9 9By Katharine Newlin Burt pright, 1992, by Kath-ne Newlin Burt, Printed arrangement with Met-

Helgise? Which Should Win Unusual Hero?

New York Town

WHO'S WHO IN "Q"

Aleal name Q. T. Kinwyddon, a brisk on year diamond in the rough who consumers to a sleep Eastern town to imprece his deficient education. He is shipped to the plans to marry littles GRINSCOOMBE, a sophisticated and happy heiress, whose life he has seed while acting as her guide. She is the imprecent with his nativete and virility. But all it involved with the series with his nativete and virility. But all it involved with the series with his nativete and virility. But all it involved with years of the lose with the series with the series with the series of the lose and the series of the series o

Moonlight and Starlight

off LOOKS," said Q meditatively, "like moonlight and starlight layin" in the holler of your hand, don't it?" And the clerk, being, like many other derks, an imprisoned poet, forced himself to smile at the magnificent Westerner's poetry, though to do so he had t usually disguises itself decently in

house, still, spacious, leathery, chilled all his nerves. He stood at a sort of barrier behind which gray, scholarly, old-young, young-old people moved old-young, young-old people moved contained in the first three chapters into the form of an introduction, that the book itself begin with Chapter Four. errands, and at last he attracted the

He wrote it in pencil, and with it the now frankly grinning Goggles departed in the direction of the glass cage. Q stood for fifteen minutes and sat for fifteen more. He looked at the tables loaded with books and his heart sank. At last Goggles reappeared.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kinwydden, but Mr. Chiswick is very much occupied this afternoon. Perhaps."

"And I'm right sorry about that dinner. I'd mighty well like to come, but I've got to get back. "I—he felt the generous and plucky victim of his hold-up must have a convincing excuse—"I hev got to get a new ring to a lady," he said.

Chiswick found himself involved in elaborate congratulations.

Miss Selda.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kinwydden, but Mr. Chiswick is very much occupied this afternoon. Perhaps I could attend to your business."
"No, sir, I hev got to see the boss."
"I'm very sorry."
"When does your shop close?"
"Mr. Chiswick will be leaving at about five-thirty today."
Q looked at his watch,
"I'll wait," he said, and sat down to soll and light a cigarette. Goggles.

rell and light a cigarette. Goggles, sarcastic and temporarily baffled, withdrew behind tables to another glass cage, presumably his own. Q waited. A typist not far away smiled upon him and he dazzled her by his appreciative

return. Another clerk presently inquired his business, made a tentative effort to win into Mr. Chiswick's sanctuary, and came back to advise Mr.—er—er—to write down his business. "I don't suffer any from waitin'."
he explained sweetly, and again the ly repeated himself typist and he exchanged beautiful and

more intimate smiles.

By the time the lights came on, Q smoked his tenth eigarette and began to roll his eleventh. The typist sud-denly and impulsively rose. She went over to Chiswick's door and knocked smartly. There was something chivalsmartly. There was something chival-rous and dauntless in the carriage of the head. She remained for a long time in the cage; Q could see her shad-ow standing above some one and sway-ing eloquent y. When she came out, she came swiftly on glad feet. They brought her through a gate to Q, who rose and stepped on his eleventh ciga-rette.

Mr. Chiswick will see you," she little Mr. Chiswick, when disclosed behind

his desk, was a square brown man, neither old nor young, with slightly bare temples, nervous, dark eyes and a pleasant, though chary, smile. He leaned back in a swivel chair and lifted weary lids.

"Since you must see me, Mr. Kinwydden," he said, "please be as brief

ma possible.

The had a busy as I'd results a busy as I'd results a busy as I'd results a back to the door and locked it—Chistock to the door and locked it—Chistock to the door and locked it—Chistock to the laid a bulky manuscript on the desk. After this he straightened, drew an automatic from his right-hand coat

an automatic from his right-hand coat pocket, and leveled it at the astounded publisher. "Quiet! Quiet!" he said. "You read that there writin' from end to end and don't quit readin' it until you come to the last and don't you skip a

Mr. Chiswick, staring at the maniac and breathing fast, drew the manuscript over. 'Yes, yes, of course, with pleasure.' he said soothingly. He moistened his lips and began to read with jerky, upward glances behind which was evidently a brain searching for escape or rescue.

escape or rescue.
"I believe," he murmured cautiously, stainging the words, "that we have had this manuscript before, Mr. Kinwydden."
You hev sure had it before, but you
hev never read it before. This time
you're agoin' to read it."
"I'm afraid," murmured the pub-

"Instead of waiting for her explanations, it cooks the bit in my mouth and polyre agoin' to read it."

I'm afraid," murmured the publisher—then, glancing up and singing the suther; "you're surely not such a practical poly of the suther; "drawled the high-for some reason that smile took the edge off Mr. Chiswick's alarm.

The man was either a maniac or and extreme variety. His heat chance impossible garbled stuff. With a minding statement of the was thrown impatiently aside, then face sheets. Page after page suddenly he leaned forward and his greets the fragrance of fresh water mate into his hip pocket and stood relaxed into his hip pocket and stood relaxed into his hip pocket and stood relaxed. The publisher, glancing up, with its brilliant green-shaded light, the manuscript and the bent head, sutheritative speech of Henry Grins-combe. At last, Chiswick looked up. The gun wasn't loaded, sir," Q

"The gun wasn't loaded, sir," Q

"Instead of waiting for her explanations, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took the bit in my mouth and tons, I took her hand boldly and coolly in one of his, placed the ring in its narrow and it. "That's payment for my education." He said charm, it is an education. The said even in the ring and coolly in one of his, placed the ring in its narrow and it. "That's payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow and it. "That's payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow and it. "That's payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow of his, placed the ring in its narrow and it. "That's payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow distinct payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow distinct payment for my education." He said the ring in its narrow of his, placed the "The gun wasn't loaded, sir," Q

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

"The Mystery Girl" BEGINS FRIDAY

murmured. "Say, be reasonable - I wanted you to read that book!" Chiswick glared, and through the glare slowly emerged a delighted sense of humor and a satisfied desire for unusual experiences. He slowly reseated himself.

seated himself.

"Your methods," he said, "are a little extreme, aren't they? But I believe we are going to he grateful to you. We're going to thank you. Yes—I doubt if I should ever have read the thing, without your—prodding. There is an extraordinary change which does not occur until about halfway through the third chapter. Listen!"

Q listened wistfully. "Great stuff, ch?"

"Ain't that the truth!" he murmurto grimace slightly. Sentiment bends been able to get the drift of the Eartheften over the Tiffany counters, the worm's philosophy. "You are agoin' to clerks are fairly accustomed to it, but "If Mr. Mortimer agrees-we are

it usually disguises itself decently in slang or banter or impersonal dignity; elang or banter or impersonal dignity; elang or banter or impersonal dignity; will. How the positively will. But not because of your automatic, Mr. Kinwydden."

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.

"Oh, that was as harmless as a child, Mr. Chiswick. You'll put that down in writin' for me—I mean, as to makin' a book."

"Yes. Here, I'll call me address. bimself for battle, he sought out an address.

The atmosphere of a publishing that—eh?"

"Yes. Here, I'll call my stenographer. What's the fellow's name—Grinscoombe—good old New York name

The stenographer took down the letter rapidly-a careful appreciation, an acceptance with one condition-that the author agree to throwing the material

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."

"I believe he's busy. Let me have your card."

"That's something my edication hasn't got round to yet. Let me write it down for you, stranger; it's a right tricky name."

book itself begin with Chapter Four.

"That letter will go off as soon as I get Mr. Mortimer's decision, and I've no doubt of its being favorable. And now Mr. Kinwydden, we're past office hours. If I decide not to hand you over to the police—will you have dinner with me?"

"You're a real man!" ejaculated Q, and added, "And I'm right sorry about that dinner. I'd mighty well like to come, but I've got to get back. "I—

Miss Selda's Pride

An August moon and a breathless harvest night—the long manor drive, straight and silver, barred by its still poplar shadows—at its end, the manor door open and golden as a human smile; through this fairy blue enchantment of outdoors, its barrier shadows, its cerle, bewildering lights, Q moved like a man conscious of a spell. The ring lay like a magic token against his heart. He had won through such shadow barriers. had won through such shadow barriers, he had been dazed by such uncertain lights, he could hardly trust himself to believe in the golden welcome up there at the journey's end. He leaped up the steps and stopped, to get his breath, shaken by entire he steps and stopped, to get his breath, shaken by entire he steps and stopped. shaken by emotion, by su pense; he remembered the chill May night when he had left Heloise with a sharp dread in his heart. He shut his eyes, thinking of victory of victory.

Then he went in softly. The hall was still; a big moth fluttered about a shaded light; the gold curtains hung unmoved, like solid metal. In its silence moved, like solid metal. In its silence it seemed a hostile place. Q took out his ring, pushed back the golden draperies with a conscious effort of his will and stood within them, clutched ing them together behind him with both hands, so that the jewel cut into his palm.

Below Sir Sydney's portrait, Heloise had twisted herself about in the arms of a tall man. They fell from her, and she wavered like a white flame in a wind. She was dressed in silver with the crescent of brilliants in her bair. Q moved forward half a stride, and then she spoke, quickly, never so surely, a

she spoke, quickly, hever so surely, a little oudly, as from a height.

"Where have you been, Q? I tried to get you yesterday. Mr. Marston has just got back from Russia. I want you to meet him." Her eye caught Q's and held it steadily. "I have promised him to be his wife."

Probably for the first time since his overgrown beyload. Q did a physically covergrown beyload. Q did a physically.

"Since you must see me, Mr. Kinwydden," he said, "please be as brief
as possible. I've had a busy after"Mine hasn't been as busy as I'd
hev liked it to be," said O. He stepped arted, geranium-red lips. But Mars-ton looked from it to her. His fine-cut face quickly betrayed a question. could not gather her answer; all her young self-possession left her; in-stinctively she looked to Q for help. Marston, too, turned his eyes from her to the man: they were rather deep-set eyes, uncompromising. Q answered their challenge, but it was the stark prayer in Lelo's face that shaped his

Chiswick, staring at the maniac hers. He took back the ring and, "My mistake," he murmured, "not hers." He took back the ring and turning it in his fingers, smiled imperturbably. "I reckon I'm not used to civilized ways." he said. "Nobody's to blame but the folks that didn't give me my trainin'. Mr. Marston, I did Miss Grinscoombe a service and she thanked me for it. She didn't do anything the heart thanked me hut being a plumb thing but thank me, but being a plumi fool and an ignorant man. I didn't

"Instead of waiting for her explanations, I took the bit in my mouth and bolted like a bronc. My mistake. Miss

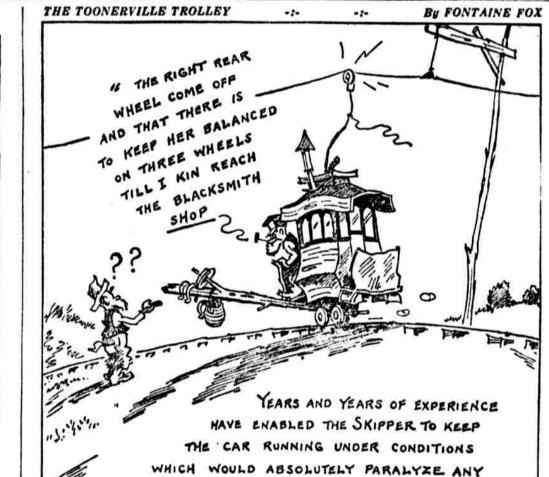
CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS Go Ahead, Shoot! By Sidney Smith TAKE A FEW OF MR. BARSANTI, YOU KNOW OH ANDY- LOOK HOW THAT'S JUST FINE-JHT THAW MY CARDS - HAND THEM TO YOUR FRIENDS -DIGHTHED AND
INTELLECTUAL - TAKE
THAT BILLY SIMPERING
LOOK OFF YOUR
FACE - YOU LOOK
TOO NATURAL -HOPE I'M RUNNING FOR CONGRESS HOLD IT- I'VE BEEN FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE POSE YOU LIKE AND WANT TO GET SOME NOT SEVERE OR SIMPLE- THE PHOTOGRAPHING POLITICIANS TELL THEM TO VOTE FOR THE PROOFS PICTURES TAKEN TO USE ALL MY LIFE AND THAT'S LOOK OF A LEADER- NOT ANDREW GUMP -FOR CAMPAIGH PURPOSES -MR GUMP-A DRIVER OR FOLLOWER -A VOTE GETTER-REAL DIGHIFIED- YOU KHOW WHAT I WANT-100% FOR THE PEOPLE -MAKE ME JUST AS NATURAL AS YOU CAN-

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Breaking Camp By Hayward Registered U. S. Patent Office AND I COULD SPEND A WHOLE DAY IN A HAT SHOP' WE'RE ALL AND IN THE MORNING CAMP CAM. O'FLAGE IS NO MORE. THE TIRED BUT HAPPY TRIO ARE TURNED TOWARD HOME AND OFFICE, DANCES AND SHALL WE PUT THE BABY! TIL SAY WILL FEEL GOOD! I FIXED THE ENGINE GOOD WORK DUFFLE BAS ON THE SO IT WOULD RUN ABOUT STILLNESS OF RUNNING BOARD GOIN' CAMP HAS A SET NOW FOR AN DEAD. THAT'LL BRING 'EM JUST ABOUT TO THIS SPOT. YOU TWO RUN UP TO THE CAVE BACK? WE HAD A GREAT CAMPING TRIP. VISITOR. MORNING. THE FLIVER I'LL SAY! I CAN'T WAIT IS IN FINE RUNNING TIL I LAMPA FASHION ORDER! PRETTY FROCKS. AND GET THINGS MAGAZINE: T READY! REMEMBER ONE OF EM'S A DUCHESS! R. MAYWARA -5



The young lady across the way says the child's whole after life is influenced by his environment during the informative period.



OTHER TRANSIT SYSTEM.

By DWIG WHEN THE GAME SHOWS UP TO GO SWIMMING, THERE SEEMS TO BE NO SPECIAL REASON WHY FROG TODHOPPER CANT GO ALONG

PETEY-May Be Something in It, After All THIS DOPE ON FOR INSTANCE, SPOSE I WISHED USING WILL POWER AND MENTAL MY WIFE TO COME IN HERE DO SUGGESTION TO MAKE PEOPLE DO YOU THINK I COULD WILL HER TO DO THINGS YOU WISH IS THE BUNK! IT- IT'D TAKE A DERRICK TO - FOOL STUFF! MOVE HER OUT OF A CHAIR ONCE SHE'S PARKED HERSELF-





GASOLINE ALLEY-How Many Did Avery Buy?



