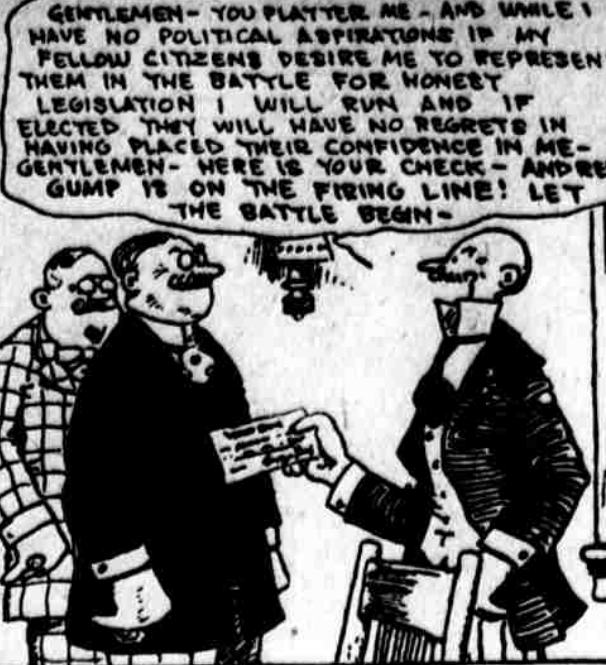
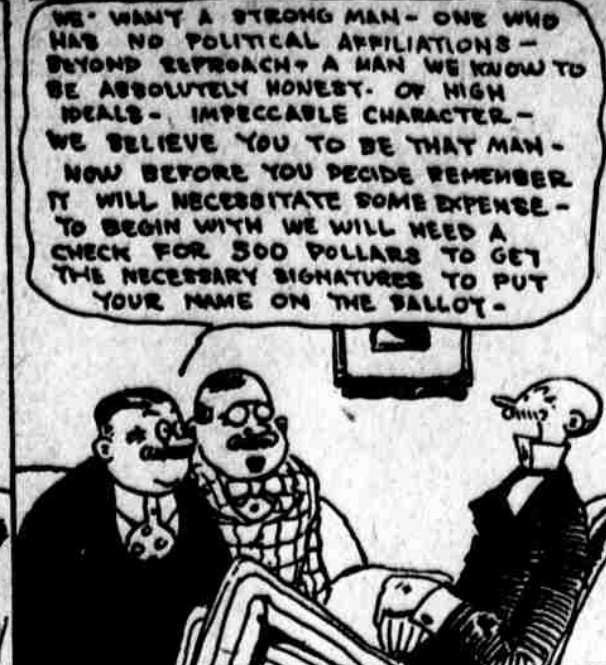
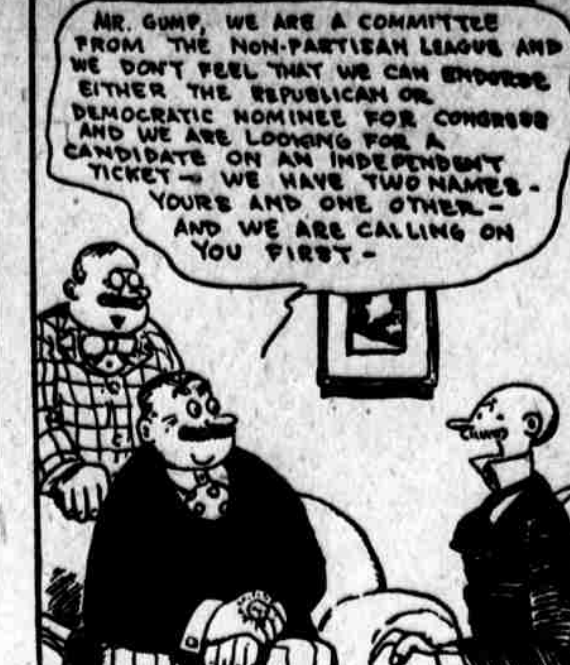


By Katharine Newlin Burt
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WHO'S WHO IN "Q"
Q's name is Q. T. Kinsyden, a high
school senior, who has been chosen to
represent his school in the annual
election of the student body. He is
a very popular fellow, and his
election is a foregone conclusion.
He is planning to marry
Miss Heloise Grinscombe, who is
a very beautiful girl, and who is
also a high school senior. She is
the daughter of a wealthy family,
and her father is a member of the
board of directors of the school.
She is planning to marry
Mr. Selds, who is a very successful
business man, and who is also a
member of the board of directors
of the school. He is planning to
marry Miss Heloise Grinscombe,
who is a very beautiful girl, and
who is also a high school senior.

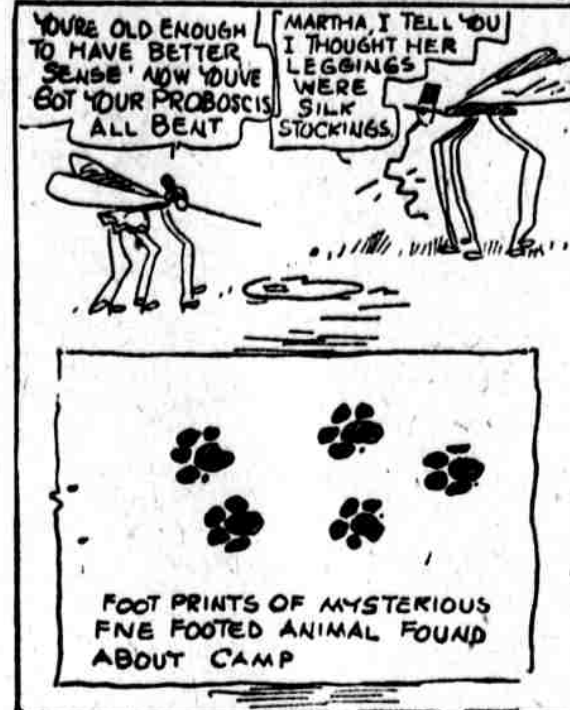
Whip Hand
HELOISE turned and could have
heavily echoed his curse. Q was
coming along between the hedges, tall
and trim and graceful. She wished him
thousand miles away. She knew now
that to satisfy her craving for experi-
ence, she must play out this Ferd game
to the last dangerous move. Q's coming
was a postponement, perhaps a respite.
He motioned soothingly to Ferd, "I
want for him on purpose," she
said, at which he propped back to his
place and drained his glass at one
breathless draught.
While Ferd drained his glass, Miss
Selds Grinscombe, in the very large,
well-ordered bedroom that had been her
father's and mother's, moved slowly
about, raising off her light dress, and
changing from black silk blouse and
skirt to a sheer gown of gray batiste.
The room was closely shaded from the
outer heat and the light breeze
pouring steadily through the Venetian
blinds. It was almost cool. The old
clean heavy chintz curtains, looped
back, were lavender in tint, as were the
draperies of the enormous four-poster
bed, the covering of the lounge, and
the cushions of the stiff mahogany chair.
The rug was purplish blue. In the
large mirrors, of which there were
several in the room, this dim gray-
purple space with its tall occupant made
many mysterious, ghostly reflections.
Miss Selds, with her dark-gray hair
in a bun, her dress, seemed far less solid
than the huge bureaus and wardrobes.
She swam about as a fish swims dimly in
a grotto among large rocks.
Having completed her toilet, she sat
down before the smaller of the two
bureaus and fastened a bracelet on her
narrow wrist. The tortoise-shell clock
that matched her brushes and boxes and
trays signaled to her with slender hands
that it was five o'clock. She was tired.
The early part of the afternoon had
been spent at a directors' meeting down
at the Mills, where Miss Selds had
been hard put to it in the defense of
Mr. Fadden. The protests against his
management of the Mills Hospital
had, it seemed, sudden and unlooked
upon themselves a new and startling life
and vigor. They had had weight and per-
sistency. Not since the lawyer she had
engaged in his defense several years
before had so effectively charged the
physician had there been any such
outrageous attack against him. She
was now told of proven mistakes, negli-
gences that could not be duplicated and
overlooked. The workmen had sent in
a formal demand for his removal, for a
thorough investigation of hospital con-
ditions. Such a removal would be, for
anything she might do, a death-blow to
his practice in Sluypenkill. No in-
fluence the Grinscombers might bring
to bear could save Dr. Selds, once his
honorable and indolent resignation had
been admitted by the directors and the board.
Miss Selds had said what she dared in
Selds' defense, not too much, not
enough, probably, to prevent unpleasant
deteriorations. She thought now that
she would go downstairs and write
a forceful letter to Mr. Graham. She
must, of course, do something. The
old lady of her own face, and her mis-
treated spirit dully. She looked up from
the fastening of her bracelet and met
in the mirror her own staring gray
eyes, and her heart missed its beat.
"Is the face of a coward," Miss
Selds made comment, and wondered for
a minute if, after thirty-nine long
years of going softly, it might not be
safe to fling aside the old ugly precau-
tion.
She would like for the rest of her
life to draw free breath.
Instead, she must in a few minutes
meet her tyrant, the indolent, soft-
tempered tyrant that, without so much
as a woken threat, had enveloped her
whole life with a weight that she
thought sometimes must have dragged
her down from even a semblance of self-
respect. Perhaps he had heard of the
increased ill-feeling at the Mills and
was coming to prod her championship.
Miss Selds, setting her lips together and
staring her look, wished him dead.
She was one of the women who, in
more adaptable days, would have carried
their poison in a ring. At the summons
of a maid, however, she stood up,
natched a handkerchief in pungent
cologne, and went downstairs to greet
Selds in the drawing room.
This was where Heloise and her
friends had one merry evening tonated
marshmallows, a room at once more in-
formal and vastly more impressive than
the glided neighbor across the hall. All
the sober browns and duns were now
softened by a broad afternoon light
pouring steadily through four long
windows, through which the green and
river were visible in bands of green and
silver. The air was moted and still;
outside the locusts were in full-bodied,
droning song. Dr. Selds stood with his
back to the flood of light and looked
to his hostess a solid mass edged with
fire.
He said, the instant she came in,
"I have come on rather an unpleasant
errand," and because this was unlike
his usual indirectness and suavity, Miss
Selds felt dismay.
"Shall I ring for tea?" she asked
doubtfully, and he considered the re-
quest for a full minute, blowing
out his lips.
And he believed not, thank you, Selds.
Then they seated themselves, Miss
Selds drawing a curtain between her
eyes and the hot light.
"Must you be unpleasant, William?"
she asked unsmilingly. "I've had a
very tiring meeting. All sorts of dis-
agreements came up—and I believe that
as the owner of the Mills, my
personal influence is not quite so strong
as it used to be. William"—she
looked straight at him and held her
self very still—"you should try to
minimize the prejudice that exists
against you. I am not sure myself that
you have been either very efficient or
dutiful in your management of the
hospital. It is not fair to rely upon
William to palliate your neglect."
William's facial expression suffered
a momentary dissolution through pins
of light so that it went into flabbiness
and disarrangement. He spread it out
again by one inner measurement.
"At least," he said, waving her
and feeling along his thin trousers,

THE GUMPS—Come On, Let's Go!



By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Close-Up of "Camp Cam O'Flage"



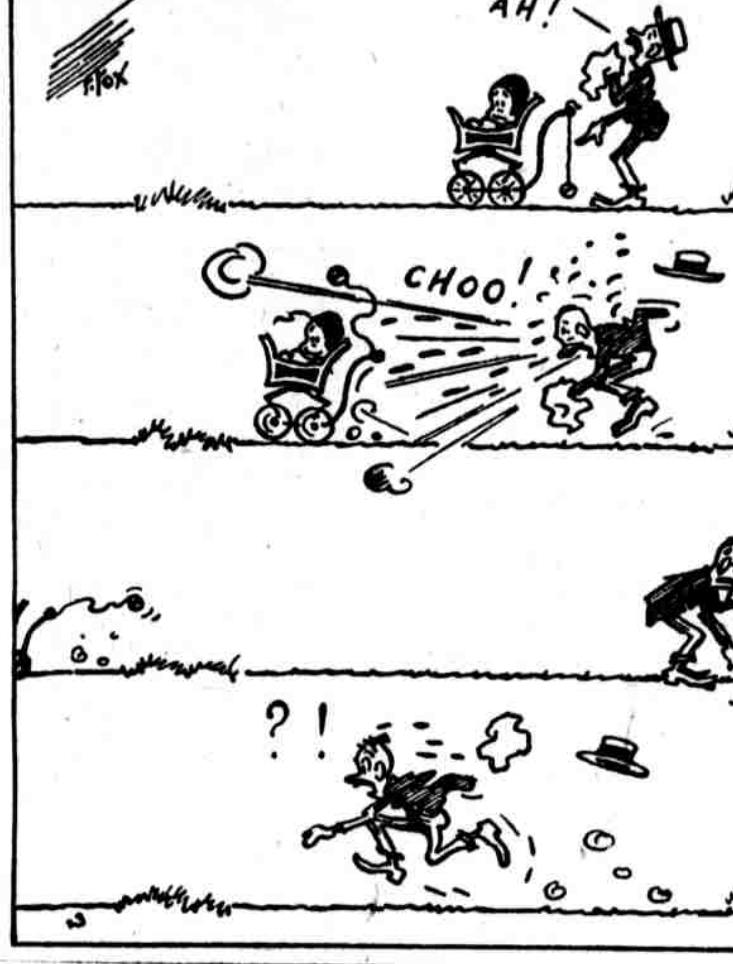
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By Hayward

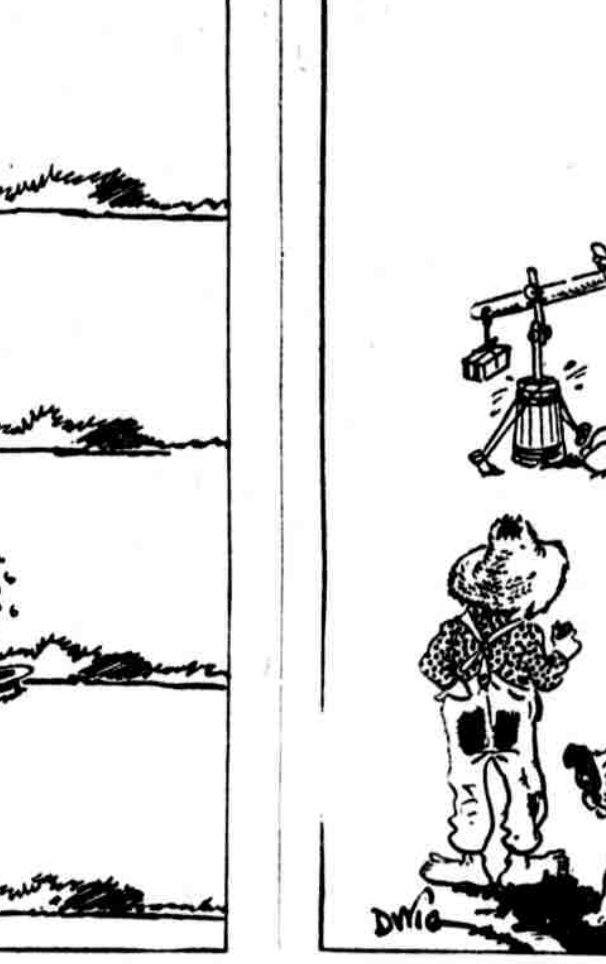
The Young Lady Across the Way



Dad's Hay Fever Hit Him While He Was Wheeling the Baby



SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG



PEETEY—Solid Ivory



By C. A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—Heavy Mail Today



By King

CONTINUED TOMORROW