

Rash Romance

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By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

CHAPTER IV.

The morning after Judith had promised to become Arthur Knight's wife she woke to face a dream world. The discordant clatter of the alarm clock aroused her at 7.

Judith shut the alarm off, threw down the covers and thrust one foot to the floor. Then she remembered.

She had agreed to marry Arthur Knight! A vision of that scene in the reception room last night beat in upon her dazed, half-doubting mind. She saw herself in Knight's arms. How he had held her, kissing her again and again, murmuring that he adored her, that she was precious beyond price, and that he loved her, needed her, and wanted her to be his wife!

One white hand went to Judith's lips. Hard to believe—that picture.

She saw herself, too, half-sobbing, clinging to the man's shoulder as a frightened child might cling. She had returned Knight's kisses. She had allowed him to stroke her lovely hair, to pat her arms soothingly, promising that from now on everything in the world was to be beautiful and happy. Would they not share it all together?

Judith remembered how she had said good night finally with a quick smile, a kiss and the man's strong arms about her.

She was going to become Mrs. Arthur Knight!

Now she was thoroughly awake, wondering how she had ever been able to sleep through the night. There had been hours, of course, in which she lay sleepless and tossing. She remembered them, too.

Judith Cameron soberly regarded her slim white legs, and reviewed it all.

With a bound she was out of bed, aware time was flying and that subway rushes do not wait for sentiment.

As she brushed out her tangled curls and combed them neatly, Judith Cameron began to sing.

The coffee was boiling when she had finished at the dressing table and pulled the gray-blue jersey over her head. One final glance she stole into the mirror. The mirror was crooked and distorting.

"By-by, Old Looking Glass!" Judith Cameron said aloud. "We won't be here much longer!"

Then she sat down for a five-minute breakfast, finished the last drop of coffee and started for the door.

She had not reached it before there was a rap.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Miss Cameron—Sarah!"

Judith recognized the voice of the middle-aged servant whose function it was to provide the "maid service" her weekly rent was supposed to include. This service, the girl had noted, consisted of two clean towels a week and occasionally a rearrangement of the furniture, evidently intended to indicate a sweeping.

Now Judith pulled the door back.

"Good morning, Sarah," she said.

Sarah stood in the doorway, a pasteboard box in her arms.

"For you, Miss Cameron."

"For me?"

"I guess they're flowers. It's a flower shop name on the tag. Only, my ain't it an elegant package, though!"

Judith took the box. It was round, a lovely shade of ivory and tied with violet and silver ribbons. On the silver tag she read, "Miss Judith Cameron, and then the address."

"Must be some swell beau sending such beautiful presents. Miss Cameron," chuckled Sarah.

The girl was untangling the wrappings. A soft "Ooh!" escaped her lips as she drew away the green tissue.

"Look, Sarah, look!"

It was the most exquisite corsage of violets Judith had ever beheld which she raised from the box. The rich, dewy perfume of the blossoms was like a poem. Quaintly outlined with a lace ruffle and tied with ribbons, the bouquet was certainly a perfect love token.

"My, ain't they lovely. Ain't they elegant!" Slipshod old Sarah repeated the two expressions alternately. Then, "My—he must be a swell feller!"

"Oh, they are lovely—they're beautiful," Judith murmured, feasting her eyes on the flowers.

"What can I do with them, Sarah? where'll I put them?"

"Aren't you goin' to wear 'em, Miss Cameron?"

"No. Not this morning, I'm afraid. I—I couldn't. Oh, I don't want them to die!"

"Want me to put 'em in the ice box, Miss Cameron? They'll keep perfect there. Won't take up much room, neither."

"Would you, Sarah? Oh, that's sweet of you. Here—"

Judith extracted three or four of the violets and tucked them into Sarah's blouse.

"Now, then—I'll have to run like everything. I'm late. Good-by, Sarah. Thank you a lot."

Ten minutes later Judith jammed into the end of a subway car, praying the supply of air in her lungs might last until they reached the next station.

She was five minutes late in reaching her desk at the office, and saw that Carla Morrison had her eyes on the clock.

Judith plunged into the morning's tasks immediately. But her eyes were brighter than usual and her cheeks stayed warmly pink all morning.

She did not see Adelaide nudging Mitzel, but she heard her stage whisper.

"Frosty's warming up!"

Suddenly Judith Cameron decided upon immediate action. She turned about, eyed Adelaide Conway calmly, then arose and walked to Miss Tupper's office.

The door of Miss Tupper's office was always open, but Judith knocked.

"Yes—what is it?"

Kathryn Tupper adjusted her spectacles, and when she saw who it was standing on the threshold she frowned.

"Well, Miss Cameron!"

"I wish to give notice that I am leaving," said Judith.

"Well!"

Interest indeed could be read on Kathryn Tupper's face. She leaned forward, eyeing the girl closely.

"So you're leaving, Miss Cameron," she continued. "Well, ordinarily you should report to Mr. Edwards' office, but since he is out of town I'll take care of the matter. I hope," she smiled wryly, "you haven't found the work unpleasant here?"

"Oh, no, Miss Tupper, I—have other plans."

The answer seemed to displease the woman at the desk. She went on tartly:

"I'm sorry—that is—there have been a few things, Miss Cameron, of which I had intended to speak. Since you're leaving it won't be necessary. However—Mr. Knight has been displaced. Under these circumstances, I cannot with a clear conscience give you a recommendation."

"It's quite unnecessary, thank you."

"Indeed I suppose you've just inherited an oil well!" The sarcasm and anger were unbecomingly evident.

"No, Miss Tupper. And I wish to leave at the end of the week. I would like my final pay check next Saturday."

"Very well," she said sharply. Judith turned her back, smiling to think how Mr. Knight had been "displeased." The mood passed very quickly, and she became serious. After all, had she really heard the last of Kathryn K. Tupper? When eventually the woman should hear that Knight and Judith were to wed—

The girl shuddered.

What could be done about the situation? Nothing. Therefore she resolved to forget about it.

She did not see Knight during the morning but at one o'clock shortly after her return from lunch, there was a telephone call.

Only rarely did Judith Cameron receive telephone messages at the office. She eyed the instrument suspiciously, then picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Judith! I hope the flowers said 'good morning' to you—I've been wanting to say it myself, dear."

"Oh but they did! They're so beautiful. Where—where are you?"

"Now you're being cautious, aren't you?" The man laughed. "Never mind. Over on Forty-second street. Out to lunch, you know. I had to hear your voice, Judith."

A low laugh reached him over the wire.

"That's better," Knight continued. "Let me hear you laugh. And I want to tell you, Judith, I'll be calling at 6:30."

There had been no appointment for that evening. Each of them had too much to think of the night before.

"At 6:30," the girl agreed. "Thank you very much."

"You couldn't say more than 'thank you'?" he coaxed.

"You don't really think I should—now—do you?"

"Oh, you're right, dear. You're right. Until tonight then?"

"Yes. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The afternoon dragged. Judith filed away letters, wrote orders and made neat carbons. At last it was five minutes of five. She put her work away, went for her wraps and hurried out of the office as usual.

An hour and a half later when Arthur Knight called for her Judith was ready, wearing the great bunch of violets pinned to her coat. There was no taxi tonight but a handsome maroon-hued town car.

"Why—Arthur!" she exclaimed. "How gorgeous!"

He helped Judith into the car, caught her close and kissed her lips tenderly before answering. Then:

"I hoped that you'd like it," said Arthur Knight. "Where shall we go, dear?"

"Am I to decide?"

"I want you to."

Judith's eyes twinkled.

"Then I'll tell you," she said. "Let's go where we had our very first dinner together."

"Judith!"

He held her near again, deeply pleased.

"One moment here," exclaimed Knight. "Shut your eyes, young woman. Shut them!"

She knew what it was going to be of course, when she opened those eyelids. Judith knew—but the sight exceeded all dreams. On the third finger of her left hand gleamed the white fire of a solitaire. The jewel was dazzling.

"Oh, Arthur!" the girl cried. She caught her breath. Then, hesitating, as though each word hurt, she brought out the rest:

"Arthur—there's something—something I've got to tell you!"

Klamah High Trims Medford High 33 to 15

Before a crowd of 600, one of the largest ever to attend a basketball game here, Klamath Union high school's basketball quintet won a victory over a Medford high school team last night by a score of 33 to 15.

Inasmuch as Medford players were southern Oregon champions last year, the victory is doubly valued by Klamath.

Wakemans Stars

Howard and Herman Wakemans easily proved themselves the star players of the game, tying for high points. Six baskets were made by Herman and five baskets and two free throws were credited to Howard. Hughes was high point man for Medford.

Klamath started the game off fast by scoring two baskets in the first five minutes of playing. The end of the first quarter was a 6 to 6 tie, but at the end of the half the score stood 15 to 10 for Klamath. At no time did the local boys allow the five from the valley to gain a lead.

Lineups Given

Medford: Hughes, RF; Palmer, LF; Clay, C; Caldwell, C; Wakemans, C.

Klamath: Green, RG; Wakemans, LG; Thomas, LG; Robustelli, C; Merrill, C; Hagen, C; French, C; French, C; French, C; French, C.

Merrill Hagen, Medford coach; Dwight French, Klamath coach. Steve Beck, known as "Pelican City Flash," refereed.

ACTOR HOOVER GUEST

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, (AP)—William Gillette, creator of the famous stage role of Sherlock Holmes, was a luncheon guest today at the White House.

FAMOUS SWIMMER DEAD.

LONDON, Jan. 6, (AP)—Sir Montague "T" Arman, who swam the Niagara river below the falls when he was 24 years old, died here today, aged 62. He had been in ill health for some time.

He figured prominently in Oxford university athletic life in his time.

Three Cushion Billiard Race Three Cornered

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, (AP)—The National three cushion billiards championship tournament has developed into a three cornered battle among Johnny Layton and Allan Hall of St. Louis, and Otto Retselt, Philadelphia veteran.

Alone on the field of eight these three have been able to keep their records unmarred by defeat. Dayton, the defending champion, and Retselt, a former title-holder, each have won three games. Hall has won the only two starts he has made.

Yesterday Layton defeated Charles Jordan of Los Angeles, 50 to 22 in 23 innings. The number of innings, 23, was the smallest in the championship's history and Layton's average of 2.4-23 also set a new mark.

Retselt beat Harry Schuler of New York, 50 to 36 in 49 innings and Hall downed Tiff Denton of Kansas City, 50 to 24 in 38 innings. Augie Klekhefer of Chicago beat Gus Copulos of Detroit, 50 to 16 in 13 innings.

Freckles and His Friends

WHICH ONE WUZ IT THAT WON THE PRIZE?

G'BYE OSCAR!

GEE-WHEN TH PEOPLE ON TH TRAIN SEE THIS BIG CROWD THEY'LL THINK SOMEBODY IMPORTANT IS GETTING ON, WON'T THEY, FRECKLES?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, HEN?

WHY-AIN'T YOU HEARD? THAT BOY OF DAVE PLETZENBAUM'S WON A FREE TRIP TO THE CAPITAL, AN' THEY'RE BEGIN' HIM OFF!

IF YOU SEE HERB, SAY HELLO FOR ME!

THE LITTLE ONE THERE WITH TH COW-LICK STICKIN' UP IN FRONT!

SHADY-SIDE

THE AFTERNOON DRAGGED. Judith filed away letters, wrote orders and made neat carbons. At last it was five minutes of five. She put her work away, went for her wraps and hurried out of the office as usual.

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IN THE REALM OF SPORT

CAGE SEASON IN NORTHWEST OPENS FRIDAY

Vandals to Meet Oregon State at Corvallis For Two Games.

OREGON STATE COLLEGE Corvallis, Jan. 6.—With football now a matter of history, basketball is the next item of interest on the athletic program.

The conference season at Oregon State opens next Friday night, January 10, when the Vandals clash with the Idaho Vandals on the home floor. A second game will be played here Saturday night.

Just how this opening series will end is hard to tell. The Vandals are rated as one of the two strongest teams in the northwest this season. They have on their squad two of the best scorers on the coast last year—McMillan and Stowell.

Here is the pre-season record of Idaho: The Vandals have played five games to date. They lost one of the two games played with Whitman; won from Mount St. Charles and lost to both Gonzaga and Ellensburg Normal.

Statens Win Five

The Orangemen have played nine pre-season games. Wins were chalked up by them against Multnomah club, Santa Clara, Stanford Chico Normal and St. Marys. Losses were to Olym-

pic club, Y. M. I. College of the Pacific and St. Marys. They played a two-game series with St. Marys.

Buck Grayson, guard and Rod Ballard, forward, waged a great battle for scoring honors while on the California trip. Grayson came out ahead with 51 points, and Ballard was close on his heels with 49. Scores made by the other players on the California trip include Cotton Whitlock, center 37; Kelly Callahan, forward, 24; Mose Lyman, center, 20; James Torsen, 17; Ken Fagans, 12; Tom Duffy, 5; Bob Drager, 3; and Howard Merrill, 5. The complete Oregon State conference schedule follows:

January 10-11, Idaho at Corvallis.

January 13-14, Washington State at Corvallis.

January 17-18, Washington at Seattle.

January 27-28, Washington at Corvallis.

February 1, Oregon at Eugene.

February 7, Oregon at Corvallis.

February 8, Oregon at Eugene.

February 14-15, Idaho at Moscow.

February 17-18, Washington State at Pullman.

February 22, Oregon at Corvallis.

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Dempsey Frowns on Jack Sharkey

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A FIRST CLASS KILLER SCOWL SEEMS TO BE A FIGHTER'S MOST VALUABLE ASSET—



By AL DEMAREE (Former Pitcher N. Y. Giants)

The development of a first-class scowl or leer, calculated to strike fear into the hearts of opponents and fill them with an inferiority complex, is the latest "refinement" in various branches of sports, particularly boxing.

John L. Sullivan really originated it and it was later adopted by Dempsey and lately by Jack Sharkey. It was a case of "scowl meeting scowl" and Dempsey out-leered him. The Manassa angler refused to be impressed by the Boston Gob's facial contortions when they shook hands before the bout, but blithely inquired as to the health and happiness of the Sharkey family.

Burleigh Grimes has tried to transplant the fighter's scowl to baseball. Grimes considers it bad luck to shave the days he pitches and to serve a double purpose. It bolsters up his belief in himself and renders his scowl doubly terrifying to the opposing batters when he walks to the plate and leers in their faces and tells them what he is going to do to them.

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Women Bowlers Hit High Scores On Local Alleys

A great deal of jolly and friendly but nevertheless spirited rivalry is manifested in the contest for the prize of a permanent wave to the lady making the highest bowling score in competition at the Klamath Recreation alleys during the month of January.

The Powder Puff is offering the prize and from the activity among the lady bowlers it seems much coveted.

The scores are mounting higher and higher as time goes on but it was left to Mrs. Parayek to near the 200 mark when she toppled the pins Saturday evening for a score of 191 only to be followed about two hours later by Nellie McGarvey with a score of 209 which is high to date.

Important Fights Booked For Friday

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, (AP)—Otto von Borat's ten round encounter with Paulino Uzcudun, Basque heavyweight, at Madison Square Garden Friday night heads the national boxing schedule for this week.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion meets Alf Box, of Spain, in a ten rounder at the Philadelphia arena tonight and encounters Tony Vaccarelli of New York at the Chicago stadium on Friday. His title will not be at stake in either bout.

Other bouts on the national schedule include:

At Portland, Ore., Tuesday: Young Firpo Burke, Idaho, vs. Ray Belky, Oakland, light heavyweights, ten rounds, Mickey Dolan, Portland, vs. Don Dority, St. Paul, lightweights, ten rounds.

Promoters Claim Innocence

Promoter Jim Mullen, Shires and Eddie Meade, of Cleveland, who brought Daly to Chicago for

Fight Game Just One "Dive" After Another for Great One

CHICAGO, Jan. 6 (AP)—The only interest Charles Arthur (The Great) Shires had in the boxing business today was to clear himself of charges of having participated in a fixed fight and attempting to fix another.

The great one, with a yearning to sign a contract to play first base for the White Sox and withdraw from boxing, awaited a summons from the Illinois state athletic commission to give an explanation of charges that Dangerous Dan Daly of Cleveland, had "taken a dive" for him in Shires' first professional fight at the White City arena, December 9.

Say Daly "Dived"

Already under the ban of the Michigan boxing commission and the National boxing association, pending investigation of a charge that a representative of his had attempted to fix his scheduled engagement with one Battling Criss, at Detroit last week the great one's misery was increased by a claim purported to have been made by Daly that the latter had taken a dive.

The latter charge was made by Daly, according to an interview printed in the Ohio State Journal of Columbus, O., yesterday. Daly, the story said had "gone into the tank" for Shires, because he feared being "taken for a ride" if he failed to yield to a request made by a Shires representative.

Promoters Claim Innocence

Promoter Jim Mullen, Shires and Eddie Meade, of Cleveland, who brought Daly to Chicago for

the fight, all vigorously denied knowing anything about attempts to fix the bout.

Shires agreed that Daly had taken a dive, but insisted it was not voluntary, having been induced by a stout right to the chin.

Would Fight for Nothing