

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Bachelor Husband," "The One Unwanted," etc. Copyright by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY... Young and good-looking, but out of touch with the world, the Fortune Hunter runs across a dead man's identity, he finds a letter from a girl, who is expecting the man to come home from Europe...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES... I DON'T know what Tommy sees in that man. Anne had complained many times. He repulses me, but Tommy seems to like him. The Fortune Hunter thought he would understand; there was something about Fernie which even he found attractive...

A diligent hunt through John Smith's papers upstairs had elicited the fact that her name was Irene Claver, and that her home for the past few months, at any rate, had been in San Francisco...

But even then the task was a difficult one, and the letter, when at last completed to Irene Claver, seemed to his critical eye an obvious copy. The afternoon post left Somerton at 6 o'clock and he knew he could not expect to miss it...

So he hurriedly sealed and addressed the envelope and took it himself to the post. He had written as tactfully and kindly as possible, telling her that a meeting at present was impossible, but that he would write her again...

"I'm not much of a hand at billiards," he said, then checked himself hurriedly, wondering if she was on her knees. "At least I'm not a bad one," he added. When Mr. Harding had gone he sent her up to her room, begging her to come down. The day had been intolerable without her, and he began to realize that life would be like in the future if he never saw her again.

"What sort of questions?" "I don't know; he seemed interested. I thought, 'Well, I'm off to bed. Is Uncle in?'" "Not yet—his gone up to play billiards with Foster."

Tommy went off, and, finding the absence of the house unbearable, the Fortune Hunter went to his own rooms. Was Anne asleep, he wondered, as he lay through the long night unable to sleep; or was she awake as he was; or was she as he was?

But at breakfast time next morning he was apparently quite her usual self. He had done on the previous day what he was quite well, she declared; a good night's rest had cured her. Wasn't it a perfect day? And she did hope that he had not been too lonely last evening...

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—Honk! Honk!

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—What's in the Letter?

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By Hayward



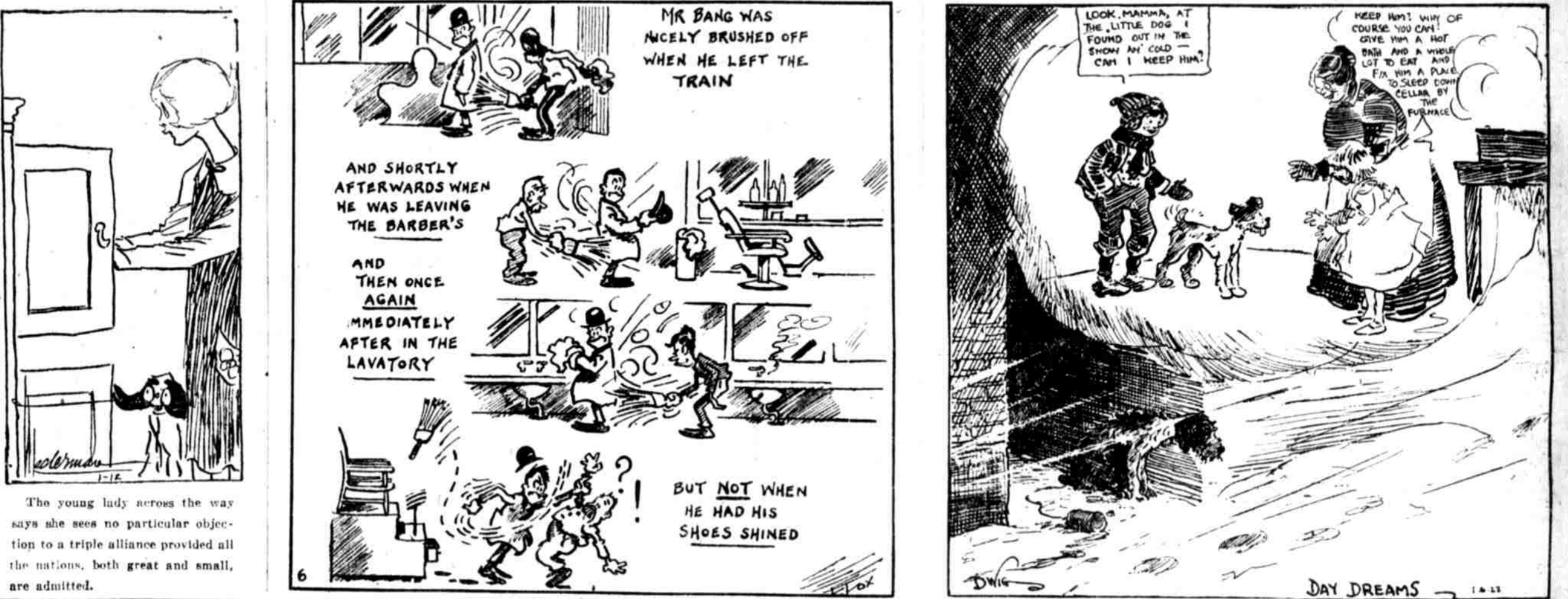
The Young Lady Across the Way

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—Ain't Woman Stupid?

By C. A. Voight



GASOLINE ALLEY—Got to Stick Closer, Walt

By King

