

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...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES... "Yes!" the eager words died on his lips...

"There's no place like the country," thought the Hunter... "Well, and how's London about the same—I rushed through about the same and got back as soon as I could..."

"I shall hear from you in a week's time, then?" "Five thousand pounds! The sum named before him in letters of fire..."

"I don't know that I want any more, either," he said, and rose from his chair... "He meant it kindly, but it seemed somehow to anger Anne, for she turned her brother sharply..."

"What have I done to be treated like this?" he asked harshly... "If you are trying to drive me mad..."

"Foster!" The Fortune Hunter roared the name sharply... "How do I want you to come in the evening?"

"I saw you in town this afternoon," the Fortune Hunter glanced up and said... "My dear chap, there was a little silence, during which the two men looked steadily at each other..."

"The other night you mentioned that you had been in San Francisco, I was in the spring, and like a steel-

THE GUMPS—And He Called Her Toots

UNCLE SIM IS TAKING HIS AFTERNOON STROLL— ALL THE WORLD IS IN TUNE WITH HIM— NO DISCORD— ALL HARMONY— THE PEEP OF A SPARROW IS A CANARY BIRD'S SONG— A THOUSAND SWEET NOTHINGS ARE RUSHING THROUGH HIS HEAD— JUST IN LOVE— THAT'S ALL— IT'S ALL SUNSHINE—



AND THEN— THE DARKNESS CAME ON SWIFTLY AND THE GLOAMING TURNED TO NIGHT... POOR UNCLE— THE SUN MAY HAVE SHONE AND THE BIRDS MAY HAVE SUNG— BUT A CLOUD CAME AND BLOTTED OUT THE SUNSHINE— AND THE SONGS FROZE IN THE BIRD'S THROAT— IT WASN'T A CUPID'S DART THAT STRUCK HIS BIG HEART THIS TIME— THAT WOUNDED HIM SO— IT WAS THE POISONED DAGGER OF JEALOUSY—

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Maybe It's a Base for Orchids or Something

THE SHOCK OF BEING LEFT \$3000 WAS TOO MUCH!

CAM IS STILL SLIGHTLY FLOODEY IN THE FLUE IN OTHER WORDS HER DAMPER WON'T CLOSE SO HER BRAIN HEATS UP TOO MUCH.

SHE IS OFF THE HANDLE 'NUTS', SO TO SPEAK, LIGHT-HEADED LIKE A MATCH. YESTERDAY SHE THOUGHT HER FATHER WAS HER BUTLER! OH DEER!

YES, THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE CAN COME TO THE OFFICE BUT WE GOT TO HUMOR HER. SHE MUST NOT HAVE ANY SHOCK. HE SAYS SHE'S JUST TEMPORARILY UNBALANCED!

NO, HENRI, I WILL NOT NEED YOU UNTIL LUNCH TIME BUT BE CAREFUL AND DON'T LET THE CAR FREEZE UP.



I SUPPOSE MY COUPONS ARE ALL CLIPPED? AND IF LADY GRIMMERE PHONES TELL HER ILL JOIN HER AT THE RITZ THATS ALL THATS ALL NOW



FOR PITY SAKE! WHATS THAT FUNNY LOOKING THING FOR?

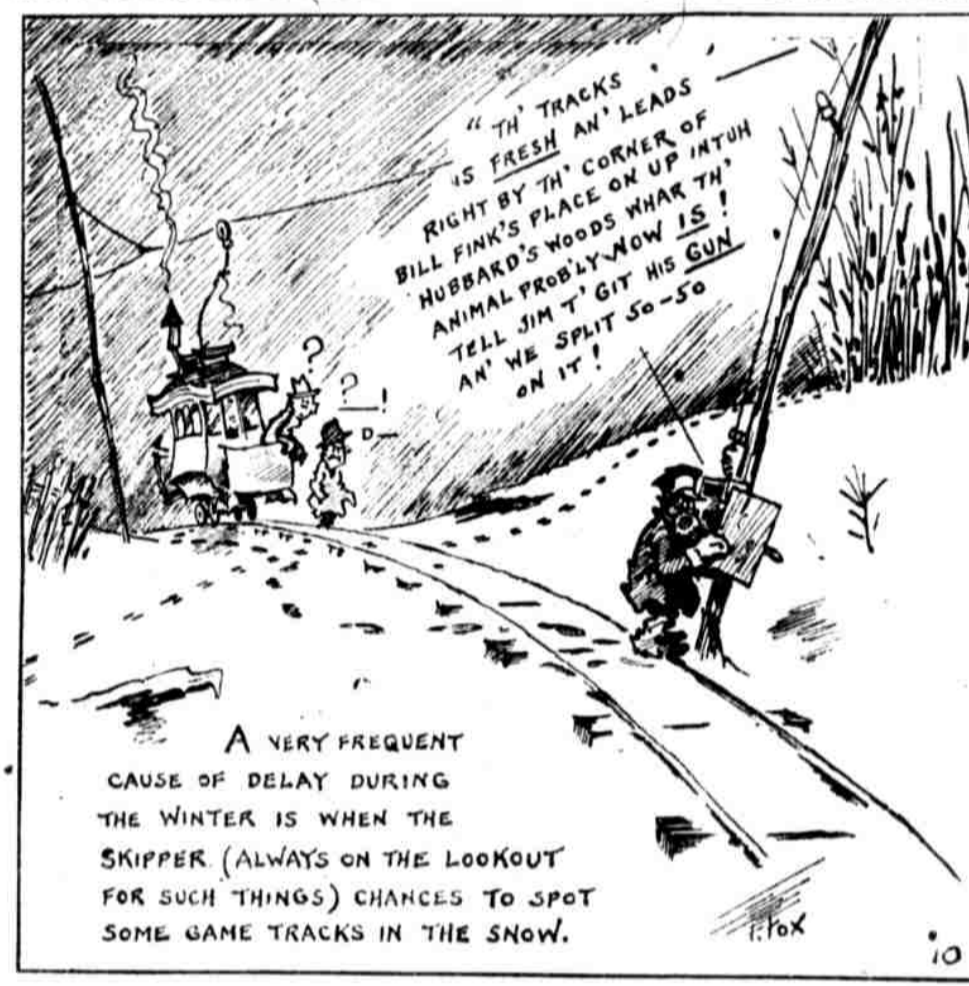


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she'd hardly know what the world was coming to if Christian nations like Great Britain and Japan couldn't agree with us on a plan of disarmament.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



A VERY FREQUENT CAUSE OF DELAY DURING THE WINTER IS WHEN THE SKIPPER (ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SUCH THINGS) CHANCES TO SPOT SOME GAME TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

SCHOOL DAYS



THE NIGHTLY ESCAPE

PETEY—We Could See This Coming



GASOLINE ALLEY—Off for Home



CONTINUED TOMORROW