

The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIII

HE sea was calm and Field had reason for his pride in the "Silver". Soon Pabloito saw what the man and girl beside him could not see and indent of water cupped between jagged rocks and leading up to a deserted stretch of beach. The yellow sand was a deep sea tangle of tropic jungle.

The water was growing shallow and the going was perilous. Pabloito saw Lottie and Beau quivered. Unaware of the danger, Pabloito turned the speed low. Lottie was going. "What the hell are we going to do with this Leviathan?"

"Turn it over and hope to God it drift to sea," Beau answered. "It's a dam shame," the girl muttered. "It's a swell boat."

"It wouldn't be so swell to be left in it," Beau told her. Pabloito saw a natural channel and so he stepped out this time. He could make it he could get his 100 feet of shore. Slowly and fully he nosed the boat through opening as Beau screamed high a shrill that he couldn't make it. Pabloito turned off the engine and sat back.

"All change at Manhattan Junction," Lottie said. "Will you get up to shore and send word out?" Beau said, eyes on the shore. Pabloito rolled up his flared trousers, sitting them in order to get them high on his thighs. Then he stepped into the water. "I'll try you," he said to Lottie. She held as she held out her arms and lifted her over the edge of the boat.

"Oh, baby!" she murmured ecstatically as her arms tightened around his neck. "That there Sir Walter Raleigh musta took lessons from me."

It was a difficult feat, getting Lottie to land. She was heavy and the boat was perilous. The rocks were slippery and the sands, washed by tide, were shifting and deceiving. The sun beat down fiercely. Beau swore as he followed. Once he fell and once Pabloito slipped but got up. At last he set Lottie on the beach, wiping his brow with a shirt sleeve.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," he said and, looking down at her, he began to give a wan smile. "Hike for cover, kid," Beau ordered. Rather stiffly and after a warm glance at Pabloito the girl made her way up the precipitous beach toward a tangle of green.

Again Pabloito and Beau waded, led by the undertow and betrayed by the changing levels of the sea. At last they reached the rocking at and found more difficulties. To get it into the open was the problem. The wash of the sea threatened to bring it back to her.

Beau stood swearing which was way of showing that he was mad. Pabloito, eyes on the boat, answered.

"I'll take her out," he said at last. "But on a low power and I'll be toward Key West. I'll run enough gasoline so that she'll go 10 or 15 miles. Then if she comes back it isn't likely it will be this shore."

"Hell!" said Beau admiringly. "We can string up a signal. Pablo went on, 'that will look as if I had been calling for help.' He waded into the boat as he spoke, seized quickly, he tied to a small riveted mast his broad scarlet flag.

"How are you going to get back?" he asked.

"Swim and wade I guess." "Ain't there sharks around here?" "I suppose so but what are we going to do about it?" "Say, you got your nerve."

Pabloito turned on a low speed then and nosed the boat through the rocks once more. When he was in the open at last he stopped to exhaust the gasoline and sense his direction. Then he started the craft, stepped quickly to the prow and leaped into the churning water.

"All right!" Beau gasped. He had swum out to meet Pabloito. "It's not much farther," he said a moment later. Then Pabloito with a turn found the uneven sea bed. At last they were wading, driven and pulled and twisted by the water, but making headway.

Lottie, despite Beau's order, stood on the beach waiting for them. "Honest to Gawd," she said as they joined her, weak and heavy with water. "Honest to Gawd that got my goat!"

The cover of trees and dense undergrowth protected them. On the beach Pabloito saw fat lizards blinking their beady, glittering eyes in the sun and a spider four inches across with red markings. In the wood Pabloito pulled the undergrowth away from a spot that was high and dry and after heating it hard with his water-soaked jacket told Lottie she might sit down.

"We can't get going until it's dark," said Beau. No one answered. He stretched out and soon was sound asleep. Lottie edged closer to Pabloito. "You're a good sport," she said and her voice was almost soft.

The afternoon wore on and the heat of the sun began to diminish. One of those breezes which, strong or mild, seems to keep the undying foliage of Cuba constantly a-flutter crept into the wood. Lottie, who had slept, stirred, sat up, stretched and rubbed her eyes. Pabloito, who had kept watch, smiled at her.

"What's next?" she asked after a yawn which blurred her words. "Gulen sabe?" Pabloito answered. Beau opened his eyes. "You talk foreign Spanish?" he asked, a gleam in his eyes.

Pabloito nodded. "You're going to be useful to us," Beau announced, "and I'll see that you don't forget it on that we saved your life, old-timer!"

At dusk Pabloito scouted about with Beau while Lottie waited. They found a hard-beaten road not far away.

Then down the road a creeping blotch appeared and as it grew larger Pabloito saw it was an ox cart drawn by two sleek animals with rings in their noses. A two-wheeled, creaking, screeching ox cart.

The cart drew near. It was filled with girls dressed in tissue paper costumes, their paper skirts flaring, paper bodices cut low and caps that seemed like lightly hovering butterflies on their pretty heads. The man who drove the slowly plodding beasts was grinning pleasantly. He was dressed as a clown. The girls' chatter was high, shrill and happy.

When the screech of the cart wheels was dimmed Beau crept from his hiding place and Pabloito followed. "What the hell was that?" Beau asked.

"It's the carnival," Pabloito told him. "I'd forgotten but tomorrow must be one of the Sundays in Lent when everyone masquerades."

"Come on then!" Beau rang out loudly, his tone filled with relief. "That means we're safe!"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

BUT THE POLICE- WE'D BE SURE TO GET CAUGHT- WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT MUCH MONEY-

GET CAUGHT? US? NOT CHANCE HERE, WITH WHAT I KNOW- WHY, IT'D BE AS EASY AS THAT TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY- WE'D VANISH-

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE-

IT'D BE A CINCH- YOU DRAW THE MONEY IN CASH- THE BANK WOULD SUSPECT NOTHING- WE'D HAVE HOURS TO GET STARTED- A PLANE ACROSS THE BORDER-

BUT LEAVE ALL THAT TO ME, PAL- YOU GET THE MONEY AND I'LL SEE WE MAKE A CLEAN GET-AWAY. WHERE WE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT- ARE YOU AS GAME AS I THINK YOU ARE?

UHP- ALL RIGHT- I'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT- I'M GAME- SHAKE ON IT-

I'D BETTER WORK FAST, NOW- GET EVERYTHING SET AND READY FOR THE BIG PLAY, BEFORE THAT LITTLE RUNT LOSES HIS NERVE-

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

OH, WE'REN'T WE LUCKY TO STUMBLE INTO THIS PLACE? UM- YUM--

PLENTY OF EATS, ENOUGH TO LAST US A MONTH--

THIS IVORY TUSK MUST WEIGH ABOUT 120 POUNDS! IMAGINE CARRYIN' TWO OF THESE AROUND IN YOUR MOUTH, TIM!

AN ELEPHANT MUST FEEL TERRIBLE WHEN HE GETS A TOOTH-ACHE IN ONE OF 'EM, SPUD!

WHAT IS IT, SPUD? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

HERE'S A NOTE TACKLED UP- IT'S SIGNED - "THE IVORY PATROL!"

THERE IT IS AGAIN, MANIK! -!

LOON--

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OH, I'M IN NO LARGE HURRY-- SO, WHILE YOU'RE LUGGIN' TH' GAS OVER TO TH' PLANE, I'LL JUST KINDA LOOK AROUND

OKAY, BUT, WHAT I CAN'T FIGGER OUT IS WHY TH' SAME HILL WE DIDN'T LAND AT TH' AIRPORT! IT'S JES OVER TH' GULLY ALWAYS

AIRPORT? GEE, SPUNNY I DIDN'T SEE IT

WELL, NO-- I RECKON TAIN'T! YSEE, WE AINT EXACTLY BEGUN WORK ON IT YET

COME T' THINK OF IT, WE AINT DECIDED JES WHERE WE'RE GONNA PUT TH' DANG THING

OKAY, PAL-- OKAY! TODAY IS FRIDAY TH' THIRTEENTH ANYWAY, SO LET'S JUST LET IT GO AT THAT

BRINGING UP FATHER

MY, IT'S QUIET- I'D HARDLY KNOW I WUZ HOME- I WONDER WHERE MAGGIE IS?

OH, THE DIANO IS ALL OUT OF TUNE, SO I CAN PRACTISE AND I LEFT MY MUSIC AT MRS. BROWN'S HOUSE

MY, MY!

AND I'M NOT MYSELF TO-DAY- I HAVE SUCH A BAD COLD I CAN'T TALK-

WELL, THAT BEIN' THE CASE, I'LL STAY HOME AN' GIT SOME REST-

MAGGIE- SAVE ONE CUP FER ME, FAST-

THIMBLE Starring POPEYE

YES, A PRESENT TO YOU- THAT PIPE COST FIFTY DOLLARS NOW YOU CAN GET RID OF YOUR SMELLY OLD CORN-COB- LET'S WALK TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND THROW IT INTO THE OCEAN

IT'LL PROBABLY KILL ALL THE FISH, BUT GO AHEAD THROW IT IN, ANYWAY

HEY! YOU THREW THE WRONG ONE!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I MADE A MISTAKE

BAH!

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER MADE A MISTAKE ON PURPOSE

OUT OUR WAY

WE WERE DOWN TO SEE THE NEW ICE-MAKING MACHINE.

STAND UP THERE LIKE A LADY AND A GENTLEMAN! SLOUCHING AROUND LIKE THAT!

THAT'S GON' TO PUT A BUNCH O' MEN OUT O' WORK, CUTTIN' ICE IN WINTER! HOW'S IT WORK?

GOSH! THIS IS OUR FIFTH STOP!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

YES, M'LAD, THE LAST FEW DAYS I HAD BEEN FEELING TERRIBLE!- THE AVERAGE PERSON, IN MY CONDITION, WOULD HAVE GONE TO A HOSPITAL, EGAD!- BUT I RECALLED A SMALL BOTTLE OF MEDICINE IN MY TRUNK, GIVEN ME BY THE BLOND INDIANS OF THE UPPER AMAZON- A TRIBAL SECRET, AND ONE TEASPOONFUL CURED ME! SOME DAY I'LL GET THE FORMULA AND MAKE A FORTUNE!

I CAN SMELL TH' STUFF! - IT HAS A SNIFF ALMOST LIKE BOURBON

YES- HE WAS TAKEN VERY ILL, WHEN HE OVERHEARD ME TALKING ABOUT GETTING THE UPSTAIRS WOODWORK CLEANED - AND HE RECOVERED HIS HEALTH WHEN JASON STARTED THE JOB!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

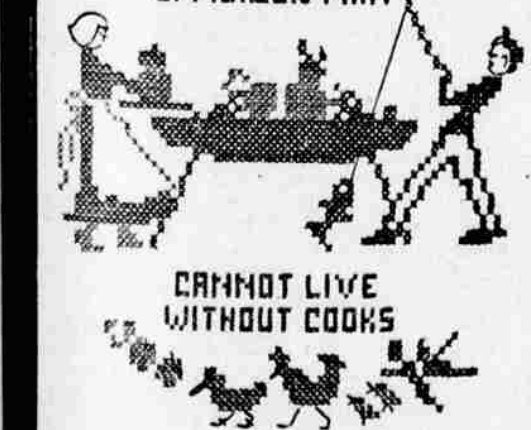
BY WILLIAMS

HALE AND HEARTY AGAIN

BY AHERN

EMBROIDER THIS FOR THE KITCHEN

WE MAY LIVE WITHOUT FRIENDS
WE MAY LIVE WITHOUT BOOKS
BUT
CIVILIZED MAN
CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT COOKS



Samplers are in vogue and so are lovely kitchens. What then is more natural than to do a gay sampler for the kitchen? One-most fitting is subject and verse-is very colorful when read-and what is most important to a busy needlewoman-a happy touch to the kitchen. The fruit, the chicks, the girl and man all are done in gay colors that will add a happy touch to the kitchen. Pattern 555 comes to you with a transfer pattern of the sampler, which is about 9 1/2 x 12 inches when framed; a color key and directions for making and framing the sampler. Send for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
keeps the taste in tune