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Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. James Ford in the serious illness of their little ten-year-old daughter, Luella, who was operated on for appendicitis on Saturday.

Mr. Farr Lawrence is making improvements around his home, by fixing up the lawn and putting a cement verandah on three sides of the house.

Mr. Henry Eckhart got his barn completed in time for haying. Mr. Joseph Eccles did the mason work and Mr. Ben Sharp the frame work, so it will certainly be a good job.

Mr. Wm. Richardson finished loading the logs for the Knechtel Furniture Co. of Hanover.

Mr. John Baxter of Markdale is spending a few days visiting his many friends and neighbors.

Misses Enda and Hazel Dennett were visitors in this part one day last week.

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl who has spent most of her life at school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character.

CHAPTER II—Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper.

CHAPTER III—Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft.

CHAPTER IV—Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe.

CHAPTER V—Gloria twists Wright on his failure to keep an engagement to meet her in Paris. He explains that the death of his mother prevented his going to Paris.

CHAPTER VI—The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the furnishing of the Kerr home.

CHAPTER VII—One society bud who refused to meet Gloria is forced to do so when her father is made to feel Kerr's power.

CHAPTER VIII—Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News.

CHAPTER IX—Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper.

CHAPTER X—Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work.

CHAPTER XI—Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office.

CHAPTER XII—Wright in his desire to keep from Gloria knowledge of her father's position, avoids her during the fight. Gloria is piqued.

CHAPTER XIII—Calling at Gilbert's office to sell a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference.

CHAPTER XIV—Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish.

CHAPTER XV—The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him.

CHAPTER XVI—Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work.

CHAPTER XVII—She calls on a sick girl of the underworld named Ella.

CHAPTER XVIII—She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters.

CHAPTER XIX—Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination by thugs in the pay of the political ring. She hides him in Ella's room and defies the thugs.

CHAPTER XX—She awes them by announcing that she is Kerr's daughter. Ella threatens to give up Wright to the thugs and is choked into unconsciousness by Gloria, who then falls unconscious on Wright's body.

CHAPTER XXI—They are rescued by Dr. Hayes and his wife. Wright is taken to a hospital and Gloria is taken to the Hayes home. Wright decides to sell his paper and leave Belmont.

CHAPTER XXII—Gloria hears that Wright is going away and calls upon him to ask his forgiveness for her harsh words.

CHAPTER XXIII—David Kerr calls on Wright and in Gloria's presence makes him a proposition to finance the News and have Wright succeed him as boss. The offer is spurned. Wright and Gloria decide to remain in Belmont and continue the fight to reform the city.

"Telling you!" repeated Gloria. Why did her father need to have any one tell him anything about Belmont? Then wasn't she excuse enough for all the gawdy possible? "Ain't got nothin' against California, have you?" Kerr asked, ignoring her exclamation.

"I don't know." She turned away from him, conscience-stricken at her tone of indecision. "I wanted to come home, yet—"

"Don't you like Locust Lawn, girl?" "Yes, yes," she answered quickly. "But—everything is so different from what I imagined it would be. Give me a little time to think about the California trip."

At that moment Mrs. Gilbert returned with the guests who for some little time had been entertaining themselves in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Hayes and her husband were first introduced to Gloria. While they exchanged a few pleasantries, Wright, in charge of Judge Gilbert, was meeting David Kerr. It was not until Mrs. Gilbert called him to her to present



"I Am the Daughter of David Kerr."

him to Miss Kerr that the editor of the Belmont News and the daughter of David Kerr came face to face.

To the surprise of the others present Gloria gave a little scream of delight and came forward with both hands outstretched to greet the young man. He no less gave evidence of his pleasure at the meeting. His face lighted up with a smile and the way he grasped both her hands betokened his happiness at seeing her again. If the others could not share their gratification, they could at least share their surprise.

"Joe Wright, of all persons!" exclaimed Gloria, shaking his hands heartily, her face radiant with smiles.

"Miss Kerr! You here!" It was all he could say, but he put into it a wealth of feeling which made it impossible to mistake his meaning. He forgot David Kerr, he forgot every one but this girl whom now he met again after so long a time.

"You're the last person I'd expect to find in Belmont."

"But you're not the last person I'd hope to find here," he replied.

Whereupon they both laughed and shook hands again.

Mrs. Gilbert was the first of the others to recover the power of speech. "You know each other!"

"Indeed we do," replied Gloria. "We traveled abroad for a time in the same party. How do you happen to be here?" asked Wright. "Tell me all about it."

"There isn't much to tell. I live here now."

"How funny!"

"I'm not apologizing for it," he laughed.

"I don't mean it that way. Belmont is my home, too. I was born here."

"Here! In Belmont!" He made no effort to conceal his surprise.

"Yes," she said proudly; "I am the daughter of David Kerr."

Had she struck him a blow full in the face she could not more have staggered him. In the joy of meeting her, Wright had forgotten everything but the pleasure of seeing her again and the memories her presence conjured up of what he called their mad old, glad old Paris days when they had been so much together. He had forgotten the sordid present with the fight to make friends for his kind of newspaper, the effort to meet the pay roll, and the continuous struggle against what he knew to be the evil influences of David Kerr. David Kerr, her father! With Gloria's explanation, raised by her pride in her father almost to a boast, all this was brought back to him. He still smiled, but his heart went dead within him. The sun which had shone for him so gloriously only a minute ago was now hidden behind the blackest cloud in the heavens.

Selfish as they wished to be, for a time they were forced to join in the general conversation and satisfy the curiosity of the others concerning previous acquaintanceship.

"When did you and Gloria meet?" Kerr asked the newspaper man.

"First on a steamer going to Europe."

"And then accidentally any number of times on the continent," added Gloria.

"There's no need now of your fearing you will be lonesome, Miss Gloria," was Mrs. Gilbert's comment. "How lucky to find an old friend."

"Yes, indeed," replied Gloria, with such spirit that no one could believe she was merely saying the polite thing. "I command you to come to see me at once, Mr. Wright. I know hardly a soul in Belmont. You see I just came home this morning."

Thus within a quarter of an hour after meeting the boss of Belmont, Wright found himself invited to his home. The circumstances that had brought about the invitation he would have considered out of the range of all reason half an hour before. He knew the game too well not to understand how the easy boss works and unconsciously Gloria was seeking to further her father's plans.

Through friendship, loyalty and a sense of obligation which one is not permitted to forget, the political leader obtains active co-operation where to deny him would appear base ingratitude. To keep from being placed in such a position was Wright's one aim. Consequently, to Gloria's invitation he merely murmured a polite assent, inwardly resolving to find sufficient excuses to make it impossible for him to be a visitor at Locust Lawn. Yet something within him at the same time was telling him that he must see Gloria often.

As they were now leaving, Dr. and Mrs. Hayes came to say good night to Gloria. Gilbert and Kerr found this the favorable moment to slip out of the library unobserved.

"I've told Mrs. Gilbert how sorry we are we have to be going, because I so wanted to have a little chat with you," began Mrs. Hayes. "I'll give you only a day or two to unpack before I come to call."

"Please don't wait for that to happen," urged Gloria. "I've lived in trunks so long that I'd feel like a motor without gasoline if I should take all my things out and hang them on hooks like civilized people do."

"I wonder if you could be interested in some settlement work I'm doing,"

continued Mrs. Hayes. "Don't let her rope you into that, Miss Kerr," protested the doctor. "Isn't it fashionable?" inquired Gloria cautiously. "Not fashionable and highly insular," was his verdict. "A germ is no respecter of persons. My wife's liable to bring home anything from measles to socialism."

"But think of the poor, unfortunate, ignorant people," pleaded Mrs. Gilbert, who with Mrs. Hayes was interested in a mission established in a poor quarter of the town by the Presbyterian church.

"That's what I tell him," said Mrs. Hayes.

"It isn't our fault, is it?" asked Gloria. To her, settlement work was a sealed book. Slatternly women with troops of dirty, sniveling brats repelled her. Were she ever to develop any philanthropy along these lines, she was sure that the work would be carried on vicariously.

"Of course it isn't our fault," added Dr. Hayes emphatically. "I still say, Rose," turning to his wife, "that I have no sympathy for people who use the bath tub for a coal bin."

"I'll tell you about it some other time," said Mrs. Hayes to Gloria, not despairing of making her a worker.

"I'm afraid you'll find me hard to help me."

"I have no influence with her," laughed Wright.

"Not since you ran away from us in Paris," pouted Gloria.

Dr. Hayes and his wife left the library conveyed by Mrs. Gilbert.

For the first time that evening Gloria and Wright found no one to interrupt their conversation.

He was standing in front of the grate, his admiration for the girl shining honestly forth from his eyes as he watched her say the last good-byes. When the others had gone, she turned to Wright with a smile. Walking across the room to him she held out her hand, and said simply:

"You don't know how glad I am to find you here."

"Are you?" he replied, retaining her hand while he spoke. "Since that's the case I wouldn't care to be anywhere else in the world."

Then they sat down to talk of other days.

CHAPTER V.

There was so much to be said that Wright and the girl were at a loss to know where to begin now that they had an opportunity to talk without interruption. With Gloria there was an undercurrent of unrest caused by the fact that she feared he had carelessly broken the promise made on the Rhine to meet her again in Paris. She had waited and he had not come.

Wright was no less interested in what they were about to say. In the first place, after a long absence, he was again with the girl whom he had made it a point to meet at various places in Europe. To add confusion to their friendship, which he had highly prized, had just come the astounding revelation that she was David Kerr's daughter. How could he be a friend of the daughter and an enemy of the father? Then, too, what did she know of her father's methods, and of his own attitude toward the boss of Belmont? And if she knew, what did she think? These things made conversation rather an exhausting mental exercise.

"Well?" Gloria smiled, inviting him to begin the story of all that had happened since they had shaken hands and parted, he to go to London and she back to Paris where she was to see him later but where disappointment awaited her.

"Well," he answered. He wanted her to begin, and thus give him the cue to her line of thought.

"This isn't much like Paris."

"You're here."

"Yes," she laughed, "and you're here, too. That's why it isn't like Paris when I saw it last."

"At any rate, I'm glad we're both here." He was anxious to have her interpret the present.

"For me it is the first time in twelve years."

This came as a glad surprise to Wright. Then she cannot know much,

he thought. Her remark emboldened him to say:

"Didn't you tell me your father was a real estate operator?"

"Yes. Didn't you know that?"

"I had almost forgotten. You see I am practically a stranger here. You and I are alike in that respect, if you have not been here for a dozen years."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," she replied quickly. "My father knows everybody and everybody knows father. I shall know every one in a week."

"Yes, that's true," he said cautiously. "How long have you been in Belmont?" asked Gloria seeking to satisfy her own curiosity now that she had told him something about herself.

"Only a month or so."

"I think it queerest thing in the world that we should meet here of all places. What are you doing here?"

And then Wright lied. He did not have time to consider what might be the ethics of the act. He listened to his heart, which may have mad him a traitor to himself, and answered promptly:

"I've been doing some magazine writing and an occasional bit of newspaper and similar work."

Had he been asked — could he have explained why he had not replied just as promptly that he was the owner of the Belmont News. What the real reason was he could not even explain to himself. Later in the evening he had talked glibly of newspaper and its duty, and here an hour later he was denying his own unde-

Continued on page 7

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