

the MAN HUNTERS

BY MABEL McELLIOTT

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
SUSAN CAREY, pretty secretary, who is in love with BOB DUNBAR, has a proposal of marriage from BEN LAMPIN, the penniless musician. She refuses him. Ben is jealous and several weeks later when Susan agrees to marry EDGAR HEATH, her employer, she shoots at Heath, then turns the gun on herself.

Meantime, DENISE ACKBOYD has informed Bob that Susan is going to marry Edgar. Ben is distressed and Susan is distressed. JACK WARING, Heath's assistant, tells Bob that Susan still loves him. Ben is jealous, but can not. Susan's aunt, who is with her, but Ben and Susan stay with friends. She does not like it.

Ben begins to show signs of recovering and Susan tries to tell Heath she can not marry him because she can not love him.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

AFTER wavering in the balance for several days, Ben Lampin's condition suddenly improved. The doctor announced that Ben would recover. Susan did not make another trip to the hospital.

From Ernest Heath she heard the details of Ben's convalescence. As soon as the young man was strong enough to travel he would go to California where he would join an orchestra awaited him.

Poor Ben! There was something pitiful about him, even about his magnificently foolish behavior. Susan was delighted to know that his recovery was certain, but the inevitable reaction had set in.

She was annoyed with Ben for having made her conspicuous. She felt he had placed her in a false and ridiculous position. It wasn't as if she ever had encouraged him. She hadn't. And she had him to thank for opening anew the whole problem of her marriage.

Before the shooting her course had seemed so simple and so plain. It had seemed both generous and wise of her to accept Ernest Heath's name and protection.

Now she saw that love never was wise, but always irrational, wild and passionate. It was Ben who had made that clear to her. She knew he had not meant to do it, but he had accomplished it just the same.

She procrastinated. She let the days pass without coming to a decision. She even wore, nowadays, on the third finger of her left hand, a ring with a single shining stone. She would plan each night how to tell Ernest Heath on the morrow of her change of heart, but always at the last minute her courage would fail.

Then, too, she had to think of Aunt Jessie. She had promised herself she would take care of Aunt Jessie always.

She tried to talk to Rose about it, but there was not much help from this quarter since she did not dare to speak of Bob Dunbar. After all, what was there to tell? She and Bob had shared a few glorious moments of perfect mutual comprehension.

In a life time, fools and wise men say, one meets his match. Whether that he had found hers in this tall, fair, sunburned young man whose world was so different from hers. But how could she explain all that to Rose? Practical Rose would ask, "Did he ever say anything? I mean did he ask you to marry him?"

And Rose would be sure to shake her head sadly over the admission that he had not. Rose approved of

Ernest Heath. She said and thought that Susan was a lucky girl.

SO the days slipped by and nearer came the date set for the wedding. Aunt Jessie wrote glowing letters from Florida. She was feeling ever so much better, she said. She would be home soon.

One afternoon when Susan went over to the little house to see if all was well there she met Mr. Schultz, the next door neighbor.

"Young feller's been around asking about you," he told her.

Susan's heart gave a wild leap. It was preposterous, of course, but suppose Bob should have been looking for her! She forced herself to speak casually. "What was he like?" she asked.

Mr. Schultz was as he would have it, "no great hand at description." He fumbled for words. "Oh, a sort of medium-sized, maybe he was tallish, young feller," he said slowly. "He wore a gray overcoat and no hat like these college boys selling magazines."

Her disappointment was keen. "I guess maybe he was one of those," Mr. Schultz said, feeling he had failed her, but not quite knowing why.

I suppose so, Susan answered. When she went into the house she heard the telephone bell ringing and sped for it, but just before she reached the dining room the bell gave a final gash and stopped.

Susan picked up the receiver with fingers that trembled. The operator's matter-of-fact voice droned, "Number, please?"

"You called this number," Susan told her fiercely.

"Sorry, but there's no one on the wire."

The girl could have wept at the words. Some one had been trying to reach her. All her immediate friends knew she was staying at Rose's. It might have been—it might have been the one person she longed to hear from!

For the hundredth time Susan chided herself for her folly. How could she go on hoping in the face of so many disappointments? If she had known that at that instant Bob Dunbar was disconsolately quitting a pay station in the loop her heart would have leaped for joy.

But Susan had no way of knowing that. Every one seemed to push her toward this marriage—Heath, who wished to give her so much; Mrs. Milton, whose sound common sense and innate worldliness rejoiced in a good match; Aunt Jessie, who was so helpless.

"It's too late to back out now," the girl told herself recklessly. "I must go through with it."

H E A T H was taking her to dinner and to the theater that evening. Listlessly the girl surveyed herself. How different it was, she thought, to be going out with one man and with the only man!

She took no pleasure tonight in her appearance, although her mirror gave back the image of a slim, glowing girl in a simple white frock. She knew she looked well, but she didn't care. It didn't seem to matter.

the velvet-soft surface of the fur and Susan did likewise.

The girl thought she knew now why women were enthralled by the promise of riches. There was something insidious about such a coat.

When Heath arrived a few moments later his eyes shone with pleasure at the sight of her.

"It's much too fine for me," Susan told him shyly.

"My dear," said the man with some emotion, "nothing is." He drew her to him. Susan rested her palms against the silk lapels of his dinner coat. She hated herself for

the thought, but she hoped he was not going to kiss her.

Almost as if he divined her thoughts, the man looked at her shrewdly, smiled and let her go.

"There, we shall be late if we don't hurry."

Susan smiled at him as he helped her into the car. Was this all true, Susan wondered, or was she dreaming? Was she soon to be mistress of so much grandeur.

They rode through shabby streets, where children pelted each other with snowballs and tired workmen plodded home through the dark.

Susan shivered, pulling the fur closer around her throat. Why was she here when her heart belonged somewhere else?

(To Be Continued.)

HELP PICK 'PRESIDENT'

Two City Students to Take Part in Mock Convention.

Two Indianapolis students, Miss Susan Gray Shedd, 2329 North Delaware street, and Robert Ferguson, 312 North Ritter avenue, will be

among the 1,200 at Oberlin college, Oberlin, O., who will participate in a mock Democratic national convention at the college Friday and Saturday.

Miss Shedd is a senior in the conservatory of music. Ferguson is a sophomore. The mock convention tradition was started in 1864, and, beginning with Abraham Lincoln, the students have been successful nine times in picking men selected as presidential candidates. The convention this year is Democratic for the first time.

Baker to Preside* at Extra Shift Next Week to Clear Docket.

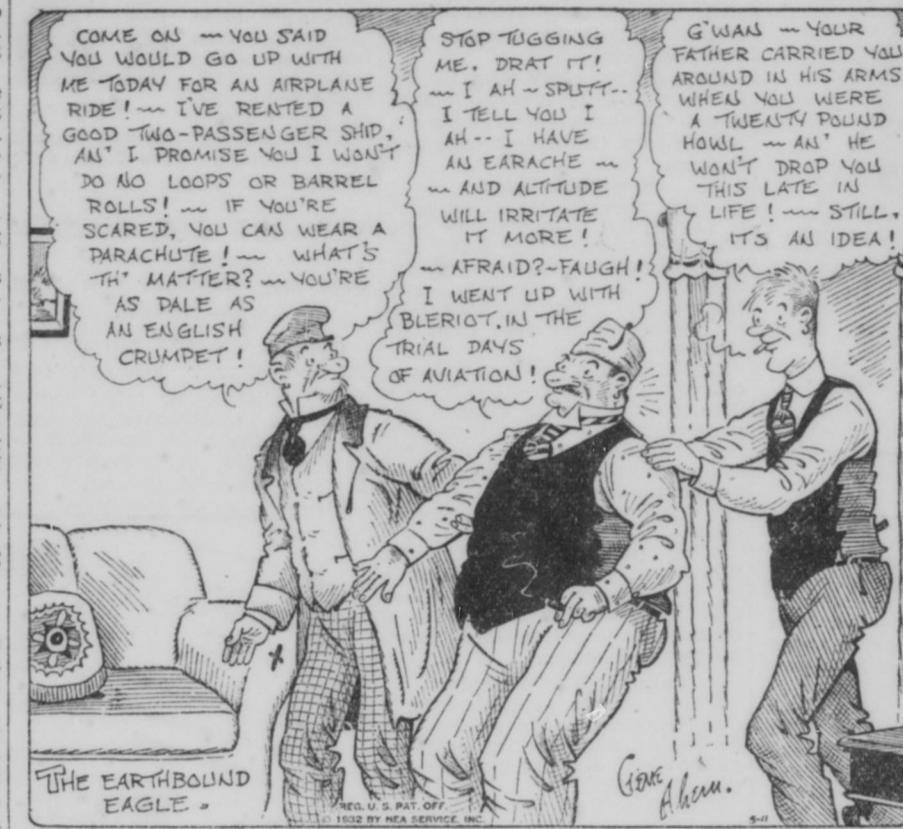
Night sessions will be held next week in criminal court to clear the heavy docket, it has been announced. Many cases have accumulated and the docket will be cleared by the night sessions. Judge Frank P. Baker was absent from court from primary election day until Monday. The county grand jury returned indictments against twenty-two persons on minor points.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



—By Ahern

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Catton

WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Tubbs

SALESMAN SAM



—By Crane

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

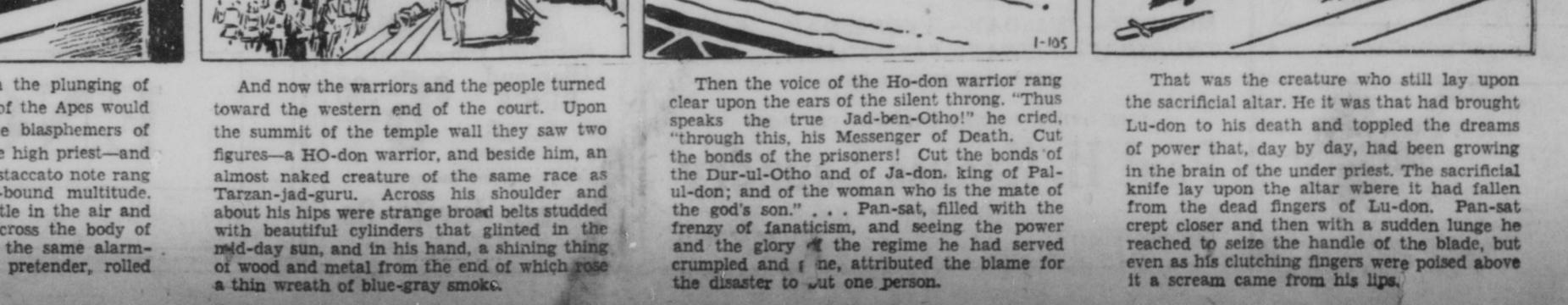


—By Small

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

3 BARGAINS THURSDAY

BUY ALL YOU WANT

Smoked Jowls Lb. 6 1/2¢
HAMBURGER Lb. 6 1/2¢
Chuck Roast Lb. 9 1/2¢

407 E. Wash. St.
43 N. Alabama St.
63 Virginia Ave.
316 W. Wash. St.
2915 E. 10th St.
2068 N. Illinois St.
2838 Clifton St.
2121 W. Wash. St.

ALL MEATS KILLED AND PREPARED
IN OUR OWN LOCAL PLANT

Schusslers'
MEAT
MARKETS

In another moment, with the plunging of the sacrificial knife, Tarzan of the Apes would be no more! "Thus die the blasphemers of Jad-ben-Oto!" screamed the high priest—and at the same instant a sharp staccato note rang out above the silent, spell-bound multitude. There was a screaming whistle in the air and Lu-don crumpled forward across the body of his intended victim. Again the same alarming noise and Mo-sar, the pretender, rolled down the altar steps.

And now the warriors and the people turned toward the western end of the court. Upon the summit of the temple wall they saw two figures—a Ho-don warrior, and beside him, an almost naked creature of the same race as Tarzan-jad-guru. Across his shoulder and about his hips were strange broad belts studded with beautiful cylinders that glinted in the mid-day sun, and in his hand, a shining thing of wood and metal from the end of which rose a thin wreath of blue-gray smoke.

Then the voice of the Ho-don warrior rang clear upon the ears of the silent throng. "Thus speaks the true Jad-ben-Oto!" he cried, "through this, his Messenger of Death. Cut the bonds of the prisoners! Cut the bonds of the Dur-ul-Oto and of Ja-don, king of Pal-ul-don; and of the woman who is the mate of the god's son..." Pan-sat, filled with the frenzy of fanaticism, and seeing the power and the glory of the regime he had served crumpled and fine, attributed the blame for the disaster to *ut* one person.

That was the creature who still lay upon the sacrificial altar. He it was that had brought Lu-don to his death and toppled the dreams of power that, day by day, had been growing in the brain of the under priest. The sacrificial knife lay upon the altar where it had fallen from the dead fingers of Lu-don. Pan-sat crept closer and then with a sudden lunge he reached to seize the handle of the blade, but as his clutching fingers were poised above it a scream came from his lips.