

THE ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIV

U and Pabito hurried back for the car and after they had done this they could make their way to the path the ox had taken.

Some time they walked in the dark. Then at the crest of a hill, Lottie paused. Below her was a cluster of one-story houses with thatched roofs. Beyond the houses, looking like a landscape of the past, were the soft twilight, the white of a Spanish dagger should cry. He coughed a little and frowned. He always did this, having learned that fashionable clients invariably prefer to be considered seriously ill. This time the doctor feared his patient really was seriously ill, or that she soon would be.

Theresa Jeffries had not spoken once of her husband and that, too, was unnatural. Marcia Treadway paced the length of the veranda that lay across the front of the cottage she had chosen for her home at the cided—was as wholly and tragically camp. No one—no one, she decided, would see her. There was nothing she could say except to make the usual comment and she had to be careful, lest even that be made in too deep a tone.

Marcia knew that many of the other guests had been aware of her flirtation with Ted Jeffries and that they had watched with the keen interest that arises from vicarious savoring of sensation. They had expected her, perhaps, to run away with Jeffries. Marcia smiled over this and her smile was veiled by an edge of scorn. Well, she had been willing to do so but these others had not learned to know Ted as she knew him.

If his voice had been silenced a few hours sooner Marcia would have had her earlier vision of him to believe in all her life. As it was, she would always see him and hear his reply to her frank offer to go away with him. Jeffries had evaded clumsily with random remarks about a man's duty to civilization, his duty to his wife and his duty to protect Marcia against herself.

Utter cad he had been. Marcia knew now, and a weak one. For the first time she was sorry for Theresa Jeffries too must have learned long ago how weak her husband was.

Marcia then thought of the boy called Pabito and her heart missed a beat. She did not want to think of the boy called Pabito. She thought, moistening her lips, "After all he must have done something that made him run away." She tried to shape this fact into an excuse for her own silence.

It was a horrible burden, this feeling of a young life at her mercy, in the palm of her soft, weak hand. At first it had almost unnerved her. Field, told by a frightened servant what had happened, had hurried toward Jeffries' room declaring, "I know who did it."

Marcia had followed, thinking to tell him that she in some measure knew who did it. That far she had been swayed from thoughts of self by the shock. But just when she was on the point of saying, "I saw it! I was with Jeffries and hid when I heard the footsteps. I saw the man's back; he was short and thick-set and dark-haired—" just at this point Marcia remembered that if she said this she would be marked all the rest of her life by her confession.

Now they were saying the boy called Pabito was the murderer. The boy all the women liked, the boy who had such a good voice "He ran away from something!" and such charming manners. Marcia reminded herself, realizing the thought did not help her.

Suddenly she knew she could not endure solitude another moment. Marcia descended the two toward the men who were talking steps and hurried down the beach with Jim Field.

(To be Continued)

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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

Judus

WELL, Z.Z.—WE'LL SOON BE BACK WHERE WE STARTED. REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? ONE LITTLE OFFICE, DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT—ALWAYS BROKE—HA! HA! BUT IT WASN'T SO BAD—WE GOT ALONG—

ER—HEH-HEH—YES—THAT'S RIGHT—

WHEN THINGS WERE THE BLACKEST, YOU WERE THE ONE PAL WHO STUCK WITH ME—I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, Z.Z.—WHY BRACE UP—YOU'RE SHAKING—ARE YOU ILL?

N-N-N-O—I'M ALL RIGHT—JUST A LITTLE CHILL, I GUESS—

GOOD OLD ZEBADIAH—IT'S EMOTION—I SHOULD NOT HAVE EMBARRASSED HIM BY NOTICING IT—HONEST AND LOYAL TO THE END—I'LL SEE HE'S TAKEN CARE OF IN SOME WAY—

LUCKY I GOT OUT WHEN I DID—I NEARLY BROKE DOWN AND TOLD HIM—BUT I WON'T BACK OUT NOW—I HAVE A RIGHT TO A FORTUNE—IT'S NOT HIS, ANYWAY—IT'S MONEY TO PAY TAXES—

BY HAROLD GRAY

WELL, Z.Z.—WE'LL SOON BE BACK WHERE WE STARTED. REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? ONE LITTLE OFFICE, DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT—ALWAYS BROKE—HA! HA! BUT IT WASN'T SO BAD—WE GOT ALONG—

ER—HEH-HEH—YES—THAT'S RIGHT—

WHEN THINGS WERE THE BLACKEST, YOU WERE THE ONE PAL WHO STUCK WITH ME—I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, Z.Z.—WHY BRACE UP—YOU'RE SHAKING—ARE YOU ILL?

N-N-N-O—I'M ALL RIGHT—JUST A LITTLE CHILL, I GUESS—

GOOD OLD ZEBADIAH—IT'S EMOTION—I SHOULD NOT HAVE EMBARRASSED HIM BY NOTICING IT—HONEST AND LOYAL TO THE END—I'LL SEE HE'S TAKEN CARE OF IN SOME WAY—

LUCKY I GOT OUT WHEN I DID—I NEARLY BROKE DOWN AND TOLD HIM—BUT I WON'T BACK OUT NOW—I HAVE A RIGHT TO A FORTUNE—IT'S NOT HIS, ANYWAY—IT'S MONEY TO PAY TAXES—

BY LYMAN YOUNG

WELL, Z.Z.—WE'LL SOON BE BACK WHERE WE STARTED. REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? ONE LITTLE OFFICE, DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT—ALWAYS BROKE—HA! HA! BUT IT WASN'T SO BAD—WE GOT ALONG—

ER—HEH-HEH—YES—THAT'S RIGHT—

WHEN THINGS WERE THE BLACKEST, YOU WERE THE ONE PAL WHO STUCK WITH ME—I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT, Z.Z.—WHY BRACE UP—YOU'RE SHAKING—ARE YOU ILL?

N-N-N-O—I'M ALL RIGHT—JUST A LITTLE CHILL, I GUESS—

GOOD OLD ZEBADIAH—IT'S EMOTION—I SHOULD NOT HAVE EMBARRASSED HIM BY NOTICING IT—HONEST AND LOYAL TO THE END—I'LL SEE HE'S TAKEN CARE OF IN SOME WAY—

LUCKY I GOT OUT WHEN I DID—I NEARLY BROKE DOWN AND TOLD HIM—BUT I WON'T BACK OUT NOW—I HAVE A RIGHT TO A FORTUNE—IT'S NOT HIS, ANYWAY—IT'S MONEY TO PAY TAXES—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

WHAT DOES THE NOTE SAY, SPUD?

IT READS—"HE UNDERSTANDS WELL FOLLOW FLEET'S ORDERS—TRAIL NOT—AND IT'S SIGNED 'THE NOSE PATROL'."

FLEET? GEE, SPUD, YOU DON'T THINK THAT COULD BE OUR OLD FRIEND ROY FLEET?

MERRE YES, AN' WE KNOW THIS MESSAGE WAS LEFT TO BE READ BY SOMEBODY WHO'S EXPECTED, BUT HUSH—ARRIVED HERE YET?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WOTTA CIRCUS! THAT BABY'S A CLOWN, WILD ANIMAL, A CROBAT, ALL WRAPPED UP IN ONE!

WELL, WHILE HE'S CHAPERONIN' TH' GAS OVER TO TH' PLANE, I'LL MOSEY AROUND A BIT.

Huh?

I'LL HAVE T'BE CAREFUL, THOUGH, OR I'LL GET LOST! I'VE COME QUITE A WAYS, ALREADY—DARN PURTY, THEM THAR HILLS—

GO, YOU BEAST—LEAVE THIS HOUSE! HELP

WOTTA CIRCUS! THAT BABY'S A CLOWN, WILD ANIMAL, A CROBAT, ALL WRAPPED UP IN ONE!

WELL, WHILE HE'S CHAPERONIN' TH' GAS OVER TO TH' PLANE, I'LL MOSEY AROUND A BIT.

BY MARTIN

I'LL HAVE T'BE CAREFUL, THOUGH, OR I'LL GET LOST! I'VE COME QUITE A WAYS, ALREADY—DARN PURTY, THEM THAR HILLS—

BRINGING UP FATHER

I THINK DAUGHTER SHOULD GIVE US HER MUSIC AND SPEND HER TIME WITH HER COOKING LESSONS.

SHE'LL PLEASE EVERYBODY IN THE BUILDING IF SHE DOES.

BY GEORGE McMANUS

WELL, I'LL JUST GO SEE WHAT ME OWN DAUGHTER HAS FIXED FER ME LUNCH.

THIS MIGHT BE A BISCUIT—BUT IT MUST BE INCASED IN CEMENT

I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FER DAUGHTER TO GIVE UP HER MUSIC FER COOKIN'.

WHY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU LUKED TO HEAR HER PLAY.

BY E. C. SEGAR

THAT IS—I MEAN—IT ISN'T SO—SO—SO UM—AH—

OH, NO! IT ISN'T SO BAD—QUICK—CALL A DOCTOR!

OUT OUR WAY

HA-HA—I DON'T GET THAT IDEE AT ALL! HE'S TRYIN' TO QUASH TH' RING OF TH' CLOCK, SO TH' BULL O' TH' WOODS WON'T TURN AROUND AN' SEE HE'S FIVE MINUTES LATE—AN' HE KNOWS THEY'LL SEE IT ON HIS CARD, LATER.

WELL, THEY'LL DOCK HIM A HALF-HOURS PAY FER BEIN' FIVE MINUTES LATE, AN' AINT THAT ENOUGH, WITHOUT GETTIN' A NASTY LOOK, OR A GROWL, WITH IT?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

LISTEN TO ME, YOU PAIR OF ELONGATED GAS FLUES! HAR-R-RUMF—LET WHAT I HAVE TO SAY FILTER THROUGH YOUR THICK HEADS! UMF.

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM AWHILE, MAJOR!

BY WILLIAMS

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

BY AHERN

YOU HAVE TAUNTED ME MUCH, OF LATE, ABOUT BEING INDOLENT—ER—AH—LAZY—WELL, THERE ONCE WAS A FAMOUS GENTLEMAN BY THE NAME OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON—ONE DAY HE WAS LYING UNDER AN APPLE TREE—CALL IT LOAFING—WHILE HE WAS DOZING, AN APPLE FELL ON HIS HEAD, AND THAT INCIDENT, YOU SMART ALECKS, LED TO HIS DISCOVERY OF THE LAW OF GRAVITY! YES, WHILE HE WAS LOAFING!

DECORATE LINENS WITH LILACS

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs

Decorate Linens with Lilacs