

RUNAWAY BRIDE

By Helen Welshimer

CHAPTER III

Phil said gaily, "Camilla sends her love and says she will meet me at the station in the morning. That, from her, is something special." He put on the radiogram that he had just received.

But he went on talking about the terms weren't right. His heart was in the matter, and I wanted to see all of it. "Instantly she was ready to discuss Bob with anyone—anyone who might have grown to love her instead of the half dozen other girls. Then she remembered that she probably had more money than she could spend."

Now with Bob—Bob hadn't wanted a house. Just a house for parties. A house located some place where it was accessible to people. "How will anyone ever find us?" he had asked when he had first shown him the long, narrow clapboard house in Connecticut. "Money, just because we are being married doesn't mean that we are going into seclusion."

He had said nothing then about the winter nights when the snow fell softly and madly—which did it matter—the glass windows that she had the great living room. She had not reminded him of the sweet smell of honeysuckle and roses in the spring, the mystery of the yellow light in the June and August. Some day, she had told him, Bob would love the peace of the country, too. He had never known it, that was all. Now, watching Phil, Marcia knew that he was a kind of person. Her kind of person, but she loved Bob! Loved him so that the mere thought of his name was a tiny, poignant stab in her heart.

"How about a house on Long Island, if we must have four walls of our own and a plot of grass, my pet?" Bob had asked. "Say, at Aynsset. Then we'll be close to the club and golf and golf and golf. We can come into town for the winter."

In the end, they had compromised on a house in Connecticut and the apartment in town for the winter.

"You've parted from Phil, Marcia. I don't see how you can go on with him. I hope you marry your girl and I hope I see you both in Paris. I'm getting off at Southampton, but I'll be at the Continental in a week or two."

"Camilla's there now and I'm checking in, too," he said. "I'll be seeing you!"

He did not see him in the morning, though she was on deck when the passengers left the boat at 10 o'clock to take the tender that would carry them to the boat train. She stood by the railing, watching the little boat go away into a gay morning, adrift with its battered sails of red and blue and yellow.

Phil was on that boat, and a girl named Camilla would meet him when he reached the low green coast. Odd, Marcia mused, that she didn't know Bob Camilla looked. She hoped that the older girl wouldn't bring her Austrian accent to the boat. That would be odd. Almost, Marcia could see the turning of the blue eyes, the tightening of the muscles in a lean, tanned chin. Phil would say little. He would be friendly to some woman—but he would love a woman, quite probably, who did not seek sanctuary. Life was that way.

By the time the boat went up the coast to Southampton, where she was disembarking, Marcia was beginning to feel excited. She went through customs, chatted with fellow passengers on the boat train, went to Camilla's where rooms had been engaged by her father—and sat down. She was alone. She had not minded being alone a few months ago. That was before she had found Bob—before she had charmed the rest of the way. Now she thought of him as he moved through the London she had lived as a schoolgirl. The guards shared with the colorful pomp of the Buckingham Palace, and she stood in the sunshine and again in the rain, to watch them. The flowers were as deeply purple and red and yellow in the gardens at Hampton Court. The old guard who repeated upon the tale of Elizabethan glory as she plotted her around Kenilworth Castle was as amusing as she had remembered. But she looked at London through schoolgirl eyes where she had expected to see it with the love she loved—and who loved her. In a week she took passage on a plane at the Imperial Airways and flew across the channel to Paris for a warm afternoon in May.

She went straight to the Continental. The chestnut trees were blooming softly and there was music on the streets. Surely, surely things would be different in Paris. There might even be a letter from Bob! Her heart raced when she thought of that. Yet he must despise her, now that she had failed him. He might regret that he had failed her first.

There was no letter from Bob. Though she found a message from the Paris representative of her father's firm, and because she was lonely, she said him at once. He was elderly, and she promised to have tea with him in the lounge at 5. Remembering the pity and lovelessness she had shared to share with Bob, she smiled.

It seemed to Marcia that she had been saying pleasant nothing for a long time when she said Phil's name. Dark, round, head across the room. Why the agent of that head,

bent attentively to a girl in a white dress and green hat, should make her oddly restless, Marcia did not know. Maybe because they had youth, love, happiness, and she was left out. There was another man at the table—a man in uniform. The Austrian officer had been included this time.

Phil saw Marcia and arose to come to her immediately.

"Marcia! You did come! This is grand!" His slow voice was warm and cordial. He took Marcia and her elderly escort back to his table.

Camilla held out a slim hand. "I heard you were coming. We'll all have fun together. You need a good time. You're pale. I'm always that way after London—it's like going to school. This is Jimmy. He presented the Austrian count who bowed deeply and murmured that he was charmed. He was the Austrian lieutenant and he has 27 medals. But he doesn't wear them."

Jimmy excused himself in a little while and the bank representative went on to a conference.

Camilla gave a deep, relieved sigh, and put her chin in her hands. Her eyes were blue, not so deep, not so swift as Phil's blue. Her hair was golden, brittle instead of soft, her mouth was generous and her smile was sincere. She was a little restless—watching to see what would happen next, going on to the next scene before the curtain had fallen on the present one, Marcia decided.

The orchestra was playing a song and Marcia began to talk gaily. There would be so many times that the orchestra would play old songs and she would have to talk so she wouldn't think. She had been in so many such places with Bob—rooms where the lights were low, the music soft, and there was the tinkle of ice in glasses, bowls of buttered popcorn and other bowls of small pretzels, and waiters passing trays of canapés. It was dusk outside, cool and blue. Night would bring synthetic brilliance any moment. Night was meant to be gay when one was young, in Paris—but Bob wasn't here.

"What are you doing tonight?" Camilla asked. "We're having dinner at the Ritz and wasting time here, there and yonder. Why don't you join us? Count Von Wormstedt will be along."

Phil was urging Marcia to come along, too. She smiled mistily because they were being kind and she was lonesome. After all, if there was to be another in the party she wouldn't be intruding—she who had never in all her life been without a waiting stage!

"You've saved my life," she answered. "Of course I'll come. What time?"

She glanced up, straight into the eyes of a young man a waiter was ushering to her table.

"Bob!" she cried, and a dimple at the corner of her lips flashed provocatively. To conceal the tumult within she spoke lightly, "Imagine seeing you in Paris!"

(To Be Continued)

Elkton Notes

ELKTON, June 19.—(Special)—The I. O. O. F. and A. F. and A. M. lodges had a social evening Saturday night. The evening was spent in dancing. Refreshments were served at 12 o'clock.

The closing of the road between the Elkton bridge and Long Prairie has been delayed because of the rain.

A new sawmill is being erected two miles west of Elkton by Dexter Haines and Mr. Housleton.

Lincoln Hancock and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hudson attended grand lodge in Portland last week. They also enjoyed the rose festival.

Several from the Long Prairie and Kellogg granges attended the state grange at Lebanon last week.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Worth Realty Exec. to Guy T. Rindro et ux—lot 7 blk 23 Packards add Eugene \$10.

U. S. Nat'l Bank Eugene to W. H. Hodges et ux—tracts in Mathews Park \$10.

R. L. Heustis et ux to William Howard Lynch et ux—part lots 4 & 5 Noraton \$50.

Virginia McAllister to O. H. McAllister—lots 10-20 blk 5 Storey Sun of College Crest add Eugene \$10.

Elva J. Borland to Floyd P. Borland—lot 36 H. L. & T. B. Stewarts plat of Acreage \$900.

Lane Co. to Robert Harper—W½ of NW¼ sec 34 tp 15-6 W 98.82.

Charles E. Bailey to Robert Harper—W½ of NW¼ sec 34 tp 15-6 W 98.82.

Lane County to Harvey Hopper et ux—lot 8 blk 8 Chambers add Eugene \$51.50.

William Kelly et ux to James A. Scott et ux—74 A tp 21-2 W \$10.

D. F. Powell et ux to Loris E. Inman et ux—40 A tp 18-6 W \$430.

Federal Land Bank to C. M. Thornburg et ux—tract tp 20-2 W \$1.

R. L. McJain to Grace DeGraff—tract tp 18-12 W \$10.

Lester Circle to Chas. A. DeGraff et ux—2 A tp 18-12 W \$10.

Norman C. Dick et ux to Grace DeGraff—lots 11-12-13-14-15 blk 2 Fraser & Berry add Florence \$10.

Merle Stearns et ux to Chris F. Gaupp—lot 2 blk 8 Floral Hill \$10.

Charles L. Fox et ux to Harry D. Paulus et ux—part lot 7 blk 9 Christians 2nd add Eugene \$10.

Waldo S. Hardie et ux to F. B. Chase et ux—21.3 A tp 17-3 W \$10.

Raymond Mariatt et ux to G. N. Altenbaugh et ux—tract in blk 2 Whitneys add Eugene \$10.

Grant L. Colter et ux to George Henry Colter et ux—lot 8 blk 2 Glenada \$10.

Ernest M. Johnson et ux to Amber L. Hendrickson et ux—NW¼ of NWP sec 26 tp 20-4 W \$10.

J. B. Young et ux to George Bjorkes et ux—tract tp 18-1 W \$10.

C. A. Swartz Sheriff to Investors Syndicate—part lot 10 blk 20 Gross add Eugene \$3500.

W. F. Reed et ux to Harold P. Opemshaw et ux—lot 2 blk 1 Reeds add Eugene \$10.

Charles F. McKinnier to Lillian E. Brookman—E½ of NW¼ sec 35 tp 18-4 W \$650.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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MONDAY—"I'm A Sissy!"

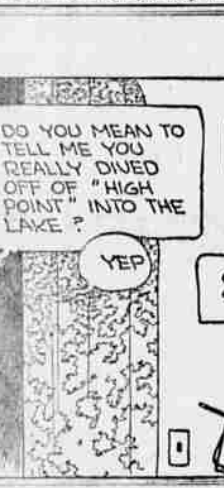
By E. C. SEGAR



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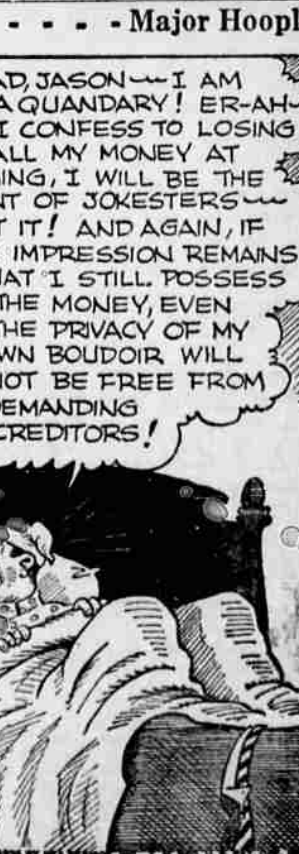
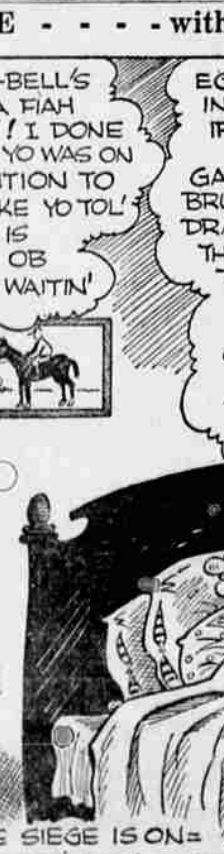
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



OUT OUR WAY



THE EMPTY HONOR

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