

the MAN HUNTERS

BY MABEL McELLIOTT



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

MEANWHILE, DENISE ACKROYD has informed Bob that Susan is going to marry Ben. Ben's condition is serious and Susan is distressed. JACK WARING, Heath's assistant, tells Bob that Susan still is free. Bob tries to find her, but can't. Susan's aunt who is ill, goes south and Susan stays with friends. She does not get Bob's message. Ben begins to show signs of recovering and Susan tries to tell Heath she can not marry him because she does not love him.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN
AFTER wavering in the balance for several days, Ben Lampman'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 a job in 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 the 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 went, 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.

Once in a life time, fools and wise men say, one meets his mate. Whether this be true or not, Susan thought she 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 that.

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

The thought of that telephone call remained persistently in the back of her mind. Of course, it might have been no one. It might have been a wrong number but there was always the chance—

Mrs. Milton appeared at the door of the bedroom, beaming at her. "My, but you do look fine," she said. "Guess what I've got for you!"

Susan widened her eyes. "I never could. Did you bake a devil's food cake?"

Mrs. Milton snorted. "Listen to the girl," she implored the ceiling. "No, it's nothing like that. Can't you think of something better?"

Susan said she could not. She was brushing her hair, pressing it into sleek waves around her face. Mrs. Milton, with the air of a conjurer, produced a huge green dress-maker's box.

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"My great glory!" muttered Mrs. Milton, almost reverently. "Lift it out, child!" She was frankly impatient. Susan obeyed, draping over her arm the soft, rich coat of leaf-brown fur.

"It doesn't look like mink," muttered Mrs. Milton for it, but just before she reached the dining room the bell gave a final gasp 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 now."

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."

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 it 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 put it, "no great hand at description." He fumbled for words. "Oh, a sort of medium sized—well, 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 reaching the dining room the bell gave a final gasp and stopped.

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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, 3939 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.

PLANS NIGHT COURT
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



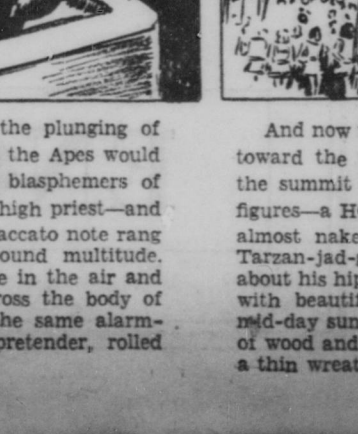
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II
—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM
—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
—By Martin

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE
—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

HORIZONTAL

1 Golf club used for the first shot.

7 Golf links.

13 Rustic.

14 Starting place on a golf hole.

16 To put again.

17 On.

18 Unkempt spots on the golf course.

20 Blushing.

21 Males.

22 Depression marked by a flag on the golf course.

23 Not in.

26 Semicolon (Abbr.).

26 Myself.