

Rash Romance

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By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

CHAPTER XVII

Two events of importance happened in the Knight household the second week following Christmas. One was the coming of Aunt Helena's letter from Paris. The other was the arrival of Andy Craig.

Junior left Tuesday morning. He departed for his second term of school and Judith was frank enough to admit a high sigh of relief to see him go. Since the episode of the vase she had been unable to meet Junior's eyes squarely. She was ashamed, embarrassed and afraid to see what he must be the king of her.

To her credit it should be set down that Judith, who felt the brunt of the boy's anger, honored him for loyalty to his mother.

She had not mentioned the incident to Junior's father, and did not intend to.

When Arthur Knight reached home shortly after 5 o'clock that evening he came in stamping and brushing off snow.

"Where's Tony?" he demanded, to answer to Judith's greeting.

"I think she's dressing, dear. She'll be down shortly."

"Tell Tony I want to see her at once!" Arthur's words were gruff, and he snapped out the sentence as though he were in his office and Judith a minor member of the business force.

"I'll send the maid up," she told him. "Is there—I hope nothing has happened?"

"Nothing happened!" The man raised his brows. "Oh, I knew when I got that cable from Paris that Tony'd been up to devilry. Letter came from Helena this afternoon. Told me the whole story."

Harriet was dispatched to inform Tony that her father wished to see her immediately. Fifteen minutes later the girl appeared.

She stroled into the living room casually and stopped in the doorway, one hand resting on her hip.

"Did you want to see me, Darling?" she asked, resting languid smiling eyes on Knight.

"Yes, I did."

Tony had moved toward the reading table and was extracting a cigarette from a large silver box.

"Put that cigaret down and come into the study!" her father commanded sharply. "I've got a number of things to settle with you, young lady, and we're going to settle them now!"

Tony hesitated. Then, smiling sweetly, she replaced the cigaret in the case and followed Knight into the small room which was known as his study.

The door closed behind them.

Judith was worried. It was not often her husband used such a harsh tone with anyone. She was worried, too, because she had no idea to what lengths the younger girl's foolishness might have led.

Dinner was kept waiting that evening.

It was nearly 7 o'clock before the study door opened and Arthur Knight and his daughter reappeared. They came out with Tony's arm about her father, her dark head cuddling to his shoulder. Both were smiling, and they looked as though the interview had been a love feast.

Tony maintained the pose of filial devotion and sweetness throughout the evening meal. She remained with Judith and Arthur when coffee was served in the living room, bringing him his pipe, the evening newspaper, and placing an ash tray at convenient reach.

Judith marvelled at the change. At length Tony suggested hesitatingly:

"Father, Darling, I just wish I could stay home this evening! I'd have managed it some way if only I'd known you and Judith would be here. But Caroline Mitchell asked me to make a fourth of bridge with her and her parents,

so I suppose I'll really have to go. I'm dreadfully sorry!"

"Mitchell!" Knight asked. "Caroline Mitchell? Oh, yes, I remember—just a couple of blocks down the street. Well, get in early, Tony. Remember we've got through with all this whoopee-making and late hours."

"Yes, Father. I'll be home early."

Tony disappeared for wraps and presently was back again. She was wearing the gray fur coat and a bright red beret hid her hair.

"Bye-bye," she called gaily from the hallway. Then the door closed upon her.

Judith could hardly resist asking questions, but she forced herself to wait. Arthur would tell her all about it, given his time.

He did. Tony had been gone only a few minutes before the man settled back comfortably in his chair, removed his pipe from his lips, blew the smoke swirling toward the ceiling.

"You know, Tony's really a sweet kid," he told his wife. "Crazy little rascal has been getting into scrapes all her life, but she never means anything by it. Now take this row with Helena—"

Tony's Aunt Helena had written her brother very pointedly, it seemed. She had said that the width of the Atlantic ocean was none too broad a barrier between herself and the niece she had so recently been chaperoning. She had even implied that Tony's escapades, culminating in an affair with a good-for-nothing named Mickey Mortimer, were the talk of the American colony and a disgrace on the family honor.

Aunt Helena had wound up with the declaration that not for love or money would she undertake responsibility for Tony Knight again.

"But that's all right," Arthur pointed out to Judith. "Because I've persuaded the kid to stay right here all winter. Home's the place for her, you know, and now after her Judith, you can look after her. Oh, I know, it has to be done tactfully, but you're a genius at that."

"But, Arthur, you know how she feels toward me—"

Knight patted her arm. "That's all right now. It's all right! Tony and I talked everything over. She isn't going to make any trouble from now on. Tony's agreed to stop running around nights, stay at home and behave herself."

"Yes, sir," he mused contentedly. "Guess I'll have to get off a letter to Helena tomorrow and tell her a thing or two. Really I'm sure she misrepresents affairs."

"Well," Judith said uncertainly. "I hope you're right about it."

Arthur Knight looked such a picture of satisfaction just then the girl did not voice her misgivings.

Judith was learning that Arthur, who had been such a perfect companion for idle days in Bermuda, was an entirely different sort of person in New York. He had accustomed himself to a routine of year's standing and it was not easy to vary this. It was harder still to persuade Arthur Knight that his routine might need varying.

The two years preceding, during which he had lived at the club, had made it easy for Knight to slip into the habit of spending longer and longer hours in his office. Often he would return evenings after dinner to frame memoranda for an important conference or study a file of correspondence.

Evenings devoted to social pleasure had become rarer and rarer.

Now that he had acquired an attractive wife, and could find there each evening a good dinner, congenial companionship and every comfort for three or four hours of

quiet relaxation from the day's work, Knight was less and less inclined to suggest the opera, the staves or a concert.

Those things were all right when you got to them. Leaving an agreeable chair before your own fireplace to battle through traffic for an hour and a half was too much of a strain.

Judith, therefore, was finding her days, and evenings, too, more and more confined to the four walls of her new home. There were times when this grew a bit irksome.

Neither the girl nor her husband knew at just what hour Tony Knight arrived home that evening she had promised to be "in-early." It was some time after they had retired. Tony slept late next morning, as usual. She surprised Judith, though, by appearing at 11:30 in a knitted sport dress.

It was unusual to see Tony at such an hour of the day, and it was unusual also to see her about the house in anything but negligee garments.

Furthermore the girl announced she would have breakfast downstairs instead of in her room. All she wished was coffee and fruit.

It was a good sign. Perhaps Tony actually did intend to live up to her program of reform! Judith smiled happily as she went to tell Cora to send in Miss Tony's breakfast.

Thirty minutes later Judith returned to the dining room. Tony had finished eating. Just then Judith heard a cry from the hallway:

"Why Andy! Andy Craig—when did you get here?"

Judith hesitated. Tony was evidently welcoming a caller. She heard a man's laugh and heard a rumbling, indistinct answer. They would go into the living room, of course, Judith thought. She decided to slip through the hall and up the stairway, where several tasks awaited.

She stepped to the hall entrance, saw too late that Tony and her companion had both turned at the sound.

"Oh—Judith," said the younger girl. "This is Andy Craig, Andy's an old, old friend and father's idea of perfection in modern youth. Andy—my stepmother."

Judith went forward smiling. "How do you do, Mr. Craig, I'm glad to know any of Tony's friends."

Andy Craig laughed easily. He was so tall he seemed to fill the hallway. He still wore his top coat but had pulled off a felt hat to reveal bristling, close-cropped red hair. Andy Craig had blue eyes, very light blue, which were filled with good humor.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to know you, Mrs. Knight—" he said and then he stopped short.

(To Be Continued)

Coast Guards Land Big Liquor Cargo

MIAMI, Fla., Jan. 21. (AP)—Overhauling a rum laden speed boat after a three mile chase on the Miami river early today coast guardsmen shot a negro member of the crew and seized approximately 200 sacks of liquor. Two companions, who the negro said were white men, escaped.

Leon Sanders, 38, the negro, was shot in the thigh by coast guardsman Harry A. Jackson, Fernandina, Fla., of picket boat No. 9021 as he attempted to flee after the rum runner had nosed into the river bank. He was taken to a hospital.

Apparently the be-flappers have banded together to put the hat makers out of business.

For results see Herald Class Ad

AT THE VOX



JUNE CLYDE-ARTHUR LAKE in TANNED LEGS
Vox Theatre All Week

A part perfectly suited to the unique talents of Arthur Lake, the "lovable kid" of the films, has been found in Radio Pictures' joyous dramatic revue, "Tanned Legs."

Lake talks, sings and performs in his best juvenile manner, creating a new character that matches his inimitable "Harold Teen." With June Clyde and the gorgeous bathing suit beauty chorus, he introduces Levant and

with his career. His mother had herself legally appointed his tutor and he gained his education from her.

Arthur deserted the stage for the screen early in life. He was only 13, when, accompanied by his mother and sister, Florence, he came to Hollywood. The two children were given small bits in several pictures, and finally Arthur was selected for a role in a Universal production featuring Franklyn Farnum. A contract with that company followed and Arthur remained with them five years. During that time he was loaned to other studios to play the title role in "Harold Teen," and the leads in "The Air Circus" and "On With the Show."

His success was instantaneous, and when Arthur began his freelancing career, Radio Pictures gave him his first important part in "Tanned Legs," a sparkling musical comedy built around the exploits of a youthful crowd at an exclusive beach club.

Klamath Rustler Goes to State Pen

Harold Christie, convicted cattle thief, was taken to the Oregon state penitentiary at Salem Thursday by Sheriff Lowe of Klamath county, and thus ends the great legal battle of Josephine county in the first cattle stealing case of many years, says the Grants Pass Courier.

The state supreme court Wednesday refused a new trial to Christie, who previously had unsuccessfully appealed to the same court against the sentence imposed by Judge H. D. Norton, in Grants Pass on March 9, 1929.

Christie was given an indeterminate sentence, not to exceed two years, upon his conviction of stealing five head of cattle from J. W. Baird and four other head of cattle from another farmer.

His trial and sentence marked the opening of the great fight

of the stock raisers in the Illinois valley against stock thieves. Christie lives in Klamath Falls, and Sheriff Ernest H. Lester had been prepared to take the prisoner to Salem, when Sheriff Lowe telegraphed that he had a batch of prisoners to take there. Christie accordingly was turned over to the Klamath sheriff to be delivered with the other prisoners.

On the way to retrieve the deer he ran into a mother bear and two good sized cubs. He tried to shoot them, but his gun failed. His brother, however, killed the three bears. The two men bagged the deer and three bears in five minutes.

BUILD BIGGEST SHOVEL
DUQUOIN, Ill.—The largest electric shovel in the world is in operation here. It weighs 1600 tons and is capable of lifting a large automobile to the roof of a seven-story building. The dipper will scoop about 30 cubic yards of material at one operation.

GOOD HUNTING
AMASA, Mich.—Eric and Art Gustafson are great nimrods. While hunting near their camp at Buck Lake, Art shot a deer.

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TANNED LEGS

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