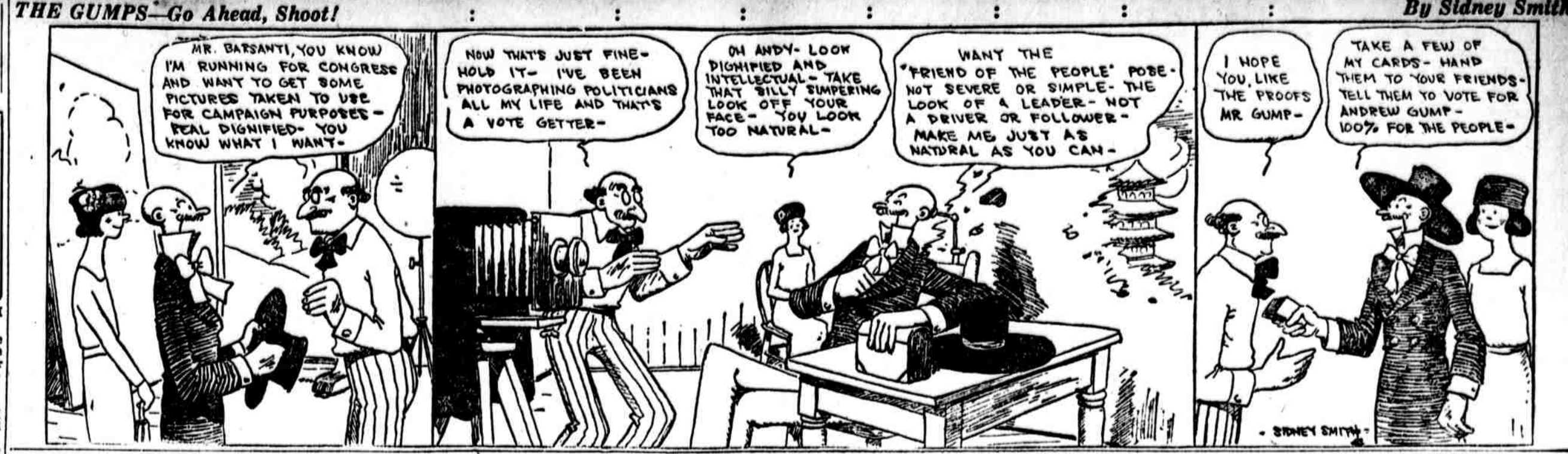


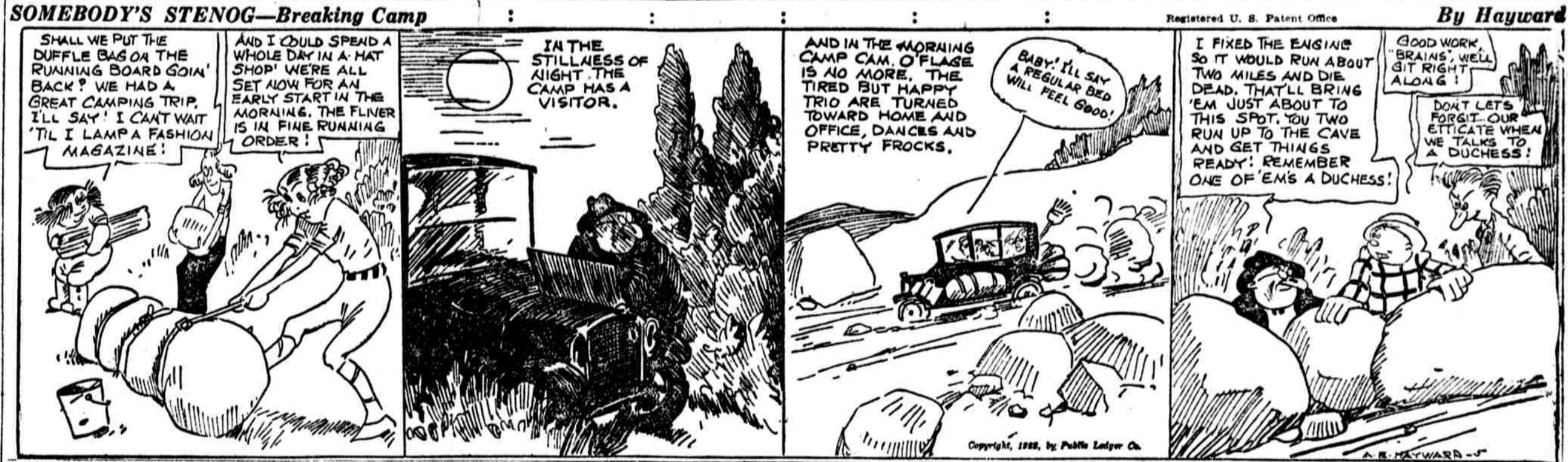
Who's Who in 'Q'
Newlin Burt
Copyright, 1922, by Katharine Burt
Copyright, 1922, by Katharine Burt

HE LET HIS TEACUP CRASH TO THE FLOOR
-at sight of the Mystery Girl
Why was Waring so shocked at being introduced to her?
Let CAROLYN WELLS lead you through the baffling plot of her new romance
"The Mystery Girl" BEGINS FRIDAY

THE GUMPS—Go Ahead, Shoot!
MR. BARSANTI, YOU KNOW I'M RUNNING FOR CONGRESS AND WANT TO GET SOME PICTURES TAKEN TO USE FOR CAMPAIGN PURPOSES—REAL DIGNIFIED—YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT—
NOW THAT'S JUST FINE—HOLD IT— I'VE BEEN PHOTOGRAPHING POLITICIANS ALL MY LIFE AND THAT'S A VOTE GETTER—
ON ANDY— LOOK DIGNIFIED AND INTELLECTUAL— TAKE THAT BILLY SUMPERING LOOK OFF YOUR FACE— YOU LOOK TOO NATURAL—
WANT THE "FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE" POBE— NOT SEVERE OR SIMPLE— THE LOOK OF A LEADER— NOT A DRIVER OR FOLLOWER— MAKE ME JUST AS NATURAL AS YOU CAN—
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE PROFS MR GUMP—
TAKE A FEW OF MY CARDS— HAND THEM TO YOUR FRIENDS— TELL THEM TO VOTE FOR ANDREW GUMP— 100% FOR THE PEOPLE—



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Breaking Camp
SHALL WE PUT THE DUFFLE BAG ON THE RUNNING BOARD GOIN' BACK? WE HAD A GREAT CAMPING TRIP. I'LL SAY I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL I LAMP A FASHION MAGAZINE!
AND I COULD SPEND A WHOLE DAY IN A HAT SHOP! WE'RE ALL SET NOW FOR AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING. THE FLINER IS IN FINE RUNNING ORDER!
IN THE STILLNESS OF NIGHT THE CAMP HAS A VISITOR.
AND IN THE MORNING CAMP CAM O' FLASE IS NO MORE— THE TIRED BUT HAPPY TRIO ARE TURNED TOWARD HOME AND OFFICE, DANCES AND PRETTY FROCKS.
BABY! I'LL SAY A REGULAR BED WILL FEEL GOOD!
I FIXED THE ENGINE SO IT WOULD RUN ABOUT TWO MILES AND DIE DEAD. THAT'LL BRING 'EM JUST ABOUT TO THIS SPOT, YOU TWO RUN UP TO THE CAVE AND GET THINGS READY! REMEMBER ONE OF 'EM'S A DUCHESS!
GOOD WORK, 'BRAINS', WELL GIT RIGHT ALONG!
DON'T LETS FORGET OUR ETTICATE WHEN WE TALKS TO A DUCHESS!



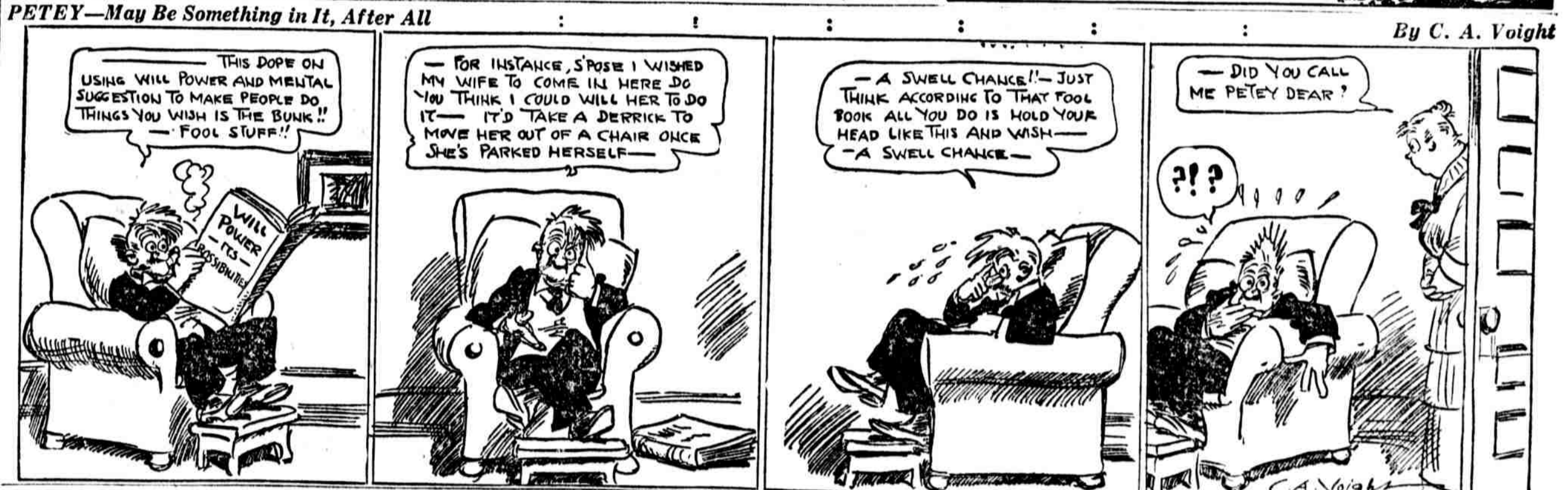
THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY
The atmosphere of a publishing house, still, spacious, leatherly, chilled all his nerves. He stood at a sort of barrier behind which gray, scholarly, old-young, young-old people moved without haste on various dignified errands, and at last he attracted the attention of a bald-headed young scholar with horn-rimmed spectacles.
"Say," murmured Q huskily, "I want to see your boss."
"Let me have your card," said Q meditatively, "I like small talk and straight layin' in the collar of your hand, don't it?"
And the clerk, being like many other clerks, an imprisoned poet, forced himself to smile at the magnificent Westerner's poetry, though to do so he had to grimace slightly. Sentiment bends often over the Tiffany counters, the clerks are fairly accustomed to it, but usually disguises itself decently in a song or banter or impersonal dignity; Q's poetry had stalked forth unslashed.
He had put his purchase carefully into an inner pocket, the same one that held the faded record of Miss Selda's passionate blunder, and then, knitting himself for battle, he sought out an address.
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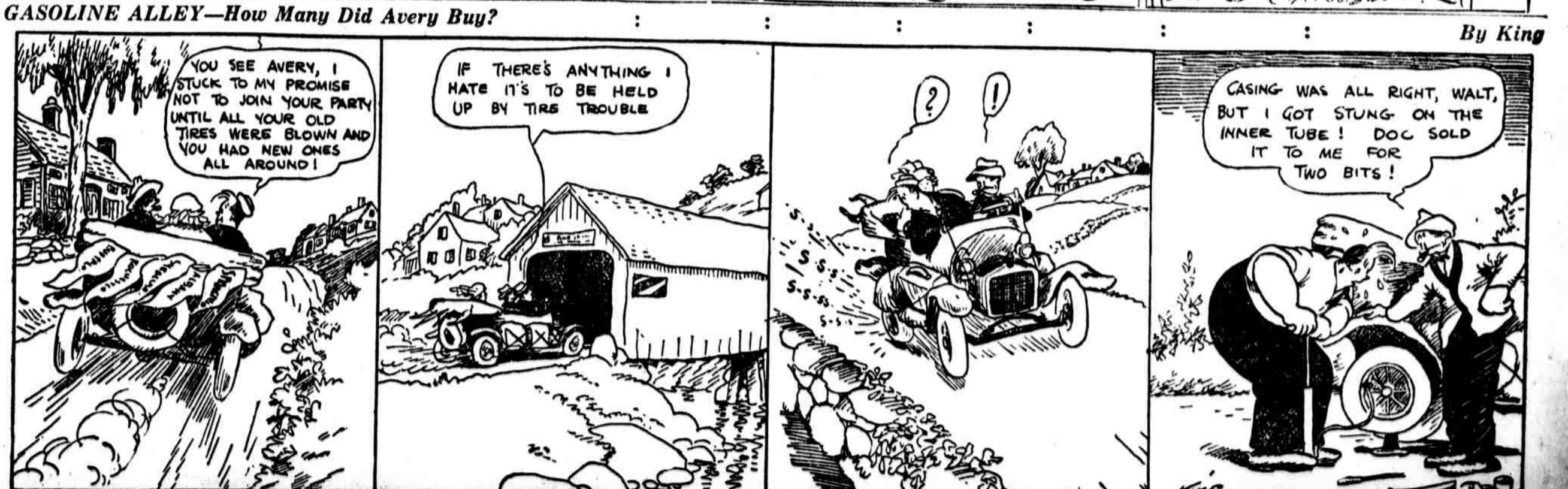
THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY
YEARS AND YEARS OF EXPERIENCE HAVE ENABLED THE SKIPPER TO KEEP THE CAR RUNNING UNDER CONDITIONS WHICH WOULD ABSOLUTELY PARALYZE ANY OTHER TRANSIT SYSTEM.
"THE RIGHT REAR WHEEL COME OFF AND THAT THERE IS TO KEEP HER BALANCED TILL I KIN REACH THE BLACKSMITH SHOP"



PETEY—May Be Something in It, After All
"THIS DOPE ON USING WILL POWER AND MENTAL SUGGESTION TO MAKE PEOPLE DO THINGS YOU WISH IS THE BUNK!!"
"FOOL STUFF!!"
"FOR INSTANCE, S'POSE I WISHED MY WIFE TO COME IN HERE DO YOU THINK I COULD WILL HER TO DO IT— IT'D TAKE A DERRICK TO MOVE HER OUT OF A CHAIR ONCE SHE'S PARKED HERSELF—"
"— A SWELL CHANCE!!— JUST THINK ACCORDING TO THAT FOOL BOOK ALL YOU DO IS HOLD YOUR HEAD LIKE THIS AND WASH—"
"— A SWELL CHANCE —"
"— DID YOU CALL ME PETEY DEAR?"



GASOLINE ALLEY—How Many Did Avery Buy?
"YOU SEE AVERY, I STUCK TO MY PROMISE NOT TO JOIN YOUR PARTY UNTIL ALL YOUR OLD TIRES WERE BLOWN AND YOU HAD NEW ONES ALL AROUND!"
"IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE IT'S TO BE HELD UP BY TIRE TROUBLE"



Continued Tomorrow