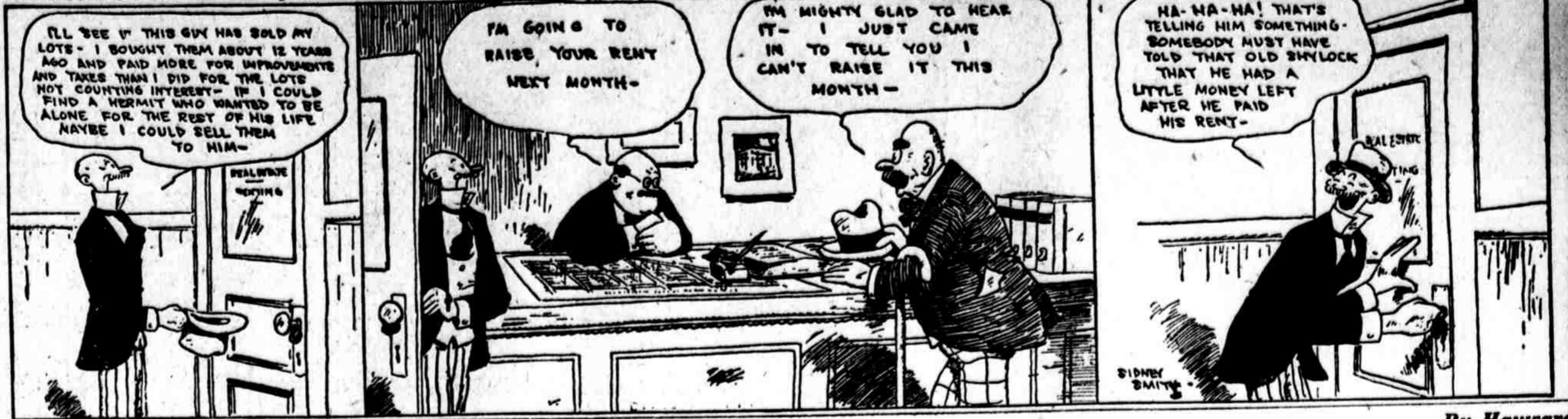
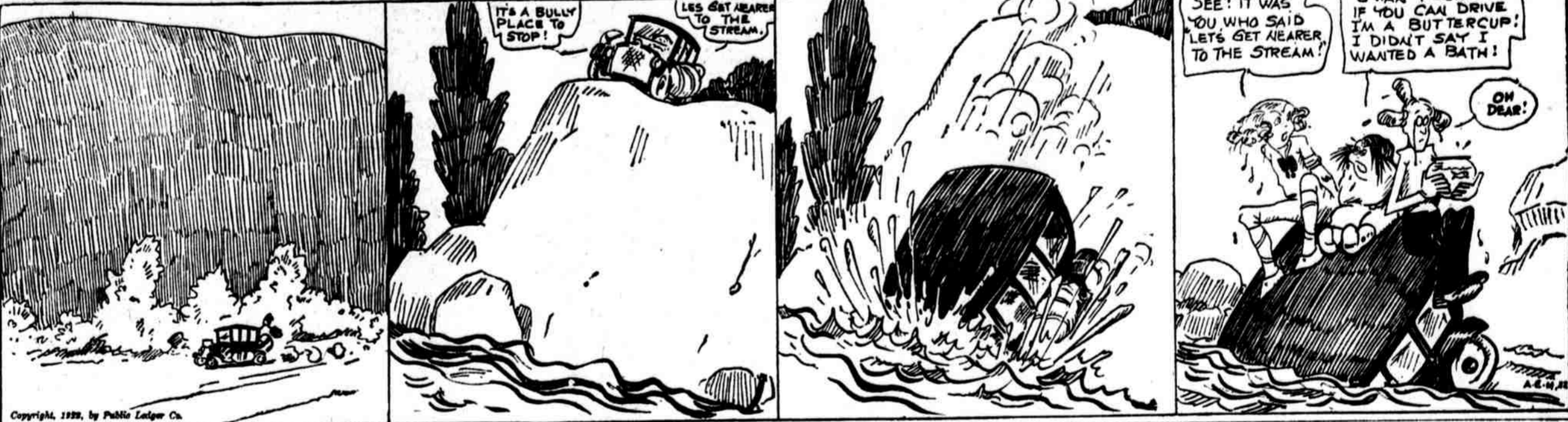


THE GUMPS—That's Beating 'Em to It, Kid



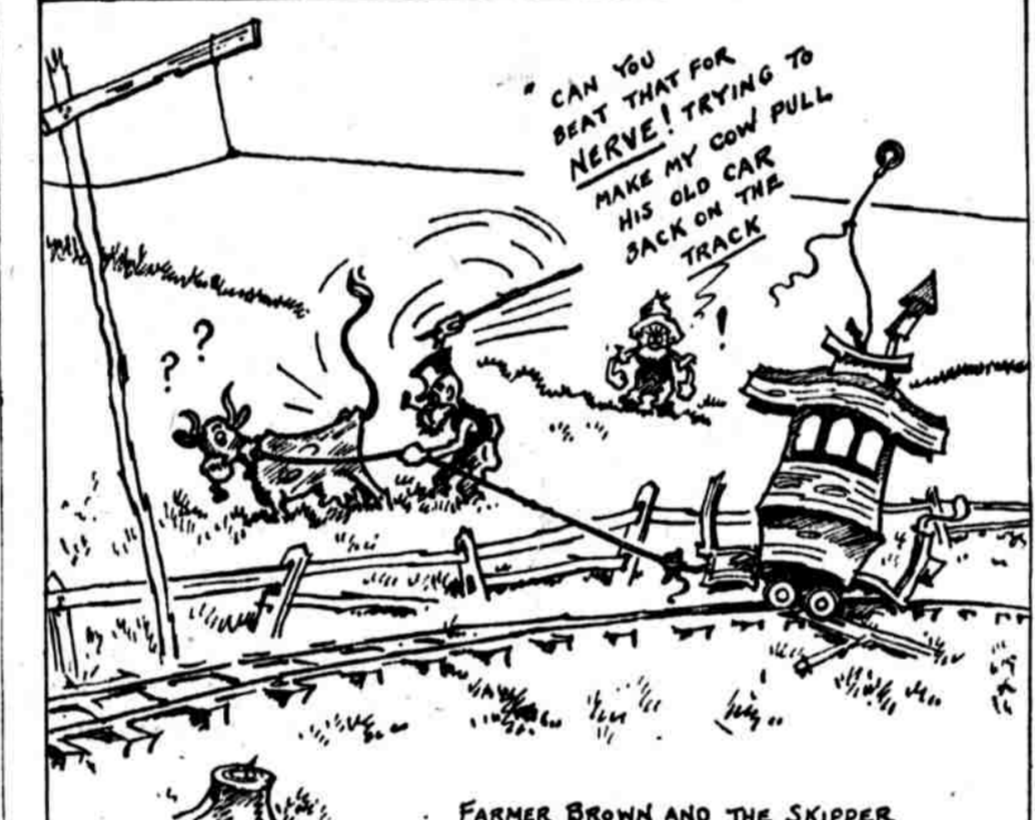
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—It Was a Bully Place to Stop



The Young Lady Across the Way



THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



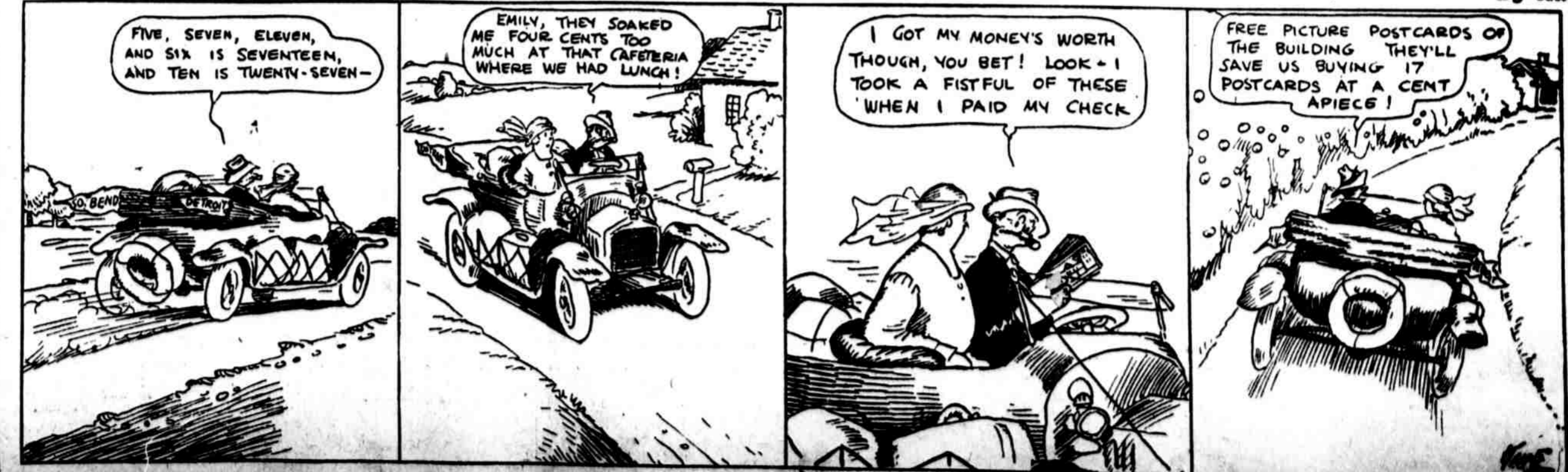
SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—The Accident Is the Easy Part



GASOLINE ALLEY—A Penny Saved, You Know



How's Brisk Westerner Startles a Sleepy New York Town

MARY wondered why her heart stood still. Then she understood and was angry with herself. If Q were really "awful rich," he would not be the towers and walls of Grinscombbery, which she fancied impregnable to his knight-errantry, he shaken before his lance? A great fortune—that would go far toward softening the hardness of Miss Seld's opposition, of Heloise's young wildness. An ungrammatical man remains forever among the unforgivable. But how could a generous heart sink in knowing that Q had a chance of winning his desire? Mary convicted herself and passed judgment. Then with a smile more winning than she could have imagined, she held out her hand across the table to Q.

He had leaned back in his chair and his face was masked with a rather pale smile. He had fixed his eyes upon her in the through-gazing fashion that distinguished them, and Mary felt that all her motives and impulses were bitterly exposed. "Please go on with your lessons, Q," she cried out an instant later. "Just a minute, ma'am. You said you was botherin' about money. If you was a right sensible young woman, you wouldn't be doin' any more of that."

He was white when he stood up and moved to the instrument like a sleep-walker. In his ear came the swift, impetuous voice that had so injured him. "Can you come out this afternoon at four o'clock?—it's important."

Mary hid her pathetic smile. She knew so well that his pen would prove as impotent a gold-digger as could well be faithful, but she gallantly supported her determination and together they outlined a possible series of articles on education, concerning the ultimate success of which they managed to convince themselves quite correctly. The article was completely forgotten and by the tea-hour they were busy, brisk, soberly cheerful people—Mary pouring tea with steadiness, though her eyes still showed traces of her stormy weeping.