The Romantic Runaway

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XX

MARTHA TREADWAY read the newspaper account of the Jef- murder—the same account Beau so careful to keep from Pablito's As she read it she told herself desperately than before that would have to find the boy. The look lingered in Marcia's eyes she glanced toward a heap of money lying on a corner of the table. She had won most of the night before on Lizarraga, the alai player, and she chose to re- this as a good omen.

At one o'clock she started out in car she had rented for the aft- Already the streets were with motors filled with men women in costumes. At times con- fell as the thickest snow and streamers began to wind the hubs of the slowly revolv- wheels. Everyone called bay to their neighbors. The rich poor—all in Havana—that day as brother and sister!

The sun shone dazzlingly upon the harbor and grim, gray Morro The prettiest girls in the world roses and chocolates and kisses the passing men who won their The motor cars crept around around the ordained route—down superb Prado; up the Malecon the water front where the waves dash against a thick, gray wall leave a mist of rainbows in the into the smug and proud Vedado live those fortunate ones who forgotten the meaning of hunger indeed, they ever knew it! Then again with faces turned from sun toward Morro across the nar- harbor.

A short, stocky man who spoke nasal variety of English leaped to running board of Marcia's car as parade was halted temporarily by congestion ahead.

"How's Times Square?" he asked. She laughed, her eagerness for making his salutation amus-

"Givin' me a rose, ain't you?" he on.

"Why, certainly," Marcia answered. The man took the rose with a wide that she understood later. "Give regards to Broadway!" he called he stepped down from the running to disappear among the maze motors behind. It was some time that Marcia looked down to that the pearl-studded plati- chain she had been wearing had with the rose.

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Pablito had seen Marcia Treadway had shrunk back for a chill, short Then he remembered that he safe because he was wearing an small black moustache and mask.

When he found Noyes, Pablito de- in the slow way that came from bad headache ,they would go to America. There' perhaps, in he might revive a certain sense safety and, to some degree, a to live. In any event, because of he would have an obligation to

The pain in his head was intensify- and even the slight motion of the at times pushed him close to The bright color melange made costumes, sunlight, blue water, flowers and vivid green tang- anew.

He supposed this tangle was like kaleidoscope which Noyes had de- and which was a part of gentle boyhood, Pablito, think- of Noyes, decided that he would again soon to La Mirasol.

He moved quickly and then caught breath. It seemed that Estelle was beside him. Then Beau, the door of the scarcely mov- car, stepped in to sit back and into Lottie's keeping a pearl- chain.

Of course it was not Estelle Field was beside Pablito. It was Lottie. looked up and flushed under Pab- steady, inquiring gaze.

"Like it, honey?" she asked, her voice shaking a little.

"We pass the Casa Blanca," said of swarthy skin and French whiskers. Lottie asked quickly, eagerly. "What the hell's he say- with all that jabbering?"

Pablito found it difficult to explain simple a thing as the fact that were passing the president's

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Back at the hotel again, Lottie sought him out. The door of his room was open and she found him sitting on the edge of the bed. Lottie had noticed before that his face was flushed but now the flush made her frown.

"Say," she confided, "I don't exactly like the way you look. Do you feel sick?"

He managed to tell her that he was very thirsty and that he would be grateful if she would ring for water.

Lottie answered with a worried, "Sure, Kid—," watching him as she touched the bell. His usually lean face was puffed, and the skin strained until it shone. His eyes were too bright and his lips, she could see, were dry.

"I loved you from the first time I looked at you, Princess," he said huskily after she had turned from the bell. "And I'm coming back to you! Back to you!" he went on, passion in his voice. "That is all I want in life and if a man wants only one thing in life he will get it! I must tell Noyes! I must tell Noyes! They're trying to find Noyes!"

* * *

Lottie sent the boy who brought the ice water in search of Beau but he returned to say that that gentleman could not be found. With endless coaxing she managed to quiet Pablito sufficiently to get him undressed and in bed. There he lay tossing and muttering of a Princes and a pauper and love and Noyes. She sat by the bed, holding Pablito's hand, soothing him by agreeing, watching the door. Wasn't that big bum, Beau, ever coming? If he stayed out all night—

Lottie knew that she did not care to summon a doctor without Beau's consent. Pablito might say anything.

"God!" she whispered, "Please send that big bum home!"

"Estelle!" Pablito almost shouted the name.

"Shut up, kid. She's right here beside you," Lottie answered.

"My Lord, if he keeps that up!" she muttered to herself. He did keep it up, moaning of Noyes and of Estelle. Once he cried out about someone called Angela who meant to beat him. This made his voice rise again.

A servant tapped on the door. Was anyone ill, he questioned? The management wished to know, because the noise from the room had been heard upon Obispo, causing considerable wonder.

"Tell the manager to mind his own business," Lottie answered. "This boy's been drinkin' some of your bum liquor and he's got the snakes. If anybody should do any apologizin' it's you. Have you got that?"

The servant vanished. Close to crying, Lottie bent above Pablito, who looked so immensely tall and hard and slender on the bed. "Honey," she whispered. "If you keep on yellin' I'll have to gag you and I don't wanta do that!" She stooped to lay her cheek against him. Oh, how she loved him, loved him !

His tossing stopped. He lay quiet, lips parted, eyes closed. "I got a feeling this is wors'n that yellin' was!" Lottie whimpered...And Beau would very likely stay out all night. Pablito might die, waiting a doctor.

Lottie dropped to her knees beside the bad, holding his hand pressed to her cheek.

(To Be Continued)

News of Jasper

JASPER, April 20.—(Special)—The ladies' aid met with Mrs. M. A. Drury Thursday afternoon with a good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Davis and Mrs. Paul Edwards, Bessie and Pauly Edwards attended the funeral of their cousin, Mr. Powers, in Springfield Friday morning.

Will Drury, Mrs. M. A. Drury and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Love were visitors at the Forrest Drury home on the McKenzie river Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bauer, Audley Drury and Mr. Taylor drove to Scott lake Sunday on a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Love of Westfir were week-end visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Love.

Mrs. Joe Hills has been suffering from a severe attack of poison oak.

Frank Sanders is laid off work on account of sickness.

Mrs. Fred Bauer and Mrs. Roy Love attended Rebekah lodge in Springfield Monday evening.

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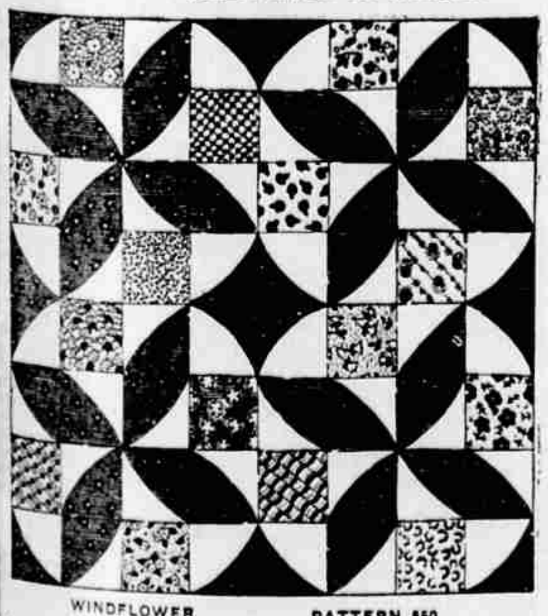

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Send 10c for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

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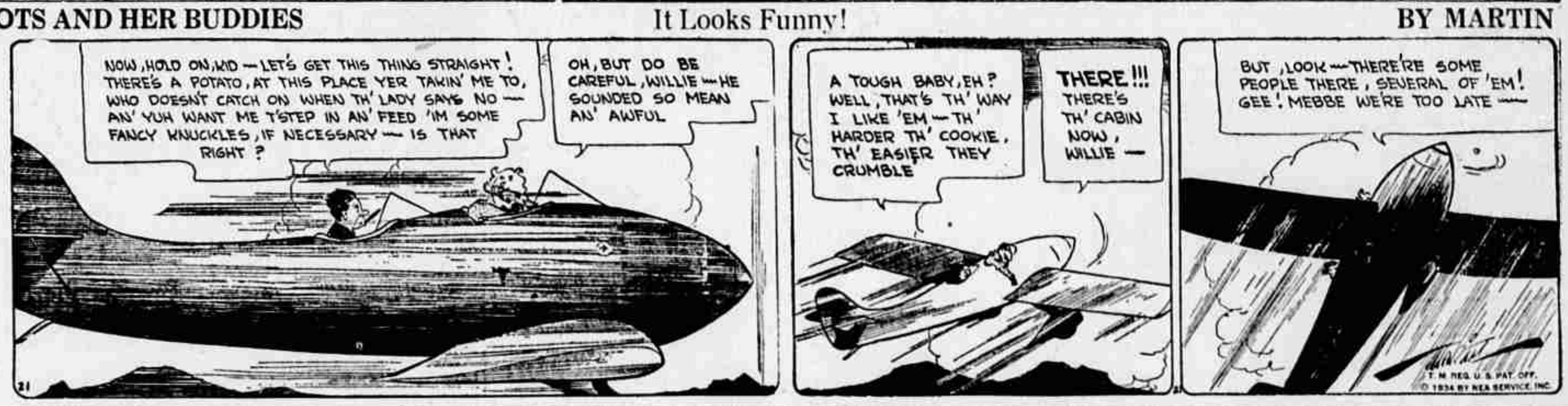

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE

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BY E. C. SEGAR

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