

SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN

By Oren Arnold

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
CAROLEE COLTER, heroine, prospector's daughter.
STUART BLAKE, Eastern "dude", tourist, Carolee's lover.
HENRY COLTER, prospector.
PAUL AND SILAS COLTER, prospector's sons.
NINA BLAKE, Stuart's sister.

Yesterday, Colters learn that their gold assays thousands of dollars a ton and Carolee tells Nina of her love for Stuart.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

STUART BLAKE asked Carolee if he might take her home. He would borrow a horse for her from the Lodge corral, and escort her at least part way up the mountain climb to her cliff eyrie.

"You can't go now," Nina informed them. "She's staying for dinner. Aren't you?"
Carolee smiled in surprise.
"Well, I hadn't known it, but—"

"Good. Then you are. I may let Stuart ride up with you later. Or—"

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extremely disturbing. In the darkness they could see no tracks, if indeed there were any to see.

"You say you seen his head?" old man Colter whispered.

Silas nodded. They could find nothing. Silas' quick shooting evidently had gone wild, but had served to frighten the assailant away. Could the assailant have been an animal? Some mountain lion, perhaps, poised as cats do to look down for possible game.

Stuart and Carolee rode up soon after the two men had climbed back down. They were greatly alarmed at the discovery. It seemed patently an attempt on the Colter men's lives, and Stuart said so.

The old man nodded agreement. The four did a good day of talking, in fact, and the Colter men finally admitted that they had suspected Stuart of trying to get revenge on them heretofore, and maybe to drive them away from the gold hunt.

"But you was back there at the lodge this time," Silas remarked. "We been mixed up, about that. But as shore as th' devil made rattlesnakes, somebody's been doggin' us!"

"All clear now," Stuart called gaily. "I'll go back from here. Sure glad you weren't hurt, Mr. Colter, and Silas. This puts a new light on a lot of things, but it leaves a dark spot somewhere just the same. Do you have any idea who's been trying to kill us? Shooting at my dad, and throwing rocks, and Paul?"

"They couldn't guess," Carolee looked helpfully up at him, saddened at the tragic events.

"Well, I have! I have an idea, but I'll have to check on it first. Don't any of you go up there again alone. And I won't be seeing you for a day or two, probably. This business can't go on; we've got to have a showdown."

"You see, my wife and children are to be here for the week-end and I should very much like to have them meet you."

Somehow Jennifer managed to answer, "Tomorrow night? Dinner at 7? The Ambassador? Yes, I shall be there." She heard her voice like that of a third person's coming from miles away.

The next day was endless, one of those days full of soul-searching questions and regrets. Oh, it was her own fault, a silly old maid getting as moony-eyed as any high school sophomore over a handsome man. He had never led her to believe that he was interested in the least. She had brazenly forced herself upon him. He had probably felt sorry for her all along—taken pity on her last night.

But that evening some inner strength arose within Jennifer Allen. If she were to be exhibit A, she would at least do so gracefully. She was glad now about the smart new dress and hat; glad, too, that her hair looked so nice and that she had retained a lovely slim figure. No, even Mrs. Spencer could not pity her tonight. One might even suffer a few pangs over a woman like Jennifer Allen.

At precisely 7, she walked with quiet dignity into the hotel. Morton Spencer was waiting for her near the entrance, and together they crossed the lobby. Jennifer braced herself for the meeting. There on the davenport sat a woman and two young girls.

While she acknowledged the introduction, Jennifer appraised Mrs. Spencer. Why, this woman had dyed hair, was horribly overdressed; her eye makeup gave her the appearance of a chorine. And those children! Not half so attractive as any of her girls at Trenton high.

They went in to dinner and took their places at the table. Spencer immediately launched into a discussion of the newer economic trends, a discussion which accurately echoed the views set forth by the summer school instructor, Mrs. Spencer looked bored.

"Oh, Morton, do stop talking shop," she turned to Jennifer. "He does forget himself like this every so often!"

Spencer blushed and subsided. "Daddy," said the elder of the Spencer daughters, "did you hear that old Eckstein had to resign because he's mixed up in an awful scandal?"

Morton Spencer laid down his fork, a fascinated gleam in his eyes. "No! How did all this happen?"

The entire Spencer family plunged in to supply the details. Jennifer listened, and as she listened, something which had been romance slipped from her. This was any Trenton dinner table. Morton Spencer was any Trenton father, hearing from his very commonplace family any bit of Trenton gossip—relishing it like any Trenton citizen.

Then, quite to her surprise, Jennifer was laughing, a well-bred little laugh supposedly aimed at the lurid description set forth by the Spencer child. Actually she had glanced at Morton Spencer's large feet and had been amused by her mental parallel.

"Oh, goodness!" said Mrs. Spencer. "We've talked enough gossip. This won't be interesting to Miss Allen. You have to know people

to find gossip interesting!" She glanced critically at her husband. "Don't eat any more meat, Morton. Remember your high blood pressure."

THE END

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

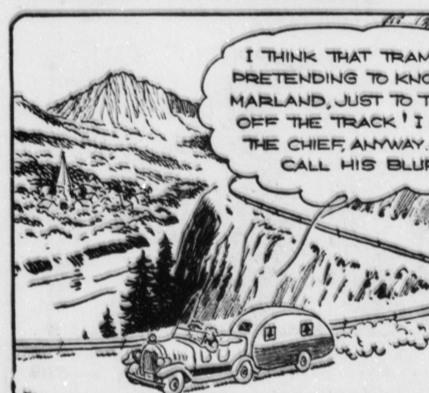
By Sylvia



L'I' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



ASK THE TIMES

Enclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—Who founded the Nobel Prizes?
A—Alfred B. Nobel, a Swedish scientist and the inventor of dynamite, who died Dec. 10, 1896.

Q—Do porcupines shoot their quills?
A—No. The quills are concealed in the fur and assume an upright position when the animal is disturbed. They are loosely attached to the body and come out upon the slightest contact with other objects. When attacked the porcupine thrashes about actively with its tail. If the tail comes in contact with brush or other objects the tail quills are likely to be knocked out or detached. Frequently they are scattered over a considerable area.

Q—In which month are the greatest number of automobiles stolen?
A—Figures compiled by the U. S. Government indicate that the highest average for auto thefts occur in March and April.

Q—Why was the Sixth Division nicknamed the "Sightseeing Sixth"?
A—Because this division marched in reserve for a month without being sent into line.

The gravest question before the world today is this: How may the human race become possessed of sufficient sanity and common sense to make an end of war?—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

The forgotten man is he who earns his living and supports his family.—Silas H. Strawn, former

president, U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

If it were not for the nervous tension and restless urge of the American people, a great many physicians would starve to death.—Supt. F. J. Bateman, state hospital, Columbus, O.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



I'm homesick dear! But I don't know whether it's for our villa at Newport, our penthouse in town or our hacienda down South!

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How'd Jimmy get another ticket—parking that wreck by a fire plug?
Now, by a No Dumping sign.

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A Sparkling Drink...

COOLING...
REFRESHING

Coca-Cola

Drink

ICE COLD
IN BOTTLES

5c