By Small

By Martin



REGIN HERE TODAY
PABLITO, a handsome youth,
omes a fugitive when he flees
m for Very to Havan, with
he will be to the second of a
pier he did not commit. He is
love with ENFELLE FIELD,
gither of rich JIM PIELU, but
la he has exiled himself from
forever.

sangater of rice diff. First. Out her feels he has extited binned from her forever.

In Havana he becames celebrated as a buxer and he and flow open a gymnatum.

SIR AURIUST, a titled Englishman and Pablitics, a titled Englishman and Fablitics, a titled Englishman and Fablitics. New York detretive.

Three years mass and then Pablite and Estelle meet agrain. They admit their love for each other. MARCIA TRISADWAY who titled, MARCIA TRISADWAY who titled, MARCIA TRISADWAY who titled the publishman was not the nurdeer but has remained eilent, feoring scandal.

Billings, in Havana, suspects Pablito may be Sir Aubrey's son. He decides to pay a visit to Morro Caule.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXI THE morning that Billings de cided to visit Morro Castle was the same one on which Marcia Treadway said to Estelle, "I suppose I really ought to see the

The sentence ended in a yawn Estelle said eagerly, "I'll order the car for 11 if that suits you."

"Oh, I suppose it will," Marcia agreed. "Hand me that newspaper. will you, child? And-read my let tern for me. I don't know why people want to waste so much ink and paper anyhow."

Estelle settled to open and rea Marcia's letters. At the third one she paused. It was from the one friend in whom Marcia confided. This friend-knowing Marcia's quest though not the purpose be-hind it—had written, "Have you found your Pablito by any chance?" Estelle looked quickly at Marcia

Estelle looked quickly at Marcia who was studying the late-in-the-season list of arrivals in Havana and did not see the look. When Estelle went on reading her hand abook a little. What could Marcia want of Pablito? Would she recognize him if she were to see him? Estelle, continuing her read-ing only half-conscious of the words, thought she probably would.

She spoke up then. "This is evidently from a close friend of yours. She signs herself Jane." Marcia was instantly alert. "Give it here, child." she ordered sharply. "I didn't know there was a letter there from her."

"The envelope was addressed with a typewriter," Estelle ex-plained.

Browning Bishop."

secretary to Mrs. L.

"I HAVEN"T read much of it," and estelle. Marcia's eyes narrowed, moving down the page and coming upon the mention of Pablito. Estelle's too quickly given reassurance told that she had seen the words. It was unfortunate. Marcia could not, at the moment, think of an acceptable explanation so, with outward calm, she finished reading the letter, resolved to request Jane hereafter never to use that name again—at least in write. quest Jane neresiter heart in writ-that name again—at least in writ-

Estelle was standing. "Then you'll be ready at 11?" she ques

"Yes, darling."
"It's a good time for the trip. A
grim day is best."
"Postic little lamb, aren't you?"

Marcia asked, amused.
Estelle turned away with more color than usual in her cheeks. She was accustomed to being laughed at for such remarks and the laughter always made her feel lonely and young and misplaced. Pablito was the only one who did not laugh at her. He understood and often said the same sort of things him-

Thinking of him for a moment, Estelle closed her eyes. They were to be married as soon as she was 21—two long years shead. They knew they could not hope for Jim Field's consent to the marriage and that if they married without his consent no obstacles would stop him from seeking them out and finding them. Estelle it was who had seen the wisdom of waiting the two years and who had insisted upon it. There were times when she wondered at her own strength in making this decision but even then she clung to it.

AT the edge of Morro Castle Bill-ings stepped from the car he had hired for the morning, "Quch!" he groaned loudly. Then he climbed the hill stiffly and, on the way up, acquired a guide.

acquired a guide.

A smartly attired, hard-faced woman and a slender girl passed by, walking briskly and easily.

"The young one is the daughter of Mr. James Field," said the guide, modding toward the couple.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. She is the beloved of Juanito, the fighter. They meet in the Parque."

"You don't say so!" Suddenly Billings was interested.

"Ah, vee! But Hayana smiles."

"Ah, yes! But Havana smiles upon the affair. Her father, Field, is very bad. The daughter is an angel and Juanite a good, good young man!"

"About how old is he anyway?"
Billings asked as if to make conversation.

Billings asked as if to make conversation.

"Twenty-one or two, I would suppose. Ah—he is a wonder! A Stole, a Spartan. He shakes the head to many indies who seek him." To illustrate the guide shook to be a december of the shook of the head to many indies who seek him." his hoad as does an absent minded individual, vaguely troubled by the burs of a fly. "Always Juanito remain not in love until she comes. Than—ah! He is captivated. He succumbs completely! It is a pretty affair and all wish him luck."

affair and all wish him luck."
"Why doesn't he go to the old
man and ask for the girl?" Billings
questioned between puffs. The coquins-paved grade was steep.
Twenty-one or twenty-two—that
was the right age. Hang it, he
was getting excited about the
affair! His heart had plunged as
he heard the boy's age.
"Go to him? To Field? Field
goodd buy a nobleman for his

daughter to wed! Good or bad, it

would not matter."
"Hum—" said Billings.
They were in the fort then and under the shadow of a great wall. "Here," the guide began oratorically, and then suddenly stopped. He said in a harsh whitener "There He said in a barsh whisper, "There is Juanito himself. He must have followed her here! They say he trails the car when she rides in it!"

"Where!" asked Billings.
The guide nodded.
"Let's mony over there. Easy and casual like." "Mozy?" the guide echoed ato

pidly. "Vamos. Move along. I want to got near him but don't want to be caught. See?"

"Ah, the intriguel" The guide smiled, showing a flash of white teeth. He took up his lecturing, perhaps a little over-loudly. "If the Senor will step this way I will show him-"

. . . BILLINGS stood quite near to Pablito as he looked at a spot in the wall where, the guide said, a patriot had once dislodged a stone to find a way to freedom.

stone to find a way to freedom.

Billings studied the young man casually. A darned good-looking young fellow, he was. Tall and broad of shoulder with clear, blue eyes. He seemed to be watching the gate as though looking for someone. Then Billings saw the two women who had passed him nearing. The one who was Field's daughter lagged so that for a moment she was behind her companion. Billings saw her shake her head violently at Juanito.

He neared the young man.

He neared the young man. "Pretty rough time they had here, wasn't it?" he asked Pablito. No one brought up near Clenfueges, Billings knew, would speak English without an accent. He waited Juanito's reply tensely.

"Yes, very bad," Billings heard and knew that the story about Tia Julia and Clenfuegos was a lie.

"This is my first trip here," he confided. "I think we kind of thought in the United States that all that happened in this war was Roosevelt riding around with his boys."

"Is that so?"
"All before your time, I guess.

"All before your time, I guess."
The boy was looking after the girl. He had not heard.
"They say." Billings continued louder, "a stranger ought to see Clenthegos, too."
"Oh, yes. Quite a sight."
"I have a friend who has a sugar place near there. His name is Green. Josiah Green. I wonder if you can tell me which way his place lies? I want to look him up.—"

Juanito said absently that he Juanito said absently that he was sorry but he could not. Now Billings was utterly certain that the story about Tia Julia was a lie. He had learned the day before that Josiah Green's plantation was a large and famous one. Any

boy reared at Clenfuegos would know of Josiah Green. "Well, I'll ask elsewhere. Thanks just the same," Billings said. Then with great interest, contrasting sharply with the indifference of his other words, he put a question to the guide about how many—exactly how many - men had been shot in Morro by the Spaniards.

(To Be Continued)

Boys Responsible For Monday's Fire

Boys playing with matches in a garage at 2360 Vine street, were responsible for a fire which called out the fire department at 5:23 o'clock Monday after noon.

The garage which was on property rented by I. E. Sher-man, was slightly damaged be-fore the blaze was extinguished. One of the first grass fires of the season occurred shortly before neon Saturday when a blaze was started from ashes at 2035 Auburn street. The fire was put under control by the department before causing any damage.

McMillan Will Go South Thursday

Jailer Rex McMillan will leave Thursday for Los Angeles, where he will take into custody one Ernest Klatt, alias Ernest Deane, wanted here on charges of lar-ceny by ballee and forgery.

Klatt refused to waive extra-dition and it was necessar; to get papers out in the case, thus delaying his return to Oregon. He was arrested at Venice by Los Angeles county officials.

Flapper Fanny Says



People who go on wild tears learn to mend their ways.

By J. R. Williams | OUR BOARDING HOUSE





SALESMAN SAM

OUT OUR WAY







BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES







DIARY time . but I can't sleep -Ronnie and I were walking over in the park today, when all of a sulden, he ducked down back of a hedge!

He saw someone - but he didn't want her, him or then to be see ! I defeat let ou that I had noticed, but - lee! I wonder who it was ????????? Ronnie and I were walk EN BY MES REMYELE INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WASH TUBBS





HOW ABOUT THAT





FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

IT LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN CASE OF







THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



