

The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PABLITO, a handsome youth, becomes a fugitive when circumstances beyond his control, he finds himself on his way to Cuba with BEAU and LOTTIE two thieves.

Beau has killed a man and stolen a famous string of pearls. Pablito does not know this, but he himself has been accused of the crime which took place at the Florida home of wealthy JIM FIELD. Pablito loves Field's daughter, ESTELLE. Pablito's mother, MARGIE TRADAWAY, knows Pablito is innocent but fears scandal if she tells this. She goes to Havana, hoping to find Pablito there.

In Havana Pablito tries to find NORRIS NOTES who befriended him as a child. Notes, also a fugitive, is not to be found. Pablito becomes ill with fever but Lottie's care brings him back to health.

Meanwhile, SIR AUBREY, a titled Englishman and Pablito's father, begins a search for his son.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

NORMA FIELDS' health did not improve in the heat of Cuba. Estelle hovered near her mother, so anxious that at times she almost forgot Pablito. Even "Big" Field was gentle with his wife these days.

"We'll have you looked over again when we get to New York," he said. "And you, too," with a short nod toward Estelle. "I'm getting pretty tired of that 'disappointed in love' look of yours."

She did not answer. All she wanted was justice for one she knew to be innocent. But no one except her mother, who could do nothing, would listen to her.

One night at dinner when Mrs. Field had been too ill to appear Estelle braced herself and then spoke. "Father," she said, "do you think Pablito was drowned?"

"I hope to God he was," he said harshly. Then he leaned forward, his small eyes narrowed, shaking a thick forefinger at Estelle, he said: "Look here, young lady, I'm the one who chooses your friends! Do you understand that? And there'll be no white trash among them!"

"But I liked Pablito," Estelle said defiantly, "and I still like him. I know he didn't do what you think he did."

"Oh, my God!"

Her heart pounding, the girl hurried to her mother's room as soon as the meal was over. But Norma Field was burning with fever and Estelle knew that she must not bother her.

SIR AUBREY and Billings, the detective, located the fat, dumpy little woman who had been slender Concepcion Villaverde y Blanco. She sat rocking in an ornate chair that had come all the way from New York, weeping as she told them how sweet the "white, white baby" had been. She had not spoken English for many years and her part of the conference was faltering.

"Then you gave the baby into the keeping of this Angela of Key West?" Billings prompted.

"Yes. He is still with her—a kind, good soul who has given him mother's care. We still reimburse her. Or rather, my respected father sends her the money. The boy is but 15 and still going to school."

Sir Aubrey forgot the heat and at the same time forgot his trust of airplanes. He would fly to Key West, he decided.

In the open he surveyed the street in the Vibora—rather shabby to English eyes, used to neat hedges and short-clipped green—and sighed deeply. He was near enough to the goal now to relax a little. Relaxing, he felt a nostalgia that had grown large under his tension.

There were goats in the streets and little brown babies, some of them wearing shirts, some without. Rank, coarse grass grew before the porches, high of pillar and of ceiling, before the on-storied, connecting houses to make a colonnade. Heat and clangor and noise and disorder, Sir Aubrey felt. A Chinese vegetable vendor padded down the center of the street, carrying baskets heavily laden with greens on a pole strung across his shoulders. A laborer slept soundly in a little shade.

Sir Aubrey visioned the roseate future in which he saw himself taking the boy home to Lower Girtings. He saw the big hall filled with family portraits, his wife and daughters drinking tea and eating strawberries on the lawn, the carriage coming with some companion from the courts. Soon he would be taking guests to the stables; shooting; coming in, tired and satisfied, after a day that had given him a good bag, and the boy would be with him; his son.

BILLINGS signaled a roving footstep and they crowded in. It leaned heavily as Sir Aubrey put his foot on the tin-toll step. They rode through Corro on their way to Havana proper, passing a house in which there was a boy who was oddly pale beneath a heavy coat of tan that had clung through weeks of illness.

The boy was saying earnestly, "I've got to get something to do, Lottie. What do you think I can do?"

Boan, in the same room, sagged back in his chair, lowered heavy eyelids. "You're going to work for me, Pablito," he said in a drawing tone. "I got some jobs for you."

"Beau, I can't do your kind of work."

"No, but you will."

"I won't."

Beau laughed sneeringly. "Look here, kid," he said slowly. "You're just about half a man now. I'll make a man of you—after I break you. But just what do you think you're worth now? I could knock you down with one hand and—"

But he did not knock Pablito down. A moment later Beau was straddled on the tiled floor, Lottie, in a corner, pressed her hand to her lips, looking down at him. Pablito, shaking, stooped and laid his hand on Beau's gray silk shirt.

"It's still raining," he said.

"Get some water, Lottie, and the Scotch."

She got them. Together they worked over Beau. "Beau thought he could lick anybody," Lottie confided. "He was lightweight champion of the Bowery for a while."

Presently Beau opened his eyes languidly. He gulped down some of the Scotch, touched his chin experimentally and moistened his lips. Then he said weakly, "There's money for you in that business. I never met a meaner right. With a little training—"

HE harped on this idea all the rest of the day. In the evening, as they dined in a cafe in Corro, open on two sides to the street, Beau said: "In a few years you could lay up enough money to last the rest of your life. That is— you could if you could wallop 'em the way you walloped me. Oh, baby! I thought I'd met the Broadway Limit!"

Pablito was young enough to reply. "I hadn't begun—"

Beau grinned and all the sneering was wiped from his face. "If you want money," he said, "that's the way to get it."

"I do want money," Pablito admitted. He more than wanted it; he had to have it. Money would help him find Noyes. They would go away together to some isolated country and that would take money, too.

"How could you fix it so that no one would know me?" he asked.

Beau smiled. "Kid," he said kindly. "A lot of these guys are makin' money on you, don't you think they can take up some ole hag who'll just sneek out a couple brown brothers and you'll be safe as Grant's tomb."

"I didn't think these people liked anything but cock fighting," Pablito said then.

"We'll educate 'em."

Lottie, across the table, was studying Pablito closely. She agreed with Beau that Pablito, with training, could succeed as a boxer. But it would put him in the public eye and the women would begin to chase him. "It ain't no work for a gentleman," she objected harshly.

"Say, kid," Beau reminded her, "gentlemen ain't made outa murderers, see?"

Pablito set his glass down. He did not want Beau to see that his hand shook and Beau was watching him narrowly.

"Plenty of money," Beau was saying slowly. "Trips to South America and Paris, kid. Paris! And the right to tell any go to hell. That's what money'd give you. How about it, kid?"

"All right."

Still leaning across the table, Beau went on intently. "I get my rake-off. See? I'm your manager. Get that?"

A moment later he asked, "What's Johnnie in Cuban?"

"You mean little John?"

"That's do."

"Juanito is little John."

"All right, Juanito. That's gold to be your name. Drink to him, Lottie. May he go on with his killing!" Beau saw, smiling, that this had "got" Pablito. It always did. He judged, did Beau, that he would get his rake-off and a good one.

(To Be Continued)

STUDENTS HEAR NEGRO QUARTETTE

By Margaret Watters
K. U. H. S. Correspondent

The California Echo Quartet sang a group of negro spirituals before the K. U. H. S. student body during the May 10 assembly. These singers will present a concert this evening in the Klamath high school auditorium for the purpose of aiding the negro churches in Klamath Falls.

Don Walker from the Bosing School of Aeronautics gave a short address on the subject of the necessary education for an aviator.

Those parents who were present at the assembly include: Mrs. E. Ruge, Mrs. Alfred Collier, Mrs. I. E. Martin, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Mrs. R. A. Hoyt, Mrs. D. R. Chase, Mrs. C. E. Dennis, Mrs. Ilee Buchanan, Mr. O. A. Buchanan, Mrs. H. L. Russell, Mrs. M. L. Agen, Mrs. A. Goehring, Mrs. A. B. Moore, Nettie M. Adams, and Reverend H. L. Russell.

Principal Paul Jackson announced that on Friday, May 11, the school will present a special Mother's Day assembly and urged all students to invite their parents.

Flapper Fanny Says

It takes footwork as well as headwork to shop for a hat.

OUT OUR WAY

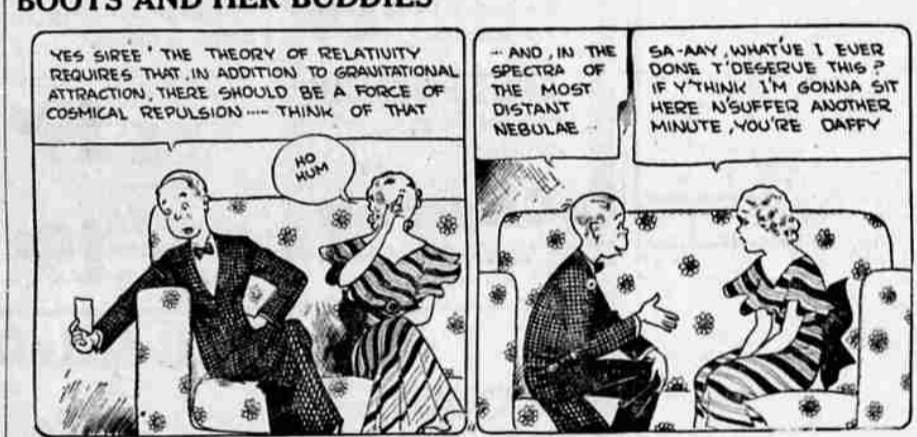
By J. R. Williams



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

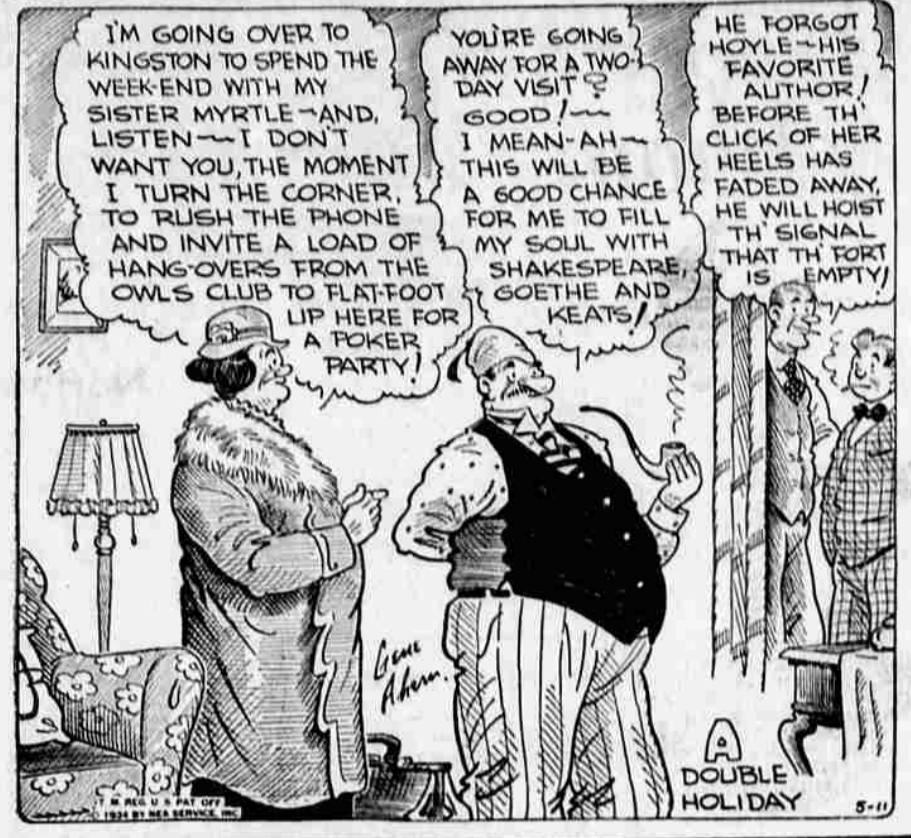


THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

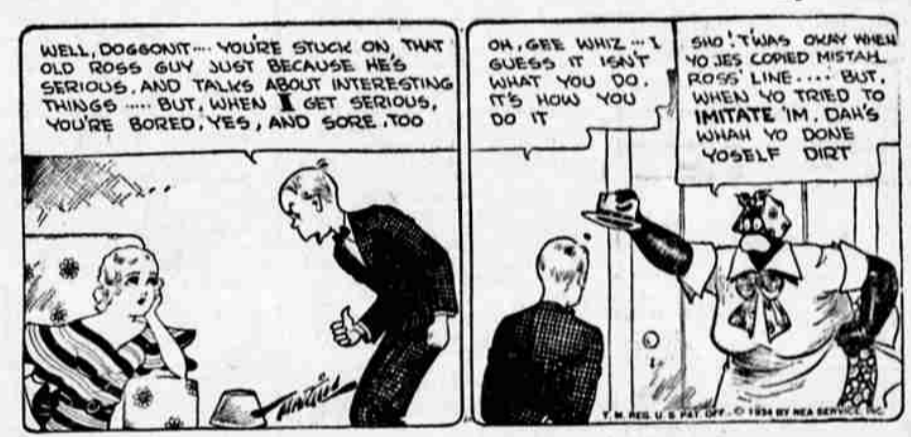
By Ahern



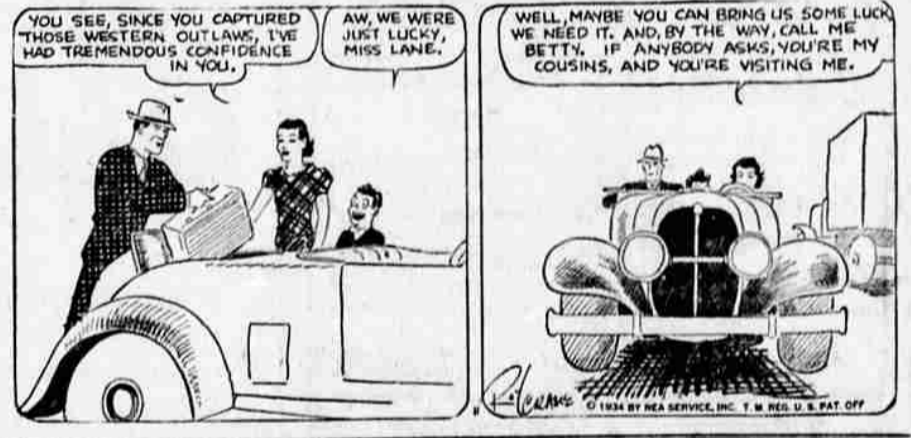
By Small



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By Cowan

