

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life By LEROY SCOTT

HE WAS now striding excitedly up and down in front of the great Italianesque fireplace, with its bed of glowing hickory embers—and for the moment Jennie was almost forgotten. She gazed at him in amazement. What she had said about the limitations of Harrison & Co. was entirely new to her, though doubtless it was true; and this sudden revelation of the man who lived within her husband was even more amazing. Why, he was the very passionate of ambition—which perceived no pleasure in rest or contentment lower than the crest of the topmost peak. Kenneth saw her look, and it caused him to check his excited pacing. He smiled and laughed lightly; but both smile and laugh were forced.

"I guess my tongue must have gone out of its mind," he said. "Be good, Jennie, and forget my chatter; even when people run off the track sometimes talk nonsense." And then he dismissed the matter casually with: "It's half-past 2—time country people like us were getting to bed."

She replied with an equally casual remark; but she knew that the real soul of her husband had been laid bare to her. Alone in her bedroom—they had separate sleeping-rooms—she lay reconsidering and re-reading her husband's words.

Jennie Consolidates Her Gains. It is doubtful if Jennie, in any other American epoch, could have achieved with such rapidity the social success she attained in the winter of 1919. Her young life was launched into a period and a condition without a parallel—that period of hectic activity in both social affairs and in business which will for some years remain one of the remarkable phases in the history of America's connection with the Great War. The social and financial speculation was sweeping upward on the wave of golden promise. America had not yet awakened to her moral responsibilities and her stakes in the war, to be sure, some few of the younger Americans were driving ambulances behind the lines in France, a few were begging to be fighters in the air, and a few were enlisted with the French, English and Canadian forces. But on the whole, the war was still regarded as a means of America's gain—except to the extent that, as a business proposition, we tried to supply the business needs, and except as its settings were appealing subjects for our charity. Otherwise, we were more diligent in business, and the easy dollar had slipped up more rapidly than the memory of living man—ad dance orchestras and caterers never before so warmly approached millionaires and persons of position.

Society, while it had not as yet adopted the policy of European victims as the sole purpose of its functions, was showing an increasing proportion of its more pretentious affairs in the name of "broken Europe." The result of this was that society had to go outside its very select and limited numbers to secure assistance; and women, particularly women, had to be enlisted who had the willingness to undertake tasks and the tenacity to see them through, and who, moreover, had initiative and ideas. To an extent, the barriers were lowered; the first and second cousins of society were admitted, and even outsiders; and in this enlarged group, where efficient activity was in such demand, the person who could do things with the person who was not, and who had a ready mind which enabled her to meet those unexpected situations which are always arising—and despite her willingness

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

THE GUMPS—Showing Up the Neighbors

Comic strip 'THE GUMPS' by Sidney Smith. Panel 1: 'OH GIRLS—LOOK AT MIN AND ANDY—UNCLE BIM HAS LOANED THEM HIS CAR FOR THE DAY AND STAKED THEM TO A COUPLE OF TICKETS FOR THE OPERA.' Panel 2: 'HOW DO YOU DO? ISN'T THIS A GLORIOUS EVENING? WE'RE GOING TO THE OPERA.' Panel 3: 'HOWDY! NEIGHBOR TAKIN' A LITTLE STROLL.' Panel 4: 'THAT TICKLES ME TO DEATH THERE'S NO ONE IN THE WORLD I WOULD HAVE RATHER MET THAN THAT WOMAN—DID YOU SEE THE LOOKS SHE GAVE?' Panel 5: 'AND THAT HUSBAND OF HERS DIDN'T SEEM TO ENJOY IT SO MUCH EITHER—EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY, I CERTAINLY HOPE THAT BIRD TONIGHT.' Panel 6: 'HUH! HUH! THAT'S A FUNNY SKETCH—THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THAT SILK HAT HAS SEEN DAY LIGHT FOR SOME TIME—I COULD SMELL THE MOYH BALLS WHEN HE WENT BY.' Panel 7: 'DID YOU SEE THE WAY THEY GOT IN THAT MACHINE? LIKE A COUPLE OF MOD CARRIERS—IF THEY HADN'T DUG UP THAT RICH UNCLE A STREET CAR WOULD STILL LOOK LIKE A CHARIOT TO THEM.'

PETEY—The Skating Lesson No. 5

Comic strip 'PETEY' by C. A. Voight. Panel 1: 'YOU'RE GETTING ALONG ALLRIGHT UNCLE PETEY— BUT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FEET—' Panel 2: '—KEEP YOUR HEAD UP— DON'T LOOK DOWN AT YOUR FEET—' Panel 3: '—I MAY LOOK DOWN AT MY FEET BUT—' Panel 4: '—I'M WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE—'

The Young Lady Across the Way

Comic strip 'The Young Lady Across the Way' by Fontaine Fox. Panel 1: 'MOTHER HAD TOLD WILLIE A DOZEN TIMES NOT TO WIND UP THAT AIR-PLANE PROPELLER NEAR GRANDPA'S BEARD.' Panel 2: 'I'm more sure than ever, Jennie, Mrs. Harrison declared, "that you are going to make a fine big man out of Kenneth—and help him to the sort of success his heart desires!"' Panel 3: 'Jennie glowed at the praise and affection of these two sincere women. She had long since discounted the deception which had been practiced, so she now felt no twinges of guilt. Whatever might have been in the long ago, she was now trying to do her very best for Kenneth; and the words of Kenneth's mother and sister were the highest recognition that her achievements were solid and of a truly helpful character. During this swift-mounting period there was so much in Jennie's life that its single events lost their identity in a blurred but glorious whole. But there was one incident—rather, a few scenes—which did remain in her mind. This was on the occasion of the first time, since that night at Silver Bluffs, that she had seen Kenneth and Slim Jackson in the same company. Slim was not a member of the original party—a little supper dance at Sherry's—but at midnight Jennie noted that he was present; he was looking, gracefully at ease as always, and welcomed, too. A little later, apart from the milling of the dance, she saw Kenneth with an arm around Slim's shoulder talking with intimate earnestness. Presently she was dancing with Slim. "I saw you talking to Kenneth just as though you were old friends," she whispered. "What does it mean?"'

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Appearances Are Sometimes Deceiving

Comic strip 'SOMEBODY'S STENOG' by Hayward. Panel 1: 'AH GEE—THERE GOES A MAN! BIG AN' BRAVY AN' BRAVE AN' EVER THING! GEE HE MAKES THE MARSHMALLOW-FED GINKS IN THIS OFFICE LOOK SICK! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I LOVE ITS A REAL HONEST-TO-EVERYTHING CAVE MAN.' Panel 2: 'OH YES—I EAT LUNCH AT SMITHS. THEY DO HAVE THE LOVELIEST CHARLOTTE RUSSE!' Panel 3: 'HIGH TONOR.'

DOROTHY DARNIT—Danger's Nose Is Like Tennyson's Brook—Runs on Forever!

Comic strip 'DOROTHY DARNIT' by Chas. McManus. Panel 1: 'GEE I'M GETTIN' SICK OF LOOKIN' AFTER YOU.' Panel 2: 'AIN'T YOU GOT A HANKER CHIEF?' Panel 3: 'NOW BLOW.' Panel 4: 'IT WONT STAY BLOWED.' Panel 5: 'STILL A FAVORITE THE MOONSHINE OF KENTUCKY.'

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY THE PADRE'S PIGEON. (Peggy and Billy, turned into tiny, winged persons, visit their bird friends in the courtyard. They and the birds about to go to war upon the padre's pigeons who have taken their food. They learn that the pigeons have taken the food to the sick padre and to the hungry poor.) Peggy's Medicine Words. MERCY as hawks, the pigeons swooped toward Peggy, Billy, Gen. Swallow and King Bird. There was just one way to escape and Peggy saw that naturally. "Drop into the padre's room," she whispered. On the word the four crept beneath the window shade. As they hid so Old Pouter straddled out at the other end of the shade to face the angry hawking pigeons. "Be quiet! You'll disturb the padre with your foolish noise, Begone!" he said. The surprised pigeons obeyed, for they thought Old Pouter knew the strangers were there and was protecting them. But Old Pouter himself was as straddled back into the darkened room as he found himself facing Peggy and Billy, with General Swallow and King Bird behind them. "Do not," said Peggy quickly. "We are friends who will help you care for the padre and his poor people." "What queer sorts of birds are you?" snapped Old Pouter. "Perhaps you are spies." "We are humans in the shape of birds," answered Billy. "If you are humans talk to the padre for me, good Old Pouter, please." "Tell him we need not worry over the poor people, tell him we have fed them. Such words will be medicine to him. They will soothe him and make him better." "To be sure we will tell him," replied Peggy, and she climbed to the padre's pillow. "Good padre, do not worry. Your pigeons have fed your poor people. They will not get hungry. Sleep now and rest." "Ah," murmured the padre, a glad smile coming into his face. "If all is well with my poor people then all is well with me." Forthwith he closed his tired eyes and sank into soothing sleep. Truly Peggy's words had been medicine.