

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

A New, Gripping Romance Serial

By RUBY AYRES

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

"As a matter of fact, I only came down for the day," he said at last.

"Quite so, quite so. Well, we must send for your goods and chatties, because you'll stay with us, of course—oh, Anne?"

He did not wait for a reply; he merely laughed and went out of the room.

There was an awkward silence. The girl stood by the table, her eyes downcast, the sunset glow from the wide-open window all about her, her fingers nervously twisting the loose sash at her waist.

The Fortune Hunter looked at her helplessly; he had never felt at such a loss in his life. Twice he cleared his throat before, with a desperate effort, he said rather hoarsely:

"We shall have a great deal to say to one another—you and I."

"Yes." She looked up swiftly, her eyes radiant through the tears that misted them. Then suddenly she took a little run towards him, laughing both her hands and shoulders, her pretty face strained in sudden anxiety.

"Oh, are you really—really glad to be here with me?"

The Fortune Hunter looked past her, and swiftly round the room; glad to be in such comfort and luxury, even if only for a short while, after the months of discomfort and hardship.

His eyes wandered to the open window; to the sloping garden beyond and the silvery river, and he drew a deep breath.

"Glad! That's a poor word," he said fervently.

He looked down at her flushing face, read the thought in her eyes, and for a moment he hesitated. Then with a little half-smiled laugh, he bent and kissed her lips.

She returned the kiss with soft eagerness, whispering brokenly as they drew apart again: "And no man has ever kissed me since you went away."

The Fortune Hunter flushed scarlet; an intolerable sense of shame seemed to choke him. He walked away from her and stood looking out over the river with hot eyes.

He had done many questionable things in his life, and felt little compunction. Many times he had walked boldly into a restaurant, eaten a hearty meal, and got out of the place without paying a cent for it. More than once he had thrown the bag belonging to his worldly belongings out of his lodging window, and followed it down a water-pipe into the street in order to avoid the impossibility of meeting his bill, and it had all seemed more or less sport.

But this—somehow this thing, which gave promise to be the greatest adventure of all, went sorely against the grain.

"It will have to end," he told himself grimly, as he stood and stared at the river.

He had taken many a kiss in his life, and thought nothing of it, but this girl was different. She loved him; or at least she loved the man whom she believed him to be.

And a little breath of coolness swept through the heart of the Fortune Hunter as he thought of the man lying dead in the woods with the bracken bending above him.

The whole thing was madness. Discovery was bound to come.

For an hour or two perhaps he might carry the situation off with his hand—long enough to get a good mean and fresh courage with which to face his wanderings—but there it would have to end.

He had meant no harm; he had been carried off his feet. I have the girl herself responsible for the mistakes in the first place. She ought to have had more sense; women were so sentimental!

Even supposing there was a faint resemblance between himself and the dead man! After all, there was an ordinary type. But he was conscious of keen curiosity to know what story lay behind it all, and from what ten years of exile the dead man had been on his way home.

The girl touched his arm gently. "John, is it all this—anything like you pictured it? I tried to describe it to you, but it wasn't easy. Is it at all like you thought it was?" she asked.

The Fortune Hunter pulled himself together with an effort.

(To Be Continued.)

WIRTH HAS "FAITH" IN LEAGUE COUNCIL

BERLIN, Aug. 12.—Chancellor Wirth has confidence that the supreme council, now sitting in Paris, will reach such a decision on the division of Upper Silesia as will permit Germany further to continue fulfillment of her treaty obligations, the chancellor declared in an address at Weimar today at a celebration of the second anniversary of the Republican constitution.

"How oft it has been prophesied that Germany would plunge into an abyss," the chancellor exclaimed. "Yet this has not happened. Instead, order and safety again are manifest in the country and Germany is slowly but surely recovering her economic health. I have confidence in the men now sitting in Paris and I believe they will do their best, as we are seriously trying to fulfill our obligations."

WIRELESS TO HELP ATLANTIC FLIGHT

(Special Cable to The Washington Herald and Chicago Tribune.)

LONDON, Aug. 12.—It has been announced that the R-2, the giant airship purchased by the United States from the British government, will have the assistance of the Clifden wireless station during its flight across the Atlantic.

The airship has been fitted with a wireless direction-finding apparatus and it will take its bearings from this Clifden station during the flight which will repeat a call at fifteen-minute intervals.

(Copyright, 1921.)

THE GUMPS—Times Have Changed



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

The Boys' Daily Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald. AUGUST 13, 1921. Copyright 1921.

Two Big Boys Fuss and Cuss, That's All

"Come on outside and I'll show you." "You're a blackguard." "You're a coward." "I'll show you who's a coward." And the two angry boys approached each other slowly with set faces and fists ready for use. There sprang others between them to prevent a fight. With slow step the angry boys took their seats, all the time glowering across desks at each other. No, it was not in a school room. It was in the United States Senate. The two boys were Senators Reed and McCumber. When Senators "bawl" each other out and threaten to "finish it on the outside" it's called a matter of personal privilege. When boys do the same thing it's called a "scrap." Boys, however, usually finish the scrap and become friends after the fight. Senators are not so wise. But—"Men don't count much after all, for they are only boys grown tall."

The Force of Habit. A physician started a model insane asylum. One room was especially set aside for crazy motorists and chauffeurs. One day he was taking a friend through the asylum. He pointed out this room with great pride. "But," said the friend. "The place is empty. Where are the patients?" "Oh; they are all under the cots fixing the slats," explained the physician.

DID YOU? Did you ever attend a regular County Fair, with its big, great cabbage, its fattest hog, and its gamest rooster? Well, this regular old-fashioned County Fair has nothing on the great Boys' Achievement Fair which the First American Boys will hold in Washington in October.

Jack London, the famous author, was one day introduced to a musician. "I, too, am a musician," said London. "I owe my life to my musical talent." "How is that?" asked the musician. "In my boyhood," replied London, "there was a great flood in our town. When the water reached our house, my father got on the bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued." "And you?" asked the musician. "I? Well, I accompanied him on the piano," replied London.

Poor Bug. Teacher—James, what is a frog? James A. frog is a big bug which stands up in front and sits down in back.

A Judge Brown Story-Talk

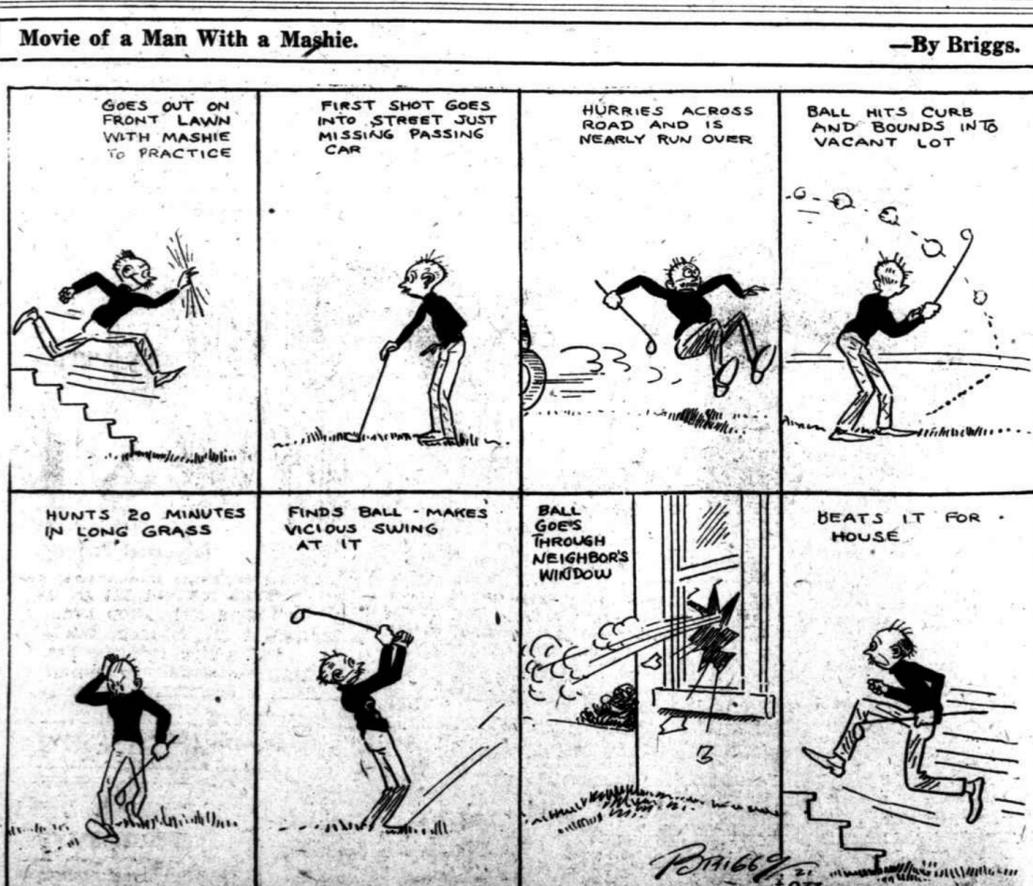
STEALING

By Judge Willis Brown "Hello, Bob, what's your hurry?" "I have a package to deliver out on Sixteenth street." "Well, it'll keep for a little while—gimme a smoke." Thus Frank and Bob met one busy day and visited and smoked for a half hour. Frank worked for a telegraph company and had a message to deliver. Bob worked for a printing company. Both boys were paid for their services. Their pay amounted to about 30 cents per hour. Therefore each boy used up 10 cents worth of their employers' time. These boys considered that they are good, honest boys. Bob would never have thought of taking 10 cents from the money which he received when he delivered the package. Frank gave the dime he found on the floor of the office to the manager, and was glad, for one of the boys lost some money and was this dime short, and it was evidently this boy's dime, at least the manager thought so. These two honest boys were thieves of time and actually committed the theft of 10 cents from their employers. I don't suppose either employer would have cared a great deal if two boy friends met and visited, if they did not neglect business or have requested a half hour off for any purpose. But that is not the question. It is that Frank and Bob were not square with themselves. They sold their time. For this time belonged to their employers. They took what didn't belong to them. This is stealing. Frank and Bob, and perhaps some other boys who have sold or given their time, are careless and have not figured it out just this way. Frank and Bob used up 10 cents which belonged to their employers. Neither of the boys would have done this if their employers had been watching them. This shows that they knew they were not exactly square. Money is not the only thing, one can take dishonestly. Time can be stolen. Never be a time stealer.

U. S. Helps Great Britain's Cotton Planters. Great Britain is going to give a \$5,000,000 grant to stimulate cotton growing throughout the empire. For the purpose of assisting the cotton growers of the South, Gov. Harding of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States, has called a meeting of the governors of the Southern reserve districts. The cotton growers of the South have appealed for more assistance. A comment on this by Theodore Samuels, age 14, follows: "Why don't the United States tell England that she must pay up five months' interest on the money she borrowed and which amounts to \$1,000,000 per month, instead of giving it to their cotton growers? Then the United States could give this \$5,000,000 England pays to our own cotton growers."

YOU BET! Two thousand Boys will run the First American Achievement Fair in Washington in October. Get in the game.

Movie of a Man With a Mashie. —By Briggs. GOES OUT ON FRONT LAWN WITH MASHIE TO PRACTICE. FIRST SHOT GOES INTO STREET JUST MISSING PASSING CAR. HURRIES ACROSS ROAD AND IS NEARLY RUN OVER. BALL HITS CURB AND BOUNDS INTO VACANT LOT. HUNTS 20 MINUTES IN LONG GRASS. FINDS BALL - MAKES VICIOUS SWING AT IT. BALL GOES THROUGH NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW. BEATS IT FOR HOUSE.



PENNSY EMPLOYEES FAVOR NEW PACT

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—The Pennsylvania Railroad today issued a statement that 117,000 out of 175,000 employees had expressed a desire to negotiate on new working conditions through employe representatives. It added that representatives already elected had acted in good faith with the roads management. The Railroad Labor Board has extended the time of the company to arrange conferences with the men until August 25.

PROF. H. C. ADAMS, ECONOMIST, DIES

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Aug. 12.—Prof. Henry Carter Adams, since 1887 and until his resignation in June, head of the department of political economy and finance in the University of Michigan, died today. He was an international authority in his subject and for twenty-five years was statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, being the first one appointed and upon his resignation in 1911, leaving a staff of 250.

One Small Boy Wants to Muss In Baseball

Arthur Dezen Dorf sends this letter following the outcome of a game of ball between his team, the Perry Midgets, and the Mardelle Midgets. If every member of Arthur's team is swayed by the same earnestness the Mardelle lads, we are sure, will answer Arthur's plea—and go to the bat. Dear Mr. Editor: We would appreciate it very much if you would put this challenge in your Boys' Herald because we want to show them who is boss in a real, fair game. We have heard much about the wonderful Midgets, who defeated the Perry Midgets in a five-inning contest, and just to show our contempt and to show which team is superior, we challenge them to a game, any time of place. If they are not afraid they can write, ARTHUR DEZEN DORF, 1105 15th st. n.w., to get a game.

U. S. Helps Great Britain's Cotton Planters. Great Britain is going to give a \$5,000,000 grant to stimulate cotton growing throughout the empire. For the purpose of assisting the cotton growers of the South, Gov. Harding of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States, has called a meeting of the governors of the Southern reserve districts. The cotton growers of the South have appealed for more assistance. A comment on this by Theodore Samuels, age 14, follows: "Why don't the United States tell England that she must pay up five months' interest on the money she borrowed and which amounts to \$1,000,000 per month, instead of giving it to their cotton growers? Then the United States could give this \$5,000,000 England pays to our own cotton growers."

YOU BET! Two thousand Boys will run the First American Achievement Fair in Washington in October. Get in the game.

Movie of a Man With a Mashie. —By Briggs. GOES OUT ON FRONT LAWN WITH MASHIE TO PRACTICE. FIRST SHOT GOES INTO STREET JUST MISSING PASSING CAR. HURRIES ACROSS ROAD AND IS NEARLY RUN OVER. BALL HITS CURB AND BOUNDS INTO VACANT LOT. HUNTS 20 MINUTES IN LONG GRASS. FINDS BALL - MAKES VICIOUS SWING AT IT. BALL GOES THROUGH NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW. BEATS IT FOR HOUSE.

Morning Judge

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

EFFORTS TO REFORM WIFE BRING PECK OF TROUBLE.

William Green is a great big strong man. One day he got hold of a hatchet and "pecked" his brother-in-law, George Montgomery, over the head a few times and then sent the wounded man to the hospital.

William said that George was "swinging at him with a knife and it was necessary to use the hatchet in order to keep from being cut into strips."

Charles Montgomery, father of George, said that William had "pecked" him over the head with an iron poker before attacking George. The trouble started when William upbraided his wife for going into an alleged bootlegging place and buying some terrible gin.

Her brother and father took a hand in the argument. Their her husband took a hand, and according to the evidence, he used the poker and the hatchet with telling effect.

"Ah was tryin' to mek somethin' of my wife," William explained, "when her father an brother interfered. 'Ah wanted her to ack like a lady all de time.'"

There we have it in a nutshell. William's alleged efforts to reform his wife got him into trouble. The court separated him from \$25.

One of the leading American universities has just established a course in ship construction and marine transportation.

"The Infernal Machine"

A "Blue Ribbon" First-Run Story By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

—In which Jake Bravinsky, anarchist, sits in at the game of death and reaps an ironic reward. A story that will hold your interest from start to finish.

"Ashes of Roses"

By GEORGE GILBERT —"When Zuleika dropped rose petals on the river as a message to her lover, she sealed her own fate and that of two men." A story of romance and adventure.

"The Movie Camera"

—"The schoolmaster of tomorrow." An interview with the new United States Commissioner of Education, who points out the opportunity which the cinema opens in school work. Knowledge through the eye remains fixed.

"All Women Should Work"

—Says Mary Anderson, chief of the Women's Bureau, Department of Labor. She asserts that the old-fashioned idea of idleness is being replaced by the theory of production.

"The Open Court"

—A full page of "Washington Opinion." Letters from the people of Washington dealing with important topics of the day, and expressing opinions.

And Other Features

—Cosmo Hamilton's article on "Girls of Today." "Color-toys," a feature in which every child is interested. And a host of other sterling features and articles.

In the Magazine Section of Your Sunday Herald