Mary or Heloise? Which Should Win Unusual Herof

A Copy-Book

HAT can't be now, but 't can be
that you will do me justice. Later,
you have stopped grieving for your
at's death, you will see me clear.
If then, I better say good-by."
walked slowly toward the door,
had up.

the walked up.

wait a moment," Laurie said, and
wait a moment," laurie said, and
sed, hands clasped behind him, looksteadily and quietly in the eyes.
he put out his hand. Q caught
the color flooded his face, he dropped
the life. There was a quivering in his
life.

trong hand. Il you go out to my town—with you shed the Westerner beseech-

said "yes," wrung his hand,

is copy-book—the last copy of list copy-book—the last copy-book—the la

"She's slipped through my fool finger. was terribly, astonishingly

"Heloise!"

"Yes. She is going to marry a real man, and I reckon he's a real gentleman. He looks like he'd knowed readin' and writin' and writhmetic, history and seegraphy. languages alive and and geography, languages alive and dead, from his cradie up. Miss Mary. He sure does. And now I'm agoin' to no back West where I belong. May I see your father? I've come to tell you

Upstairs, he of the white panache raised himself quickly on his pillow at Q's entrance. The Grinscoombe face, pursed of pride and bitterness, spiritually beautified, Sir Sydney transfigured, emiled lips and eyes and heart at Q.

And he felt that here at least savagery had justified itself. The pistol and the publisher had been the right conjunction of planets for Henry's happiness. The Earthworm triumphed

"Some day you'll read it, Q?"

"Yes, sir. I sure will." (And he did, to, understandingly, his education having gained an impetus that no changes in his life could stop.)

"We've had some great talks, great times, Q. Don't think I didn't understand what you did for me! I find it difficult to wish you a good-by."

"I'll be looking at the stars above the range," said Q huskily, "and saying their names—that will spell yours were to me often, sir."

There was something perilously

There was something perilously fagile about the little man in bed. He was like a delicate clear vessel filled with some fluid exquisitely, dangersuly vital. Q was afraid. He left
the room with a blindness of tears
teross his eyes.

Down in the sitting-room, five
minutes later, Mary leaned against
the window-sill heavily for such a small
and slender person, to watch Q down

slender person, to watch Q down path. She couldn't follow him to door. She found that her courage

and rode far under noon skies with all sow-spoken, deep-eyed folk and with his nosing pony, and he pondered satisfies over his experience. His edupetiantly over his experience. His edu-cation took, during these wide autumn days, deep root.

cation took, during these wide autumn days, deep root.

While he rode and pondered, he souded his ranch—two thousand acres to be dedicated to the raising of fine stock. Q spent his money with a cool, ar sighted lavishness, so that, before had made builded him" his log house, pollade and fragrant without and within, like the ark of the covenant. It was poing again before he had furnished it, hewever, and in the furnishing he lit was not the usual ranch interior; it was quiet and dim and rather beauthal. Much of the richness was furnished by long shelves of books. Mary baped him to choose his library. They was able better to articulate his soullest trode forth on the pages in big lack writing, humorous, masculine shadinged—and he read Mary in hermalified—and hermalified—and

A Girl's Footprints in the Snow

Led up to and away from the ocked window of the murdered college president's study.

With such evidence, detection of But-read the solution in

"The Mystery Girl" By CAROLYN WELLS Begins Tomorrow

Larie said "yes," wrung his hand, urned away.

Half unwillingly Q dragged himself to Mary Grinscoombe's door. It had to be beaten; it was harder had to be beaten; it was harder had done so much to arm him expressible 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 reached 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 unsteadily written. The little father was dead.

"I think happiness was too much for

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 picketed 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 wish to hasten her entrace, but when, in the course of her mail undertakings, she did appear, he game to his feet and smiled.

She was all flushed and sparkling, adiant and released. Her eyes kept a personal secret of unhappiness, but, for the rest, she had yielded utterly to the first real joy of her life. She ran entekly over to him.

"Oh, Q, whatever can I say to thank you! Yes. The letter came. It went through and through us like lightning! Toe know"—she laughed—"poor Papa is so happy that he's had to be put to bed. He went round and round the condit t—he simply couldn't believe it. No—you can't know what it will been."

This small problem he pondered half the wakeful night under those constellations Henry Grinscoombe had named for him once in a July harvest-lied. And, before dawn, guided by the one small light, he slept with an The Young Lady Across the Way

through and through us like lightning:
You know"—she laughed—"poor Papa is so happy that he's had to be put to be. He went round and round the sould't—he simply couldn't believe it. No-you can't know what it will be not stellations. Henry Grinscoombe had named for him once in a July harvest-field. And, before dawn, guided by the one small light, he slept with an illuminated heart.

"I'm sure glad." He drew a deep and very bitter breath. "Then I hey done something even if it isn't what I set out to do."

She stood, flushed, and began to make the stood, flushed, and began to make the stood of the stood of

She looked into the speaker's eyes and there her observation stopped and stood quiet. Miss Myrtle Clayton pushed forward the hotel register.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Room 90."

The stranger wrote his name, Q. T. Kinwydden, and added an address. Then he turned to a blond elevator boy, who dropped his jaws and dilated his prominent eyes. Prominent eyes.
"Hullo, Bill," said Q. They gripped

each other by the hand.
"Aren't you tired of you yet? Have they given you a raise?"
"Nope," grinned Bill, regretfully:
"I'm lucky to hold down my job."
They mounted slowly, Bill swallow-

ng some incomprehensible obstacle unhis collar. "Want to go West?" asked Q.

haven't any buzz-box in my hotel, but, say, you can learn how to chop wood. How'd you like to roustabout for a change of air—and wages?"
The lift faltered, fell, caught itself together and bounded upward, bounding to a stop at the fourth floor. Q murmured something and stepped out precipitately. "Good!" he said, precipitately. "Good!" he said, things is just as dangerous in these Bill tumbled after him along a reno-

rated hall. In Room 90, also renovated, he began to stutter. "S-say, mister, do you mean it?"
"I sure do. What you waitin' for—

a tip?"
"Don't you dast give me one!" Bill shouted, and, crimson in the face, he bolted, slamming the door and reeling ball drunk with the long the crimson ball, drunk with the

along the crimson hall, drunk with the thought of change, of liberty, of unrestricted hero-worship.

Q strolled over to the window and looked down upon Main street. It was unchanged—still a cross between Sugar City and Oil Corners, and no compliment to either. Q bathed and dressed and ate his dinner soberly—a better dinner, served by a far less striking waitress. Miss Sherman and Miss waitress. Miss Sherman and Miss Winters were away. School had closed.

Winters were away. School had closed. It was already June.
After dinner, the Westerner, with a white face and brilliant eyes, strode down Main street and turned into a familiar lane. The beating of his heart disturbed him. He found it difficult to breathe. The house was not closed, the door even stood open in its old, informal fashion. Q got himself across its threshold and stood, dumb As door. She found the set of the started, as shough he had forgotten something. He coked back with a dazed, groping air. Her heart stood still. Then he went on alowly, and slowly, swinging, lithe and young and splendid, he passed away down the shabby, empty little are street.

The West with a dazed, groping air. difficult to breathe. The sclosed, the door even stood open in closed, the went back West—not the West on the floor, clapped her hands together, and, falling back against her heels, spread both those small, hard-working spread both those small, hard-working hands over a throbbing, flaming face. white stars, breathing the aromatic with slow-spoken, deep-eyed folk and with its nosing pony, and he pondered betters. She was in black; very small and slim she looked—her hair sparkled ruddily. He came over and lifted her up and, shaking uncontrollably, drew bards, and the pondered the pondered the shades over a throbbing, naming face. She was in black; very small and slim she looked—her hair sparkled ruddily. He came over and lifted her up and, shaking uncontrollably, drew bards.

down her hands.

"Miss Mary—I haven't forgotten
your copy—'Still waters run deep'—
my pride and my will was set wrong,



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG—In the Hands of Bandits Registered U. S. Patent Office I THOUGHT MEBBEY WOULDA'T WANT TO TALK BUSINESS TILY GOT WARMED UP SO I HAD "PUG" HERE COOK YER A MICE MESS YOURE A DUCHESS CAUSE WE ALO USE GIRLS, WE'RE
CAUGHT BY A BUACH
OF BANDITS! NO GET-AWAY!
ONE OF EM'S WALKING UP "DUCHESS - WE WANT THE FAMILY OH DEAR! JOOLS IF YOU GOT THEM AND YOU MUST WRITE TO YOUR ROAL RELATIVES TO SEND FOUND A LETTER THAT SAID DEAR DUCHESS"- WE JUST BROUGHT Y'UP TO THIS AICE COMFY CAVE SO WE COULD TALK BUSINESS' AND DOWN WITH A GUN! OF STEW! BE REASONABLE! \$50,000 AT OACE WE'LL TREAT Y'KIND IF Y'DON'T TRY FUNNY BUSINESS. WHERE HAVE YGOT THE CROWN JOOLS HID, Y'HIGHNESS ? Copyright, 1988, by Public Ladger Ca. 4 E HAYWARD- 7



THE TWO BIGGEST ROAD-HOGS IN THE COUNTY COLLIDE IN FULL VIEW OF THE GANG

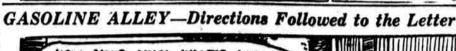
AT THE GENERAL STORE.



PETEY—It Worked - I REALLY DO THINK THIS BOOK ON WISH HE'D GIVE UP SMOKING! USING ONE'S WILL POWER AND THE WISH HE'D GIVE UP SMOKING VALUE OF MENTAL SUCCESTION HAS HE MUST GIVE UP SMOKING ! 3 SOMETHING TO IT - I'LL TRY TO WORK IT ON PETEY TO CURE HIM HE MUST GIVE UP SMOKING! OF SMOKING- HE RUIUS EVENTHING WITH CIGAR SMOKE AND ASHES BESIDES HIS HEALTH







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.

