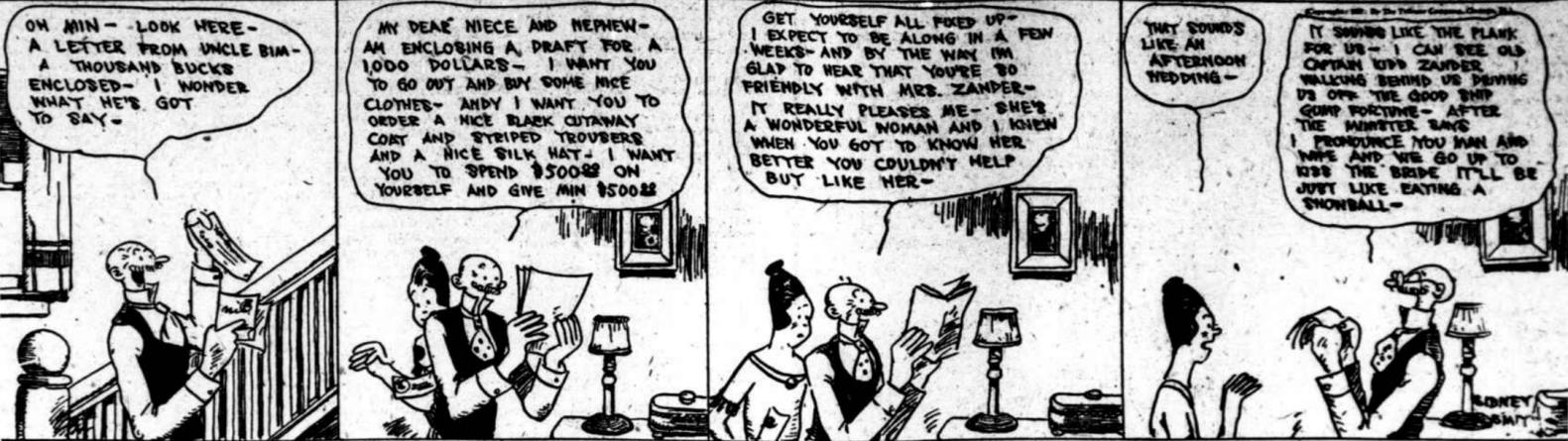


The Fortune Hunter by Ruby Ayres

THE GUMPS—Those Wedding Bells Will Soon Ring Out

By SMITH

Morning Judge! Court Echoes by Rudolph Perkins



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

"He shall not go! I'll not have my son kicked out as if he'd done something to be ashamed of..."

Well—he could wait. That was all. He had been up all night more times before the court, remembering and tonight the game was well worth the candle.

Someone else beside old Fernie had kept watch during that long, misty night, and when the Fortune Hunter dropped from his window into the garden below, Anne saw him steal away across the lawn through the breaking dawn.

There was no sound in the house, but as she went swiftly down the stairs, someone moved in the shadow of the study door and Mr. Harding came towards her.

"He's gone; somehow I knew he meant to go. I am going with him. I'll be back in a few days. I'll be back in a few days. I'll be back in a few days."

has lied to you, and— She broke in passionately: "I love him, and he loves me. If he goes I shall never be happy again."

She hardly seemed to hear; she broke from him and ran to the front door, drawing back the bolts with trembling fingers. Ask anyone what they think. My dear, I'd give the world to see you happy, but this way is impossible.

Which way had he gone? Which way? Was she too late already? She started to run down the stairs, sobbing tearfully and wringing her hands.

"My dear! Think what it means! It's the best for us all to let him go. He knows that the whole thing is impossible, if he ever has a glimpse can there be for you with a man you can't trust—a man who

she said, and her voice was quite steady now. Her eyes met his unflatteringly. "I love you; there is no happiness for me without you."

"If you can say truthfully that you don't want me—that you don't love me," she began, then her voice broke. "Oh, my dear, do you think I care what anyone says? I've thought of it all, and it means nothing to me—nothing! I can forgive the past, it's nothing any more, because I love you."

He stood looking out across the brown, barren field, the first streak of pale sunlight touching his wan face.

"You say you have nothing to offer me. I don't mind that. I have some money—no, dear, don't turn away. I want you to be glad, not sorry, because it means that we can go away together—somewhere—"

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He stood for a moment not answering, his eyes on the barren field, and the indecision in his face seemed slowly to change to a strong determination and resolution.

Then he turned, and took her in his arms, looking down into her tear wet face with something like adoration in his eyes.

"You say you have nothing to offer me. I don't mind that. I have some money—no, dear, don't turn away. I want you to be glad, not sorry, because it means that we can go away together—somewhere—"

met on the bridge one morning. The Fortune Hunter looked up. "No, yet," he said, and then, after a moment, he added: "And, if I may, I'll take back the refusal of help you made me the other night."

He rose to his feet. "If you'll give me a hand, I'll make good yet. I give you my word of honor." Then he flushed and laughed almost apologetically. "I suppose you think that sounds queer?" he added.

Twice a week for three years, Herr Solasedo had plugged up his ears with sound-proof cotton and awaited the call of Miss Terry Belle Noyes, coming from her singing lesson at \$6.99 per lesson.

"Herr Solasedo!" she said with palpitating eyes and sparkling heart. "My course is now completed and it is up to you to fulfill your

part of the contract and find me a position suitable to my voice and dramatic talents. I should prefer grand opera, Herr Solasedo."

Turning fearfully pale and catching a bar of music for support, Herr Solasedo gulped hard. But being a conscientious man, he nodded his head, bowed and retired.

Two weeks later, with a dozen gray hairs but a look of great relief, Herr Solasedo summoned Terry Belle to his studio.

"A wonderful opportunity!" he assured her. "Just the thing for your voice and talents. You're to be coloratura soprano in Hasbinger's restaurant at \$11 per week. You color the soup and when a customer orders, you are to sing down the dumb elevator shaft, 'one ve' (vegetable); two mates (tomato); three peeps (chicken) soup; as the camera be. Now wait while I write the music for it!"

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The Boys' Daily Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1921. Copyright 1921.

Liner Crew Pays Highest Honor to Dead Cabin Boy

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The French liner France came into port today flying her flag at half mast out of respect to a sixteen-year-old cabin boy, who was lost overboard Monday evening. The lad was the pet of the ship.

Ante Over.

If you like to play a game that makes you move fast and think quickly, then "Ante Over" was invented just for you.

Asked What He Was Told.

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

Cornell Star Explains Art Of Tackling

Written Especially for This Newspaper By FRITZ SCHWIERIK, Captain Cornell University Football Team, 1918.

FREE TICKETS

The editor of The Boys' Herald will give two matinee tickets to any local motion picture theater for the best stories for use on this page.

Editor of The Boys' Herald: I want to join the First American Boys' Press Association and have written on the following subjects: Subjects: Name: Address:

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A.M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P.M.

Advertisement for Woodward & Lothrop featuring women's real leather handbags and velvet millinery. Includes an illustration of a woman in a hat and text describing the products and prices.