

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

A New, Gripping Romance Serial
By RUBY AYRES

(Continued from Yesterday.)

In the hall he paused a moment to look back and say, "I hope you don't think I was rude—asking so many questions; but you see, she's my only sister." His voice was earnestly apologetic.

The Fortune Hunter smiled broadly, in spite of his attempts to be serious.

"I quite understand," he said dryly. "Please don't mention it."

They went on into the dining-room together.

In spite of the fact that he had dreaded it, the dinner passed off with perfect ease and friendliness. The conversation was kept to general matters, and no unexpected questions were asked.

Anne was very silent, but the Fortune Hunter was conscious of her eyes often upon him, and for the life of him he could not meet their gaze.

He was thankful when the meal was ended, and Mr. Harding said: "You young people would like a little stroll in the garden, I expect, but don't stay out too long. It's September, you know, and there's a river mist rising already."

Standing up, he touched the Fortune Hunter's arm as he passed. "Later on, come to the study, and we'll have a little chat," he said in a friendly fashion.

The Fortune Hunter followed Anne into the hall; he would have given a great deal to avoid this tete-a-tete, but it was so obviously expected of him that he dared raise no objection.

But she seemed instinctively to feel his unwillingness, for she turned and looked up at him with a little hurt look in her eyes.

"Perhaps you would rather not go out?"

He answered hurriedly: "No, no, I should like it; the house is so warm."

The garden was palely moonlit, but as Mr. Harding had said, the river mist was already rising, and everything looked as if it were veiled in gossamer grey.

The Fortune Hunter glanced at the girl beside him. "You ought to have a wrap. You'll take cold," he said.

She answered mechanically. "My cloak is in the hall, if you fetch it."

He went back without a word, took the cloak from a chair and brought it to her. She let him fold it about her, and they walked on, down the sloping lawn, till they stood by the water's edge.

There were twinkling lights from a houseboat on the opposite bank, and the muted sound of a gramophone, otherwise the night was perfectly still, save for the lap, lap of the water against the bank.

The Fortune Hunter looked up at the misty moon, and his thought slipped back along the chain of things that were gone, with a half-wistful, half-cynical amusement.

Who would have thought that fate would ever land him here? In an ideal English home, amid every comfort and luxury—he, a vagrant fortune hunter, who had run the gamut of life, and who bore its scars on his very soul. He wondered what the girl at his side was thinking; what she would say if he could take her with him in his thoughts, step by step, and show her the dark places of his life through which he had struggled. He felt her shiver and turned quickly.

"You are cold—"

"Yes, I should like to go in." Her voice was strained and hurt, and the Fortune Hunter frowned heavily in the darkness and bit his lip. He put out his arm and would have drawn her into his circle but that she resisted.

"I don't understand you; you are so strange! I thought—after all your letters—"

"Her voice broke on a sound of tears, and she stopped for a moment, trying desperately to recover herself."

"I suppose, in spite of everything, I must seem a great deal changed to you; but I did warn you, and you said I would make no difference. And I thought when I saw you that we were just going to take things up where we left off—that's how it seems as if it ought to be to me, but—"

The Fortune Hunter made a passionate gesture of helplessness; the pain in her eyes angered him, and he took the only way he knew by which to soothe her doubt and fear—he put his arms round her and held her fast to his heart.

"I suppose I'm afraid of you," he said, and his agitation was real enough. "I suppose all the time I'm wondering why it is anyone so—so sweet as you are could even look at a man like me. I'm not worth caring about. If you only knew I—"

She laid her hands on his lips, silencing him.

"We said we would never speak of it again, it's all done with and forgotten. You're here and I love you."

Her voice sank to a whisper, and she hid her face on his breast.

For a moment the Fortune Hunter stood silent, then he deliberately put his hand beneath her chin; he raised her face and bent his head, kissing her again and again passionately.

"I love you, too," he said. "I love you, too."

There was a little rapturous silence, then she looked up at him in the moonlight, her face radiant once more. "Now I'm quite, quite happy again," she said. "John, are you happy, too?"

He pressed her head down to his shoulder so that she could not see his face as he answered: "Happier—God knows—than I deserve to be."

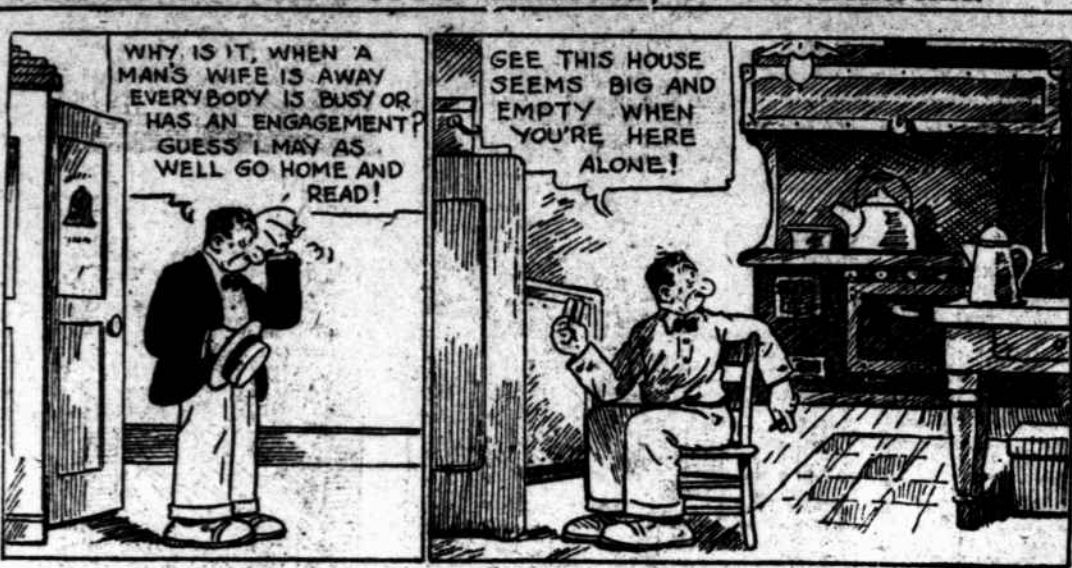
And then presently he sent her back to the house.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CHEERING FRENCH MOBS GREET YANKS

TOULOUSE, Aug. 17.—Met by cheering, kissing crowds at every station, the American Legionnaires today continued their triumphal pilgrimage to the battlefields. Departing from Toulouse, they stopped at Carcassonne, Avignon, Narbonne, and Nîmes on their way to Lyons. Mayors made speeches at every halt, and enthusiastic throngs greeted the Americans.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Lonesome, Oh So Lonesome.



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

Price Free With The Big Herald. AUGUST 18, 1921. Copyright 1921.

Airplane Was Home made Centuries Ago

HONOLULU, T. H., Aug. 17.—Thrills of flying were enjoyed by Hawaiians centuries before aviation was invented, according to stories told by natives of today. Their ancestors got their aerial excitement by jumping off cliffs into the ocean in homemade "planes."

They made a regular game of it, known as "lele pail," or "jumping from the cliff." It was played up to 100 years or so ago by natives who lived near groves of loulou palms near high cliffs overlooking the ocean.

Details of the game have been obtained by William J. Coelho, a former newspaper editor, now an officer of the hale o na ali Hawaii (house of chiefs). This is what he says of the vanished sport:

"The game was played with huge contrivances built of light but stout sticks and overwoven with loulou palm leaves. Several of these affairs were made ready, the Hawaiian 'aviators' took their seats, and were pushed over towering cliffs at the same time. The adventurer who remained longest in the air was the winner."

"Often through carelessness or excitement a 'plane' would execute a nose dive similar to those of twentieth century airplanes. The only damage was the loss of the game."

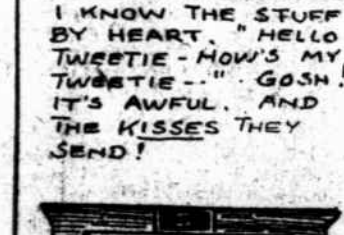
"Old Hawaiians say that their flying men were exceptionally skillful. The only means they had of guiding their crude appliances was to shift their weight to maintain balance, as they zigzagged down toward the sea."

"A fleet of outrigger canoes anchored offshore to pick up the sportsmen and retrieve the 'planes.'"

Exceptionally daring Hawaiians often hopped off 1,000-foot cliffs on the mainland, it is said.

Poor Laws.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 17.—Eight boys caught pitching horseshoes on a vacant lot at University Place, a Lincoln suburb, last Sunday, were found guilty of violating the law and fined \$5 and costs each in Justice Court of the town last night. University Place is the seat of Nebraska Wesleyan University.



The Boys' Daily Herald

AUGUST 18, 1921. Copyright 1921.

A Judge Brown Story-Talk Rusty Nails and Needles

By JUDGE WILLIS BROWN.

There was a great white sheet of cardboard in the window. Lying on the cardboard were nails and needles.

And, strange to say, without any visible power these moved about on the paper.

Sometimes a nail would move about and nearly every other nail and needle it touched clung to it or to another nail or needle, until there was a regular procession of nails and needles moving, snake-like, over the cardboard.

There were a few of the nails and needles which never moved.

Even when other moving nails and needles came near them and touched them, they would not move, only to be pushed out of the way of the moving nails and needles.

These nails and needles were moved by an electric magnet which moved about underneath the cardboard.

The nails and needles, which would not attach themselves to the other nails and needles, could not be charged with electricity; they could not be made to move by any power, but to take hold of them and move them or push them along by main force.

These moveless nails and needles were rusty. The rust prevented the power of the magnet to enter them. But polish off the rust, and make a shiny nail and needle and the magnet could charge them until others would cling to them and move along by the power they could throw out.

Did you ever see a rusty boy?

I have.

I had one of these rusty boys in my court one day.

He was a stranger to me, and I sent him to a boys' school, where all boys were playing square.

These boys had been charged with the magnet of honor. But my rusty boy didn't move with them.

When I talked with him he didn't understand anything about moving about on honor.

He had run away from a very fine home, a loving mother, and a respectable and considerate father.

But he was just rusty, like the nails and needles which would not move or stick.

But we did finally get the rust off and this boy shined splendidly and moved about on the honor magnet.

How about you?

Don't get rusty.

Prodigy Leaves Harvard For Life of Farmer

BERWICK, Pa., Aug. 17.—Frederick Santee, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Santee, of Wapwallpen, who entered Harvard at thirteen and finished his freshman year among the honor students just after he passed his fourteenth birthday, doesn't believe in all mental and no physical development.

The young man is almost as well developed physically as mentally, for the usual undersized body that marks a youth of such unusual mental caliber is entirely lacking. His sensational record in the schools of Wilkes-Barre and Philadelphia and later at Harvard has attracted attention, and his work as a farmhand is beginning to attract local notice.

Farmers declare he is the best farm hand they have employed in many a day, for the boy puts his whole heart into a good day's work just as he does in his studies.

The young sophomore is following out his belief and is spending the summer as a laborer on farms in the vicinity of his home. He has been taking his share of the work in the harvest field with the other hands, and also helps with the other work on whichever farm he is employed at the time.

In England it is unlawful to play billiards in a public place on Sunday, Christmas day or Good Friday.

—By Briggs.

ONCE IN A WHILE A MAN DROPS IN TO TALK BUSINESS BUT VERY VERY SELDOM... THEY MAKE IT BRIEF BECAUSE I'M PRETTY WARM INSIDE

I WISH I HAD A DOLLAR FOR EACH TIME A MAN COMES IN HERE TO TELL HIS WIFE HE'S AT HIS OFFICE IN A BUSINESS CONFERENCE AND WON'T BE HOME TILL LATE

AND MUSH TALK! WOW! I GET SO FED UP AND SICKENED OF THE SLUSH I'M FORCED TO LISTEN TO!!

I KNOW THE STUFF BY HEART. HELLO TWENTIE—NOW'S MY TWENTIE—GOSH! IT'S AWFUL. AND THE KISSES THEY SEND!

AND THEN THERE'S THE GUESSING CONTEST. "CAN YOU GUESS WHO THIS IS?" I HEAR THAT A LOT—AND THEY TRY TO DISGUISE THEIR VOICES AND THEN THEY GIGGLE

LATELY I HEAR A LOT OF CONVERSATION LIKE THIS "I CAN GET YOU ANOTHER CASE OF THE SAME STUFF FOR A HUNDRED AND A QUARTER."



Father's Blood Fails to Save Runaway Victim

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 17.—William Randolph Gibson, 14 years old, son of Randolph Gibson, yard brakeman for the Southern Railway, died in the University Hospital from injuries sustained yesterday afternoon in a runaway accident.

The youth, accompanied by his brother Elmer, aged 11, was driving a one-horse load of railway ties through the city when the horse became frightened. The elder boy was jolted from the wagon and fell under the wheels, two of which passed over his chest and abdomen. At the hospital a transfusion operation was resorted to in an effort to save the boy's life when the father furnished the blood. Besides his parents, the youth is survived by four brothers and three sisters.

Sues on Wrecked 'Auto.

The Washington Railway and Electric Company and Sterrett and Fleming, auto dealers, were sued yesterday in the District Supreme Court by Elizabeth A. Davis to recover \$3,900 damages for alleged injuries to her automobile. Through Attorneys Lambert and Yeatman, the plaintiff alleges that on February 4 her automobile, while in charge of an agent of the dealers, was struck by a car at Eleventh and V streets northwest, and wrecked.

Granddaughter of Key, Composer, Dies at 93

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Jessie Habersham, 93 years old, widow of Alexander W. Habersham and granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," died here today. Mrs. Habersham was probably the oldest resident of Annapolis.

Surviving her is a daughter, and three sons, as follows: Miss Ellen Habersham, who lived with her mother for years at the Charles street residence, Alexander W. of Baltimore; the Rev. Henry S. of Monroe, Conn.; and Edward H. Habersham, of Tampa, Fla.

A sister, Mrs. J. S. Barstow, of South Orange, N. J., also survives. Mrs. Habersham was a member of the well known Steele family of Maryland. She was a daughter of Henry M. and Maria Lloyd Steele, and was born near Elkridge.

Vessel With Dynamite Cargo Lost on Breakers

BEAUFORT, N. C., Aug. 17.—The schooner Louise Howard, with a cargo of dynamite, lies pounded to pieces on the breakers, a total loss. The vessel was driven into the shoals during a southwest gale yesterday and the crew was rescued by the coast guard. Owing to the nature of her cargo, all efforts to salvage were abandoned.

The schooner was valued at \$58,000 and was not insured.

Veterans Will Unveil Jackson Statue Oct. 19

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 17.—When the Virginia Grand Camps of Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans hold their joint annual reunion here in October, the statue of Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, presented to the city by Paul Goodloe McIntire, millionaire philanthropist, will be unveiled. The committee had also planned to unveil the statue of Robert E. Lee, another McIntire gift, but the monument is not completed. The unveiling will take place on October 19. It is expected that there will be at least 5,000 people here from every section of the State.

Woodward & Lothrop

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



Supply Your Blanket Needs Now

The August Sale Offers Splendid All-Wool Blankets, \$8.95

The reputation we have established for Fine Bed Blankets at the lowest prices consistent with quality is being augmented during this August Blanket Sale.

These Fine All-wool Plaid Blankets at \$8.95 pair, full double-bed size, are one of the best values we have ever offered.

We secured them from a well known American mill. They were sold to us as being subject to slight imperfections, but in the large majority of cases we cannot find a single defect.

Every pair of these Blankets is soft, fluffy, warm, splendidly made and finished. Shown in these desirable colors—

- Blue and white block plaids
- Blue, tan and white plaids
- Blue, gray and white plaids
- Pink, gray and white plaids
- Gray block plaids
- Tan block plaids

Your choice of any coloring at \$8.95 pair

Blanket Section, Second floor.

The Remaining Stock of Girls' Summer Dresses At Greatly Reduced Prices

Voile and Organdy Dresses Reduced to \$3.95

Rose, blue, brown, tan and orchid, in both plain colors and figured patterns; sizes 6 to 16 years.

Checked Gingham Dresses Reduced to \$4.95

Blue, red, pink and brown checked gingham dresses, some with white organdy collar and sashes; many different models; sizes 12, 14 and 16 years.

White Gabardine Skirts Reduced to \$1.95 and \$2.95

Splendid quality, finished with belt, pockets and buttons.

Women's New Autumn Hats Specially Priced, \$7.50

Smart and beautiful new hats, either widely brimmed or small and saucy, some are soft crush shapes.

They are of velvets, duvetyns and faille silks, in the brilliant autumn reds, such as cherry and the orange and henna tints, also the warm wine tones and browns, with the navy, citron and black hats included.

Each hat is new and different and at the special price of \$7.50 averages about one-half the usual price.

Girls' Section, Fourth floor.

Millinery Section, Third floor.