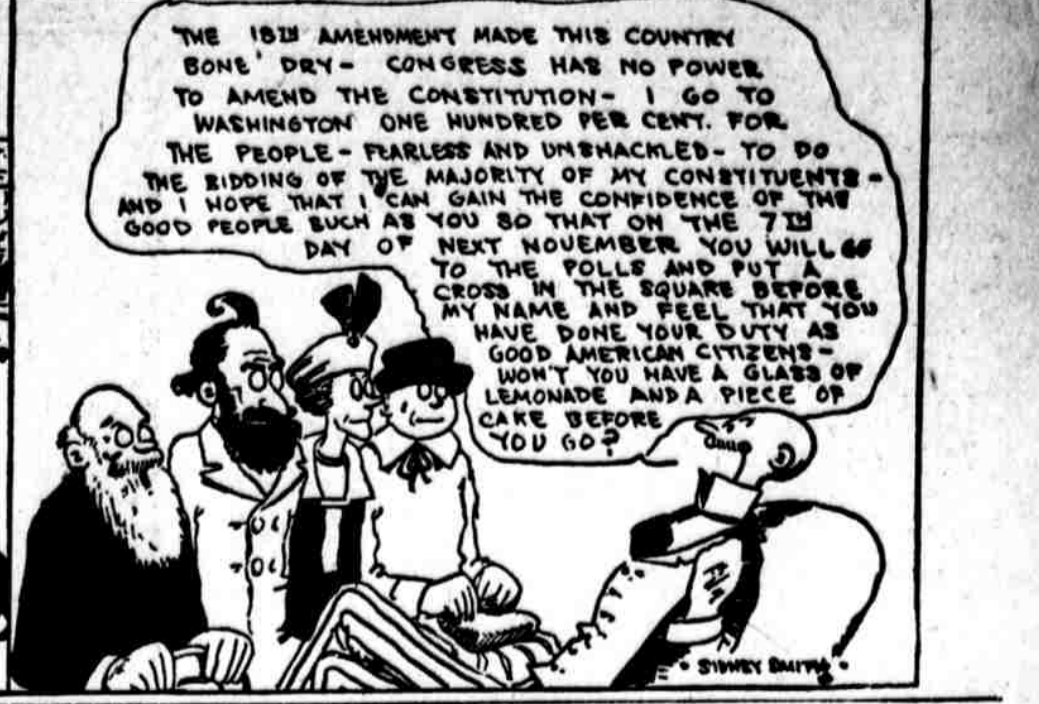


By Sidney Smith

THE GUMPS—James, Another Sundae



By Katharine Newlin Burt

Mary of Heloise! Which Should Win Unusual Hero? Copyright, 1922, by Katharine Newlin Burt. Printed by arrangement with Metropolitan Newspaper Service.

A Girl's Footprints in the Snow Led up to and away from the locked window of the murdered college president's study.

With such evidence, detection of the murderer appeared simple. But—read the solution in "The Mystery Girl" BY CAROLYN WELLS Begins Tomorrow

crystalline chords of bird-singing, a wistful, aching melody of sight and sound which seemed to be small and sweet over an insupportable delight. Q paused in his arranging of the volumes and stood with his eyes half-closed. He had never so poignantly felt the spring before. He reacted over to the top of his shelves and opened Mary's letter, which he had been saving to read at his leisure. Suddenly, with spring in his throat, he couldn't wait. It was brief and written. "The little father was dead."

"I think happiness was too much for him. Q had never in his life been happy—only brave and patient. I am glad he wrote to me. I am glad that Selma came to see him at the last. After he had sent her some money she had lent him. It seemed to hurt her terribly—his death. She cried. I am going away from this house. I can't bear it any more. I'll be teaching somewhere."

Q put down the letter. He looked pale and fierce. He strode out, whistled to his grazing horse, swung into the saddle, and turned toward space. All afternoon he rode, his hand resting for comfort on the pony's neck, and dark coming upon him far from home he picked the animal and lay down before a fire under the stars. Up there beyond them now the little philosopher was free. Doubtless, thought Q, he sat and discoursed quaint wisdom to the spirits of just men who he didn't know now? What didn't he understand?—the shakiness made steady, the watery eyes clear, the lips healed of their pain, the brave panache lifted into light by the glow of the campfire. Q re-read Mary's letter. It was blattered with tears. And that released and explained a memory of the spattered copy-page. She must have been crying over it—trying to wipe his lesson. Why—in the name of wonder? Why? This small problem he pondered half the wakeful night under those constellations Henry Grinscombe had named for Henry in a July harvest field. And, before dawn, guided by the one small light, he slept with an illuminated heart.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—In the Hands of Bandits

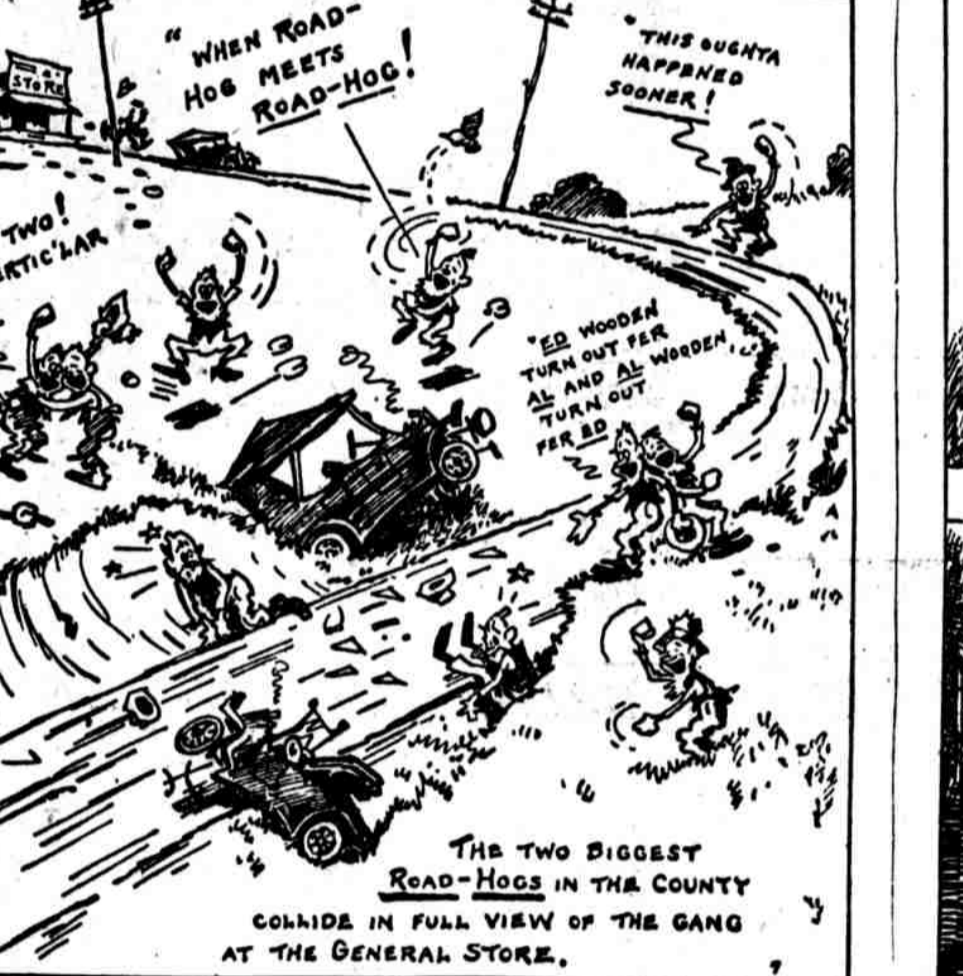


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says automobiles and trucks must be of great benefit to the railroads, they relieve them of the trouble of carrying so many passengers and so much freight.

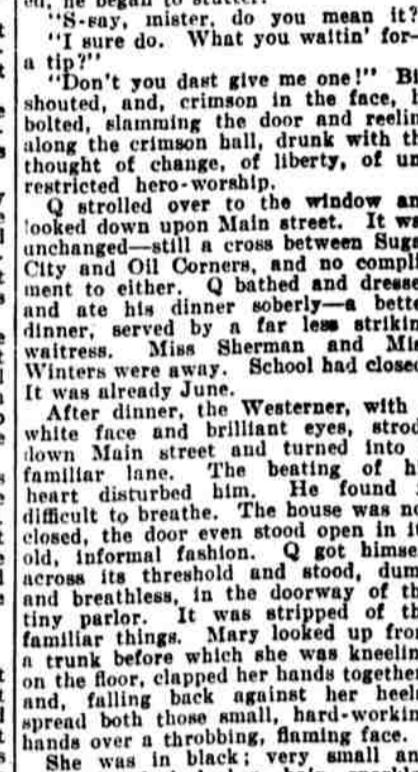
ALL THE FOLKS ARE STILL CELEBRATING THIS EVENT—By FONTAINE FOX



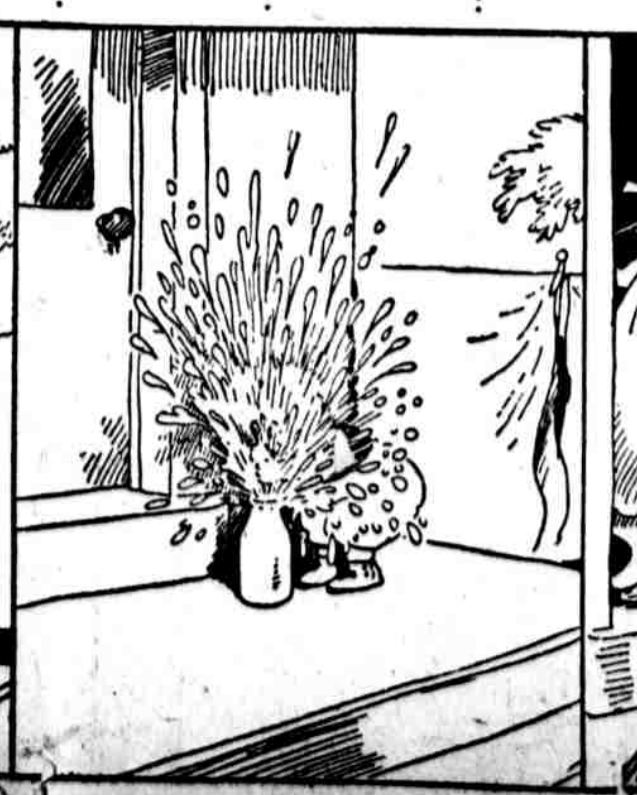
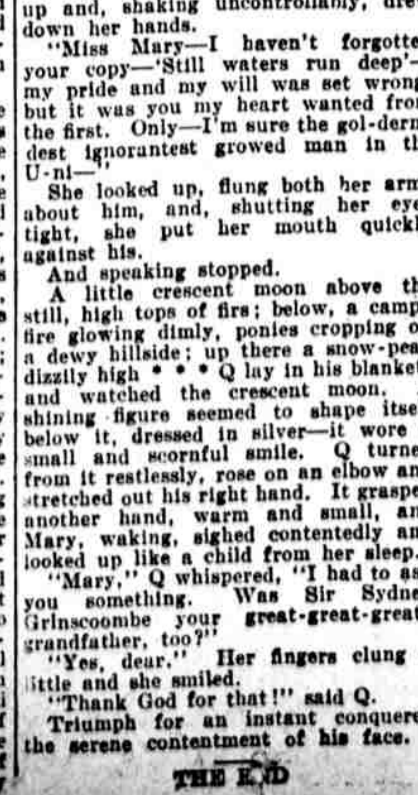
SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



PETEY—It Worked



GASOLINE ALLEY—Directions Followed to the Letter



By King