

Rash Romance

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CHAPTER VI

Sailing down New York harbor was thrilling to Judith.

She stood close to her husband, leaning against the rail. Sharp breezes buffeted her skirts and whipped crimson into her cheeks. Knight frowned (the sun shone in his eyes) as he pointed out familiar beacons of the skyline.

The yellow light hit the water and sparkled back again. It caught up long shadows on the ivory whiteness of the decks.

Lower Manhattan. Those amazing, pompous turrets. Telephone building, pyre-like Bankers' Trust structure. Woolworth. Equitable Trust, a dozen others. How they glared down on the murky river with its pretentious ocean liner, snorting, wheeling little tugboats, ferries and freight barges!

Past Brooklyn. Past the untiring Goddess who symbolizes freedom. On past Staten Island and then at last onto the gray Atlantic. Judith, long, long after, could shut her eyes and still see clearly the panorama of the harbor unfolding just as it had that morning. The morning of her marriage to Arthur Knight.

He told her so much as they stood against the rail, anticipating questions before she asked them, delivering an elementary lecture on seamanship. The pair were among the last to leave the deck and go inside.

Judith was wearing her broad-tail coat and the Agnes turban. She looked Parisian with the added dash of independent American girlhood. From topmost tip of the turban to narrow black suede toes she was groomed smartly. Valley lilies poised upon her shoulder tied with white ribbons. They were her wedding bouquet.

Arthur led the way to their cabin. A bright-faced young steward obligingly assisted.

A ship cabin? A veritable bower of baskets and boxes of roses instead.

"Why—Arthur!" He wheeled. Diplomatically the steward had ducked into the corridor. Arthur Knight and his bride were alone at last.

Judith found herself in her husband's arms. Arthur's kisses so comforting, Arthur's kisses ardent and comforting, too. Arthur roughing her hair with clumsy, caressing fingers, whispering his adoration.

A prayer at that instant arose from the inmost center of Judith Knight's heart.

"Dear God," the prayer said, "teach me to love my husband."

She wanted to love Arthur Knight. With all her soul the girl wanted to love him.

She raised her blue eyes then to the fervent brown ones.

"Dearest!" said Judith. She was quite unaware that this was the first time she had ever addressed Arthur Knight with a term of affection.

Judith and Knight were both delighted to discover, as the trip wore on, that the girl was a natural sailor. There were stiff winds before the ship reached the gulf stream. The sea became so rough that portholes had to be closed.

Sea legs were as natural as land ones to Arthur Knight. Now he found that, no matter how the sea might pitch and roar, Judith was good for five minutes around the sun deck each morning. She enjoyed lazy afternoons in her stateroom chair, well tucked up in blankets.

Sometimes they braved the gale along the ship's railing and tried to count the flying fish. It was a game in which the one who counted the most fish could decide whether they should go into the lounge and have tea there or hunt for another couple for bridge.

When Knight was said "bridge" when Judith was asked she voted "tea."

They had their meals at the

captain's table and Judith thought the slim, sharp-featured officer unusually interesting. He had so little to say but his words had such point. She was equally attracted by the ruddy, weather-stained bronze of his face.

Arthur Knight picked up acquaintances. He knew the ship's officers, found one or two men with whom he had had business relations, and he brought them all to Judith.

Knight fairly radiated pride when other men paid his pretty young bride compliments. The fact that Mrs. Knight was so constantly surrounded by masculine attention set tongues going in many a strictly feminine circle of gossip.

There were several other honey-mooners on board. There was one other couple just married, who sat at the captain's table. Then there were two middle-aged sisters there who affected the brightest of sport clothes. There was a solitary elderly gentleman whom no one seemed to know much about. There was a Germanic young man who said he was enjoying his first vacation in seven years. There was the very attractive Mrs. Franklin Monroe West and her less obtrusive husband.

Mrs. West was a flamboyant brunette, probably 35, though looking nearly 10 years less. Her gowns were as perfect as Judith Knight's and she wore far more jewelry. Mrs. West was vivacious, generally popular, and she urged her friendship upon Judith. The middle-aged sisters were snobs. The young brides with their youthful husbands somehow looked askance at Judith (or so she thought). She turned to Mrs. West gratefully.

"My dear," the older woman said to her the second evening, "since it's your first trip you really must let me take you about. It's so fearfully important meeting the right people. Do you know, actually I have a friend who came down alone last season who had the most awful experience! She didn't know anyone on the ship and picked up an acquaintance with a young girl who seemed very attractive. Imagine how she felt after they had reached Hamilton and she learned the girl was a hotel employee! Others who had known it all the while but had utterly, Mildred stayed four days and took the boat back. Nowadays you simply can't avoid them. These shop girls and stenographers are everywhere!"

Judith started to speak, then caught her lip.

"I promised to meet my husband," she said. "Heaven! I'm so late he'll be turning in a report. Sorry to dash off, Mrs. West."

Though she tried very hard to be friendly and sociable, Judith liked that part of each day best when she and her husband strolled together or sat side by side on the sun deck. Then she could slip her hand slyly under his heavier one and they could have long, sober talks.

There were many things to talk about.

The house on Long Island for instance, was to be opened again upon their return. Arthur had asked Judith if she wanted to look it over and set a decorator at work before they sailed. The girl was awed by the suggestion, told him she was much too busy assembling her trousseau to commute to Long Island. Besides, hadn't he liked the place just as it was?

Yes, Arthur Knight liked it all right but if there were any changes at all his wife wanted, they should be made. Very well, until she had seen the place it should remain unchanged.

Then there were the children—Tony and Arthur, Junior.

Their father spoke of them repeatedly. Judith was convinced there never had been a more devoted parent. As yet Knight had not even confided to them his marriage.

He was gay and careless in explaining this.

"You see, Judith," he said, "the kids are going to be crazy about you. How do I know that? Because they're smart kids. And because I'm looking at you this instant, girl. They'll fall for you just like their Daddy. I want them, to. Only for six weeks I want to forget everything else in the world except just you and me and happiness. I'm not willing to share you even with the Hoodlums."

"The Hoodlums" was a name Tony and Junior had acquired in their babyhood.

It seemed such a short time until Monday morning when, with bands playing and flags flying, they docked at Hamilton.

The day was warm, actually like summer. As the liner made its way slowly among the innumerable small islands, Judith hugged the ship's rail, calling out excitedly to Arthur to look quickly at this and that. There were merry salutes from the sailboats and launches which played and circled about the ship. From hill-tops and all along the water front came waves and cheers.

The lowness of the structures, their pastel coloring, in contrast with the gorgeous blueness of sky and sea, quite overpowered Judith Knight.

It was almost no time before she and Arthur sat behind a pair of trotting horses hitched to an old-fashioned flat-topped carriage and were driven by a soft-spoken colored driver on their way to their hotel. What a drive! Overhanging tropical shade trees lined the chalky road. Everywhere giant oleanders seemed to be loaded with pink and white blossoms. Hibiscus, flowering as though with scarlet rosettes, were nearly as numerous. Rambling purple morning glories and a dozen kinds of wildflowers which Judith had never seen before added splashing color notes.

"Arthur," Judith spoke tremulously. "I've never, never, been so happy!"

His eyes were her answer. There was some delay about reaching their room and getting the baggage. Arthur returned down stairs to consult the clerk and found himself forced to exchange pleasantries with Mrs. Franklin West.

"Oh, Mr. Knight," the woman cried exuberantly, "I've got the most ridiculous thing to tell you. Miss Squibbs—you remember Miss Squibbs on shipboard?—well, GUESS what she said this morning!"

Without waiting for a reply Mrs. West continued:

"She pointed you and your wife out and she said, 'I DO think that Mr. Knight and his daughter are so distinguished looking.' Isn't it delicious?"

(To Be Continued)

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(To Be Continued)

Dromedaries can perform a journey of 600 miles in five days.

DIGESTION BAD?
Physicians Endorse

BI-REX

For safe, sure and amazingly quick relief. Sold by Star Drug Company.

Mark Every Grave

Need the importance of this be emphasized? It always has been and it always will be a high privilege to remember with fitting distinction each one of those whose influence has touched and blessed us. Whether it be a modest or an impressive work, this silent tribute of remembrance expresses as nothing else possibly can, the love and respect for the one honored.

Klamath Falls Marble and Granite Works, Inc.

116 South Eleventh Street

Freckles and His Friends

Before Their Very Eyes!

By Blosser

Mom'n Pop

One Punch Deserves Another

By Gowan

This Plane Hat Isn't So Plain!



Air-minded young ladies might find this a bit light-headed for use, but Alice White, cinema actress, started the natives along Hollywood's boulevards when she "took off" with this hat. It may be a plane hat, but it isn't so plain, we'd say.

Portland May Yet Have Exposition

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 8, (AP)—The Beaver Centennial World Exposition, proposing to hold a world's fair in Portland in 1936, filed articles of incorporation here yesterday. The fair would celebrate the arrival of the Beaver, first ship to come up the Columbia river from Astoria in 1836. The incorporators are: President, L. M. Bumstead of Portland; secretary, F. N. Pearson; treasurer, R. L. Hollenbeck; second vice-president, B. L. Perkins; A. A. Bailey, Harvey Mills and Louis Lachmund. The latter lives in Salem and all the others in Portland.

Grasshoppers by Millions Cloud Sky

RABAT, Morocco, Jan. 8 (AP)—Skies have been darkened this winter by great flights of devastating grasshoppers. Billions and billions of them have been killed without greatly diminishing the swarms.

The flights frequently were such as to make a living brown

carpet several miles square. With nets there frequently were captured at a single spot enough grasshoppers to fill as many as 10,000 sacks.

Various measures are taken to stamp out the pests which often alight on crops and ruin them. One method has been to set up hurriedly a high wire net, miles long, plough a shallow trench before it, saturate the ground with kerosene and set fire to it when a swarm, flying low bumps into the net. This is possible because the swarms travel slowly and in well-defined paths.

They have been fought from airplanes with poisons of various sorts but as yet no method has been found to be completely effective.

Cure Discovered For "Buck Fever"

"Buck-fever" is to the shooter what stage-fright is to the actor," says Alfred P. Lane, internationally known rifle shot, in the December issue of The American Rifleman. "Buck-fever" is not necessarily a disease of the beginner in shooting. It often hits the old-timer as well, both on the target range and while hunting game.

To make a success of the

shooting game with a six-gun or any other weapon," says Mr. Lane, "keep your shirt on, pin your faith on Old Man Average, and adopt the attitude that you don't care a fig whether you win or not, so long as you do your best; and you will wear an armor that buck-fever can not pierce."

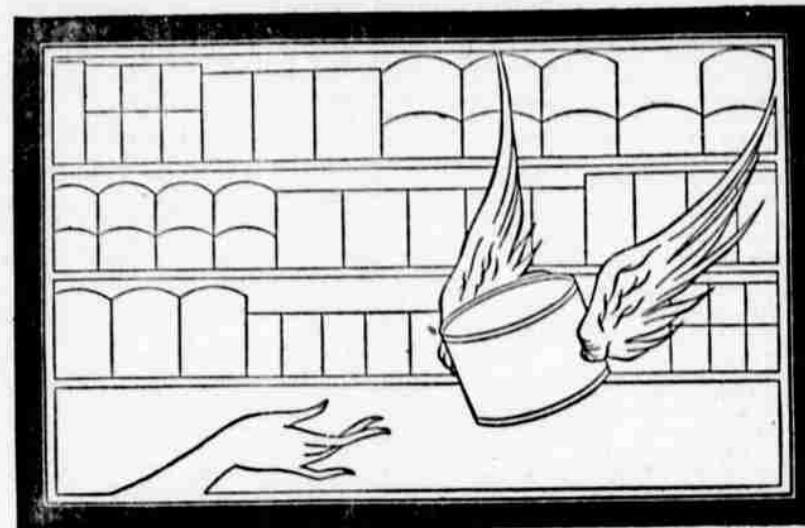
Each year thirty Americans consume more than 4,000,000,000 bottles of soft drinks, and this total does not include such beverages as near beer made from cereals.

Local Men Open Radio Service Shop

The Klamath Radio Service, owned and operated by William Long and Andrew Wiehl, radio service men and technicians, will open up for business Thursday at 125 N. Eighth street, in the building occupied by the Service Electric Shop. Mr. Long and Mr. Wiehl are both well known in Klamath Falls, having been located here for the past two years. They

will be equipped with the most complete testing and servicing equipment in southern Oregon and will be able to care for all service work both promptly and efficiently. Special study has been made by them of reception in this locality and you are assured of the best service possible. Custom set building, installing, and a complete line of repair parts will also be featured by them, combined with prompt and guaranteed work. The telephone number at the new location is 74. The Big Gun is gone. 4-11

A quality you would want if you knew all of the FACTS about coffee



On your grocer's shelves are hundreds of delicious products. None of them harmful—otherwise the Government would step in. Few of them are distinctly poor in quality—otherwise you would detect it. But there are certain products, whose makers are not content with what you can detect. Their number is increasing. You can find them sooner or later. Any woman does, who believes that fine things are worth looking for. It could be easier for you to find

them, if you knew more of the facts. Here is one of the facts. FACT 15. Schilling produces only the first grade of coffee—but only Schilling does it. Contrary to common practice, Schilling specializes on fine coffee. There are no 2nd or 3rd grade Schilling coffees—no cheap blends—no dual standards of quality. The finest things usually come from those who devote themselves to fine things exclusively. There are many excellent coffees—but where is the finest apt to come from?

*** There are 43 facts about Schilling Products—Coffee, Tea, 32 Extracts, Baking Powder, 49 Spices

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Don't look now, but I think that man two rows back is trying to flirt with me."

