

IT TAKES SO LITTLE

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Peppy Ran Away
From Love, Only
to Find It Again
in a Rather
Strange Way

PEPPY justified her name when she jumped back to the curb to avoid a big green coupe that swirled around the corner. She caught one glimpse of the redhead driving it. One flashing spark of the smile he tossed her. She jumped right into his heart and settled down to stay forever. She couldn't know that or she wouldn't have resented him so fiercely.

"The fresh bricktop," she snapped, going across the street with quick clicking steps. "I suppose he mows down pedestrians for amusement."

She checked in at the employes' entrance of Brent's big store with a smile playing over her sensitive lips.

"I should have let him hit me, then I wouldn't have to sell gloves today," she mused.

THE big store hummed an active, gay tune. Peppy hummed, too, but not gayly. The big store was on tiptoe, thrilled, anticipation of its semiannual sale beginning that morning. Peppy wasn't on tiptoe, she was flat on her heels.

Finding herself a position in the business world, of which she knew nothing, seemed such a bright idea that afternoon when Clem Carlton told her she couldn't hold the simplest kind of a job for two weeks.

Timothy King's house had been Carol King's home ever since she had been a very little girl. He nicknamed her Peppy. "Nothing else suits her," he said laughingly. Uncle Tim had grown accustomed to the stormy young people who cluttered up his grounds and infested his house. He found Peppy's note two days after she left when he came home from the Oatman mines.

"I'm going South for a while," he read in Peppy's characteristic scrawl. "I know you won't worry about me. Love, Peppy."

To which Uncle Tim grunted: "Another quarrel with Clem, I suppose. I hope this is the final break."



yesterday." He recited it with a flourish. "I'm Bill, Junior. Uncle Bill is the son of the original Husted of Diamond Bar Ranch up beyond Apple Valley, sixty-seven miles from here. He's a great old man. Every one loves him. My sisters and I call him Old Reliance. You'll come, won't you? He laughed and there

easily up the slope between broad rolling acres.

Two miles further on they stopped in front of a rambling house whose brown, flat-board shutters seemed to shout a welcome before three girls came dashing down the steps.

"Top o' the morning to you, Peppena Dillon," he greeted her, grinning engagingly. "Say, I drove around the block in nothing flat yesterday morning, but you had disappeared. To think it's you that Uncle Bill sent me to find!"

"I had just as grand a one in the kitchen with Mary," said a voice that sent shivers of fright and amusement through Peppy. A small-brain voice squeaked weakly: "Now you're in a mess." She felt limp. Her back wouldn't hold her. It was a cotton strip flopping down her legs. Some one switched on

dark. Peppy walked slowly across the yard and leaned against one of the big sheltering oak trees. Her copper-colored slinky frock that matched her eyes was as dejected as she felt. Her slippers were ruined. She didn't care for anything