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M THE M HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

Copyright. 1910. by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance



In one of Rudyard Kipling's writings he tells of "the ship that found herself," and in "The Fortune Hunter" we have the fascinating narrative of "a vouth who found himself." The youth is like the ship-he had to have his course laid straight before his career began to make substantial headway. The story of Nat Duncan is one that in dramatic form, as written by Winchell Smith, has attracted the attention of thousands of playgoers throughout the country. As a novel, written by Louis Joseph Vance, it becomes a narrative of profound appeal to the young and old and especially to those of us who in our youth dwelt in a rural district far enough removed from the metronglitan centers to be practically a world in itself and to itself. Usually it is the country lad who ventures into the great cities to seek fortune and fame's favor. But here we find a down to date city youth, who, a failure at everything he had undertaken, invades the rural districts to make a millionaire of himself. That which befalls him prompted a great New York newspaper editor la say, "Every American should read this great story," for "The Partune Hunter," in spite of its rajoyable humor, subtilely pointed by its talented authors, teaches the vital lesson of the need of charity and tolerance for the less fortunate of human beings.

> CHAPTER I. ECEIVER at ear, Spaulding,

of Messrs. Atwater & Spaulding, importers of motoring garments and accessories, listened to the switchboard operator's announcement with grave attention, acknowledging it with a toneless "All right; send him in." Then, hooking up the desk telephone, he swung round in his chair to face the door of his private office and in a brief ensuing Interval painstakingly froned out of his face and attitude every indication of the frame of mind in which he awaited his caller. It was, as a matter of fact, anything but a pleasant one. He had a distasteful duty to perform, but that was the last thing he designed to become evident. Like most good business men, he nursed a pet superstition or two, and of the number of these the first was that he must in all his dealings present an inscrutable front. like a poker player's. Captains of industry were uniformly like that, Spaulding understood. If they entertained emotions it was strictly in

Occasionally this attitude deceived others. Notably now it bewildered Duncan as he entered on the echo of Spaulding's "Come!" He had apprehended the visage of a thunderstorm with a rattle of brusque complaints. He encountered Spaulding as he had ways seemed-a little, urbane figure with a blank face, the blanker for glasses whose lenses seemed always towcatch the light and, glaring, mask the eyes behind them; a prosperous man of affairs, well groomed both as to body and as to mind; a machine for the transaction of business with all a machine's vivacity and temperamental responsiveness. It was just that quality in him that Duncan envied, who was vaguely impressed that if he himself could imitate, however

minutely, the phlegm of a machine he might learn to ape something of its efficiency and so ultimately prove himself of some worth to the world and incidentally to Nathaniel Duncan.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Spaulding," he said, replying to a nod as he dropped into the chair that nod had indicated. A faint smile lightened his expression and made it quite engaging.

"G'd afternoon." Spaulding surveyed him swiftly, then laced his fat little fingers and contemplated them with detached intentness. "Just get in,

"On the 8:30 from Chicago. I got your wire," he resumed. "I mean it got me-overtook me at Minneapolis." "You haven't wasted time."

"I fancied the matter might be

urgent, sir. I gathered from the fact that you wired me to come home that you wanted my advice." A second time Spaulding gestured with his eyebrows, for once fairly surprised out of his pose. "Your advice?" "Yes," said Duncan evenly, "as to

whether you ought to give up your customers on my route or send them a I lasted five weeks at that job before man who could sell goods." "Well?" Spaulding admitted. "Oh, don't think I'm boasting of my acuteness. Anybody could have guessed as much from the great number of

you." "You've had bad luck."

"You mean you have, Mr. Spaulding

It was good luck for me to be draw-



ing down my weekly checks, bad luck to you not to have a man who could

His desperate honesty touched Spaulding a trifle. At the risk of not seeming a business man to himself he inclined dubiously to relent, to give Duncan another chance. "Duncan," he said, "what's the trou-

"I thought you knew that; I thought

that was why you called me in with my route half covered."

"You mean"-"I mean I can't sell your line."

"God only knows. I want to badly enough. It's just general incompetence, I presume.'

"What makes you think that?" Duncan smiled bitterly. "Experi-

ence," he said. "You've tried-what else?" "A little of everything, all the jobs

open to a man with a knowledge of Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics-shipping clerk, timekeeper, cashier, all of 'em." "And yet Kellogg believes in you."

Duncan nodded dolefully. "Harry's a good friend. We roomed together at college. That's why he stands for

"He says you only need the right

Ard nobody knows where that is, except my fortunate employers. It's the back door going out for mine every time. Oh, Harry's been a prince to me. He's found me four or five jobs with friends of his, like yourself. But I don't seem to last. You see, I was brought up to be ornamental and trregular rather than useful, to blow about in motorcars and keep a valet busy sixteen hours a day, and all that sort of thing. My father's failureyou know about that?"

Spaulding nodded. Duncan went on gloomfly, talking a great deal more freely than he would have talked at any other time-suffering, in fact, from that species of auto-hypnosis induced by the sound of his own voice recounting his misfortunes which seems especially to affect a man down on his

years out of college-I'd never thought | the Worth street subway station.

"You may, but you lose a second time. I've just made up my mind I'm not going to heng around here any longer, that's all."

"But," Robbins ventured, hovering about with exasperating solicitude-"but Mr. Kellogg 'd never permit you

to leave in this way, sir." "Wrong again, Robbins," said Duncan shortly, annoyed.

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir." With the instinct of the well trained servant Robbins started to leave, but hesitated. He was really very much disturbed by Duncan's manner, which showed a phase of his character new in Robbins' experience of him. Ordinarily reverses

But what's the use in the cortag you?" Duncan made as if to rise, suddenly remembering himself. "You're not. Go on."

"I didn't mean to. Mostly, I presume. I've been blundering round an explanation of Kellogg's kindness to me, in my usual ineffectual way, but I felt an explanation was due you, as the latest to suffer through his misplaced interest in me."

"Perhaps," said Spaulding, "I am beginning to understand. Go on, I'm interested. About the fish market?"

"Oh, I just happened to think of it as that particular brand. I got \$9 a week and earned every cent of it inhaling the atmosphere. My board cost me \$6 and the other \$3 afforded me a chance to demonstrate myself a captain of finance, paying laundry bills and clothing myself, besides buying lunches and such like small matters. I did the whole thing, you know, one I was taken sick. Shows what a great constitution I've got."

"And then' -- Duncan roused. "Why. then I fell in with Kellogg again; he heavy orders I have not been sending found me trying the open air cure on a bench in Washington square. Since then he's been finding me one berth after another. He's a sure enough optimist."

Spaulding shifted uneasily in his chair, stirred by an impulse whose unwisdom he could not doubt. Duncan had assuredly done his case no good by painting his shortcomings in colors so vivid; yet somehow, strangely, Spaulding liked him the better for his open hearted confession.

"Well"- Spaulding stumbled awkwardly.

"Yes: of course," said Duncan promptly, rising. "Sorry if I tired

"What do you mean by 'Yes, of course?" " "That you called me in to fire me-

and so that's over with. Only I'd be sorry to have you sore on Kellogg for saddling me on you. You see, he believed I'd make good, and so I did in a way; at least I hoped to."

"Oh, that's all right," said Spaulding uncomfortably. "The trouble is, you see, we've nothing else open just now. but if you'd really like another chance on the road I-I'll be glad to speak to Mr. Atwater about it."

"Don't you do it!" Duncan counseled him sharply, aghast. "He might say yes. And I simply couldn't accept; it wouldn't be fair to you, Kellogg or myself. It'd be charity, for I've proved I can't earn my wages, and I haven't come to that yet. No!" he concluded with determination and picked up his hat.

"Just a minute." Spaulding held him with a gesture. "You're forgetting something-at least I am. There's a month's pay coming to you. The cashfer will hand you the check as you go

"A month's pay?" Duncan said blankly. "How's that? I've drawn up to the end of this week already, if you didn't know it."

"Of course I knew it. But we never let our men go without a month's no-

tice or its equivalent, and"-"No," Duncan interrupted firmly-"no; but thank you just the same. I couldn't-I really couldn't. It's good of you, but- Now," he broke off abruptly, "I've left my accounts, what there is of them, with the bookkeeping department, and the checks for my sample trunks. There'll be a few dollars coming to me on my expense account, and I'll send you my address

"But, look here" - Spaulding got to his feet, frowning.

"No," relterated Duncan positively, "there's no use. I'm grateful to you for your toleration of me and all that,

as soon as I get one.'

but we can't do anything better now than call it all off. Goodby, Mr. Spaulding." Spaulding nodded, accepting defeat with the better grace because of an innate conviction that it was just as

well after all. And, furthermore, he admired Duncan's stand, so he offered his hand-an unusual condescension. "You'll make good somewhere yet," he asserted. "I wish I could believe it." Duncan's

grasp was firm since he felt more assured of some humanity latent in his late employer. "However, goodby."

"Good luck to you," rang in his ears as the door put a period to the interview. He stopped and took up the battered suit case and rusty overcoat which he had left outside the junior partner's office, then went on, shaking his head. "Much obliged." he said huskily to himself, "but what's the good of that. There's no room anywhere for a professional failure, and that's what I am-just a ne'er-do-well I never realized what that meant

feally before, and it's certainly taken me a damp' long time to find out. But I know now, all right."

Despondently he went down to the sidewalk and merged himself with the crowd, moving with it, though a thousand miles apart from it, and, presently "That smash came when I was five diverging, struck across town toward

"And the worst of it is he's too sharp not to find it out-if he hasn't by this time-and too decent by far to let me know if he has. It can't go on this way with us. I can't let him. Got to break wall him somehow-now -today. I won't let him think me what I've been all along to him. Rless his foolish heart!"

termination no longer to be a charge upon it. To contemplate the sum to-Kellogg's hands since the day when the latter had found him ill and half starved, friendless as a stray pup, on the bench in Washington square stag and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at W. L. Hand & Co.

Sillicus—"Who was it that said 'Deliver me from my friends?" Cynicus and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at W. L. Hand & Co.

himself, save inadequately, little by of luck.

little-mostly by gratitude and such consideration as he purposed now to exhibit by removing himself and his distresses from the other's ken. Here was an end to comfort for him, an end to living in Kellogg's rooms, eating his food, busying his servants, spending his money, not so much borrowed as pressed upon him.

There crawled in his mind a clammy memory of the sort of housing he had known in past days, and he shuddered inwardly, smelling again the effluvia of dank oilcloth and musty carpets, of fishballs and fried ham, of old style a sample experience, and the last of plumbing and of \$9 a week humanity in the unwashen raw, the odor of misery that permeated the lodgings to which his lack of means had introduced him. He could see again, and with a painful vividness of mental vision, the degenerate "brownstone fronts" that mask those haunts of wretchedness, with their flights of crumbling brownstone steps leading schooner of beer a day and made my up to oaken portals haggard with fiakown cigarettes. Never could make up ing paint, flanked by squares of soiled my mind which was the worst. The note paper upon which inexpert hands hours were easy, too: didn't have to had traced the warning, not "Abandon get to work until 5 in the morning. | hope all ye who enter here," but "Furnished rooms to let with board."

And to this he must return, to that treadmill round of blighted days and joyless nights must set his face.

Alighting at the Grand Central station, he packed the double weight of his luggage and his cares a few blocks northward on Madison avenue ere turning west toward the bachelor rooms which Kellogg had established in the roaring Forties, just the other side of the avenue-Fifth avenue.

The elevator boy, knowing him of old, neglected to announce his arrival, and Duncan had his own key to the door of Kellogg's apartment. He let himself in with futile stealth. As was quite right and proper, Kellogg's man Robbins was in attendance, a stupefied Robbins, thunderstruck by the unexpected return of his master's friend and guest. "Good Lord!" he cried at sight of Duncan. "Beg your pardon, sir, but-but it can't be you!"

"Your mistake, Robbins, Unfortunately it is." Duncan surrendered his luggage. "Mr. Kellogg in?" "No, sir. But I'm expecting him any

minute. He'll be surprised to see you "Think so?" said Duncan dully. "He

doesn't know me if he is." "You see, sir, we thought you was

"So you did." Duncan moved toward the door of his own bedroom, phatically over his shoulder. "And Robbins following. "It was only yesterday I posted a

letter to you for Mr. Kellogg, sir, and the address was Omaha." "I didn't get that far. Fetch along that suit case, will you please? I want

to put some clean things in it." "Then you're not staying in town overnight, Mr. Duncan?" "I don't know. I'm not staying here

anyway." Duncan switched on the lights in his room. "Put it on the bed, Robbins. I'll pack as quickly as I can. I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, sir; but I hope there's nothing

"Then you lose," returned Duncan "Everything's wrong." He



jerked viciously at an obstinate bureau drawer and, when it yielded unexpectedly with the well known impishness of the inanimate, dumped upon the floor a tangled miscellany of shirts, socks, gloves, collars and ties,

"Didn't you like the business, sir?" "No. I didn't like the business, and it didn't like me. It's the same old story, Robbins. I've lost my job again, that's all."

"I'm very sorry, sir." "Thank you, but that's all right. I'm used to it."

"And you're going to leave, sir?" "I am, Robbins."

"I-may I take the liberty of hoping it's to take another position?" of turning my hand to anything in all that time. I'd always had more coin than I could spend-never had to consider the worth of money or how hard it is to earn. My father saw to all that. He seemed not to want me to work; not that I hold that against him. He'd an idea I'd turn out a genius of some sort or other, I believe. Well, he failed and died all in a week, and I found myself left with an extensive wardrobe, expensive tastes, an Impractical education-and not so much of that that you'd notice it-and not a cent. I was too proud to look to my friends for help in those days-and perhaps that was as well; I sought obs on my own. Did you ever keep books in a fish market?" "No." Spaulding's eyes twinkled be-

hind his large, shiny glasses.

INDIAN KILLED ON TRACK.

Near Rochelle, Ill., an Indian went en it's that way when people neglect comes a-runnin'." coughs and colds. Don't risk your life There was no deprecation of Kel- when prompt use of Dr. King's New tal of the benefits he had received at followed a severe attack of Grip," short time, of a terrible cough that er man's wife."

An ounce of hustle is worth a pound Presidentially speaking, things seem



"I'VE LOST MY JOB AGAIN."

such as this had seemed merely to serve to put Duncan on his mettle, to infuse him with a determination to try again and win out, whatever the odds. and at such times he was accustomed to exhibit a mad irresponsibility of wit and a galety of spirit (whether it were a mask or not that only outrivaled his high good humor when things ostensibly were going well with

Intermittently, between his spasms of employment he had been Kellogg's guest for several years, not infrequent ly for months at a time, and so Robbins had come to feel a sort of propriefary interest in the young man, second only to the regard which he had for his employer.

"Beg pardon, sir," he advanced, hesitant, "but perhaps you're just feeling a bit blue. Won't you let me bring you a drop of something?" "Of course I will," said Duncan emget it now, will you, while I'm pack-

ing? And, Robbins!" "Only put a little in it." "A little what, sir?" "Seltzer, of course."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Great Interest In Y. M. C. A. Move

Special to The News. Rock Hill, S. C., Feb. 12 .- Since the discussion of the needs of a Y. M. C. A. was begun several days ago much interest has been taken in the move and an association will doubtless be organized within the next few weeks. This organization before the erection of a building is made possible by the offer of Mayor Roddey to donate rooms as soon as such an organization is placed on a working basis.

Mayor Roddey this morning stated that he would give to the association free of charge the use of the entire second floor and roof garden of his building on Railroad street, a few yards north of the new passenger sta- bly be several days before this would tion, the use of the building to be giv- be definitely decided upon. However. en over as soon as the association was organized and placed on a working likely that a big dinner will be prebasis-as soon as the young men show pared for all who come here. Regardthat they mean business, to use Mayor ing the procession Mayor Roddey has Roddey's expression. The building offered is at a place

easily accessible and when the new passenger station is in use and the street put in condition will be an ideal location, the street cars running by the door. The hall is a large one and a secretary's office could be fitted up, leaving plenty of room for a reading room and such amusements as might be desired most. The roof garden is fitted with tables and chairs and has a dumb waiter running up, making it convenient for congenial gatherings in officials of the company and invited the summer time. Taken all in all the guests. quarters would, it is believed, fill the needs of a building until the association could be properly organized and Oakland avenue, Railroad and Main put on a working basis; then when streets, the people of the city really awake to the good such an organization can ac- WELL KNOWN BAPTIST complish in building up the city, both morally and physically, it will be much easier to secure subscriptions for a suitable Y. M. C. A. building than would be the case were a campaign to and one of the best known ministers The offer of Mayor Roddey wil Idoubt- at his home here vesterday morning.

the Boy Problem under the Men and ate veteran, Religion Forward Movement, and there is little doubt but that the offer wil be acepted and an association

Swallowed the Whistle, Policemen on trial at headquarters are as apt at excuse as men in other ines, if not more so,

Former Inspector Williams used to ell of an officer who was charged with having lost his whistle. Ween asked to explain, he said: 'You see, I went home last night

nd put my whistle on the table. turned round and, bless me, one of my kids was choking and nearly black in the face. You see, commissioner he'd swallowed the whistle." "Is he dead?" asked the sympathet-

ic commisioner. "No, sir," was the reply. 'He isn't o sleep on a railroad track and was dead, but he's got the whooping cough. killed by the fast express. He paid and now every time he coughs the for his carelessness with his life. Oft- whistle blows and the cop on post

Muggins-"I never knew a fellow so logg's goodness in his mood, simply de. Discovery will cure them and so pre- fond of borrowing trouble as Dash vent a dangerous throat or lung trou-ble. "It completely cured me, in a now?" Muggins—"Eloped with anoth-

HOUN HILL I LAN

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For Infants and Children.

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Thirty Years

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Special to The News.

Rock Hill, S. C., Feb. 12 .-- Mayor John T. Roddey has been asked by President J. M. Cherry, of the Carolina Traction Company, to take entire charge of the celebration to be held on the occasion of the operation of the street cars along Main street for the first time. While the date has not been definitely fixed Mayor Roddey is busy outlining the program and arranging for the occasion. When asked regarding the celebration this morning Mayor Roddey said:

"We want to have hundreds of people here from York, Chester and Lancaster counties and through the medium of the press will extend cordial invitations to the people of those counties to be with us on this ocacsion. While, of course, the success of the event will depend largely upon the weather, we are hoping to make the day a gala one for all who come here and every effort will be made to make the occasion one that will long be re-

membered." Mayor Roddev stated that plans for barbecue near the car barn were under consideration, but it would probaif the weather is favorable it is quite

arranged the following schedule: Boys bearing a large banner containing the figures 1911. Old street car drawn by mules. Children of the graded school.

Boys bearing large banner containing the figures, 1912. Carhartt Band. Marshals. Carlages, etc.

Automobiles

Winthrop students. New storage battery cars, carrying The line of parade will form at Winthrop College and proceed along

PREACHER FOUND DEAD

Atlanta, Feb. 12 .- Dr. J. M. Brittain, pastor of the Temple Baptist church, in Georgia, was found dead in bed less be the first thing considered by Death was due to heart failure. He the committee appointed to consider was 69 years old and was a Confeder-

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A Delighted Purchaser of one of our Monitor Radiator

tells us "I am heating seven rooms. with the amount of coal I would ordinarily consume in one grate" (Seven times the space heated on the same coal consumption.) He is just one of the many pleased

users of this wonderful stove, that are doing likewise. THE FIVE RADIATING FRONT FLUES is what does the work. No oth-

er stove has them. Let us show you J. N. McCausland & Company

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