

THE DAILY NOVELTIE

THE KIDNAPPED PEASANT GIRL
By R. Ray Baker

It was all very well, this being kidnaped, until the masked man at the wheel of the auto tried to kiss her. Then the girl let out a scream that the valley walls hurled back and forth through the pine woods.

The kidnapper had drawn up beside the road, and without a word had placed his arm around the girl, implanting a smacking kiss full on her red lips. Until now it had seemed like a grand lark, but after that—well, she really was frightened now.

The man was in garments evidently intended to proclaim him as a knight, but it was rather inconsistent attire. He wore a plumed helmet, a breastplate, and a striped blouse of red and yellow. A sword with a dented scabbard hung from his waist, and a plumed helmet covered his eyes and forehead, with a red hood surrounding all the face was clean-shaven and the part that showed was not at all repulsive.

When the girl screamed, the man released her and appeared taken aback. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked, astonishment in the voice, which decidedly was not gruff.

"Matter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think you are carrying this girl a little too far?"

"Too far?" he echoed. "You don't mean to say that a man hasn't the right to kiss the girl he is eloping with, do you?"

She laughed scornfully. "Eloping? Seems you're taking a lot for granted. Perhaps you're insane. Yes, I think that's it. No man in his right mind would talk and act like you." Garvin Haskell really was puzzled by the girl's behavior. What was the matter with Maxine? Hadn't she agreed to elope from the costume ball with him? Had she changed her mind after all the carefully arranged plans? Well, he knew she was fickle, but it did not seem reasonable that she would back out now.

There was no good reason for an elopement, anyhow. Maxine's parents were dead, and Garvin's folks never had displayed an inclination to meddle in the affairs of the heart. He had enough money in his own right to care for a

wife, and in fact his father and mother were rather anxious for him to settle down.

But Maxine had insisted on eloping, in order to have a taste of romance. She wanted to surprise her aunt, with whom she was staying while visiting in Sarendac, for one thing, and she wanted some excitement when she took the marriage vows.

Garvin had been trying ever since he became acquainted with her two months ago to induce her to have him. She had put him off, laughing, until the time came for the masked ball.

"Yes, I'll marry you, Garve," she said, "but it's got to be an elopement. You dress as a knight and I'll be a peasant girl. After the fifth dance I'll meet you under the big oak tree on the lawn and we'll elope. The arrangements for a minister, of course, are up to you."

"And I'll call when?" inquired the elated Garvin.

"You won't call at all," she said. "I'll go to the dance with some of the girls, and you go alone. That'll make it more romantic."

Garvin made the necessary arrangements, which included marriage by a minister in the neighboring town of Charlotte. He dressed as a knight to the best of his ability and went to the dance alone. And there was his beloved, dressed in the peasant costume, exactly fitting the description Maxine had given him. Yes, she had met him under the oak at the appointed time, and he had carried her off in the auto. And when he pulled up beside the road to claim a kiss as his just due she screamed.

"Would you mind removing your mask?" he asked the girl.

"Not if you will do the same," she answered.

For reply he removed the domino and at once the girl lifted the cambric. Yes, it was Maxine. In the pale moonlight her countenance showed up as lovely as ever, except that it seemed a trifle older, but, no doubt, that was due to the shock of being almost kissed. That was not quite consistent, either, for Garvin never had supposed Maxine to be that unsophisticated. He scrutinized her closely, and she returned the stare. Yes, it was Maxine's eyes, and the nose and hair were hers. But why the change in her attitude?

"Maxine," he began, clearing his throat. "I don't—"

"Maxine!" she exclaimed. "I'm not

Maxine. What made you think I was?"

"The moon's rays became brighter now, due to the shifting of some clouds, and the girl's face showed plainer. Yes, it was a difference. She was older, that was certain, although not much older."

"Well, how—what—" he stammered.

"That's what I say," she exclaimed. "How—what—"

"It's got me beat," he declared. "Do you happen to know Maxine Brooks?"

"I certainly do. She's my younger sister. But she left—"

"After I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah," after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah, after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah.

So Maxine had gone back on him! Well, he didn't understand it, but he wasn't going to play the fool by asking questions.

But the car took a hand in the game. Garvin made the necessary arrangements to meet a puncture because the extra was at a vulcanizing station undergoing repairs. It was fully an hour before the car was ready, and then, after going the distance of a block, it stopped and could not be induced to move. With a flashlight Garvin explored in the hood, but was unable to remedy matters. The girl tried to help, and got dabbed with grease, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I'm just a peasant, anyway," she said, smiling.

No, she was not Maxine. She was too willing to help and too patient. Maxine would have fretted and fumed and made no effort to help matters. Garvin was beginning to like the girl.

"Well, I can't fix it," he finally admitted as he walked away from the hood and tripped for the fourth time on the "dangling" scabbard. While she laughed merrily he detached the sword and threw it on the car floor. "We're miles from any habitation, and this is an unfrequented road. It's more romantic than the main thoroughfares, that's why Maxine wanted—why I chose it."

"Then there's nothing to do but spend the night here," said the girl.

"It isn't very proper, but circumstances don't recognize proprieties."

She curled up on the seat, while Garvin tried to make himself comfortable on the running board. Yes, Maxine hadn't met her first!

They stayed awake by conversing on

various subjects, which became more and more personal as the boy's passed.

"Please tell me how it happened—my kidnapping you instead of your sister," Garvin finally urged.

"Before I left home," said the girl, "I had a talk with Maxine's former fiance, with whom she quarreled some time ago. He gave me a message and when Maxine received it she went back to marry him. She asked me to substitute for her at the ball and said she would arrange for me to meet a very nice man under the oak tree. I didn't know about the elopement plan, of course, and I thought it would be just a lark. And it seems I thought right."

They became better acquainted, while the frogs warbled in the nearby marsh and Luna sang beneath the Western horizon. When dawn crept up from the East the girl yawned and had an idea.

"Did you look at the battery wire?" Garvin had not, but he did, and found it loose. Remedying the trouble, he stepped on the starter, then paused to remark:

"Love at first sight is wonderful, isn't it? Shall we do it now?"

Her answer was inaudible, but when the machine rolled along the road it carried two elopers toward Charlotte.

DRY RAIDER IN DISGUISE

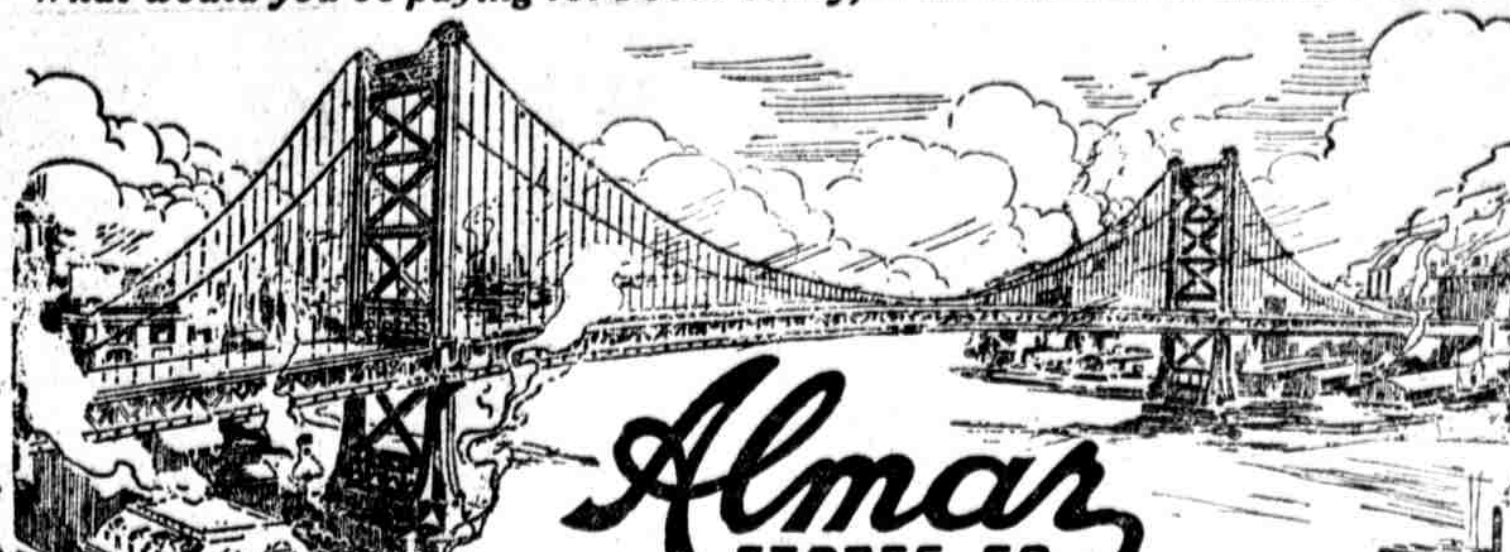
"Izzy" in David Harum Garb Visits Farmers and Summons for Stillie

New York, Jan. 26.—"Izzy" Einstein, New York's most spectacular prohibition agent, yesterday disguised himself in David Harum garb, assumed an authentic "b'gosh" dialect, hired a "reaking survey, drove into the country north of Monticello, N. Y., and returned ten hours late with three whisky stills, several hundred gallons of wash ready for distillation, and several cans of "moonshine" ready for consumption. Incidentally, he had served three summonses on up-State farmers, calling for explanations in Federal court.

"Izzy" first intruded Isaac and Mrs. Liff with "how talk," while three assistants looked over the Liff farm near Bethel. The agents found two stills, they claimed, and 500 gallons of wash. Then "Izzy" and his assistants drove to the Har's Gordon farm, where the ruse was repeated, with Gordon getting a summons in exchange for a still and several cans of "moonshine" awaiting shipment.

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Choice String Beans can 11c	LOROX bottle 22	Del Monte Pineapple, small can 15c
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Jersey Cut Bee's large can 10c	Imperial Polish can 4c	Life Buoy Soap cake 7c
Mixed Vegetables for Soup can 10c	A-1 Metal Polish, Half Pint. can 13	Babbitt's Best Soap cake 5c
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Calif. Lima Beans lb 9c	Hecker's B. ck. Flour pkg 14c	Turkey Syrup can 8c
York State Marrow Beans lb 7c	Toilet Paper, 1000 Sheet Rolls, ea 9c	Calif. Evap. Peaches lb 17c
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