How a Brisk Startles a

9 9By Katharine Newlin Burt

Mary or Heloise? Which Should Win Unusual Hero?

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WHO'S WHO IN "Q"

C-Real name Q. T. Kinwydden, a brish cow-puncher, diamond in the rough who comes to a sleepy Eastern town to impose his descient education. He is chivalrous and intelligent, though unlitered. He plans to marry lettered. He plans to marry lettered the plans to marry lettered while acting as her ouide. She is sayed while acting as her ouide. She is taken with his naivete and virility. But she is involved with preprinted the property of the pr WHO'S WHO IN "Q"

taken with his nature and virtury. Dat taken with his involved with she is involved with she is involved with perplinance for Heloise. BRDINAND FADDEN, a dominating millionaire, who is married, but filled with passion for Heloise. BRY GRINSCOOMBE, Heloise's cousin, a charming gril, of rich character and rips widdom. Her father, a gentle, unpractivition. Her father, a gentle, unpractivition. Her father, a gentle, unpractivition of the father, has been disowned for marrying out of his class. She teaches to add to their income, and O becomes one of her pupils.

MISS GRINSCOOMBE, aunt of the girls, who gives a home to Heloise, but ignores where, She is aristocratic, but this does not grevent her being under the thumb of not grevent her being under the thumb of stales, a fat, indolent physician, who

not prevent her octob under the traum of prevent her octob under the traum of the evil influence in the life of the community. He has been quilty of neglecting patients, and Q has sworn vengence against him.

DR. SALES, Jr., who has helped Q out in an embarrassment. He loves

sophie, a waitress, to whom Q has been kind, which fact has caused possip.

Miss Selda Uses the Knife

HEDID sit down and looked thought-He seemed entirely cool and armored. Neither of them, after this, glanced at Sales, who, however, had turned and was frankly enjoying the spectacle of Q's humiliation.

Now that she had steeled herself to using the knife, Miss Selda had deter-mined to use it conclusively. She stared at Q as she spoke, and her lips moved more rapidly than usual. "Now, without meaning to hurt you

must confess that, in my opinion Mr. Kinwydden, you have taken an unfair advantage of my indulgence. I gave you credit, perhaps, for more scute perception and greater delicacy than would be at all natural for any

one with your history." "So I bev got a history!" Q murmured with unimpaired gentleness. "I would be glad to hint, but I see

show you by inference where I set the limits to your acquaintanceship with my niece, but now I see that I must be friend, you are not-frankly-acceptable as a suitor for Heloise. She would be amused at your pretensions if she could to countenance such a purpose. You Heloise. are a man of no education, no family, he will wait for any further—disno breeding, no fortune. It can only, missais." more painful experience than this one. It is easier for you to hear this plain speaking from me than to hear it eventually from her. My dear Q, already you are making her and me the laughing-stock of the place. I shall certainly not allow Heloise to be talked of or laughed about. You have other friends, more suitable, in the town, other far more accessible sweethearts. There I have certainly spoken pfainly. I have certainly spoken pfainly. I have certainly spoken pfainly. I have said, of course, a great deal more than enough. It has been painful to me. I had to make the lesson thorough and final. I am sure that you will never transgress the unwritten laws of hospitality in just this way again. You will probably go back to the West a wiser and soberer young man. Keep to your own kind, my dear Q; that's where your happiness and comfort lie. And I do sincerely wish you all the haminess in the world." She start thinking and with an effort calmed herself. She seemed to dismiss Q for the moment.

"I am not sentimental, Aunt Selda," she began composedly enough. "You ought to know better. And I never cared a penny really about Mary, until I met her. Now I can't help caring. It's a case for common justice. I have everything and she has nothing. And yet she is as close a relation to you as I am. And she's so much finer. Mary is—well, there's something great about her."

"So that you would like to play the Lady Bountiful to her, as well as to Q. You have a gift for condescension, Lelo. I've often noticed it."

The phrases stung the girl's tenderest vanities and she moved quickly toward

And I do sincerely wish you all the happiness in the world." She stopped for a moment, the velvet hand moved up and down as she swallowed con-She was remembering the smile he had shed upon her when she had asked him for his help, when she ad admitted and approved his love for lleloise. Astonishingly, in quite the same fashion he now smiled at her. She hurried on. "I want now to say good-by and to tell you how sorry I am that our delightful talks are over, that I won't see you again at the Manor. I will explain all this to Heloise." At the end of this speech, Q rose and, with a smile, he spoke to Dr. Sales. "You have the whip hand, doc," he

sid, bowed gravely and was gone.
Startled by the cool abruptness of speech and act, they stood and listened his quick departing footsteps down the hall, across the veranda, crunching the gravel, silenced on the lawn. Then Dr. Sales, pale, moved his eyes un-usily from the curtains Q's broad ulders had set swinging, to Miss Selda. She was bent in her chair; her head had fallen so far forward that he wald see only her chin below the gray bands of her hair. Her fingers clutched the arms of her chair. They were like caws. From head to foot, she trembled valley.

It was the acme of her long hu-miliation.

Grinscoombery

"What did you do with Q?" Heloise's what did you do with Q: Heloise's stift young voice flashed almost visibly kross the twilight darkness of the room where Miss Selda still sat. Sunset had tone and when the darkness of the room where had been seld as the seld state. ome and gone, the afterglow had risen from floor to ceiling and had faded at as though under a fine sifting of tray dust. The locust voices droned adlessly. There began to be a faint matle of tired leaves as a breeze sprang up from the ruffled leaden river. Lelo followed her first question with mother, more doubtfully keyed. "Are mother, more doubtfully keyed. "Are outsill here. Aunt Selda?"
"I am still here. Don't light any-

ling. It has been so hot. "Aunt Selda—where is Q?"
"He has gone."

Heloise stood before her aunt, trying see more clearly the white, narrow and of her face, which looked like a ale mask with two black holes.

"I have sent him away for good—
or his own good, probably. I told
him that I did not consider him an aceptable suitor for you. Heloise; that beither his birth, education, nor history "Aunt Selda"." Aunt Selda !

The narrow hand on the thin arm was lifted like an ivory hand on the mid of a stick. Don't raise your voice. lease! Did you intend to marry Q. P. Kinwydden, Helolse?" But—Aunt Selda—this is so dra-

hatic—so ridiculous. I had no plans at all about Q. He is my friend—I—I promised him my friendship."

Was that what he wanted, Hel-

"Oh, I think so. Yes. You know that men are. They want whatever say can get, of course. But Q! I say the say the say the say that get thinking what you have done to him. And always before you've been so kind to him. He must have thought you were his friend. Why. Its were you have such great were-you and he-such great

I don't form great friendships with check Q now than later. You won't I must.

Her face, with lips and cheeks vivid though they had been painted, grew of the dusk to Miss Selda's vision. sirl, so cool and languid and de-

tached, had been stung out of her in-difference, dangerously stung. Miss Selda stirred uneasily in her

high-backed chair.
"You are rash in your promises of friendship, Heloise."

This recalled to Heloise Grins-coombe another promise. "I think I am old enough to choose my own friends, Aunt Selda. Other girls nowadays are not kept under such minute control." She laughed angrily. "Q says you have me whip-broke. I think he means I'm a coward; I am no coward."

"Never be that!" Miss Selda spoke

charply.

Heloise moved to one of the windows. The breeze blew her sheer dress back against her body; the faint lingering lights of the summer darkness just revealed her, gold and white and

green.

"I promised my friendship to my cousin, Mary Grinscoombe," she said without turning, "but I have been too much of a coward to keep my word."

Miss Selda stood up, walked to the wall, and switched on the light.

"Where have you seen your cousin, Mary Grinscoombe?" There was no sign of weakness in her voice and carriage now, she was very angry and very formidable. Heloise turned and showed a face strained with fright, and blinking, rebellious eyes.

blinking, rebellious eyes.

"The day I cut Q's wrist I took him into a house where Dr. Sales' car was standing. And it was my Uncle Henry's house and Mary opened the door." The memory of that small proud person diverted Lelo from her panic. "But you don't know Mary. Aunt Selda—she—she's splendid!"

"She must be."

"Truly. You'd love her. She's so intelligent, so bred!"
Again, and more dryly, "She must be," said Miss Selda.
Lelo's temper rose. It was a Grins-

Lelo's temper rose. It was a Grins-

coombe temper, a pampered one,
"Why shouldn't she be? She's your
own brother's daughter!"
"The daughter of a drunkard and
the housemaid—he seduced."
Heloise put her hands over her ears.
She had never here told Herry Cline She had never been told Henry Grins-coombe's history. Seeing that her aunt that binting fails. I have tried to was speaking again, she took down her hand, and, going to a sofa, sat facing her with tight lips and scarlet cheeks. So she listened to a cold, clear recital sleet, but now I see that I must be of the events the preceded Henry's brutally explicit. My dear young disinheritance.

"Have you ever seen your Uncle Henry? One such sight ought to be enough."

"Y-es. I have seen him. I think understand them—as I have slowly come to understand them. Your purpose in coming to the Manor, I am really forced to believe, has been to win the affection of you, my dear. It's just as well I have dismissed him."

if it goes on, lead you to some far "Oh, Aunt Selda! What did you say more painful experience than this one. to him?" Heloise wailed.

The phrases stung the girl's tenderest vanities and she moved quickly toward the door, "I a now," she said. "I am going to see Mary now," she said.
"You don't suppose I shall allow you

to take the car for such a purpose!"
"Very well, I'll walk."
"Heloise!" The narrow hands were

ifted and fell, their gesture accompanied by an incredulous, exasperated note of laughter. "Oh, go by all means! A five-mile walk on a hot evening-no dinner, a late and lonely trip home! that should take some of the condescension out of you. Your temper may carry you as far as the gate. If it takes you any farther, it will make a of you, and that is usually a beneficial experience. You will find yourself involved in considerable discomfort, and you will do Mary a very ill turn with me.'

Poor Little Lamb!

"What do you mean? You have never done her a good turn, have you? Never intended to do anything for her?"
"It is not your business, of course, my dear, but, in justice to myself, I will tell you that at various times I have lent my brother rather large sums through the agency of Dr. Sales.

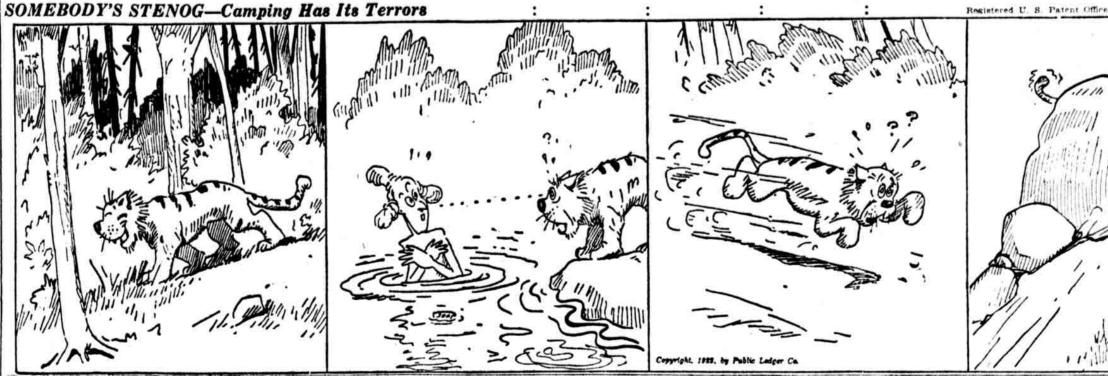
"You mean that Mary thinks he "Yes, that he has lent them."

"How perfectly insufferable for her to be under obligations to that man!" Mis; Selda flinched, and Heloise, snatching up a wide hat as she went, darted out into the dusk. Anger gave a spurring vigor to her steps. were five miles to her trained young muscles! In Aunt Selda's youth, walking was an unaccustomed exertion, but Aunt Selda did not belong to the swimming, golf-and-tennis-playing, dancing generation with which Heloise had been trained to compete. She walked freely with a tall, lithe swing, and anger made her unconscious of her speed. She was in revolution, a red riot of revolution, and she gloried in her new sensations. She would dine with her Uncle Henry, and she would telephone to Q and see him at Mary's house. She would do the free, fine, courageous with the name, her feet faltered and her first speed slacked. She thought of Ferdinand for half an hour without pause, and the night, with its stars and its heat, the dust of the road-side, the faint rushing of the river, became the sultry surging of his passion

oppressive, exciting, dangerous, impossible to clean fulfillment. If Aunt Selda—here Heloise smiled the small smile of Sir Sydney Griuscoombe—had guessed, she would not so summarily have dismissed Q. The watch-dog had have dismissed Q. The watch-dog had been driven away just as the wolf gathered himself to spring! Poor watch-dog! Or poor wolf! Or—perhaps—poor little lamb! Heloise laughed aloud at her own rhetorical interpre-tations of her predicament. She wondered what her arch-eyed cousin Mary would think of all this confusion of feeling, the deep-down, smothered, willfully ignored bitterness of a past wound. the heat of a present temptation, the the heat of a present temptation, the mysterious waver of her heart toward Q, who, for all his grim strength, was as clean as a mountain wind. The chained, hewildered, struggling heart of the girl stilled itself suddenly as though by mention of him she had open. ed the heavy curtains of the night. tight-lipped, deep-eyed—he had been hart, and she was to blame. She had trapped him. What could she do with

ing moods. CONTINUED TOMORROW







The young lady across the way says their new car cost \$5250 a la



GER FLOWERS MIGHTLY SWEEDING VOULD INTO HER WINDOW AND FONDLY HISS HER . SLEEPING LISTEN TO THIS: NO HARRY, I AM SORRY TO TELL YOU THAT I DO NOT- LOVE YOU. HEART BELONES GOOD BYE ANOTHER. FOREVER. YOUR FRIEND

SCHOOL DAYS

By Hayward

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By DWIG

