THE FORTUNE HUNTER

A New, Gripping Romance Serial

By RUBY AYRES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

She broke in passionately.

"It's not that. How dare you say it! I knew it would be impossible to make you understand. I never mean to try. I made up my mind I would just go on, and let things put themselves right, and so I would have done, if it hadn't been for something that—that happened today," she added slowly.

He turned quickly at that. "Something that happened today? You mean—this afternoon?"

"Yes."

The Fortune Hunter felt as if an icy hand had touched his heart; this was the first roll of the drums, the warning that the end was in sight.

He sought desperately for some clue. What could have happened? What did she mean?

"Tell me what it was," he said, at last.

She drew away from him; there was something very forlorn and pathetic about her at that moment, and the Fortune Hunter felt as if his heart would break as he looked at her.

With all his love he could only bring her unhappiness and suffering, and for a moment he was tempted to tell her the whole truth then and there, and stand by the consequences.

Surely it would be better than going on from day to day, getting more deeply implicated, and making it more impossible to escape with even a shred of honor.

Then Tommy called from the drawing-room window, and the moment was gone. "Anne—Uncle Clem says it's too cold for you out there."

Anne turned readily; she seemed glad of the interruption, but the Fortune Hunter caught her and held her for a second.

"You will answer my question." She struggled against him. 'Not now, oh, please! let me go.'

"You will tell me tonight.'

"Very well, I promise, when Mr. Foster has gone."

The Fortune Hunter released her. "Damn Foster!" he said savagely.

They went back to the drawing room together. Tommy was yawning over a book of travels, and Mr. Harding and Foster were talking in desultory fashion.

The old man looked up apologetically as his niece entered. "My dear, I'm afraid it's too damp out in the garden for you."

"I'm not cold, Uncle," but she shivered as she spoke.

The Fortune Hunter had strolled over to the piano; he sat down on the stool, idly turning the sheets of the song which still stood on the rack—

"For there's no friend along the highways
Fr a vagabond——"

With sudden impulse he began to play the air, his hands running lightly over the keys.

"When you're jog, jog, joggin' along the white road
With your luck all upside down—"

Tommy began to hum the song under his breath, and Anne sat up with swift attention. "I never knew you could play, John," she said sharply.

The Fortune Hunter broke off in the middle of a chord and swung round, his face flushing dully.

"Didn't you? I can strum a little," he said lightly. "t came in rather useful once or twice when I was down on my luck. I vamped in a saloon in 'Frisco once for a month until something better came along."

"'Frisco!" Foster struck in quickly. "What year were you there?"

The Fortune Hunter shrugged his shoulders, he got up from the piano and lit a cigarette with hands that were not quite steady.

"I've been there half a dozen times," he said carelessly

"I was there in the spring of last year," Foster said quietly; his eyes were fixed on the Fortune Hunter's face with a vague sort of bewilderment.

"Really! I don't like the place," the Fortune Hunter said casually; he flung the dead match out of the window, and sat down beside Tommy.

After a moment Foster rose. "Well, I think I'll be getting along," he said.

"Its early yet,' Mr Harding objected. "What about a game of bridge; you play, John?'

The Fortune Hunter looked up, his face twitching nervously.

He knew that he had walked into a trap over the music, and he dreaded that this apparently harmless question might prove to be another.

He was spared a reply by Foster himself. "Thanks, not tonight, sir. I must really be getting along."

He said goodnight, and Mr. Harding and Tommy followed him to the door.

The Fortune Hunter went over to Anne at once.

"Now, then—what did you mean? What has happened today to make you distrust me?"

She would not answer. She tried to evade the question. "Tommy and uncle will be back in a minute. Please let me go—I'm tired—I——"

His face flamed with sudden passion.

"If you think you can say as much as you have done, and then refuse to explain, you're mistaken. I can stand a great deal, but when it comes to your telling that—that—cad Foster——"

"John!" Then quite suddenly she broke into a storm of tears and escaping from his grasp turned and fled away into the shadows of the garden.

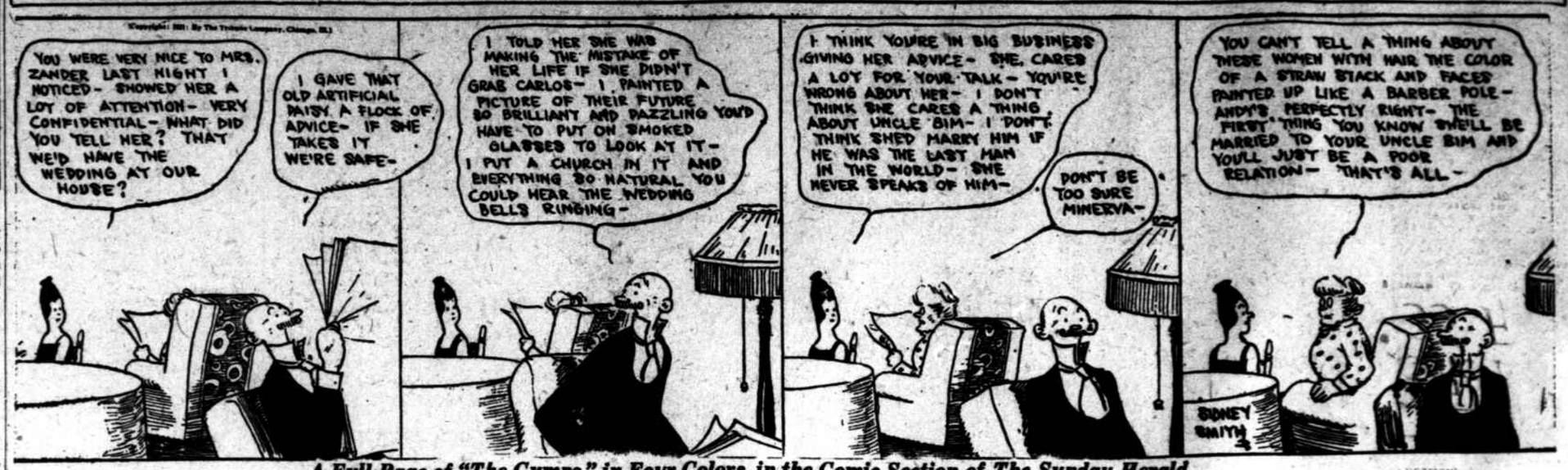
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Virginians Married At Gaithersburg

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 1.—Miss Pauline Elizabeth Fawley, of Edom Va., and Joseph Owen Beard, of Middletown, Va., were married at Gaithersburg last evening by the Rev. D. M. Brown pastor of Grace Methodist Church there, the ceremony taking place at the home of the minister in the presence of a few friends.

Among the couples married in Rockville within the last few days were Miss Effie L. Crowell of Capitol Heights Md., and Herbert W. Butler, of Bristow. Va; Miss Rosalie Russell and Robert E. Fuller both of Washington, and Miss Lois Vida Delaney and Howard Elmer Runkles, both of Washington.

THE GUMPS—The Gumps Give a Party for Mrs. Zander. —By SMITH



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

'Morning, Judge

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

BLACKS WIFE'S EYES. GETS 6 MONTHS IN JAIL.

Ignatius Adams is a very affectionate husband.

His wife, Anna, did not hold this against him when she packed up and left. It was his unusual way of showing his affection that resulted in the break-up of the family and the husband's appearance in court on an assault charge.

Anna said that her pugilistic husband kept her eyes blacked nearly all the time. She never had to do very much to get him started. He was nearly always peeved enough to hit her.

The last time Ignatius got sore at her, she said, he knocked her down and broke her leg and then kicked out several of her teeth. No gentleman would have done such a thing to a lady.

When Policeman Al Herfurth got behind Ignatius on a motorcycle the boy showed some speed and by the time Herfurth caught him, the speedometer on the machine was almost out of breath. The chase lasted ten blocks.

It was only because the fleeing husband slipped that he happened to get caught. So he said anyhow.

Judge Hardison took a good long look at Ignatius, and then squinted at the law book.

"Six months in jail," said the judge, slamming the book shut.

"I stand for American boyhood who build castles in the air and boats—and whose achievements will build the country."—President Harding.

The Boys' Daily Herald

"Achievement is the only patent of nobility in the modern world."—Ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

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Young Writer To Interview Judicial Men

In the first American Achievement reports there were twenty boys who owned presses and a number of these boys edited small papers.

Therefore the boys who desire to send in reports of news happenings will be recorded as First Americans when their articles or reports are published.

Irvin Shapiro, of 95 L street, writes:

"I would like to join the First American Boys Press Association and interview people of high standing on the matter of the abolishment of capital punishment or the education of the foreign born."

All right Irvin, we suggest that you interview one of the judges presiding over a court in the District of Columbia on the question of capital punishment

Paul E. Frisby, of 1607 Thirty-first street northwest, registers as a F. A. B. P. A.

"Having played practically every game from mumbly-peg, horse shoes up to football, basketball and baseball at W. H. S. I would like to cover sports."

Why not tackle the horse-shoe proposition, Paul? There are a number of men, some very prominent in national affairs, who pitch quoits. There are some very exciting games going on right now in Washington. See what you can find out about them and then interview one or two men who play. They will tell you it is really a very scientific game, and why.

C. Smith, of 712 C street northeast wants information about beginning.

You just begin. That's all.

If you don't know what to write about or who to interview, we give you this suggestion.

Did your father ever whip you? If so, did it do you any good? If it did, why? If it did not, why? Find five other boys and ask them what they think of whippings, floggings or beatings, whatever they call it when their father takes a switch or strap and "lays to."

Look up the Boys' Daily Herald which contained the Judge Brown Story-Talk called The Fire and the Rabbit and then start out and be a reporter.

A Judge Brown Story-Talk

Crooked Trees and Boys

By JUDGE WILLIS BROWN.

Two great trees stood near the old farm house. One of them was a very straight tree.

While one was crooked.

Thomas Rider from the distant city, was visiting Joseph Todd who lived in the farm house.

The river ran near the house.

The Todd family left for town early in the morning, leaving the boys alone.

"Do not go on the river with the boat while we are away."

Joseph's father said this to him.

"We wont," was the boys' reply.

"Water the cattle at noon."

"All right," Joseph replied.

Late that afternoon when Farmer Todd returned from town he found the two boys playing in the crooked tree, for it was easy to climb.

"Did you water the cows?" asked Mr. Todd.

"Yes," replied Joseph.

Joseph DID NOT water the cows.

He and Thomas took a boat ride and at noon were two miles down the river.

They were frightened when they found out it took so much longer to row back against the stream than to row with the current.

They had been home but a short time when Mr. Todd returned from town.

If Joseph had informed his father that he did not water the cows, his father would have wanted to know the reason why.

Joseph would then have had to tell about the boat ride and that he disobeyed his father, or he would have had to tell another lie.

That night a great storm came.

The wind blew a gale and some of the branches of the great trees were broken.

In the morning the city visitor, Thomas, exclaimed as he looked out of the window:

"I thought the wind would bend the straight tree."

Joseph laughed at Thomas' ignorance, and said:

"Why, you silly, the wind can't make an old tree crooked."

"How did the crooked tree get that way, then?" inquired Thomas.

"It grew that way."

Joseph's father here interrupted the boys' conversation, remarking:

"When did the crooked tree begin to grow crooked?"

"When it was little, just a little bend on a young tree will make it grow crooked sometimes," said Joseph.

After breakfast the two boys were standing near the crooked tree, and Joseph said:

"Was you thinking of crooked men when father asked us about when a crooked tree began to get crooked?"

Thomas said he was.

"I guess that's why they call some men CROOKS," said Joseph.

"And they don't happen that way or get crooked when they grow straight and strong," said Thomas.

"Let's tell your father that we went on the river and that we didn't water the cows," said Thomas. "Seems to me that we were bent yesterday and we don't want to grow crooked, do we Joe?"

"We'll tell father to show we don't want to grow crooked. But I guess he knows we bent crooked yesterday," said Joseph.

"Who told him?" asked Thomas.

"The cows," replied Joseph.

Tennis Clubs Should Back Boy Players

Some time ago the Boys' Herald published an article showing the lack of good tennis material in Washington. Several boys have written to the editor and most of them think the blame is due to a lack of boys' clubs.

Some of the boys put the trouble in lack of funds, pointing out that the few clubs that are organized in the city for boys who play tennis, consist of boys who can afford both the time and expense. In order to join one of these clubs an entrance fee is required and also a contribution for the upkeep of the courts.

Tennis racquets are costly. It is hard to obtain one for less than $5 and balls average from 30 to 60 cents. If the tennis racquet strings break or loosen it will cost $1 or $2 to repair it. So it can be readily seen that the tennis game is one that few boys can afford that is in the organization form.

Business clubs should help finance the clubs. In the municipal courts a fee is necessary. You pay for the use of the courts on certain days and then you can only play for a certain limit of time. Tennis is not an easy game It requires practice and that can't be obtained without a tennis court which can be used at any and all times. There are hundreds of strokes to work up and it is hard to master any one of them without practice. We will be glad to hear from anyone who is interested in the development of tennis among boys.

THANK YOU, BILLY.

Dear Sirs:

Last Sunday I walked a half mile to the station to get the Sunday morning Herald and when I got back home I opened the paper to see Judge Brown's story. I looked all through it but there was no Judge Brown story in it. I am writing to you to see what the matter is. It would not be so bad but I am reading his stories every morning and I was surprised not to see it in the Sunday morning Herald.

Yours truly,
BILLY EDWARD BURGESS.

P. S. I am staying at my grandfather's a half mile from the station in Virginia. My grandfather's name is Edward Luther Della.

FITZHUGH FUNERAL AT 9 THIS MORNING

HYATTSVILLE, Md., Sept. 1.—Funeral services for John B. Fitzhugh, 77 years old, who died Tuesday at his home at Landover Prince Georges County, following a week's illness will be held tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock at the residence, with services following at St. Ambrose Catholic Church, Landover, the Rev. A. J. Carey officiating. Interment will be in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Mr. Fitzhugh served twenty-seven years in the water department of the District of Columbia, being an inspector in the registrar's office.

Miss Virginia B. Tucker Dies.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 1.—Miss Virginia B. Tucker died Tuesday at "Ivy Cliff," the residence of the late John Thompson Brown in Bedford County. She was formerly a resident of Richmond a daughter of the late Dr. David H. Tucker, and a sister of Judge J. R. Tucker, of Bedford County and Mrs. Horace W. Brown, of West Virginia.

Wonder What a Two-Weeks'-Old Baby Thinks About? —By Briggs.