

# THE FORTUNE HUNTER

## A New, Gripping Romance Serial

By RUBY AYRES

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"So he asked you to marry him?" "Yes, you know that," she said, rather painfully.

The Fortune Hunter leaned, his back against the stone parapet and looked at her steadily.

"You would have done better to have taken him and forgotten me," he said abruptly. "He's a rich man, and I— He broke off with a harsh laugh.

"He made no answer. She stood there in the rain, her hands in the big pockets of her mackintosh, her face rather pathetic beneath the little woolen hat. She was beginning to realize that, although she loved this man with every beat of her loyal heart, she did not understand him.

"She knew vaguely that the past years must have embittered him, and yet—there were moments when he was like a stranger to her, a man whom she was meeting for the first time. She tried to put something of her thoughts into words, to appeal to him to make her understand him better, to ask him to confide in her and talk to her of all that he felt; but somehow she was afraid.

"He had written such beautiful letters during the years of their separation, and now it seemed impossible that he could ever have been the writer. She had pictured that theirs would be a marriage of mutual trust and understanding; that he would keep nothing from her, that he would pour out all his sorrows and sufferings to her; but there had not been one word said.

"Not one mention of the tragedy that had separated them, except that swift denial for which she had self had asked. She felt as if she stood outside the wall of his trust and confidence.

"Presently she moved looking back towards the village.

"Shall we go home?" The Fortune Hunter spoke quickly.

"You are angry with me," he said, as he had said once before that afternoon. He put his hand through her arm but now she no longer yielded to him. She felt stiff and unresponsive, and he moved away again with a little rough laugh.

"You are disappointed in me—I knew you were bound to be."

"She began a swift denial. "It is not—John! how can you say so; it's only—"

"Then she broke off with a little stifled cry. "Oh—look!"

A saddle horse was coming galloping wildly down the road that led onto the bridge; its reins were dangling helplessly, and the man on its back clung in desperation to its mane and tail, shouting with terror-stricken hoarseness for help.

Anne screamed, for the runaway was making straight for them on the narrow bridge.

The Fortune Hunter thrust her back against the parapet. "Stand there—don't move—"

He rushed away from her towards the oncoming horse; the ring of its hoofs sounded like thunder on the hollow bridge.

The Fortune Hunter let the horse get level with him, then he swung round, catching the flying bridle, running beside it.

He hung on with grim strength, not attempting at first to check the animal's speed, but making it feel his strength and presence.

Anne hid her face. He would be killed she thought wildly, and hoped that she would die, too. She could feel the hot breath of the horse as it snorted past her; afraid now of its own strength, heard the ring of the hoofs deaden again as it crossed the bridge and gained the roadway once more, and then suddenly it stopped.

She looked up; the Fortune Hunter had the horse under control; he stood beside it, patting its streaming neck, talking to it soothingly. The man Fernie had slipped to the ground; he was white and shaken; he could not find his voice when Anne rushed to him.

"You are not hurt, I thought—I was afraid you would be hurt."

He laughed. "It was nothing!"

He turned to Fernie. "What frightened the poor brute?" he asked.

Fernie found his voice with an effort. "The Lord only knows; cursed brute! She's never done it before."

He wiped his sweating face with a shaking hand. "Will you lead her back to the inn for me?" he asked. "I'll not ride her again."

They walked back over the bridge together, the Fortune Hunter leading the trembling horse, and nothing more was said until they reached the inn, then old Fernie, looking up at him, said: "And who have I to thank for—the fact that I'm still alive?"

His voice was faintly ironical, but his eyes were not unkindly as he looked at the young man's flushed face.

Anne came forward. "This is my fiancé, Mr. Fernie," she said quietly. "Mr. John Smith."

There was a moment's silence, then the old man bowed with rather exaggerated courtesy.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. John Smith, and perhaps some day you may be glad to remember that we have met—for the first time in such auspicious circumstances," he said dryly.

"Fernie's a rum chap," the Fortune Hunter said, as he and Anne were walking home again. "A queer cuss, and yet, you know, somehow he interests me."

"To be continued tomorrow."

The Fortune Hunter laughed, came. He was civil enough this afternoon.

"Was he? There's something about his eyes—" she broke off to add after a moment, "don't let us talk about him; and John—"

"If you—if you could make it up with Tommy." Her voice was hesitating, almost apologetic.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

# THE GUMPS—ANOTHER 50 BUCKS GONE HAY WIRE

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FIFTY BUCKS SHE TOUCHED ME FOR YESTERDAY AND NOW SHE SAID IT—SO NONCHALANTLY—SHE MUST THINK THAT THE MINT HAS A PRESS RUNNING JUST FOR ME—



AND HAS THE FELLOW RUNNING THE PRESS DOING OVERTIME—THEY DON'T CARE HOW HARD TIMES ARE THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE EVERYTHING—IF YOU SPEAK TO THEM THEY SAY— I CAN'T HELP MYSELF—EVERYTHING IS SO HIGH— I KNOW IT'S HIGH AND THEY BUY EVERYTHING—



THEY HAVE TO HAVE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING TOO—MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHAT IT COSTS—YOU SEE A WOMAN WITH ANYTHING BUT SILK STOCKINGS NOW DAYS AND YOU THINK SHE'S ON THE WAY TO THE POOR HOUSE—IN OLDEN TIMES THEY USED TO WASH THEIR OWN STOCKINGS—MAKE THEM OUT OF WOOL— IF A WOMAN WORE A PAIR OF WOOLEN STOCKINGS NOW YOU'D HAVE TO HAND HER A COUPLE OF WIRE BRUSHES OR A CURRY COMB TO SCRATCH HERSELF WITH—



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

"I stand for American boyhood who build castles in the air and build—"

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# The Boys' Daily Herald

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1921.

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## Boys Employed By Own Bureau In Western City

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Aug. 25.—A boy's employment bureau established by the local Chamber of Commerce last May, has placed ninety-three boys at work during the summer, according to A. A. Burger, secretary of the chamber.

Much of the employment was for short terms a day, an afternoon, for a week. However, twenty-one permanent summer positions were found for applicants.

A feature of the work is that newspaper publicity was the only advertising given this occupational clearing house.

Among the more usual tasks were lawn mowing, distributing posters, delivering packages, window washing and cleaning yards. Many of the jobs were of a routine nature, but the records divulge an interesting diversity of labors accomplished.

One boy spent a week as a temporary office boy, another collected bills; one planted lawn seeds; and a fourth of domestic inclinations, was employed to help can strawberries.

The aptitude and versatility of the workmen is attested to by the fact that not a single complaint was registered with the Chamber of Commerce.

The boys employment bureau was the outgrowth of the regular employment bureau which was established at the beginning of the year by the Chamber of Commerce.

JOHNNY'S DECISION.

The laundress was ill and could not do the Jones washing this week.

"You'll have to sleep in one of your sister's nightgowns tonight," said Mother to Johnny.

"What?" exclaimed Johnny, scornfully. "Sleep in a girl's nightgown? I'd rather go to bed raw."

—By BRIGGS

## A Judge Brown Story-Talk DAN FISHED ALONE

By JUDGE WILLIS BROWN.

"I'm very sorry, but I shall be unable to go with you to the country on Saturday," said Mr. T. D. Ryan to his wife and children.

"But you promised me last Saturday that you would go fishing with me on the trip to the country we make this week," said Dan.

"I know I did Dan, but you wouldn't have father disappointed some business associates for the fishing trip, would you?"

"Well, no I guess not, but you promised me before then, didn't you?" said Dan.

Father Ryan did not reply.

Saturday morning as Mr. Ryan left for his office, the Ryan family, consisting of Mrs. Ryan, the eldest daughter Mary, twenty years of age and a good driver, Dan and two younger sisters, drove away to the country.

Out on the country road Dan drove the car for some distance, and Dan found the camping spot, and assisted in fixing things up for the comfort of mother and sisters.

Later a girl friend joined Mary, and Dan departed for his own particular enjoyment.

Dan fished alone.

It was Monday after school. Dan was walking home with three other boys. They had been discussing a prize fight held in the city on Saturday afternoon.

"My dad said it was the greatest fight he ever saw," said one boy. Then turning to Dan he said, "What did your father think of it?"

"He couldn't say for he wasn't there," replied Dan.

"Aw, come on, he was there, because my dad said he won one hundred dollars off your father on a bet," said the boy.

"I'll ask him about it," was Dan's only reply.

"Better not ask him before your mother. Mine don't know that dad went. She don't believe in prize fighting. Perhaps your mother don't either."

Dan did not ask his father about the prize fight.

But he did remember that his father broke his promise to go fishing with him on that Saturday afternoon.

Dan did remember that his father told them he had a business engagement.

Dan concluded that his father lied to them all that morning.

While Dan was fishing alone his father was at a prize fight.

Dan never asked his father to go fishing with him again.

Dan often refused to accompany his father and mother and sisters on automobile trips.

One day Dan said that he was going fishing with some boys and could not go on the automobile trip with his father.

Dan went to a ball game that day.

Dan did not feel guilty because he lied to his father.

He remembered the prize fight.

And the day he fished alone.

This all happened before I met Dan.

Dan told me about the time he fished alone.

Dan told me many other things which I will not mention.

Dan told me these things in court one day.

I sent Dan away for one year to a place where he might learn to be as square as he was before that day he fished alone.

"I cannot understand why Dan should grow into such an unreliable and incorrigible boy," his father said to me the day Dan left his home by order of the court.

I told him why.

—By BRIGGS

## WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

—By BRIGGS



## Young Artists Send Cartoons To Boys' Herald

Cartoonists among the boys of Washington are sending to the Boys' Herald cartoons every day and these will be published in the Sunday Boys' Herald every week.

From those that have been sent in to the Editor, it can be seen that the contributors have talent that should be developed. If you can do cartoons, send them in to the Editor of the Boys' Herald and they will be published.

It is best to do your drawing on paper card board that is large enough for a cut. Don't send a cartoon in which is drawn in single strips, do the whole cartoon on one piece of material.

Cartoons that are published will be voted on by the First American Boys and the cartoon will be exhibited at the Boys' County Fair. Don't underestimate your ability, send your cartoon in and it will be published. If possible create some character or characters and write a regular strip and the Boys' Herald will publish the strip every Sunday. Haywood Martin, whose cartoon will appear Sunday, has created some characters of his own and they will appear every Sunday in six column strips. Send in your cartoons now.

## RURAL HONEYMOON DISTURBED BY FIRE

Newlywed Farmer's Barn Burned to Ground by Incendiaries.

TWYMANS MILL, Madison County, Va., Aug. 24.—The married life of Luther Tanner and his bride started in flame and smoke. Yesterday afternoon Tanner, who lives near here and Miss Sallie Knighton, drove down to the county seat and word wed. They returned to Tanner's farm to spend the night.

Shortly before midnight the new husband was awakened by flames shining through his bedroom window. Smoke filled the atmosphere. He investigated and found his barn in a mass of flames. He succeeded in saving the livestock. The building, which was filled with hay, was a total loss.

Further investigation showed the eggs in a nearby corncrib had been soaked with gasoline and set afire. For some reason they failed to burn.

Tanner thinks the barn was set afire at the same time. Whether the jealousy of other swains in the neighborhood has risen to an insane pitch because of the wedding or whether the incendiarianism was considered a serene stunt, Tanner is unable to say.

The loss is about \$500.

The fact of wearing the hair bobbed, so popular among the feminine sex today, is not a new fad for the fashion dates back to 1620.

## Virginia Farmers Declare Strike On Poor Fertilizers

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 24.—Albemarle County farmers threaten a strike all their own.

They held a mass meeting at North Garden yesterday and they were ripping mad.

Fertilizer prices have gone up. Moreover, the farmers say, the quality is so poor these days that it does more hurt than good.

They voted unanimously not to use another pound.

The terms demanded are fertilizer with 15 per cent acid phosphate of some kind for \$15 a ton. They also want bone meal in proportion.

The lowest price at which fertilizer has been offered this summer is \$16.50.

## NOTED CHICAGO BACHELOR DIES

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—"Billy" Gamble, 61 years old, Chicago's best known bachelor and member of the smart set, is dead.

"Billy" was a writer of humorous society verses and founder of several unique clubs, including the "Humdrum Club" and the humorous "Almanach de Goethe Street." He was also "impressario" of the Widows and Widowers' parties and balls which were events in Chicago society.

A smart evening gown for women in the shops along Fifth avenue, New York City, costs from \$700 to \$1,200. Ultra-smart evening gowns cost \$5,000 each. A matched Russian sable coat sells from \$62,000 to \$120,000.

The average salary of elementary school teachers in the United States is above \$1,000 a year. The average salary of high school teachers, \$1,677 a year.

For the past eight years Chicago has had a complete system of public schools throughout the republic entirely outside of any religious influence whatever.

## Morning Judge

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

Puts up good excuse. But Judge couldn't see it.

Seymour Anderson and his wife Ida have been married four years. It seems that they do not get along well together.

For the past month, Ida said, Seymour has been out of a job. When he did work, she said, he gave her only a little bit of money and then made life so miserable for her, she declared, that she had to give it back to him.

Ever since he has been loafing, she said, he has been hanging out on Seventh street drinking poison liquor.

Seymour's sister said the same thing. She swore that he was drunk all the time and was a terrible fellow.

"Ah cums in mah house en axed mah wife for some food," Seymour explained, "en she gib me some sour grub to eat. Wen Ah got afiah her about it, she rushed at me wid a pair of scissors. Ah jist couldn't stand around en be no human target."

The troubles of the couple came to a head a few days ago when Ida hit the floor. She got a warrant and charged Seymour with assault. The court fined him \$15.

THIS FLAVORING EXTRACTURE PACKS AN AWFUL WALLOP.

It is too hot to monkey with fire-water these days. We have no reference to a cool mint julep—only the poison booze.

Ella Moore flirted too long and too often with a bottle of some kind of extract and it went to her head. She called on Eva Webb, her friend, to help iron the white folks' clothes.

Eva noticed the jar and warned Ella to get home. Instead the woman got sore and threw bricks at the window.

Eva ran out and found Policeman Barry. When the policeman arrived he found Ella in the midst of a big crowd lecturing on the great wrong that Mr. Volstead inflicted on us suffering Americans.

Just as soon as she had seen who brought the policeman she got fighting mad. On the way to the box she kept Berry busy keeping her from hitting Eva.

But at the box Ella managed to strike. Eva in the face. Then, a charge of assault, one of drunkenness and one of disorderly conduct was placed against her.

In court she did not remember anything—except that the extract she drank acted queer.

The court fined her \$25 for being disorderly and \$10 for being drunk, and \$10 for hitting Eva.

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# Woodward & Lothrop