

THE FORTUNE HUNTER
A New, Gripping Romance Serial

By RUBY AYRES

The Fortune Hunter sat at the top of a five-barred gate, his hat on the back of his head, idly tapping his rather shabby brown boots with a rough stick which he had pulled from a hedge.

It was his eighth-and-twentieth birthday, and he had exactly eight-and-twenty shillings in the world. Perhaps it was this fact that was responsible for the preoccupied look of his face and his total oblivion to the fact that the top of the gate was bordered with barbed wire to the exceeding danger of his already well-worn suit.

It was a warm evening in early September. The trees all around were beginning to be faintly tinged with autumn coloring, and a faint grey mist was rising from the bed of the river which flowed by on the other side of the field at his back. Eight-and-twenty shillings. The Fortune Hunter took the coins from his pocket, looked at them, laughed, and jingled them back again.

He had been in many tight corners during the past ten years of his roving life, and had always managed to struggle out of them, but today somehow his usual optimism seemed to have failed him. Perhaps it was the silence all around that depressed him, for at any rate he sighed—a most unusual thing for the Fortune Hunter to do—and passed a hand wearily across his eyes.

For a fortnight now he had tramped England, waiting for something to turn up, for he was a firm believer in his luck, and this was the first time he had allowed himself even to consider the possibility that it might be going to fall him after all these years.

To begin with he was hungry, and hunger makes a man a pessimist more quickly than anything on earth; but there was a sort of unwillingness in his heart to break into that last eight-and-twenty shillings until he was absolutely forced to do so.

When things were at their worst, something always turned up—or such, at least, had always been the case with him, and with the sort of feeling that he must get away from his thoughts and shake off his growing depression, the Fortune Hunter jumped down from the gate, and started walking up the road again.

He was a tall man, and he looked like a gentleman in spite of the fact that his clothes were shabby and his boots wanted healing. Yet there was an undeniable air of breeding about him, and he walked with a fine, athletic swing, despite his weariness.

His hair was short-cropped, and showed touches of grey here and there, and his face was burnt by exposure to sun and weather.

For a fortnight he had slept in woods or barns, or out in the hedges; anything served him for a bed; he had roughed it in all four corners of the world, and never quarreled with the pillow provided by circumstance.

A little further on the road forked, one way leading straight along was evidently the main road, and the other, turning into a narrower path, ultimately ending in a shady wood.

The Fortune Hunter hesitated, then turned into the wood, where neither heat nor dust had penetrated and everything was cool and fresh.

He took off his hat and let the soft air beat on his forehead, walking mechanically along until suddenly he tripped and almost fell over an obstacle half hidden in the thick bracken overhanging the narrow footpath.

The Fortune Hunter recovered himself and swore good-naturedly, glancing down to see what had tripped him; then his face changed and he caught his breath on a muttered ejaculation as he saw the huddled form of a man lying face downward amongst the green undergrowth.

"Drunk!" was his first thought, and he half moved aside to pass on. Then some inexplicable instinct restrained him, and, stooping down, he pulled the tall bracken aside, peering more closely at the prostrate figure.

Another second and he was on his knees beside it. His dirty brown hands feeling under the coat for a heart-beat, his tanned face pale with horror. For the man was dead.

The Fortune Hunter had seen death too many times to be mistaken, but it gave him an unusual shock to have come across it here in the heart of a shady English wood.

Turning the dead man gently over on his back, he looked into his face. Quite a young face it was and not unlike his own, he thought vaguely, with its clean-shaven lips and smooth skin, from which even death had not been able to obliterate the tan.

(To Be Continued.)

Special Rail Rate Given Legionnaires

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 8.—Four more railroads have announced a special rate of one cent a mile for members of the American Legion and the Women's Auxiliary who attend the legion's annual national convention at Kansas City, October 21 to November 2. The additional lines granting the special rate are Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Illinois Central and Chicago and Great Western.

At the special rate legionnaires will be enabled to travel from Seattle to Kansas City for about \$10. The roads offering the reduced tariff touch the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and extend from Minneapolis to southern points in Texas. It is expected that several Eastern roads will soon announce similar reductions.

The roads which up to date have offered the special rate are besides those mentioned, the Frisco, Kansas City Southern, Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island.

Foreign educators, within recent years and since the war, have done much to advance education in Persia for Persian girls, who formerly were married from 16 to 12 years of age and were not allowed to attend school.

THE GUMPS—THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.

—By SMITH



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

Morning Judge

By RUDOLPH PERKINS

"SAY IT AGAIN," SHE DARED. KIRBY SAID IT—BANG!

Frank Kirby, an electrician, living at 1023 Third street northeast, said his wife, Elizabeth, cracked him on the head with a piece of iron pipe.

Mrs. Kirby said she used a small stick. Whatever it was it knocked Kirby unconscious for fifteen minutes. So he said.

When he came to, he said, he twisted the stick out of her hand, and in doing so he sprained her wrist and bruised her face.

Later, he was arrested and charged with threatening to kill her—said threat consisting, Mrs. Kirby claimed, of a promise to dash out her brains, and a statement that he could already smell the flowers on her grave.

Kirby denied saying anything so foolish. He said his wife's relatives caused most of his troubles because he was not able to support them and his wife too.

They are living apart now, having separated on July 10. The reason he got hit, Kirby said, was because he repeated a statement to his wife that she had been a trifle indiscreet in her daily conduct. She dared him to say it again, and he did—and then he was knocked out.

The court took his personal bonds to be good.

The University of Berlin remains the largest in Germany with 12,521 students. Munich University has 8,305, Leipzig 5,792, Bonn 4,974, Frankfurt 4,141. Rostock is the smallest with 1,145 students.

The Boys' Daily Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald. AUGUST 9, 1921. Copyright 1921.

Jules Demonet, Inspector, Tells Of Stamp Hobby

"Any boy who wants to be a First American stamp collector must have 500 stamps and have been collecting two months before he can join. Please remember this, and every boy who is now collecting send in your name with the number of stamps you have on hand."

Here are the names of stamp collectors who will sell or trade stamps: Ralph E. Demont, Walter B. Campbell, Blair Stein, Walter Collier, John Beader, Jewell Harper, Frank S. Benson, Joseph F. Myers, Paul Lewis, William Kirby, Ralph Clegdale, R. Walter Deamer, Walden Phillips, Morse Allen, Francis Farmer.

Any boy who wants stamps, or wishes to dispose of some he has on hand, can address The Boys' Herald.

JULES DEMONET, Inspector of Stamps.

List of Don'ts for Hikers. Don't wear high-heeled or pointed-toed shoes. Don't wear heavy, cumbersome clothes. Don't wear anything you are afraid of spilling. Don't neglect to tell your family where you are going. Don't forget anything you are to take with you. Don't worry, grumble or whimper whatever happens. Don't go so far that you will be tired before you start back.

Natural Gasoline. Of course gasoline comes from oil. Everybody understands this. But last year \$64,000,000 worth of gasoline came from natural gas.

Every boy who wants to do something worthwhile, most boys want to make something of value. Many boys start in with great enthusiasm and work with great energy for a time, then somehow things drag and finally there is an uncompleted thing—a failure.

A Judge Brown Story-Talk AIR CASTLES

There are a great many castles in this old world, built of brick and stone and mortar and wood. Before the building of a castle commenced work with their hands the castle was built complete.

It was created by one person whose mind built it and built it in the air. Then seeing it was good and beautiful the workmen used their brains and hands and built it after the creator's air castle.

Many people stop building air castles and these folks also stop building anything worthwhile, for with no air castle before them they have no sample and no plan.

A boy builds an air castle of ocean travel, perhaps he sees the master of a great ocean liner.

Then he builds a boat in which he can ride and row over the waters near his home. If the boy had not built the boat he would not have first built an air castle, he would simply have dreamed.

All air castles must find completion in a definite thing achieved. Otherwise it is but a dream.

President Harding understood all about this when he said "I stand for American boyhood which builds air castles and boats and which will build America."

Ten Thousand Caribou Make Life Live

"I'm lonesome here in Edmonton. It's too tame and civilized. What have you in your cities as exciting as seeing 10,000 caribou in one herd?"

"My nearest neighbor lives fifty-six miles from my cabin, and we two are the only inhabitants in a thousand square miles of country."

Clark lives in a sort of no-man's-land for the Indians do not go that far north, and the Eskimos do not come so far south.

Clark is in love with the solitude of the land he calls home.

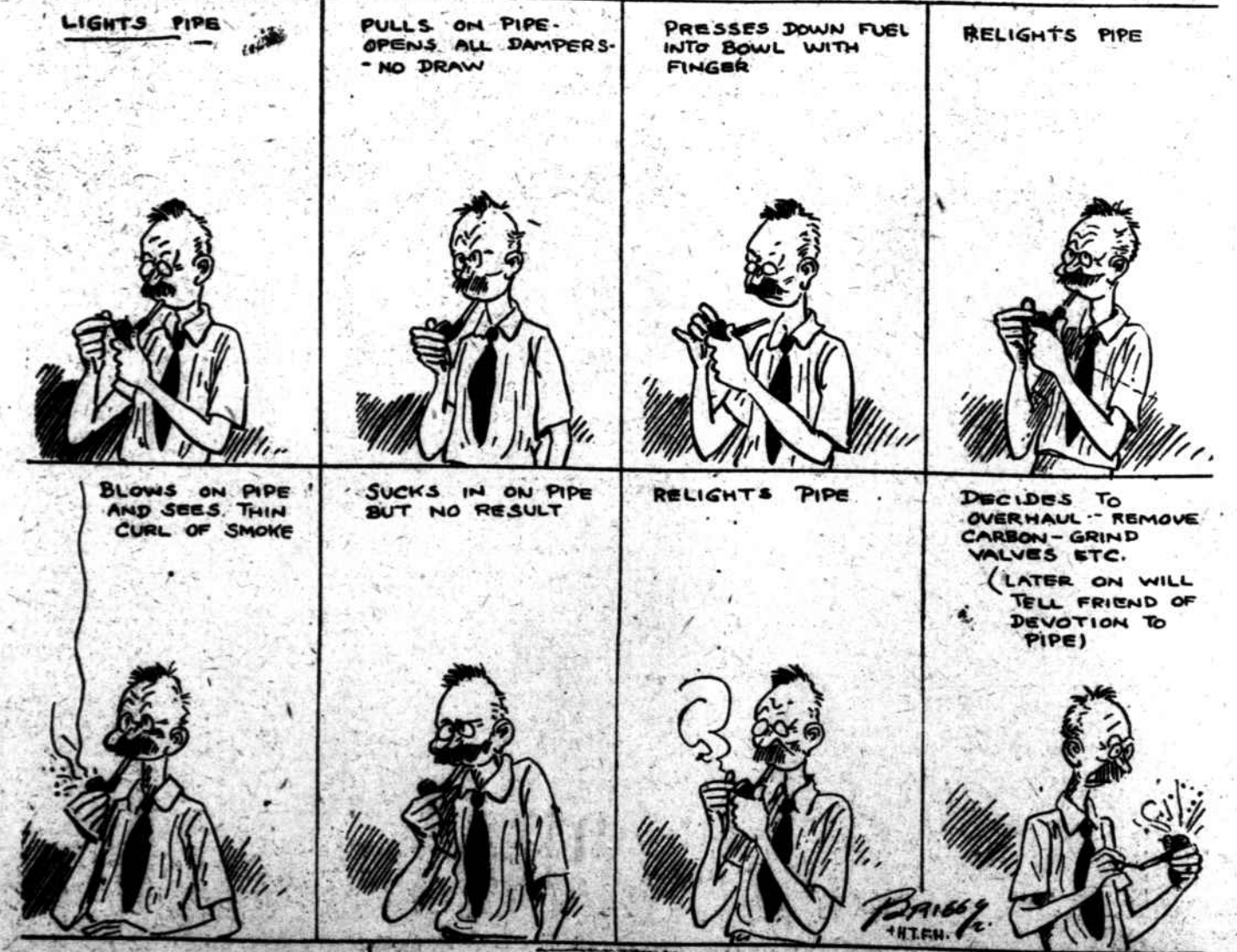
Rare Logic. A teacher observing what she thought to be a lack of patriotic enthusiasm on the part of one of her small pupils demanded: "Tommy, what would you think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle?"

"I should think that the wind was blowing," was Tommy's unexpected answer.

A Crown Prince. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria has ambitions to be called king. He is making use of the permission granted to him to remain in his own country by visiting the common people, strolling through the country and visiting the homes of the simplest of the farm laborers.

MOVIE OF A MAN STRUGGLING WITH PIPE

—By Briggs.



LEGION HEAD WINS PRAISE FOR FIGHT

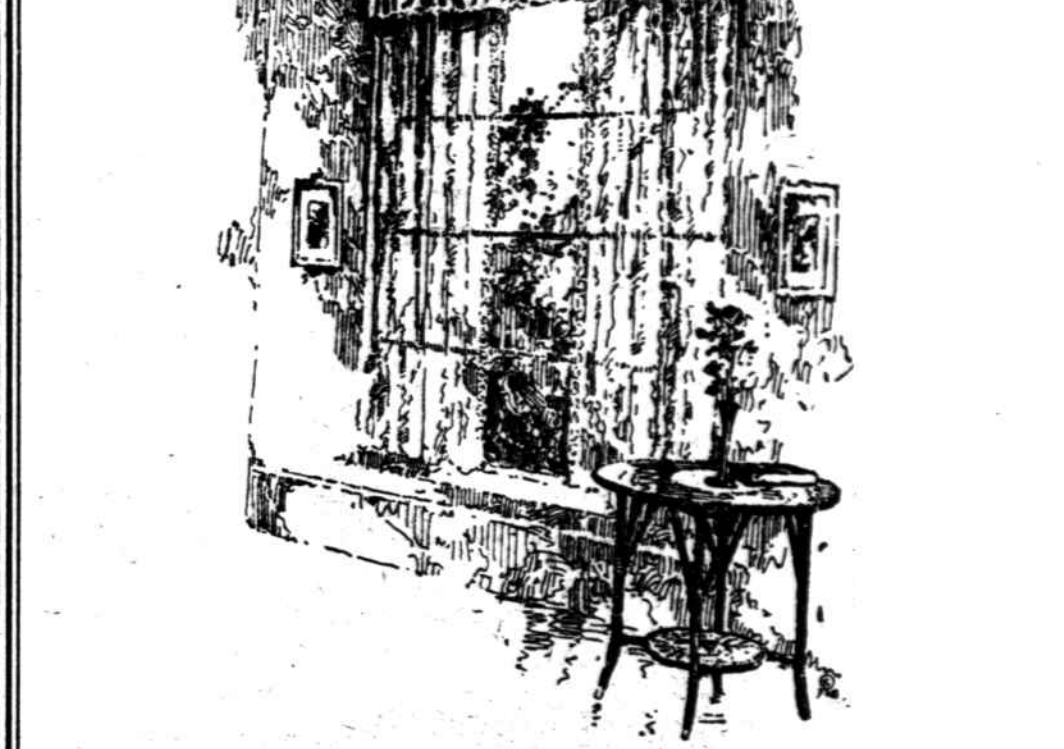
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 8.—Resolutions, telegrams and letters commending the stand of John G. Emery, national commander of the American Legion on adjusted compensation, has been pouring into the Legion's national headquarters at Indianapolis. Since the delay of the compensation measure in Congress, numerous organizations not affiliated with the Legion have joined in fighting for the measure.

Among the prominent men who have publicly deplored the side-tracking of the soldiers' bill is Judge Keneaw Mountain Landis of Chicago.

Governor Olcott, of Oregon, where a State bonus was recently provided, is another strong advocate of the adjusted compensation measure.

Among the contributions of William and Mary College, in Virginia, to education are the honor and elective systems, the first chair of municipal law and modern languages, the first chair of political economy, and the first school of history.

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August Clearance Sale of Fine Lace and Voile Curtains

At a Reduction of 33 1/3% Below Their Former Prices. In this clearance are represented all the finer qualities, both in the imported and domestic makes that must now give room to the fall stocks that will soon be arriving.

3 pairs Real Filet Lace Curtains, mounted on fine voile, three yards long. Reduced to \$77.50 pair. 7 pairs Voile Curtains, embroidery and motif border, three yards long. Reduced to \$18.50 pair.

A Special Purchase for the August Sale. 500 Pairs Marquisette Curtains

—with two-inch hemstitched border; in white, ecru or cream; 2 1/2 yards long. This is a splendid curtain for bedrooms, hotels or boarding houses, where a plain curtain is desirable. These are a most exceptional quality and the price is exceptionally low. Specially priced, \$1.25 pair.

Duchess, Point de Gene, and Swiss oint Curtains—Made in Switzerland. In neat applique designs on fine nets, making them highly desirable for any room of the home.

6 prs., 2 1/2 yds. long. Reduced to \$12.50 pair. 19 prs., 2 1/2 yds. long. Reduced to \$10 pair. 25 prs., 2 1/2 yds. long. Reduced to \$8.50 pair.

60 Pairs Voile and Marquisette Curtains, 2 1/2 yards long. These may be had in ivory or white; have hemstitched borders, finished with lace edgings, in three neat attractive designs. Reduced to \$5 pair.

120 pairs Marquisette and Voile Curtains, in cream, ecru or white. These are 2 1/2 yards long and you may select from six very effective designs. Reduced to \$4 pair. Curtain Section—Fifth Floor.

Fine Brussels Net Curtains. These are of splendid quality and in neat practical designs; some with plain centers, others in all-over patterns. Especially desirable for the Parlor, Bedroom or the smaller rooms of the home.

8 prs., 3 yards long. Reduced to \$37.50 pair. 4 pairs, 3 3/4 yards long. Reduced to \$35 pair. 6 pairs, 3 yards long. Reduced to \$32.50 pair. 6 pairs, 3 1/2 yards long. Reduced to \$27.50 pair. 8 pairs, 3 yards long. Reduced to \$20 pair. 17 pairs, 2 1/2 yards long. Reduced to \$16.50 pair. 18 pairs, 2 1/2 yards long. Reduced to \$13.50 pair.