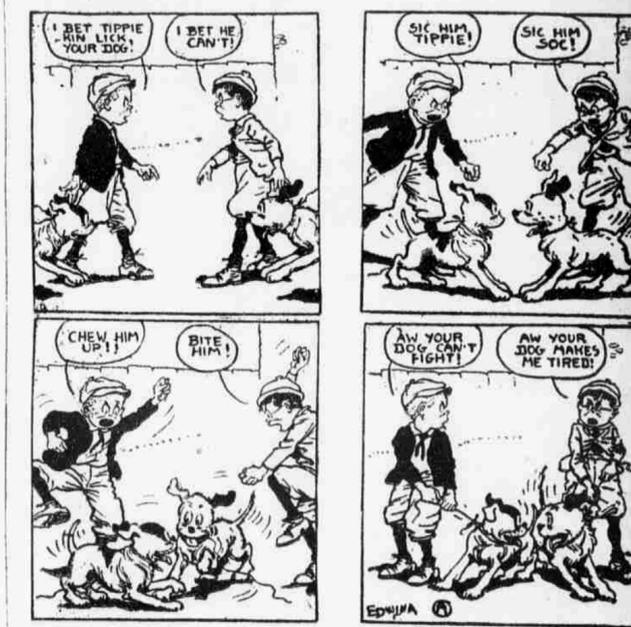
The Young Lady Across the Way



THE QUESTION HAS OFTEN BEEN ASKED: "WHAT IS THE HARDEST THING FOR A COMMUTER TO CARRY HOME?"



"CAP" STUBBS—SOME FIGHTERS!



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY "THE CHRISTMAS TREASURE"

(The young rabbits take Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl to a cellar in the Underground City where buried treasure stands guard over buried treasure.)

Arrested by the Mole Police PEGGY and Billy gave a cry of joy as their eyes rested upon the gold and silver in the buried chest. Here were rare riches—enough to buy a dozen automobiles, an airplane and hundreds of toys.

"Now we can give Christmas presents to the Patchy-match children," whispered Peggy to Billy, keeping her voice very low, for she knew that the rabbits would not like this plan at all.

"Take it away," granted Daddy Mole, yawning widely and nodding drowsily. "I'm tired of guarding it. I want to take my winter vacation sleep in peace."

Peggy and Billy needed no further invitation; they ran to the treasure chest and pulled at the old gold pieces. But, alas, they had forgotten that they were now as much in the hands of their toylke hands couldn't budge a single one of the heaped-up coins. They tugged and they jerked, but all in vain.

"Hurry up," said Johnny Rabbit. "We want to get back to the Patchy-match vegetable cellar before morning and have a cabbage breakfast."

"We are trying to hurry, but we can't get these coins out of the chest," panted Billy.

"What's that? What's that?" granted Daddy Mole, suddenly waking up.

"We can't move this gold," replied Peggy.

"Ah, ha! If the gold belonged to you it would go with you. I smell mischief. Police! Police!" squeaked Daddy Mole in excitement. He ran to little cupboards in the wall and jerked out several dark forms sleeping there, all the while calling loudly: "Police! Police!"

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Quite Right, Quite Right



DOROTHY DARNIT—He'll Remember It Next Time

