THE STORY SO FAR

Into a sleepy New York town enters
6. T. Kimwydden, a handsome but uneduented cow-puncher. He is seeking a
showe to make up his neglected educahemes to make up his neglected educatown He loises Grinscombe, a sophistiwith helpide finscombe, a sophistibud heiress, whose life he has saved
while acting as her puide in the mounyains. He cails on her while she is
young a party to her blase friends, and
young a party to her blase friends, and
young a woman from insuit in a cafe he
sets into trouble. A brisk, statucate
sets into trouble. A brisk, statucate
sets into trouble. A brisk, statucate
stranger comes to his rescue, and then
stranger comes to his rescue, and then
strappears. O goes to Miss Mary Grinscombe for his lesson. She is a cousiscombe for his lesson. She is a cousicombe for his lesson.

It is the seek of his lesson.

It is the seek of his lesson.

It i THE STORY SO FAR

AND HERE IT CONTINUES The Young Man Listens 7OU don't know their names?" The Y little man, excited, moved his stick ross the heavens, pointing delicately orld upon world, sun upon sun; the seeling obvious constellations of the

which Q's pride of a

that "me" which Q's pride of a mee would never allow any one to tern. He was very near to the awful lisation of a Universal God that the had an impulse to prayer; thaps he prayed.

After that, Mary's father showed an patience that had not a hint of shame this evening visit to the bar, but ne lited not for a third and fourth police, but for the tall, swinging figure at rarely failed him. Q drank with a listened to the frequenters of the rand when he "kissed" his modering at the prophecy the little gentleman a ready to accompany him. Somether they walked, sometimes they went to the most comfortable lady I was knowed and common." to Q's room; sometimes they went to Mary. And always the old man ted and the young man listened. It led in Mr. Grinscomb's reading aloud ipters from his book of Earthworm ophy, for which purpose Q was i to supper. In the hard, bare that had been his, the utterly unbattle of its childhood. ded battle of its common gle-handed struggle of its youth. the had been nothing like these gentle, itered evenings; Mary sewing or sing, moths knocking about the yel-shaded lamp, Mr. Grinscoombe's wit, Mary's humor-sparkles,

t kind laughter and tensing, the they taught him to play and ged with him-sniff and casino and and checkers, the books-besides great one-that they read aloud. ary's face began to live comfortably his heart, and the quick, sweet, tart sayings and the waggish kindness er eyes and mouth came very close as unused affection and soothed him the lady of his longing had dealt wounds that would not heal for all determined self-respect. was after one of those woundings,

altogether unintentional one, for imes that attract moths sometimes fed with quite voluntary cruelty, en Q gave Mary a glimpse into the fulness of his Sluypenkill exis-

deloise had a visitor. a New York who out-talked the glib insects a July afternoon. It was one of moons, by promise, when the her unexpectedly appeared, but lose had thrown over the Westernplan for entertainment with scant

Mr. Van Wenden has come all the him leed tea. You may come, if like, You'll be interested in what lays. I'll get him to talk Wall She tensed Q with one of cool, long-lidded looks, "What do know about Wall street? That's of a man's education.

allowed himself an ironical exmethods anywhere, he drawled; methods anywhere. street ain't the one and only

not street nin't the one and only book for 'em."

I believe,'' she said, watching his a session closely, "that you are jeal-of Mr. Van Wenden, Q."

At which he suddenly, and to her. Springly, for she was well accusted to his mask, burned fiery red, and cheek and forehead under his tall tan.

Till bid you good-afternoon, Miss accombe, he said, and left her ing altogether abushed. eres smarted dry under his lids his throat ached cruelly. She

makin' a mock of my feelin's for he put it to himself; "makin' a when I haven't spoken to her in ways but friendiness." That was thart and dimmed his image of her athletes thining crescent moon above his before trees, that, when he practiced by day his iron self-control, keep-to the plans he had laid down, dying, how hard nobody knew, to be the plans to the plans he had laid down, dying, how hard nobody knew, to be the plans of speaking to her of his love, like some cheap town girl, could have the plans of the air that the plans of the plans of the most latent him with one of the most latent him with one of the most to taunt him with one of the most the and inevitable of his pangs. Q even yet begun to realize the iming weight of convention that about Heloise Grinscoombe's neck, think from what a conscious eight she doled him out her small could not know that in admitting all to the manor precincts upon friends she was granting him in an mind so much that there was

argin left for smaller generosihe had, as Katrina expressed de a perfectly devastating hit,"

so that even Mrs. Fayre was angling openly for him, had, of course, its due value. Heloise among her circle enjoyed the pride of the bear trainer. She was aware of the silent, graceful beauty and the laughter-provoking originality of her savage, and vain of her power over him; but she held her trainer's whip always ready in her cruel right hand. This—except when at moments, under his eyes, all the insignificant trappings of her soul fell from it and she felt a deep mysterious waver, a fluttering as though a fortress shook. It was that profound confusion, visible more often than she knew, that kept him a prisoner of hope. To a man of his type and experience, the life he now led was galling to every fiber. His hours of study exhausted him, his social experiences bewildered him. He had always practiced self-control; it had been a necessity of his existence, but a million little nerves that had necessity

been a necessity of his existence, but a million little nerves that had never been teased into consciousness were now daily stung and twisted. Great space, great loneliness, the rare and humorous speech of round-up and range, the quaint nosing ways of pony friends, the snowpeaks, rose-tipped, iron-gray, or purple as goblets filled with wine, the later analysis of the state of the same ways trailed to the same ways t Ittite man, exercising delicately ross the heavens, pointing the sonwpeaks, ross-tipped, iron-gray, or snowpeaks, ross-tipped, iron-gray, or purple as goblets filled with wine, the health or heaven and mysterious discoursed in a spinning universe. The knew all at once his vast significance in a spinning universe, and the mysterious comfort of unportance. They lay in the grass on heir backs and from science was born eli backs and from science was born silosophy. The Earthworm discoursed scinatingly of myths and origins. In the retentive emptiness the cowboy's ignorance. Ah hismical sense was born suddenly in him, were after that evening was he in any he sense of the word an ignorant in. The races that had watched those lean constellations move, that had itend names to their glittering shapes bear and scorpion and lyre, became if remained living and real to him, heat they turned back that night, Q, the he poet, felt "chilly and grown it is brain had stretched itself to powerfully than Mr. Grinsmbe's unaccustomed legs. Q left little man at his door, still flouring cane and tongue, ready to entain disciples until dawn. There a light in Mary's window, and Q, as light in Mary's window, and Q, and glown, all lighted from within, relieved surprise.

He went back to Room 90, elated and the leaves of fire moved about her curly locking across the tuble at his school-marm, who was threading a needle defity, leaning close to the lamp so that threads of fire moved about her curly large and the more than the couldn't sleen. What

ting down, all lighted from within, relieved surprise.

He went back to Room 90, elated and saked. He couldn't sleep. What ere was in the world to know, to leve, to ponder! What wisdom in little old shaky head with its tribant sliver crest! "And I was sakin' I could help an old drunk—i" There were depths of humility that "me" which O's pride of a don't undergroud O interpretation.

Mary looked up from her needle. "I don't understand, Q, just what you

quick glance.
"No, ma'am," he said earnestly.
"you're the most comfortable lady I
ever knowed, and common."
For an instant Mary was startled,
then translated the term into its correct

Western usunge and glowed. "Thank you Q. I like being that."

"Yes, ma'am. You had ought to. Commonness is awful scarce in Sluy-penkill. There's folks that are real low-down and there's an awful lot of re-finement, but mighty little com-monness. Say, ain't Mrs. Stopper's crowd re-fined, now?"

crowd re-fined, now?"

"Yes," Mary twinkled over her sewing, "they are—frightfully. How do you get to know so many people, Q?"

"I don't rightly savvy, ma'am. Jest by holdin' my tongue, I figure. I'm the only human in Sluypenkill that'll do any listenin'. Folks are clean loco tryin' to get a hearin'. When I have get my edication I ain't agoin' to be half got my edication I ain't agoin' to be half o popular."
"What woman was it that made the

ilstake of seeing through you?" Mary

He gave her no direct reply.
"Lots of folks," he said, "cries for the moon, but almighty few's willin to

"I have found out somethin' about an edication, ma'am," he went on—and for the first time she saw the strained about his mouth that Heloise looked at unseeingly so oftenain't to be had rightly out of books. You are doing the very best you can, ma'am, but I reckon it's too late for ma'am, but I recken it's too late for me. The kind of edication that counts atween a man and woman is somethin' different, and if I was to talk as the history and geography there is and straight as a dictionary and knowed all spoked languages and played on the Mr. Van Wenden hus come all the from that sweltering city. Q. so ference was to the curly "Pom," who would have been surprised by it—"it to take him into the garden and wouldn't rightly help me any. When take him into the garden and wouldn't rightly help me any. When me leed tea. You may come, if you come right down to it, it's got to be somethin' deeper than that.'

She saw his hand clench and his face lose its color. There was real anguish in his eyes. Her heart swelled to her

"Dear Q." she said, "you have itthat deeper thing."

He looked at her as though in the

midst of his apparent composure he had lost the power of speech.

"You want your education"—she asked softly—"for that?"

He nodded, and his eyes, after their strange and beautiful fashton, deepened and opened inwardly, until she saw his heart.

most pittful, most understanding. It made him wince. He turned away and sat looking ahead of him. She watched his profile—a bronze bas-relief against the lighter tint of the wall. It would not only the highest him to be supported by the same of the same of the wall. the lighter tint of the wait. It would not quiver, but it seemed to sharpen.

She searched her very soul for comfort and encouragement for him.

"She—she would have to be blind if the couldn't love you. O."

he couldn't love you, Q. He shook his head, still staring in front of him. "Loving," said Mary, putting down

her work and holding it below the table edge with hands that shook, "goes decier than education, Q. It's a man and woman thing, you know. At that he turned to her as though she had kindled a sudden torch.
"That's what she said once," he mur-mured; "that's what I'm holdin' fast

Mary was, at heart, a mother, and that she had found the medicine for his hurt comforted her own rarely. Her spirit sang because now she knew how to help him. Q, looking at her, saw a beauty that had been altogether denied to his childhood shining in her small face. He had an impulse to kneel down and put his head on her knees so that the comfort of her hands might hover over him. The little room was filled with an exquisite human silence. Mr. Grinscoombe, looking up from his colume, contemplated them as through

telescope from Mars. CONTINUED TOMORROW THE GUMPS—Round One—Old Timer Gets a Day Out NOW LIETEN TO ME YOU



AND ILL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, OLD MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS- WIFE -IF I GO OUT OF THAT HOUSE LIKE IT WAS AFIRE YOU'LL BE A HOP AHEAD OF ME -I'M STRONGER AROUND THERE THAN YOU ARE - AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE - WHEN I TAKE ORDERS IT'S GOING TO BE FROM A GENERAL- NOT A PRIVATE-THE BLAVE -

By Sidney Smith

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Saved! Registered U. S. Patent Office WELL MAME, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE TO PITCH OUR CAMP. LET'S SMOOP HERE THEY ARE . I GOT A DOZEN VENUS, QUICK! WHERE NILL STAY GOLLY: AT THE FIVE AND TEN -WITH THE ARE THE HEAD-NETS BLACK FLIES SIX BLONDE AND SIX 00-00 I TOLD YOU TO DARK. ROUND A BIT AND FIND A GET ? MOMMER! NICE LEVEL PLACE. · \* > 11010.00 A E-HAYMARD - P Orgaz by Public Ledger Co

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the Vice President of the United States has nothing much to do but preside over the sessions of the House of Representatives.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG WOU FELLERS IS GOIN THEM WOODS A SECRET THERE'S A THERE. IN A A DET AUSTRALIAM THERE'S & REWARD OF ALIVER OF FOR HIM, DEAD OR ALIVER I JUST THOUGHT ID TELL YOU KIN DE SURE YOUR



