the MAN HUNTERS

BY MABEL McELLIOTT

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

SUSAN CAREY is learning stenography in a Chicago business school. Reprimanded one day for an error, she looks up to see ROBERT DUNBAR, another student, staring at her.

She has heard he is the heir to the Dunbar fortune and wonders why he is learning stenography. That night she goes to a party at the home of ROSE MILTON, one of her friends, expecting to have a miserable time since she has no escort and knows few of the guests.

A dark young man named BEN LAMPMAN shows her attentions and sees her home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER ONE (Continued)

"If that's the best you can do for Susan Carey, you'd better pound out some more music and let her dance."

One of the boys Susan had known in high school, Eddie Wilkins, came up and claimed her. Susan felt a fool. What an uncomfortable sort of person young Lampman was!

Eddie muttered in her ear that Ben was "kind of a Socialist or something." A freak, Susan decided. But a rather interesting freak. And how he could play!

As the evening wore on, Susan's eyes brightened and the flush in her cheeks deepened. She was having a good time! It was too good to be true. At 11 o'clock she jumped up, startled. Mrs. Milton and a colored woman were beginning to serve supper, but Susan dashed into the bedroom and retrieved her wraps from the mountain of coats on the big bed.

Rose dawdled after her. "Honestly, do you have to go?"

Susan pulled on her gloves. "Oh, you know Aunt Jessie! She would have the police out searching for me if I stayed any longer."

"It's a shame," Rose said, "but I'll get one of the boys to take you home. You mustn't go by yourself."

"Don't bother," begged Susan. She had visions of a long walk home with a bored young man, who would be annoyed at being dragged away from the feast.

When she arrived at the front door she found Ben Lampman there, hat in hand. "Rose said you were going—do you mind?" he stuttered.

"It's very kind of you," said Susan, politely. But she was rather appalled at the prospect of walking eight blocks with young Mr. Lampman, who thought woman's place was in the home. He and Aunt Jessie would get along rather well.

However, Ben spared her any more harangues. He talked desultorily of music, of what he wanted to do. He dreamed of having an orchestra of his own "like Whiteman's." Susan could sympathize with this.

"I think that would be wonderful," she told him enthusiastically.

"Do you, honestly?" He was almost pathetic in his desire for approval.

"Yes, I do." And then Susan told him about her struggles with the demon, shorthand, and her fear that she never would conquer what Aunt Jessie called "the business world."

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BEN LAMPMAN growled "Stick with it. You'll be successful, I can see that. Don't mind what I said tonight about girls working. I know that's behind the times. From what you tell me, you've got a hard row to hoe with this aunt of yours. You've got to strike out for yourself."

Susan flushed and stammered loyally, "Aunt Jessie is all right. She just doesn't understand."

Now they were at her doorstep. The little house looked shrouded and secretive. For a minute Susan was terribly nervous. What if Aunt Jessie should be waiting up, should call out, "Come straight in this minute, Susan Carey!" She had been known to do that.

Hastily she held out her hand. "It was awfully nice of you to bring me home," she murmured. "Thanks so much."

Ben Lampman grasped the hand feverishly. "I want to come and see you some time," he said.

Susan felt a distaste for the young man's ardor. "I—I don't know," she said vaguely. "Maybe, some time."

"I'll telephone," he promised as she ran up the stairs.

Aunt Jessie called out, "Who was that you were talking to?"

Susan said, "Just a friend of Rose's who brought me home."

She crept into her room, turned on the light and moved about as softly as possible, making ready for bed. After she had hung away the pink dress and slipped into her worn old dressing gown, she stood for a long time staring at herself in the mirror.

She traced the wing-like stroke of her black brows. She widened her gray eyes and smiled at the effect.

Was it true—did she really want to be a business girl? Or was she just kidding herself because she wasn't popular with the boys as Rose Milton and most of the other girls were?

She didn't know. This young man, Ben Lampman, had disconcerted and annoyed her. Yet his obvious admiration had saved a sore spot in her ego. What had he meant by saying he knew she'd be a success?

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SUSAN yawned and just then Aunt Jessie, to whom every creak and whisper in the little house spoke as plainly as a child to its mother, called out "For heaven's sake, Susan Carey, stop primping in front of the mirror and get to bed. You've got to get up in the morning."

Oh, the morning! As if she'd forgotten the sarcastic shorthand teacher and the difficult tests there would be next day. Susan thought of Ben Lampman and squared her shoulders.

"I'll pass those tests," she said sturdily. "And I'll get a job and make money and put in an oil burner for Aunt Jessie and get a silver fox for myself. I'll show them!"

Who it was she meant to show Susan didn't quite know.

Perhaps the neighbors who often said, "Poor Jessie Carey! She's been burdened all her life with her brother's child!" Perhaps it was that ruddy, fair-haired boy at Block's shorthand school, the one who had been expelled from college.

Irrelevantly Susan wondered what Robert Dunbar would have thought of Rose Milton's party. He probably would have been bored to death. Dancing to the radio, eating brick ice cream from a golden oak dining room table, would probably not fit in with his ideas of gaiety.

"Wonder what he's really like," Susan speculated just before she dropped off to sleep.

She had no notion how soon she was to know about that!

CHAPTER TWO

OH, Lordy, Lordy, how Susan did hate getting up! She yawned deeply, burrowing her head under the covers and trying to shut out the sound of Aunt Jessie's nasal call: "Susan! Sus-an! Get up this very minute. Breakfast's getting cold."

Shuddering, blinking at the light, the girl swung her feet over the side of the big bed, which groaned in sympathy. Its springs were old and sagging.

She stood in the middle of the little room with its bravely painted dresser and white ruffled curtains. She was slim and youthfully curved, exquisite in her thin cotton nightgown, limp from many washings.

"Su-u-san!"

"Coming!"

Aunt Jessie was grumbling as Susan came into the kitchen. She continued to grumble as she poured coffee from the spout of the old blue enamel pot and slapped thick slices of bread on the toaster.

Susan liked thin toast, but Aunt Jessica didn't believe in catering to young folks' whims.

"No eggs for me, thanks," Susan remonstrated.

Aunt Jessie began to scold with fresh vigor. "You girls nowadays—never know when you're well off—string bean shapes—no vitality——"

Susan had heard it all so many times before that she scarcely listened. She was thinking, if I press my dark blue georgette tonight I'll walk over to Rose's.

Post-mortems on parties always were rather fun. Maybe the Miltons would tease her about her catch, Ben Lampman, the young man who had seemed so smitten. That would be exciting, for Susan Carey never had a beau.

Not that she liked the young man particularly. He was too dark and intense and sort of—well, sullen—to attract her. But he was a young man. A potential admirer. She was tired of having the other girls crow over her.

Even a Ben Lampman, moody and musical and taciturn, would be better than nobody!

Thus Susan's thoughts.

"You're not hearing a word I'm saying," grumbled Aunt Jessie. "Can't think what gets into you these days! I said it's 10 past 8 and you'll be late again if you don't run for the car."

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SUSAN came out of her daze and gulped the last of the coffee. She rushed down the hall and flung on her last year's hat.

It wasn't at all like the ones in the shop windows, but Susan couldn't help that. Her glowing gray eyes, richly curling hair, and the color that came and went fitfully in her heart-shaped face triumphed over the handicap of last year's millinery.

She hurried back into the kitchen to say goodby to Aunt Jessie. The dishwater was making an obligato in the chipped tin pan as Aunt Jessie furiously turned on faucets and swirled an aged dish-mop.

Aunt Jessie did everything energetically. It was her way.

She pecked at Sunsan's cheek and muttered: "You'll be late, sure's you're born. Never did see such a sleepyhead. You take after your mother's folks, that way."

She still was grumbling as Susan ran down the back stairs to take the short cut to the corner where she caught the surface car.

The girl sighed, clinging to a strap. Why was Aunt Jessie such a grouch? She loved her—Susan knew that! Hadn't she nursed her through diphtheria during her first year in high school? Hadn't she brought her back to life wen practically everybody had given her up for dead?

Oh, Susan knew Aunt Jessie really cared for her, but she had such a queer way of showing it. That, thought Susan shrewdly, was Aunt Jessie's generation. Uncompromising, hard on others as well as themselves. They couldn't help it.

"I was raised right and I'm going to see you are the same," Aunt Jessie often said grimly when the young girl complained of strictures.

"Raised right" meant going to bed early and rising early; having very little fun, made-over clothes, putting money in the bank, quoting "handsome is as handsome does" and thinking the devil lurked in a wineglass.

Well, maybe they were right, but Susan thought there must be more in life than just that. She hoped so, anyway.

Her heart sank when she thought of the day before her and she flipped the pages of her book as she swayed and jerked to the uncertain rhythm of the street car's progress.

"Up in front there, up in front," droned the conductor as more and more passengers crowded in at every corner.

It promised to be a warm day. The freshness of early morning was vanishing as they neared the downtown district. The odors of asphalt under sun, of gasoline fumes, of human bodies and cheap scents mingled together. Susan hated it.

She wondered how that fastidious looking young man, Robert Dunbar, rode into town. Probably on a comfortable suburban train with room enough to stretch his long legs and read his morning newspaper.

She envied him. He seemed to be a visitor from another sphere with his fine linen, his well fitting lounge suits.

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AT one of the downtown corners, amid a clangor of street car bells and whine of hastily applied brakes, she alighted and began swiftly to walk east.

It seemed good to be alive and young this morning. The sharp breeze off Lake Michigan teased her hat brim and blew her skirts. Susan walked very rapidly.

Miss Allen was sure to deliver a scatching rebuke if she should arrive late. The clock in the bank on the corner said ten minutes to 9. Susan fairly ran the last few yards, and crammed herself into an already packed elevator.

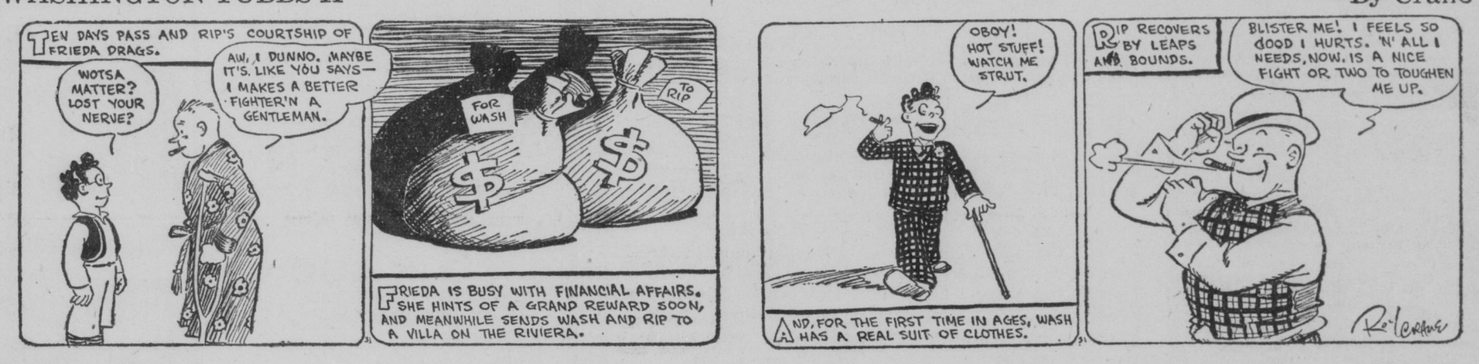
She said "Excuse me" to an unseen male as the car shot upward. Her elbow had jammed inuto a vest front and she flushed scarlet with confusion as she heard a muttered and quite involuntary "Ouch!" at the impact. (To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE —By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS —By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II —By Crane



SALESMAN SAM —By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE —By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Down a stone stairway leading to the chambers beneath the altar, Tarzan sped. Through innumerable winding and turnings of these rock-hewn tunnels he accurately retraced his way. Just as he believed himself safe from the searching priests and warriors, as he was rounding a turn, he came face to face with one of the grotesquely masked underpriests. Knowing what the fellow's intentions would be, Tarzan did not delay action. Before the creature cold decide how to meet the situation, a long keen knife slipped through him and his body lunged to the floor.

Tarzan caught the falling body, and snatched the headdress from its shoulders. A bold scheme for deceiving his enemies had entered his alert mind. Stooping, he severed the tail of the Ho-don close to its root. Into a nearby chamber, from which the priest had just emerged, the ape-man dragged the body. With a strip of hide he tied the tail as securely as possible under his own loin cloth, adjusted the headdress, decorated with human scalps, upon his own shoulders, and again stepped forth. No one, unless they examined closely his thumbs and great toes, would have suspected his masquerade.

He had observed that these people sometimes carried the end of the tail in one hand. So he did likewise, lest the limp appearance of it, dragging behind him, should arouse suspicion. At last he emerged from the maze of underground passages beneath the temple, and came out into the daylight of the palace grounds. Here the excitement attending the impostor god's escape was still going on, and he mingled with warriors, citizens, slaves and priests surging to and fro. None gave him more than a passing glance, for the priesthood was allowed to go everywhere but the Forbidden Garden.

So, unchallenged, Tarzan gained the flowery inclosure, where, removing his disguise, he hid in the shrubbery while determining his next move. Suddenly he became aware that he was not alone in the Forbidden Garden. Soon he saw that it was the Princess O-lo-a, moving as in meditation toward the ape-man's place of concealment. Almost immediately, too, there came the sound of some one running across the garden court. The lovely daughter of Ko-tan also heard, for looking up, she exclaimed: "Pan-at-lee! What has happened?" "O princess," cried the girl, breathlessly, "they would have killed the wondrous stranger!"

STICKERS

MONASTERY

1. •••• ••••••
2. •••• ••••••
3. ••• •••••••
4. •• ••• ••••

Using the letters in the word MONASTERY, see if you can make a four-letter word and a five-letter word to take the places of the dots in the first line; a different four-letter word and five-letter word for the second line; a three-letter word and a six-letter word for the third line, and a two, three and four-letter word for the fourth line. In each line the words must make sense when read together.

Yesterday's Answer

ACEM
1. ACME
2. CAME
3. MACE

Above are the three words which can be formed out of the letters A, C, E and M.

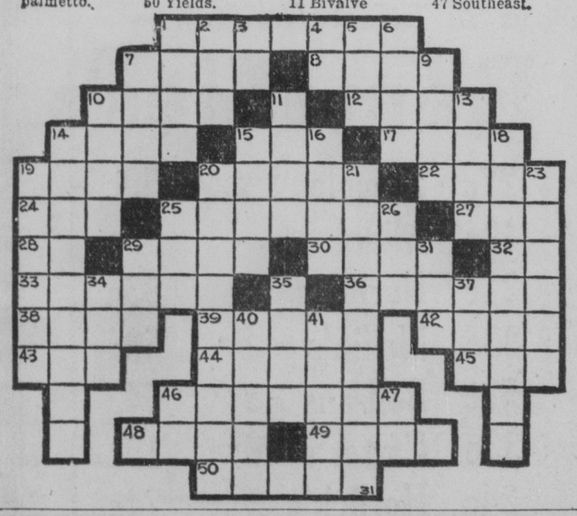
HORIZONTAL

1 River in France.
7 To rant.
8 Edge of a roof.
10 Shrewd.
12 Silk and wire fishline.
14 June flower.
15 To hasten.
17 Rhythmical cadence.
19 Penny.
20 Acer.
22 Net weight of a container.
24 Indian of Shoshonean tribe.
25 Corollaries.
27 Sailor.
28 Railroad (Abbr.).
29 Company.
30 Black.
32 Dad.
33 Special aptitude.
36 Cabbage palmetto.
38 Frosted.
39 Cry of a sheep.
42 To nap.
43 To perch.
44 Smallest, either in size or degree.
45 Male title of courtesy.
46 Boys.
48 Flat, saucer-like bell.
49 Sketched.
50 Yields.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

VERTICAL

1 Fence door.
2 Farewell!
3 Second note.
4 Northeast.
5 To scold constantly.
6 Bad.
7 Coating produced on metals by corrosion.
9 To eject.
10 Pine fruit.
11 Bivalve mollusk.
13 Chart.
14 Recalling.
15 Opposed to soft.
16 Otherwise.
18 Large, flat muscle in the back.
19 Vice president in U. S. A.
20 Highest mountain in Europe.
21 Exacerbates.
23 Rubber in a pencil.
25 Skillet.
26 Male child.
29 Cot.
31 To bow.
34 To rent.
35 Part of a necklace.
37 Dower property.
40 Projecting shelf of rock.
41 Apart.
46 Behold.
47 Southeast.



3 BARGAINS FRIDAY
BUY ALL YOU WANT
SMOKED JOWLS Lb. 7c
SHOULDER PORK CHOPS Lb. 8c
LOIN STEAK Lb. 12c
Schussler's MEAT MARKETS
407 E. Wash. St.
43 N. Alabama St.
63 Virginia Ave.
316 W. Wash. St.
2915 E. 10th St.
2068 N. Illinois St.
2858 Clifton St.
2121 W. Wash. St.
ALL MEATS KILLED and PREPARED IN OUR OWN LOCAL PLANT