

The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PABLITO, a handsome 17-year-old youth, was at the beautiful Florida home of millionaire JIM FIELD.

The son of a titled Englishman and a servant girl, Pablito knows nothing of his parents. When he was six he was left. Since then he has lived with NORRIS NOYES, a mysterious individual who has seen better days.

Field's estranged wife and their daughter, ESTELLE, arrive at the Florida home. Pablito sees Estelle and almost at once falls in love with her. He hears Field tell his daughter he is planning a masquerade party in her honor.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V

ESTELLE said rather shyly as she stepped to the dock. "I think you run this boat beautifully."

"You are very kind," Pablito answered in an undertone that was a little rough. He looked up at her—a slender figure with wind-whipped skirts on the dock above him. Estelle's gaze met his clear, now darkened, blue eyes. It was a curious feeling she had about this young man, she realized. She did like him so very much and yet she had hardly heard his voice. She had never before had any feeling that was at all like this.

Only a second she looked into Pablito's eyes, although it seemed long to her. Short as it had actually been, it was too long for Jim Field.

"Come along, child," he said a trifle shortly. His women must not forget their social plane. His own forgetting was another matter.

"You needn't thank the servants for their services," he stated with a not too pleasant smile as they made their way toward land.

"I'd much rather," Estelle answered in the gentle manner which always made her seem a little shy. Some time, she reflected, when she knew her father better she would explain to him that she felt an obligation to thank those who made her life pleasanter by attending her because of the very fact that it was not necessary and because so many people forgot such things. She did not know then how successfully and brutally her father could silence words he did not wish to hear.

"Some of your mother's nonsense," he said acidly after a short, mirthless laugh. Estelle revealed her surprise by a sudden change of expression. "Well, never mind!" Field added shortly. He did not want the girl who looked as Norma had to show, as Norma had, the fact that she was startled and amazed.

A little later Estelle asked her mother's maid to learn the name of the young man who had run the "Silver Dart" that afternoon. She did this Pablito, on a soap box, was telling Noyes about her. Noyes was troubled. It might be a young affair but to Pablito it was evidently most real. Pablito was a bit incoherent and there was a flush under his deep tan. Noyes remembered the feeling.

"I'm going to town," he stated and stood up. Pablito wondered what had made Noyes decide to go to town. He had been quite drunk only two days before. Almost invariably at least a week of sobriety and sometimes a month came between Noyes' trips to town.

He watched Noyes off—a dark shade that swayed against the silver and gold of the still, twilight-echoing waters. Sober, Noyes poled a flat boat well; drunk, he clung obstinately to the pole and came home wet, both without and within.

Pablito decided that he would go for Noyes at 10 or 11. Meantime he could sit alone in the silence. For the first time in his life he did not want Noyes with him.

He thought of the afternoon and the way Estelle had smiled at him. Suddenly he decided, "I'll go to that party!" He knew a way to creep into the grounds and, masked, he could talk with her as he never could without a mask.

"DAMN!" Noyes murmured, poling his way toward the tracks which he would follow toward the mainland and town. What chance had Pablito to get anything of that sort? The boy was unusually decent, fairly well educated and useful. But those assets, Noyes knew, would count for little.

"Damn everything!" he said loudly and clearly. He couldn't bear the thought of Pablito being hurt that way. Slowly he considered the fact that he could perhaps make Pablito independent. But he knew that, though he could perhaps make Pablito independent, something that was better than his drinking habit would not let him do this, even for Pablito.

"Is it fair?" he demanded even more loudly. Then, shame-faced, he pulled the flat boat high on a sandy beach. He had no sympathy with flies that buzzed on window panes. He himself, and with reason, had not done much buzzing on the comic page, but the thought of Pablito being hurt—

Noyes hurried toward Jake's Dump as if his devil were at his heels instead of ahead of him.

"I'm glad summer's coming," Noyes said one night.

Pablito was not glad. She would be going north; perhaps the next season the Fields would go abroad or to South America and visit the camp for only a week or so—if at all. Then Pablito would have only his dreams of her and the blunt, cold "sets" that made dreams such

Girls pensive before marriage are usually expensive after marriage.

a mockery when he came back to earth.

"I've been nervous—oddly nervous this season," Noyes went on. "Everyone," he continued, "has these moments of feeling an impending doom. They may be caused by a sluggish liver or an underdone pork chop but one always thinks this particular mood may be a premonition of what is to happen some hour next week."

"We've done well this season," Pablito said slowly.

"That 'we' is kind," Noyes murmured.

"No. What could I have done without you? I don't forget even if you do."

"I have given you some education, some tastes, and an example of what a gentleman may become," Noyes said. "But as capital I don't know how far these things will take you."

"Without you I would have had nothing," Pablito said and then he went into the shack to set a pot of water on the stove, to kindle and light the fire and to measure coffee. They would have for their evening meal fried eggs and bacon and some coarse bread. And down the way a bit, a black boy in white linen was probably offering to Estelle Field food from a dish that rested on a twinkling silver tray.

He had high walls to scale, Pablito knew, but the young are not dismayed by such thoughts.

In some ways he reckoned—and he had done a deal of reckoning—he had everything that Field could never give his daughter. True, the things he had were difficult to diagram so that the eyes of the world could read them, and Estelle's gentle rearing would keep her from sensing that which Pablito had that her father so completely lacked. Estelle's mother would and did know the difference, Pablito was sure. Her tired eyes told this.

OUT on the rounded, higher end of the island facing toward the open sea Noyes started to rise and then thought better of it. Running away always branded one as being afraid and being afraid told the onlooker that one had reason for fear. Noyes' own triumphant escape from justice had been made by settling in the land wherein there was a hot search for him. A boat was heading toward his island now. He lifted his head a bit and waited jauntily.

Some one in the stern sang out, "Give us a hand, will you? Engine trouble!" Noyes called over his shoulder, "Pablito!" Then, as casually as he could, he got up to stroll toward the shack and into it.

He had recognized the man at the wheel of that boat and he was certain the man had recognized him.

Years before Noyes and this newcomer had had against one another in New York and Philadelphia auction rooms. Noyes didn't think Jeffries would speak of having seen him but he couldn't be sure. In the shack he stood covering in a dark corner, eyes fixed on the stove from which rose the thick, blue-gray fumes of burning bacon. After a bit he moved rather numbly across the room to shift the skillet. The smoke made him cough. He stifled the cough and again crept to the shadowed corner.

(To Be Continued)

Health Programs Stressed by Woman

Henrietta Morris, health education director of the Oregon tuberculosis hospital, gave a talk to faculty members of the Klamath Union high school last week and outlined alternative health programs to be started when possible.

Mrs. Morris declared students should be given a four year health course if possible have physical education work daily in a gymnasium with study being given in the different home rooms.

Surgeons grafted pupils from the eyes of an animal to the optic nerve of a boy who was born without pupils 22 years ago; the boy, Frank Benz, recently was graduated from the University of Wisconsin law school.

Cattle cannot live in the steamy hot lowlands of New Guinea, so a small herd of dairy cattle has been transported into the mountains by airplane and is doing well.

Christmas and New Year's are the only universal holidays.

Flapper Fanny Says



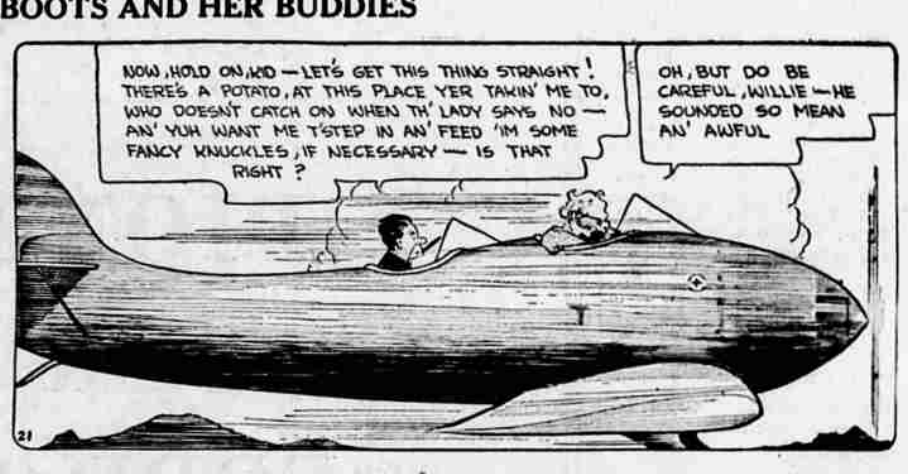
OUT OUR WAY



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Small



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By Cowan

