a Brisk

66 By Katharine Newlin Burt

red my life.

He flushed deeply. "I don't think
He flushed deeply. that—just

ne of friendship," she warned him.
"I know that, Miss Grinscoombe, at, all the same, I'll be thankful grany help. It's all slide rock and dresse of it.

He had turned his eyes to the portrait.

Say," he asked her suddenly, "who that feller—with the hair?"

The man was talking. His glabrous, edgeless voice flowed over the woman "Sir Sydney Grinscoombe-my greatat-great-great-grandfather.

fancy himself? Well, ma'am'-h eyes came back to her without lanation of their excursion -- "if w'll give me some trainin', I'll sure

urather mocking. "I wonder," she ii. "if you'd stand for it." He did not flinch, though the dread his eyes was perfectly apparent

Tes, ma'am," he promised her and miled a fine grim little smile. "Very well. The first sugge The first suggestion I make is that you go to a good

ake it lyin' down?" "You did. You're a good sport,

"You did. You're a good sport, for, Kew, listen. I've a party of riends in there waiting for me. Won't to let me call you up and arrange or a nice quiet friendly talk some line when I'm free? I want you'streyes gleamed mirthfully—"to meet to struck.

They were forcibly torn apart a few to the said of this away in my hearing." And, as the man elattered suddenly to his feet. Q struck.

He said nothing. He had risen and "Oh," she said with our "Oh," she said with quickness, "of ourse I'd love you to meet my friends. "Out this is—n—er—a sort of club. It wouldn't be any fan for you."

A moment later, he was alone A moment later, he was alone out in the damp chilliness of the May light. He found his way down the long traight poplar-shadowed driveway to he stone gateposts and turned resolutely lown the road townward. The lights leamed from across the river in a louble row. A train rumbled below he steep bank. Dogs were barking here and there. A motor glared upon lim and hummed into darkness again. and there. A motor glared upon and hummed into darkness again.

walked fast, his head down.

lands tightened into fists, his teeth "It's agoin' to hurt." he thought. It's agoin' to hart. he thought. he les agoin' to hart bad. But' he lang up his chin—'by God! I'll win. A woman and a man. A woman and

True to her promise, Heloise sent his arm.

her sartorial information, and Q, in his chastening introduction to Sir Syd
Copyright, 1922, by Katherine Newlin Burs

Mary or Eloise? Which Should Win Unusual Hero?

ping-bag and so cleverly relieve her of it that she did not so much as feel its absence. The youth, however, was the fushed deeply. "I don't think gits like you remember in that—just smitten by prompt justice—a bolt from the blue. He slid several yards along the pavement, and Q, hardly breathing more rapidly, relieved him of his booty for granted that all the skill would for granted the skill would for gran

The equickness and shrewdness of his tuition startled her. She had taken tuition startled her. She had taken to this startled her. She had taken to the side in this game to which he had be in this game to which he had beat his will with a grimisch he had beat his will with a grimisch he had beat his will with a grimisch he had begun seriously to frighten so that had begun seriously to frighten that had begun seriously to frighten the saw or any other time. Besides, I've to mised you my friendship.'' seriously to make to the authorities, who made much of its oddity, as did the crowd, and, turning to receive his thanks from the furred lady, found that she had gone. This hurt his feelings. But that was quite the pavement, and Q, hardly breathing more rapidly, relieved him of his booty and returned it to its owner.

There was a quick assembling of an appreciative crowd, the thrief was put into the hands of the law, and Q, glow-ing with unexpected conspicuousness, gave his odd name to the authorities, who made much of its oddity, as did the crowd, and, turning to receive his thanks from the furred lady, found that she had gone. This hurt his feelings. But it ought to have warned him past any danger of ensuing folly. What happened next was so completely his own fault that it could hardly be called a happening; emphatically New York though her face was was not to blame,

She smiled, though her face was safet. "I'm glad. I should love to your friend."
But you have to keep rememberin', its Grinscoombe, that I am not pledged that trail. Somewhere, I turn off."
"It's good to hear you talk, Kew, takes me back to last October. So m're going to stay at the River Host, I am impossible place? It oks so. And who is going to give you wer education?" She added maliciously. Besides me."

Besides me."

was not to blame.

Q lunched at Delmonico's because, even in the remotest West, that restaurant, in the mind of cowboy and ranchman, still stands for all that can be imagined of metropolitan fashion and gastronomical delight. He placed himself on a chair that faced the entrance door, as though he were waiting for a lunch companion, and there he studied the rites of restaurant procedure until, feeling mastery, he rose, checked what should be checked, tipped who should be tipped, and bought himself a small Besides me. This brought from him a narrowed okand a flush. 'Yes, ma'am. That's are the truth. You'll be givin' me biggest part of my edication.' He alled grimly. 'I can take a whole of punishment from you—if it's poin to help any.'

It am not making any promises but "I am not making any promises but the sumptuous lady with furs and blonde to friendship," she warned him.

She was lunching with a man, better dressed even than Q and less conscious timber to me — this edication of it. He seemed, in fact, to be con-"But why should I want to help ity and to care not at all what impres-me?" she asked. It was as though son he might be making on the world at large. He did not look like a man who probes any deeper than a mirror surface into his own consciousness. He was, however, interested in some fashion, in the sumptuous lady. Q had no business to little them. She blushed again faintly. It was business to listen to the conversation at this table, and having listened, he had experiment? As a dangerous game? less business to resent it. No one was for some deeper and more human complaining of his own somewhat unr tor some occuper and more human son?
"Very well," she admitted. "I do, want to see what you can make out yourself. It's rather splendid of this fitted attitude toward the waiter. Nevertheless, Q listened. He felt that fate must have meant some-You have everything against you, thing by its mischievous trick of coincidence.

edgeless voice flowed over the woman and Q began to feel that it would cling Don't he look it, though? Don't to her. Q had heard plenty of vile conversation, he had heard filthy epithets such as this speaker would probably be incapable of imagining, but he had never heard a man, sane, sober, decently grateful." heard a man, sanc, soper, decents, she considered him; her young smile clad, so deliberately insult a delicately nurtured woman. She sat very still; he could only see her back, except when, by turning his head a fraction, he consulted a reflection, but this told him that she was cool-featured, slim, every detail of her perfectly chosen and ar-Her face had reddened lips. ranged. hair was probably dectored. her hair was probably doctored, but she was a gentlewoman, or what in a democratic country passes for one; a wald make is that you go to a good allow and get some real clothes and the the right kind of a hair-cut."

He was searlet, but kept his eyes up tarly, "Yes, ma'am, I'll do that, and thank you kindly."

Tou see, when I was in the West, therefore the right was probably doctored, but she was a gentlewoman, or what in a democratic country passes for one; a married woman, for her left hand resting on the table bore a plain band smothered in a bodyguard of jewels. She listened to the man and gave no sign of anger, only that Q saw her sign of anger, only that Q saw her

"Tou see, when I was in the West, dressed for the West. Now, you're the East and—"
"Tes—ma'am, I savvy. I had a stin these was first-class. The man the Chicago store told me so. It as a clasy-looking store too."
"They're awful. I'll give you the the of a tailor." said Heloise gravely. If you want to spend the money?"
"Yes, ma'am. I'm nimin' to pay the my edication." she miled. The quotation missed him combetly, as he had never seen the inside f a church. But he too smiled, and thorously.
"Well, Miss Grinscoombe, didn't I ke it lyin' down?"

She listened to the man and gave no sign of anger, only that Q saw her moisten her painted lips.

When he had seen this little betraying action more than twice, and when, under crescendo of sarcasm, she flinched, Q found himself being unwillingly dragged out of his seat. God knows he didn't want to make a scene, God knows he hated a row as any peaceful cowboy hates it, God knows, too, that no man with real blood in his body could sit still and suffer a woman to be so shamefully entreated. Besides, he had already rescued her purse; wasn't her pride of more importance to her?

White with discomfort, Q presented white with discomfort, Q presented where moisten her painted lips.

When he had seen this little betraying action more than twice, and when, under crescendo of sarcasm, she flindered to the man and gave no sign of anger, only that Q saw her moisten her painted lips.

When he had seen this little betraying action more than twice, and when, under crescendo of sarcasm, she flindered lips.

When he had seen this little betraying action more than twice, and when, under crescendo of sarcasm. She flindered lips.

When he had seen this little betraying action more than twice, and when, under crescendo of sarcasm. She flindered lips.

White with discomfort, Q presented himself before the large-bodied, sleek-

seconds later by a mob of white-lipped waiters. Q, having satisfied bonor, was ready to defend his action and to explain himself-he had opened his mouth to do so when all "I savy. Well, good-night to you. taken out by him by the object of his chivalry. She stood, no whiter than before, her lips as red, a queer, halfamused, half-disgusted smile in her

fortable situation and the eyes of diverted, disgusted and delighted lunchers glittered upon him unbearably.

Q's eyes turned from face to face, not beseechingly, but with a puzzled sort of desperation. He wanted pretty badly just then to see some of the boys A woman and a man. A woman and man. She said so herself. You desury. He was speaking to the genleman with the curied wig whose seemed to be painted in phosphorescence against his cyclids. There was Shorty, for instance—Shorty would make quick work of that head waiter. He was reminded of a certain incident at the bar of Stony. That had been a tight hole, if you like. He was a cruel resemblance to Heloise Presently he relaxed, stopped to roll than one night in the pen for riotous and light a cigarette. With the familiar

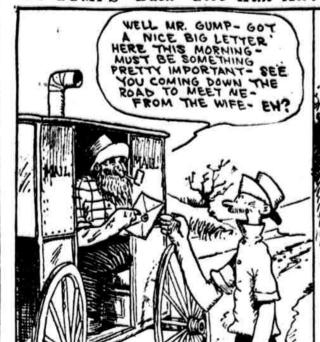
Presently he relaxed, stopped to roll and light a cigarette. With the familiar comforter between his lips, he swung smiling a little.

"You're a plumb fool, Q. T." was his conclusion. And he began to call himself quaint and quite horrifying hames.

Chivalry

than one night in the pen for riotous skylarking. It wouldn't be so bad skylarking. It wouldn't be so bad skylarking. It wouldn't be so bad skylarking. Seeking Shorty, or a reminder of him, he saw that a face had emerged from the crowd, a face with some sort of different and definite intention toward him. It belonged to a slim, quick-moving young man of assured bearing. He came to the head waiter and touched came to the head waiter and touched

THE GUMPS-Back-Give Him Air!



WELL, WELL! LITTLE MINERVA-BACK TO HER CHILD HOOD DAYS - I REMEMBER WHEN SHE COULDN'T WAIT TO PUT UP HER HAIR SO SHE'D LOOK OLD. AND SHE DID IT TO SURPRISE ANDY - I'LL BAY IT WAS SOME SURPRISE -YOU'D THINK A WOMAN WOULD CONSULT HER HUSBAND BEFORE CHANGING HER ENTIRE APPEARANCE -

Se pe W







Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Hayward

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Getting Ready for the Camping Trip



OH MY YES-YOU'LL NEED HEAD NETS AND TWENTY YARDS OF MASQUITO METTING MAKES A GOOD TEAMIS MET, TOO - AND YOULL
MEED TWO TEMTS, OME FOR EACH KIND OF
WEATHER - AND WE HAVE A FULL SIZED
REFRIGERATOR - COLLAPSES TO ONLY TEM
FEET SQUARE - FITS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR WIND SHIELD - WE FURNISH MOOSE TESTER - SETS UP LIKE A WINDMILL - MOOSE COUGHS AND HIS BREATH REVOLVES THEN IS YOUR BUN!





By FONTAINE FOX There Really Is a Big Advantage In Having a Freekled Face The Young Lady Across the Way ALL FRECKLED LIKE EDDIE -HIS MA CAN'T HARDLY.

HIS HIS FACE
TELL IF HIS FACE 0: NEEDS WASHIN'

The young lady across the way says she's been reading a story



PETEY—How Can You Get Mad at a Guy Like That?

about a young man and a girl who

were macarooned on a desert island

for two weeks.





GASOLINE ALLEY-Who Spilled the Beans?

