

The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PABLITO, a handsome youth, becomes a fugitive when he flees from Key West to Havana with BEAU and LOTTIE. Two thieves, Pablito has been accused of a murder he did not commit. MARCIA THREAWAY, socially prominent, could prove he is innocent but fears scandal.

Pablito is in love with ESTELLE FIELD, daughter of rich SIR AUBREY. In Havana, under the name "Juanita," he becomes acquainted with a lawyer and he and Beau open a gymnasium.

SIR AUBREY, a titled Englishman and Pablito's father, is searching for his son, employing BILLINGS, New York detective.

Three years pass and then Pablito and Estelle meet. They admit their love for each other and marry secretly until Estelle's father takes her away on a yacht cruise. Among the guests on the cruise is ALICE DAVIDS, who wants to marry Estelle for her money.

Meanwhile Billings, convinced Pablito is Sir Aubrey's father, is innocent of the charge against him, sets to work to prove this.

up. He sort of looked that way. When "If you be back, kid?" "I don't know."

"Well—so long. We'll miss you!" Pablito went down the stairs and out under the blackness and the twinkling fires that make the Cuban sky. He had not said goodbye to Lottie. His lips were no longer Estelle's but he would not touch them—even casually—to any other woman's lips. He could not do that yet.

"Oh, God!" he whispered barely, although his God was far from him. This was more hideous than the awakening from any dream he had ever known.

ESTELLE did not see the announcement of her engagement in the New York newspaper but she and her father returned there and the big stone town house was once more opened. There she became acquainted with the news through the congratulations of her friends. She denied the truth of the engagement ardently. Too ardently, it was murmured with smiles.

"But it really isn't true!" Estelle repeated. The year that had passed since she had left Cuba had wrought unpleasant changes. She was less certain now that even Pablito could measure up to the standards she had once believed were his. She could not, with the new wisdom she had acquired, believe that anyone could be as good as she had supposed him to be. She was less certain about everything. In fact, except the misery with which she must be surrounded while she lived with her father.

Occasionally she realized that her only escape lay in marriage. As she thought of this she also realized that Alice Davids was kind. Very kindly she believed this.

"My dear," he asked often, "how much longer must I watch you suffer from your obsession? You don't know how it hurts me when I want to make you happy!"

Alec had passed the period when he had thought the game so easy as to be uninteresting. Inwardly now he fumed at Estelle's "devilish stubbornness" and more than ever he was determined to win her. He almost hated her because of the way she kept him dangling with her repeated withdrawals. "Well, she'll learn a few things," he vowed, "after I've got her where she's going to be!"

"Keep up your heart, my boy," Field would encourage him warmly. And with sly keenness he would disparage Alec in Estelle's hearing. She seemed to look at Alec more gently after these attacks on him by her father. They made her wonder if, after all, it wouldn't be better to say "yes" to Alec and have it over with.

"I'll never be able to have what I want," Estelle reasoned. "Perhaps, after all, I dreamed most of it."

Yet remembering Pablito could fill her eyes with tears, so she thought of him as little as possible. Those about her spoke admiringly of the fact that Estelle was always gay and "ready for any sort of fun." She crowded her waking hours until there was little time left for thought and those who spoke of her laughter did not pause to reflect that really happy humans are not in need of "any sort of good time," nor searching for it.

(To Be Continued)

ALGOMA NEWS

ALGOMA, Ore.—Mr. and Mrs. Curly Davidson and sons moved from Ubrman's camp to Lamm's mill this week. Mr. Davidson is employed at Lamm's.

Mrs. James England and Mrs. Emery Gaston called on Mr. George Hagelstein Wednesday afternoon.

The community picnic was very well attended Sunday, May 20. The picnic was held at Sun creek and games of ball and horse shoes were played during the day. A most bountiful dinner was enjoyed by all.

Lewis Hagelstein, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hagelstein underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils one day last week.

Leslie Dunn celebrated his eleventh birthday by entertaining a group of little friends at a party, May 23rd.

There will be special meetings at the community hall on Tuesday evenings for a couple of weeks. The young folks of the Klamath Temple are conducting these meetings. Everybody welcome.

Mrs. Emery Martin is a patient at the Hillside hospital, where she submitted to a major operation on Tuesday.

Flapper Fanny Says

"THERE won't be any letters you need to forward. There'll be none that matter." Pablito smiled as he spoke. It was a smile that Beau didn't exactly like.

"My God," he thought, "the kid is hit!"

"Look here, kid," he protested, "that Billings was here again today. He said he's got to see you. Seemed to be all hot up about something. Came all the way from New York to see you, he said. You can't go without—"

Billings was probably selling something, Pablito decided slowly and heavily. He remembered that Billings looked like a salesman—the sort of always come all the way from some very distant point to sell some one thing to one particular man.

"Toll him I never buy oil stock," he answered. Then he thought of Sir Aubrey and the fact that Sir Aubrey had been Billings' friend. But the Englishman could have written anything he cared to tell him, Pablito decided surely.

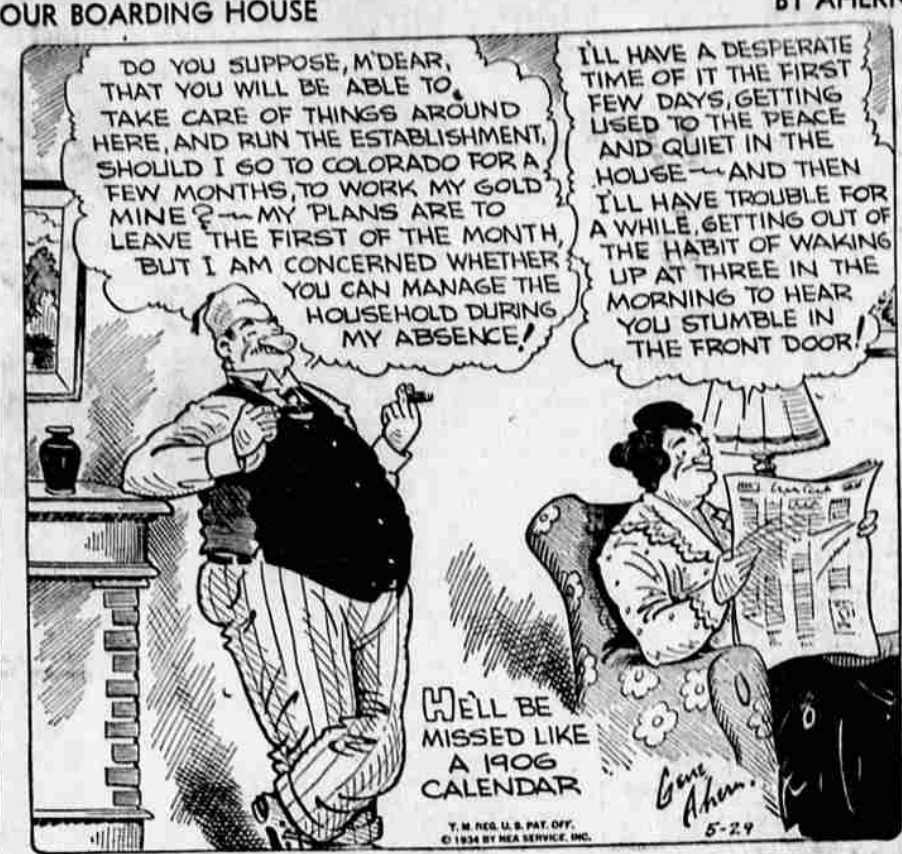
"Honest, I think you're makin' a mistake," Beau persisted. "I had a kind of feeling when he come that somethin' real important was

OUT OUR WAY



THE GUN TOTERS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



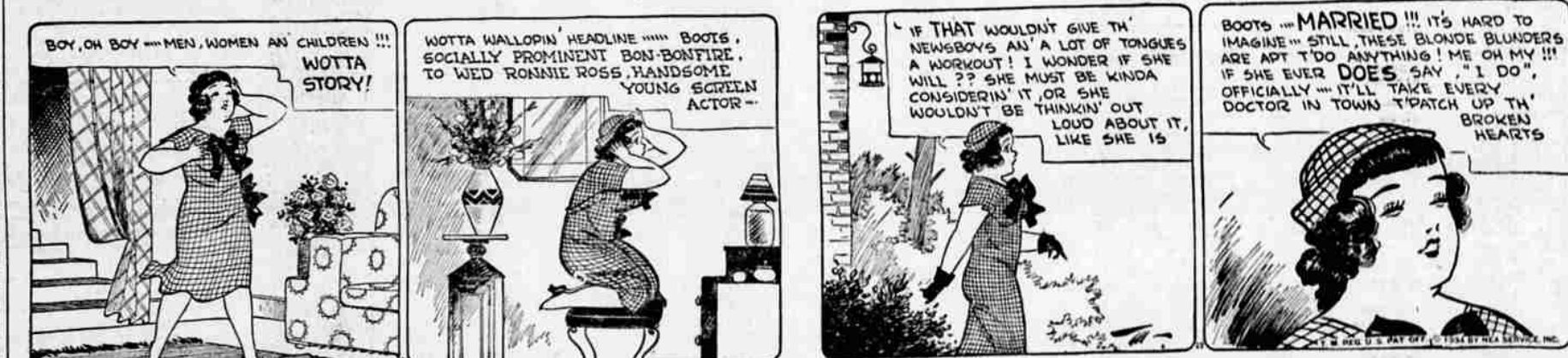
WE'LL BE MISSED LIKE A 1906 CALOVAR

SALESMAN SAM



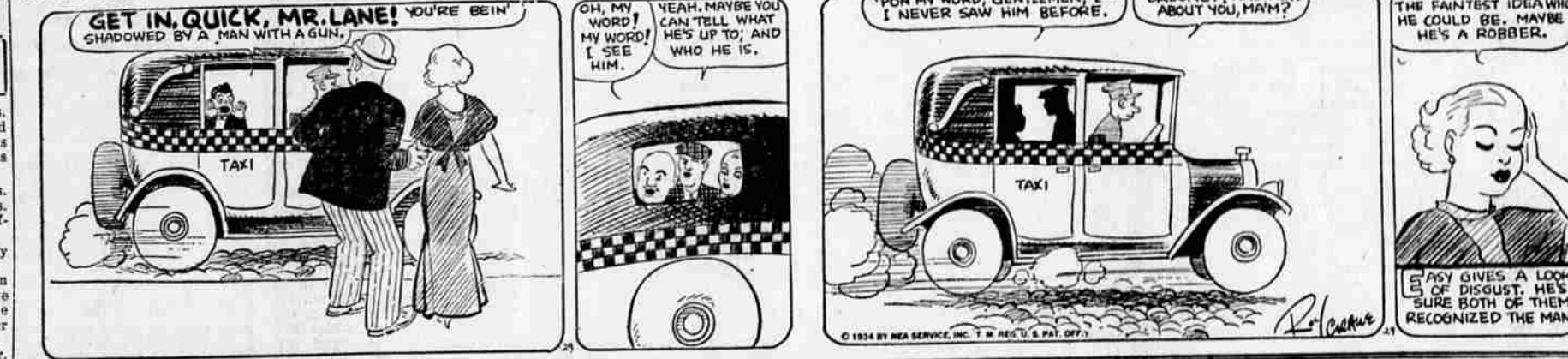
BY SMALL

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

WASH TUBS



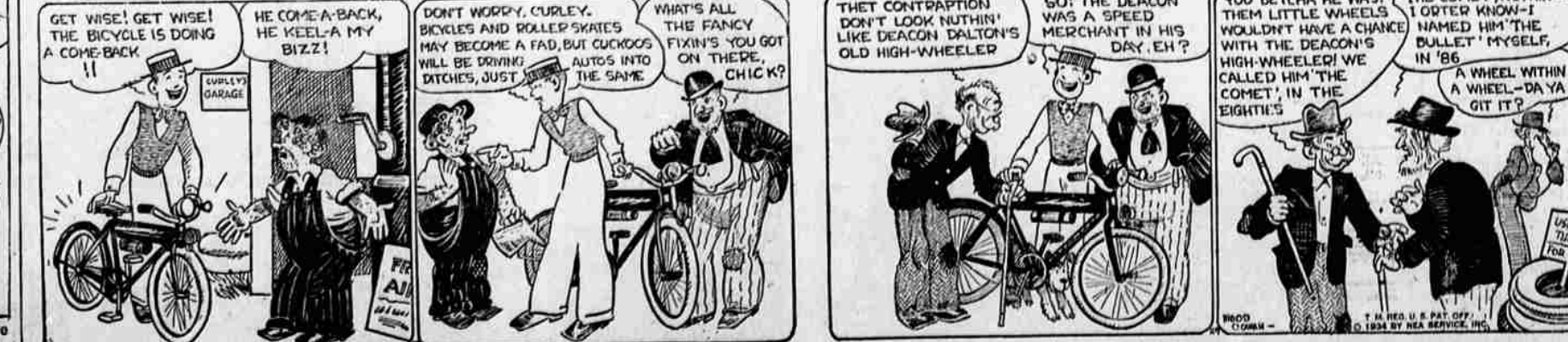
BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



BY COWAN