

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT Author of "No. 18 Washington Square," "Mary Reech," etc.

THERE wasn't any risk; nobody could have told who I was, and besides, there wasn't anybody to see me," she argued. "And, dad—Aunt Mary is—I had to come!" Her voice quavered now. "And, dad—I wanted to see you!"

"You shouldn't have taken such a risk," repeated the gruff voice. "But, dad—it came over me that now you are left all alone—except me—and I—"

"Don't you think about me—I'm all right," he paused. "But just means that there's only you for me to think about. And I guess that'll be plenty."

Something approaching awe had come into the grim, swarthy face, as his gaze had taken her in. He was glowing proudly; and yet he was half afraid of this new being who was his daughter. His voice was stiff with embarrassment.

"I guess I don't need to tell you that you are looking just about as fine as they come! And I see Harry Edwards and Slim Jackson lately; they both tell me you are leading bigger every day. I wanted you to have a chance—and you're sure making good on it. You just keep that up, that's all I ask for."

As abruptly as he had turned to her he now turned away, and his set face straightened again. Again Jennie felt descend upon her childhood's inhibiting habit of speechlessness with her father—and again her father and daughter rode on in silence, though she still clutched his hand. At the Manhattan end of the bridge, where the junction of vehicles brought the pace of each down to a bare crawl, and the sidewalks were crowded with bustling people, Black Jerry half opened the door of the moving car, and turned to her.

"Don't you take no more risks. You're going great—just keep it up. You won't be seeing me, but somehow I'll learn what's doing—and you just remember, even if I ain't around, that I'll be backing you up in every way I can. He was out the car and had closed the door before she could so much as say "good-by," and the drawn curtain did not even permit her to see the driver in the manner in which he transferred himself unnoticed from the car to the milling crowd upon the sidewalk.

After a few minutes she recalled the problem of her necessary transformation. Ten minutes later, her taxi paid off, she stepped through one entrance of a big and busy department store, a figure in deep mourning; and a few minutes afterward she emerged from another entrance, her face a bit pale and sober, perhaps, but otherwise a pretty young girl seemingly out of a midsummer shopping expedition. By the middle of the afternoon she was back at Silver Bluffs.

Joy—grief—joy again; youth is so elastic of spirit that it can pass from extreme to the other of its emotional compass almost as easily and rapidly as a trained singer passes from high note to low note and then sweeps thrillingly again into the upper range. The swift, which Jennie was yet to pass that day, though later she privately rebuked herself for instability, but proof of her youth's great resilience.

While she was changing into a light summer frock, a maid brought her word that Sue was waiting for her on the pier. But when she came out upon the pier, she found no Sue was in sight. She decided that Sue must be out on the landing platform of solid masonry to which a stone stairway descended, and she strolled out to the end of the pier. Sure enough down on the platform there was Sue. And also there was another figure—Kenneth.

Of a sudden Jennie's heart began to go madly. Sue saw her at once and called to her to come down. Kenneth turned, and she saw that the drawn face which she had last beheld in that after-midnight scene in the library more than a month before, was now brown and aglow with vitality. Kenneth also called to her, and with steps that she strove to make steady she descended.

"Why—why—I didn't even know you were coming home!" she exclaimed as she took the hand Kenneth reached up to her. "Neither did I!" he laughed. "Not all four days ago."

"Then Sue must have known for four days you were coming. Why didn't you tell me?" "There was no answer from Sue. Surprised at this, Jennie looked about. Sue was already up the stairway; in an instant she had vanished over the top of the pier.

And then life for Jennie moved with bewildering swiftness. Kenneth laid his other hand on the band he was holding. "Jennie, look me straight in the eyes," he commanded in a low voice. She obeyed. "Here's what I came home for; I came home to ask you whether, when you were so nice to me a month or so ago, you were just flirting, or whether you really cared?"

The suddenness, the complete unexpectedness of it all utterly swept away her power of speech. She could only gaze at him. She could not even think. But her eyes perceived how eager was his handsome face, she was conscious what a graceful figure he made in his white flannels. There was a long moment of silence down there on that platform, shut off from all but the sea, with the water rhythmically plashing over the edge—a long moment, while they gazed eye into eye.

"Because," he said at length, "out here, all alone, I couldn't help remembering how long you had been to me. And whether you care or not—I care!" She had enough of woman's instinctive eagerness to reply: "But I thought that Gloria was—"

"There are two things I awoke to while out there in the West," he interrupted. "One was that I really never cared for Gloria. The other was that I really care for you. And I've come home to tell you how much I love you—and to ask whether you care a little—and to ask if you will marry me."

She did not know whether she really loved him; but she had been, and was now more than ever, fascinated by his personal charm—to which was added, in her subconscious mind, the attraction of his manner of perfect ease in the great world, the knowledge of his worldly success. It came to her in this swift moment that though she had planned and worked to get on, she had not planned for just this achievement; and it also came to her that she should answer by yes, it would open the doors to the fulfillment of all her ambitions and the ambitions that others had dreamed for her.

"Jennie—do you care?" he huskily insisted. Her eyes, very bright, met his; her voice was a breathless, bewildered whisper. "I think I care for you—more than for any other—"

But presently, even in these supreme moments while she first rested upon the shoulder of her wonderful lover, her divided soul, her habit of looking back into the world she had left, asserted itself. Her mind flashed to two hours before and she saw her father who had made his sudden exit from her taxi, his grim, unhandsome face working with hunger and gloating pride; and again she heard his gruff unsteady whisper. "Remember—I'll be backing you up in every way I can, what would her father think?"

Black Jerry insures Jennie's happiness. An hour later, when Jennie and Kenneth mounted from the seawashed landing of stone where life for Jennie had taken such a gaspingly swift upward flight, it had been decided that Kenneth's family was at once to be told of the engagement. To Jennie's bewilderment over the event itself was added the suspense of how the family would take it. She was suddenly and acutely conscious that in the matter of her social desirability she was far, far less than they believed her; and they believed her to be just a likable girl, an orphan, without fortune and without position.

But before Kenneth was half through his first sentence, Mrs. Harrison had grasped what had happened, and Jennie's suspense instantly was gone. Mrs. Harrison took Jennie into her arms, her kindly eyes flushed with sudden tears. "It's just what I've been wishing for this long, long time!" she cried. "I'm so happy, my dear—so happy!"

And Sue—Sue found such part of the English language as twenty years and Braithwood Hall had placed at her command totally inadequate for her delight. Her happiness could only express itself in ejaculations such as, "Fervid kisses. And when, a little later, Mr. Harrison returned upon the Myra, he accepted Jennie with all the heartiness she could have expected of him. It seemed that the whole family was a harmonious unit of pleasure over Jennie's prospective entrance into the family.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY "THE CHRISTMAS TREASURE"

"Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl are in a buried chest of gold and silver by the rabbits, but they find it belongs to the poor Patchy family and plan to give it as a Christmas present."

The Santa Claus Fairies. HERE come the Santa Claus fairies! On, Dasher, On, Comet! On, Dancer! On, Comet! On, Comet! We are bearing Christmas joy away! We are bearing Christmas joy away! We are bearing Christmas joy away! We are bearing Christmas joy away!

The rabbits sped swiftly over the snow toward the little cottage where Harry and Minnie Patchy-patch were waiting wistfully for the coming of Santa Claus. Each rabbit had its mouth filled with gold pieces, while Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl, riding on the backs of Bunny, Pinky and Johnny Rabbit clung tightly to coins which Father Rabbit had dug out of the chest of buried treasure.

Just as they entered the Patchy-patch cottage the rabbits stopped in surprise. Harry and Minnie were out in the yard putting presents on a little fir tree that had been set up.

"My, I'll bet the birds and squirrels and rabbits will like this Christmas tree we're fixing for them," cried Harry. "It will be a beautiful going home gift. It will be a beautiful going home gift. It will be a beautiful going home gift. It will be a beautiful going home gift."

Harry and Minnie, their task done, ran into the house, leaving much astonished rabbits and children behind them. "Excuse me, they are going hungry themselves to give us a Christmas present," said Father Rabbit, dropping a gold piece from his mouth. "Say, I've thought of something about a rabbit's way back home."

THE GUMPS—Not So Loud, Andy—Not So Loud!



PETEY—Why Waste Time?



The Young Lady Across the Way



MOTHER WANTED WILLIE HOME IN THE VERY QUICKEST POSSIBLE TIME



SCHOOL DAYS



SOMEBODY'S STENOGR—Only Four More Days Till—



DOROTHY DARNIT—It's an Old Foreign Custom!

