

Rash Romance

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
After a whirlwind courtship, Judith Cameron, typist in a New York publishing office, is married to Arthur Knight, executive of the firm. Knight is a widower, father of two children. Tony, his 18-year-old daughter, is in Europe, and Junior, 15, is attending school.

Knight has no intimate friends, though on several occasions she keeps mysterious appointments with a young man known as Dan. The first week of their honeymoon in Bermuda is a paradise of sunny days and moonlit nights. Then comes a cablegram, forwarded from New York, in which Tony Knight announces she is sailing for home. Knight says he and Judith must return to meet Tony's boat. They depart two days later. Since neither of Knight's children has been told about the marriage, Judith is skeptical of her welcome.

Knight has no such worries and begins making eager plans for Christmas, which is only one week distant. Immediately after landing they drive to Knight's Long Island home. Judith steps from the car, says, and is about to fall, when Knight catches her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER X.
Judith put one hand to her head. "But it's nothing," she insisted, smiling shakily. "Just dizziness, I guess, from the car. Hard to realize I'm on land again."

Arthur regarded her anxiously. "Sure you feel better?"
"Of course. I'm all right now."
They went up the walk to the house. A woman in gray morning dress stood waiting in the doorway.

"Mrs. Wheeler, the housekeeper," Knight explained. "Been here for years."
As they came up the steps Knight spoke heartily:
"Good morning, Mrs. Wheeler. Fine to be home again! Judith, this is Mrs. Wheeler, who can tell you everything there is to know about the house. Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Knight."

Judith took the housekeeper's hand and smiled. She saw a large, middle-aged woman with an air of capability. Mrs. Wheeler was florid-faced and wore glasses. Her dark hair was piled at the top of her head. She seemed aggressively alert.

"Good morning, Mrs. Knight," the woman said. "I hope you had a good voyage, ma'am?"
"Oh, yes, a fine voyage, thank you."
They had stepped into a broad hallway which seemed to be the center of the house. A winding stairway arose in the background. Doors at each side led into larger rooms. Judith caught a quick impression of dull, unobtrusive furnishings. Nothing stood out interestingly but there was a huge bouquet of red roses in a hideous vase upon a table. Everything glistened and shone with polish. It must all have been put in readiness hurriedly, and the girl felt she should be appreciative.

"How nice everything looks!" Judith said, turning to Mrs. Wheeler. "Oh, I shall have to ask you a great many questions and have a long talk this afternoon, Mrs. Wheeler. I know you can tell me so much."
A younger girl in a maid's uniform stepped forward to take Judith's and Arthur's wraps.

"This is Harriet," Mrs. Wheeler introduced the maid.
"How do you do, Harriet?" Judith answered, offering the girl her hand. Knight murmured a greeting, half of which was not heard.

Mrs. Wheeler followed Judith and Arthur into the living room, where logs were crackling in the fireplace. It was a long room with windows on the east and north. Morning sunlight came streaming through the ornate cur-

tains. Heavy over-stuffed furniture and several chairs of mahogany stood about. There were innumerable footstools, small tables and occasional pieces. Two Chinese rugs covered the floor, very good ones. Nothing was radically wrong with the room, Judith told herself. Everything was in good taste. The whole simply failed to fit together. Its atmosphere (if there could be said to be a trace of such a quality, was stolid, unintelligent wealth.

More red roses bloomed on the mantle and large reading table. Judith was determined to be cheerful.
"The flowers are lovely," she told the waiting Mrs. Wheeler. "How thoughtful to have ordered them."

"We always have flowers when the house is open, ma'am," the housekeeper said primly, but Judith was certain the praise had pleased her.

"When would you like luncheon, ma'am?" the housekeeper continued.
Knight had drawn a cigar from a humidor and was lighting it.

"Have it any time you want, dear," he told Judith. "You won't mind if I don't wait, do you? Thought I'd like to run in and get hold of R. G. (R. G. Hunter) before he gets off to the club. I'll be back quite early, but I'd rather not take time for lunch. Sure you don't mind?"

"Not in the least!" Judith assured him, smiling. What else could she say to a husband so eager to be off?
"You can serve me in about an hour and a half," she told Mrs. Wheeler. "I'm going to want to rest a bit."

"Would you like to go upstairs now, ma'am?"
"Why—I—" Judith hesitated.
"Yes, I suppose I would. You're going to leave right away, aren't you, Arthur?"

He had already summoned Harriet, and was putting on his top coat. "Be back by 4 o'clock sure," he told Judith. "Rest up. Mrs. Wheeler'll attend to anything you want. Goodbye, dear."
They kissed. Then Knight pulled the front door open and was gone.

Judith felt lost in the big house. "Let's look about down stairs a little before we go to my room," she said to Mrs. Wheeler. She was going to add that it seemed to be a very large house, then changed her mind, remembering that servants must be properly impressed.

The Knight residence was a large one. Architecturally it was attractive, but furnishings and draperies throughout lacked brightness and modernity. On the first floor there were the living room, dining room, library, a smaller room where Knight kept a desk which was known as "the study," and on the west side of the house, half-enclosed in glass, a "sun room."

Upstairs Judith found another central hallway corresponding to the one below, six bedrooms. Somewhere at the back of the house there were quarters for the servants.

Harriet, the new maid, had been hired only a week ago, Mrs. Wheeler said. Then there was Cora, who had been the cook two years ago and dismissed after the house was closed. Mrs. Wheeler felt that she had been extremely fortunate in obtaining Cora's services again. Bert, the chauffeur, also took care of the walks and lawn and did the odd jobs that needed a man's hands.

"And here's your room, ma'am." The housekeeper drew back the door and Judith entered a bedroom. It was not the largest of the six. It had three windows and an air of freshness and sunlight. The furniture was old-fashioned walnut and the girl loved it instantly. A quaint, sedate charm pervaded the room.

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which had a doorway leading into another chamber.
"Mr. Knight's," the housekeeper volunteered, demurely.

Judith looked into the room beyond. It was much like all the others which she had seen.
"I think it's beautiful," said Judith.

The triumph of the big house was yet to come. Judith supposed she had seen all of it, but no—!
"You'll want to see Miss Tony's room," the housekeeper urged. "Here—down the hall."

Wondering Judith walked after her. Mrs. Wheeler threw the door open and stepped back. Judith looked into a lavish "French boudoir."

The room was very girlish—that is, it was exactly what the taste of a 17-year-old school girl would be likely to dictate if she had been told to instruct a decorator exactly how to furnish a bedroom, sparing no expense.

"Her father gave it to Miss Tony on her last birthday," the older woman explained. "My—ain't it elegant though?"
"She's coming, you know, tomorrow morning," Judith said.

"Yes. So Mr. Knight's message said. 'Well, we'll have plenty going on all right with Tony here!'"
Judith scarcely heard. She was still marveling at the lavish rose and blue taffeta curtains, the rose velvet chaise longue with its innumerable lace pillows, the bed, dressing table and other pieces of Louis XIV furniture. Genuine woods, delicately constructed and prodigiously expensive! There was a lace coverlet thrown over rose satin upon the bed. A whole family of French pierrot and pierrette dolls languishing together upon the coverlet. Souvenirs of a dozen parties were cluttered about.

"Tony never would let me change any of those things," Mrs. Wheeler was quick to defend herself. "She said she liked things sort of careless. My—all this cost a lot! But Mr. Knight's such a good man. And he never has the heart to deny Tony anything. She could have the moon if she asked him for it."

Mattoon Returns With Prisoner
Deputy Sheriff Dale Mattoon returned Saturday from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, with Pat Gathwright, escaped trusty prisoner from Klamath county, who was apprehended in the Idaho city after posters giving Gathwright's picture and fingerprints had been sent out.

Gathwright yet has about eight months of a sentence to serve and will also be charged with jail breaking, according to Sheriff L. L. Low.

Mattoon was told that the night he was in Coeur d'Alene was the coldest this year. There was two inches of snow on the ground there, he says.

Judith returned to the room which was to be hers and shut the door. She looked about. The charming old walnut was beautiful, but it would have to go. She felt like an interloper.

She slipped off her garments, picked up a silk robe and stepped into the severe white-tiled bathroom. The adjoining bath was the only touch of luxury the bedroom afforded.

She splashed in warm water and soapsuds, and the steamy moisture crept up from the tub and curled her wavy locks tighter. Then she slipped on her frivolous little leather mules, pulled her robe about her and returned to the bedroom to dress.

The afternoon was to be devoted to household duties. Judith pulled the beige crepe frock over her head again, paused before the



Billy Sunday, the evangelist, served as janitor of a schoolhouse in Nevada, Ia. The evangelist also played professional baseball with Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in the National League.

dressing table mirror to take an inventory of her appearance, and then went down stairs.
She found Mrs. Wheeler in the reception hall.
"Luncheon's ready, ma'am. I was just going to call you."
Judith followed into the big, square dining room. It was rather dark, and mahogany furniture added to this impression. The pale linen was exquisite and showy and there was a low bowl of roses. At the head of the table a chair was placed. In front of it was service laid for one.

Judith sat down. A moment later Harriet appeared bearing a tray with a bowl of steaming broth.

It was chicken soup with rice, rich and well seasoned. Judith ate it slowly.
She was here in Arthur Knight's home, a bride, and she was having her first meal alone.

(To Be Continued)

Thieves Caught Saturday Night

Youthful automobile thieves were caught Saturday night in a stolen car by the owner and a friend and were taken to the police station. It was found that the one who took the car had been a member of the group of boys who were with Robert Frasier, 12-year-old youth who established a record of theft of more than 20 cars in a short time last summer.
Frasier was sent to the state school for boys, but his partners

Birds Starving For Need of Food

Pheasant and quail that abide in the sage-land and fields of the Tule lake district and southern Klamath county are slowly starving, and if the frost rim over the snow caused by the zero weather of the past few days does not melt soon, many of the little birds will be members of a little band no longer.
Many of the quail are already showing signs of their hard forage for food, according to game officials and pheasants which

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