

By Sidney Smith

THE GUMPS—Back—Give Him Air!



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Getting Ready for the Camping Trip



The Young Lady Across the Way

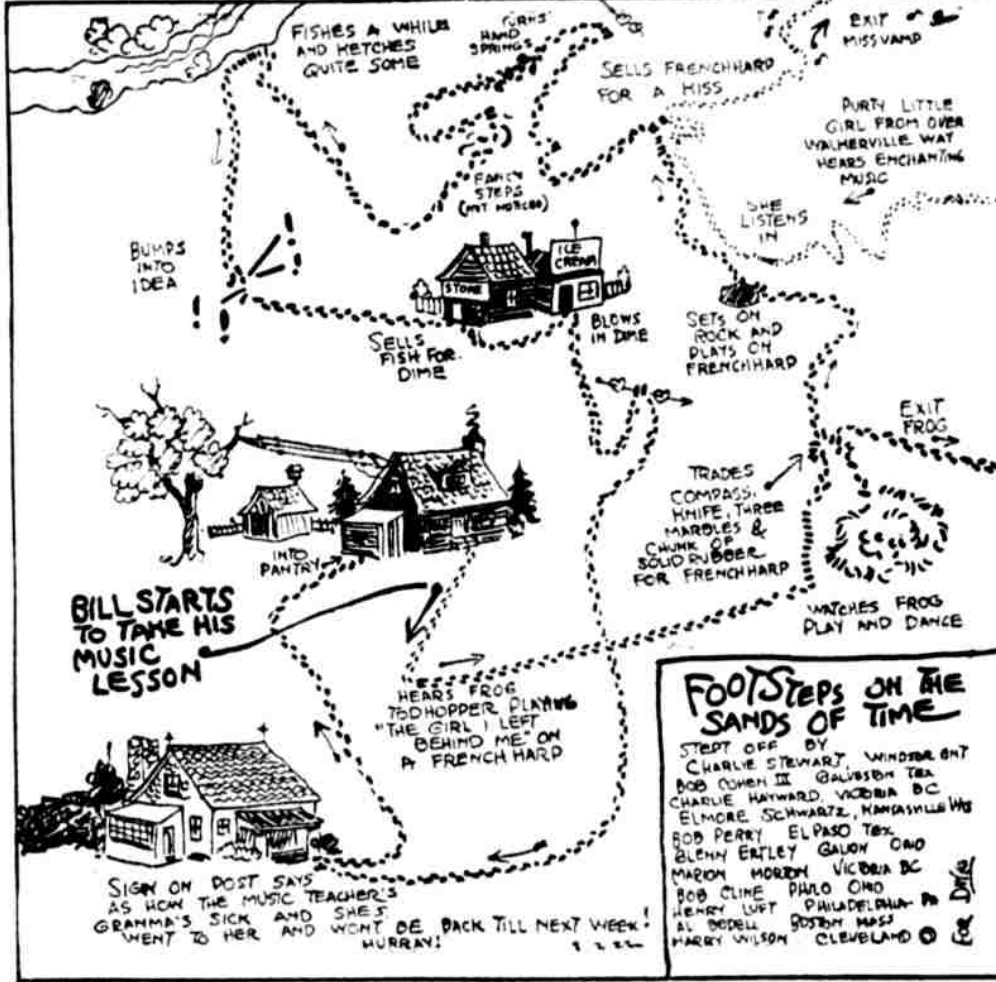


The young lady across the way says she's been reading a story about a young man and a girl who were marooned on a desert island for two weeks.

There Really Is a Big Advantage In Having a Freckled Face



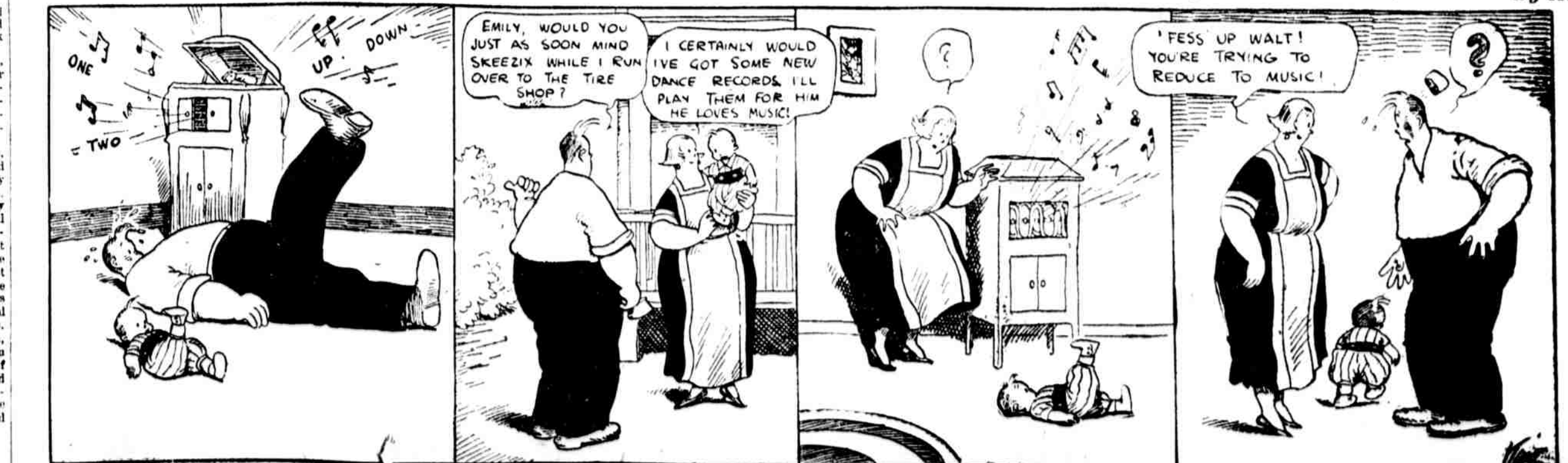
SCHOOL DAYS



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



GASOLINE ALLEY—Who Spilled the Beans?



THE STORY NO FAR... Mary or Eloise? Which Unusual Hero? "You Saved My Life"... "I WAS sweet of you," she smiled. "You're on your way—"

to New York and walked, as unsuspecting a morsel as possible, into his maw. First he was duly robbed by Heloise's recommended tailor, barber, and haberdasher; then, self-conscious and elated, secretly with monkey-brown splendor, he strolled forth into the quick-stepping Fifth Avenue crowd. He walked with a cowboy's rhythmic step, towering cliffs of stone, the canyons that sent in their streams of trucks and taxicabs and hurrying travelers to the great rivers of traffic—every one of these aspects hurried his blood. A man who looks and looks is a man who courts adventure. Q's temperament was naturally a lightning conductor. From the revolving glass door of a large store these stepped a slim and tall lady in a fur-trimmed coat, white faced and yellow-haired if the two waved specimens above her ears were to be trusted; as she trod past Q, just glancing at him with her monkey-brown eyes, he saw a smartly dressed youth slide a hand into the loop of her shopping-bag and so cleverly relieve her of...

CONTINUED TOMORROW