

The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

CHAPTER XXXII

Billings' quest was rewarded. In that slender, high tower of the old building where the shrill, breathless gasps of the tourists who he lagged behind near the door of Jim Field, ostensibly daughter of Jim Field, the smartly attired older woman whom the girl addressed as "Marcia" seemed to be quite alone.

"You go ahead," the girl had suggested, "and I'll catch up with you. I want to get some cards."

"Dear child, not really!" "I always send them to Nannette. She used to be my nurse."

"No, don't, Marcia. Please! I'll catch up with you in just a moment. It's really rather not delay you. It's so wonderful on top I want you to have all the time you can there."

Billings was unfolding a panoramic view of Morro Castle and the harbor. "How much are the colored ones?" he asked. He was thinking that the girl was "not so slow" although she had let her nervousness reveal itself by intensity.

A moment later Juanito appeared. The girl spoke in a whisper but Billings overheard.

"You mustn't let her see you! A friend of hers—I can't explain now—but she mentioned your name in a letter and—"

"These brown ones—how much are they?" Billings questioned loudly. Without turning his head he saw Juanito kiss the girl's hands, first one and then the other. He saw him hold them for an instant against his heart as he looked adoringly down at her, kiss them once again and then drop them. Almost immediately she was gone. The young man sighed a little and turning, recognized Billings as the man who had been eager to know how many "exactly how many" Cubans had been killed by the Spaniards in Morro Castle.

He nodded, favoring Billings with one of those smiles that were famous in Havana and that had aroused in many a feminine heart a leaning toward an indiscretion that had not flowered. Then Juanito was gone.

Billings paid for his cards and went up the stairs. He stood close to the two women, overhearing their conversation, but he got nothing from it except Estelle's discomfort over Juanito's light attitude toward the history of Morro. The older woman seemed much amused by the guide's vivid description.

"It is very real to all Cubans," Estelle protested. "You see, a war is real when your uncle or your father was killed in it. And the Spaniards were brutal to Cuban boys as well as to men. It was—really—Marcia—quite horrible."

"Darling, you take all this so seriously," Marcia complained. Estelle said nothing.

She was tired of it all. Estelle rallied—tired to the point of nausea. "But I'm going to get away from it!" she thought confidently. "I'm going to get away from it!" Pabito's face flashed before her at the thought.

If Juanito was Sir Aubrey's son, Billings was considering shrewdly, there would be trouble ahead. Already he had connected Juanito with the boy who had escaped from Jim Field's camp after murdering Ted Jeffries and stealing the famous Jeffries pearls.

There was a way of tangling but at length, at length, to one ball.

When Pabito accused Beau of having killed Jeffries the older man was calm.

"Who's going to prove it?" he demanded.

"I might."

"And, how, sweetheart? I ask you now."

The two had not exchanged any but the most meager words since that day. "Aw, this is hell!" Lottie had burst out at more than one silent meal as she moved impatiently, slam-

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

I WONDER WHERE THAT FELLOW WENT? I'M SURE I SAW HIM NEAR THIS SPOT!

HM-M-M-M—MY ATTORNEY COMING UP—HE SEEMED EXCITED—WONDER WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER?

IT'S THE GRAND JURY—THEY'VE DRAWN A SPECIAL PANEL—HAND PICKED BY PHIL O. BLUSTER—AND ALL DONE WITH COMPLETE SECRECY—

THEN YOU FEEL SURE THERE IS NO DOUBT I'LL BE INDICTED—

YES—IT'S A MISARRIAGE OF JUSTICE—THE POLITICIANS ARE PLANNING TO RAILROAD YOU—

WELL, DON'T WORRY—IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHY, BOOTS—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH, MR. ROSS HAS BEEN HERE OVER AN HOUR—TALKIN' WITH TH' PROFESSOR ABOUT SILLY OLD PLAYS—AN' THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THAT I'M ALIVE—TH' B-BIG BUMS

OF ALL THE THOUGHTLESS THINGS—TO JUST SIT THERE AND ENGAGE MR. ROSS IN CONVERSATION, WHEN HE KNOWS THE BOY CAME TO SEE BOOTS—

EH? OH, OF COURSE, CORA—COME RIGHT IN! I WANT YOU TO MEET MR. ROSS

WE'VE BEEN RECALLING OLD FAVORITES AND PLAYS WE USED TO ENJOY

WHY, THAT WAS RICHARD MARSHFIELD—AND, DO YOU REMEMBER MAY IRWIN, IN THE "WIDOW JONES"? DON'T FORGET DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY! IF I DON'T GET SOME PLACE TO LIE DOWN AN' TAKE A NAP—I'LL PASS OUT—

I'VE JUST GOTTA FIND SOME PLACE AROUND HERE

WHERE CAN JIGGS BE? I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE FOR HIM—

POPEYE

MR. JONES, DID YOU WANT TO PAY FOR MY RUBBER BAND IN SEVERAL PAYMENTS, OR ALL DOWN?

IF YOU WISH TO SETTLE THE MATTER NOW I'LL GIVE YOU MY PERSONAL CHECK

WELL—BLOW ME DOWN—IT'S WIMPY!

WHAT THE HECK'S WIMPY DOIN' HERE?

THE BANK WOULD HONOR A PERSONAL CHECK OF MINE FOR TWENTY-FOUR MILLION JUST AS QUICK AS THEY WOULD ONE OF MINE FOR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS

AN' THAT'S THE TRUTH!

OUT OUR WAY

GOOD GOSH! WHEN THEY'VE SEEN ONE BRUSH STROKE, THEY'VE SEEN IT ALL! PEOPLE ARE QUEER, WASTIN' TIME WATCHIN' A BARN PAINTER.

WATCHIN' A BARN PAINTER AIN'T SO QUEER—WHAT'S QUEER IS THAT THEM'S TH' VERY GUYS WHO GET MAD IF THEY HEAR TH' SAME JOKE, OR PIECE OF MUSIC, TWICE IN ONE EVENIN'.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

YES, KID—YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO STUFF A WALLET WITH EXTRA MONEY, WRITING ENDORSEMENTS ON WHOSE TOOTH PASTE, SHAVING CREAM, AND RAZOR BLADES YOU LIKE THE BEST! YOU SHOULD KNOW! YOU'VE HELPED YOURSELF TO ALL TH' BRANDS US GUYS IN THIS MILL HAVE BOUGHT IN THE LAST TEN YEARS!

OLD HELP-YOURSELF HOOPLE

HAVE A CARE, SIR, WITH YOUR ACCUSATIONS! UM-M—GO YOU NOW TO THE MEDICINE CABINET, AND YOU WILL NOTE, ON THE UPPER SHELF, THAT I AM STOCKED UP WITH A GOOD SUPPLY OF FREE SAMPLE TUBES OF SHAVING CREAM AND TOOTH PASTE, EGAD!

CROSS STITCH IS QUICKLY DONE



This quaint silhouette in cross stitch will do much to dress up the porch or to add a distinctive decoration to living room or bedroom. Cross stitch, always pleasant needlework to do, lends itself especially to the silhouette design, setting off the quaint figures. The crosses done in a riot of color, are most striking when the cross stitch is done in black, brown or some other dark color.

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