BY AHERN

BY SMALL

BY MARTIN



BEGIN SIERE TODAY

PARLITO, a handsome youth, becomes a fugitive when he five from key West to Slavann with BEAU sad LOTTIE, two thieves. Pablito has been necessed of a nurder he did not commit. MAR-INGA TRIEADWAY, socially prominent, could prove he is innocent but fears seandal.

Pablito he in love with ESTELLE FIELD, daughter of rich JIM PILLD. In Havana, under the name "Juanito." he becomes cicherated as a boxer und he nad Bean open a gymnasium.

SIR AUBIET, a filled Englishman and Pablito's father, is eargehing for his son, employing BILLINGS. New York detective.

Three years pass and then Pab-

GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVII

ONE evening in 'ate summer Pablito appeared in the door way of Beau's sleeping room.

"Come in," the other invited Reau was stretched out at full length on the bed. He added, as Pablito closed the slat door behind "Hand me a cigaret, will

Pablito bureau in the old, slow way that bad been his immediately after their escape from Field's camp. Beau had noticed that this man ner had returned.

"A match-" he prompted. Pablito supplied the match and held it, cupped between his palms. me Beau Ht up. "Well, what's the

trouble?" Beau seaked then.

Pablite dropped to a chair by the bed. He ran his hands through his thick, light hair. Then, elbows on knees and eyes averted, he began to tell Beau slowly and falteringly about Estelle; of how she was forced to comply with her father's demands because Field believed Pablite had murdered Jeffries.

Beau raised himself on one elbow. "Hell, kid," he questioned, aggriered. "What can I do about R? I love life myself."

"I know," Pablite admitted wearly, "I don't know why I'm ishking. I wouldn't have you give yourself up—you know that. But I'm about half-crasy with things as they are—"Beau broke into this monologue.

as they are—"
Beau broke into this monologue.
"hook here, kid! You'll get over being so chosey in time. Women, they're all alike—"

"Not when you feel as I do."
"Well, all right. Have your own
way about it but just the same
they are. Look here—I didn't want
to tell you what I know, but I
guess I'll do it. Maybe it'll make
roug ston this meaning. That Wield ou stop this mooning. That Field

PABLITO sat back, eyes unbe-

lieving.
"I seen it in a New York news-per," Bean confided.
"Did you—save the paper!"

"Did you—save the paper?"
"Yee, it's in the bureau drawer there. The top one. Under them socks. Well, maybe it's in the other drawer. Oh, my God, you sin't looked! Try the next one." Pablito found the newspaper and set down to read. It was there, just as Beau had said. Beneath a portrait of Estelle, a little smeared in the printing but all toe clear, he read: "Society has been expecting the news for some time. Mr. Alec Davids who has been cruising with Mr. and Miss Field on Mr. Field's yacht.—"
Pablito found he could not read

Pablito found he could not read st quickly. He had to go back to the beginning and start over again. The words arranged themselves crasily. But at length he had fin-dahed the entire, rather wordy par-agraph underneath the portrait.

He stood then, trembling and ared down at Estelle's picture. then abruptly left the room.

Beau called after him to say something about the man named Billings who had called that day. s had said be must see Pab cost a matter that was im-

Later, though not much later, Beau, who was still in bed, looked Bean, who was still in bed, locked up to see Pablito once more before him. Pablito was wearing a suit that had been made for traveling and not for a Cuban evening. "Gimme a cigaret —" Beau ordered. Pablito gave him the package. As he stomed with a lighted

age. As he stopped with a lighted match burning blue beneath his palms he said slowly, "I'm leav-

ing. Beau."
"Where you goin'?"
"I don't know." "What about your letters?"

COTHERE 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

"Look here, Kid," he protested,
"that Billings was here again today. He said he's got to see you.
Seemed to be all het 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 who always come all the way from some very distant point to sell some one thing to one par ticular man.

"Tell him I never buy oil stock," Tell him I never buy off 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'

"Honest, I think you're makin' mistake," Beau persisted. "I had kind of feelin' when he come agt semethin' real important was

up. He sort of looked that way.
When 'll you be back, Kid?"
"I don't know."
"Well—so long. We'll miss you!"
Pablitto went down the stairs and
out under the blackness and the
twinkling fires that make the twinkling fires that make the Cuban sky. He had not said postby to Lottie. His tips 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 harshly, although his God was far from him. This was more nideous than the awakening from any dream he had ever known.

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

"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 the misery with which she must be surrounded while she lived with

Occasionally she realized that her only escape lay in marriage. As she thought of this she also realized that Alee Davids was kind. Very firmly she believed this.
"My dear," he asked often, "how

much longer must I watch you suffer from your obstinacy? 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 "devlish now he fumed at Estelle's "devlish 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. sho'R learn a few things," he vowed, "after I've got her where sho's going to be!"

"Keep up your heart, my boy," Field would encourage him warmly. And with sly keenness he would disparge Alec in Estelle's hearing. She seemed to look at Alec more gently after these at-tacks on him by her father. They

hale more gently after these at tacks 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.

"Til never be able to have what I want." Estelle reasoned. "Per-

haps, after all, I dreamed most of it—"

Yet remembering Pablito could fill her eyes with tears, so she thought of him as little as possi-ble. Those about her spoke admir-ingly of the fact that Estelle was ingly 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 Curiy Davidson and sons moved from Uhrman's camp to Lamm's mill this week. Mr. Davidson is employed at Lamms.

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

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 under went an operation for the re-moval 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 or the community h

day evenings for a couple of weeks. The young folks of the Klamath Temple are conducting these meetings. Everybody wel-

come.

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

Flapper Fanny Says



People who know the ropes are usually in the swing of things.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE BY J. R. WILLIAMS





SALESMAN SAM

OUT OUR WAY

JEST ANOTHER SWELL BREAK FER AW, FERGIT IT, SAM!

ME - NOT! I SPEND DAYS TRYIN' I'M SO HAPPY, I GOT

TA RECOVER YOUR MONEY, AN' ITS A NOTION TO CARRY

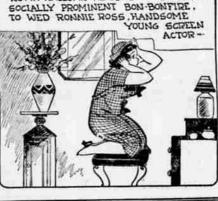
RIGHT HERE IN TH' STORE ALL OUT TH' PLAN I HAD OUT TH' PLAN ! HAD TH' TIME!





BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES





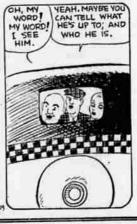


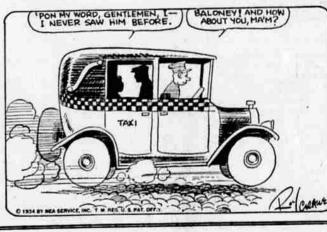


BOOTS ... MARRIED !!! IT'S HARD TO

WASH TUBS









FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

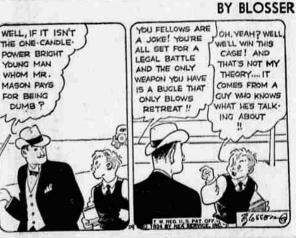


A LAW

SUIT....

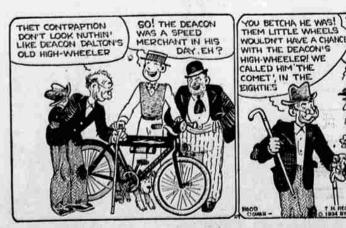






THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP





BY COWAN

THE COMET', NUTHIN'.

NAMED HIM'THE

A WHEEL WITHIN

GIT IT?