

Rash Romance

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CHAPTER XXV

Tony as usual (when she made up her mind to do so) demoralized the household next day.

Arthur Knight insisted he could not sleep and did not want to go to bed after he had followed his rebellious daughter into the house at 6 o'clock in the morning. Judith persuaded him to go upstairs and lie down, if only for an hour.

She lowered the window shades in his room, closed the door softly and came downstairs again. At 7 she went to the kitchen, told Cora not to start breakfast until she had further instructions, and cautioned the servants to be very quiet.

Judith drank coffee ate toast and returned to her weary night. All she had been doing, it seemed, for hours, was to wait.

At 8:30 she telephoned the publishing office and left word that Mr. Knight would not be in his office until later in the day.

Half an hour afterward Judith heard her husband moving about. She went upstairs and found him shaving. He looked as though he had missed most of the night's sleep, and yet the few hours of slumber had been restful.

Judith retraced her steps downstairs and was back in 20 minutes, carrying a breakfast tray.

As Arthur sniffed the aroma of hot coffee and French toast his face lighted up.

"Here," said Judith. "I'm going to set it out on this stand. Come on, now, Arthur. Eat your breakfast while it's hot."

"You ought not to go to all this bother—"

She hushed him with two fingers on his lips.

"No bother at all for me," she insisted. "And still less for Harriet. She won't have to clear the dining room! I brought the food up, Arthur, because we don't want all the servants hearing about last night."

"No," said her husband ruefully, biting into a crisp piece of toast. "They'll hear enough about it anyhow. Lord, Judith, what am I going to do with Tony?"

"Is there—going to be any legal action?"

Knight shook his head.

"Weren't any charges against her," he said. "But that's not the worst of it. Do you know who it was she was out with?"

Judith indicated she did not.

"That scoundrel, Mortimer! Remember—the same fellow Helen said she was running around with in Paris. I won't have it, Judith; I tell you this has got to stop! It's an outrage."

Judith tried to interrupt but Arthur Knight was wound up.

"Why, the fellow's married! Got a wife and child right here in New York—and my daughter jorjoring with him at 3 o'clock in the morning! Tony's going to stop this—she's going to quit this kind of thing or leave this house!"

Did you see the man?" Judith asked.

"I certainly did," Knight snorted. "And I gave him a piece of my mind he'll not forget soon either. And after that I told Miss Tony a thing or two—"

Judith shook her head.

"The appeal in Knight's voice." "I'll—do what I can," Judith told him.

"Will you talk to her today?" "It might as well be done once and for all."

"I'll try," she agreed, and with this promise Arthur Knight was satisfied.

He said he thought he had managed to keep the affair out of the newspapers but in this he was mistaken. There was no mention of Tony Knight's name, but even the most conservative morning journals carried a couple of paragraphs to the effect that Mickey Mortimer had been locked up for speeding and intoxication the previous night.

Evening newspapers printed larger headlines and added the information that Mortimer had had with him a brunette companion whose name was not being divulged. The most flamboyant copies of the tabloid press appeared with headlines about "Millionaire Playboy Jailed," reprinted photographs of Mickey, of his attractive wife in her stage days and of their 2-year-old daughter, Gloria Mortimer, playing in the sand at Palm Beach.

It was all humiliating for Arthur Knight.

After he had left the house Judith tried to rest. She lay on the bed, closed her eyes, but sleep would not come. After what seemed like a long while she arose, dressed, and went downstairs and hunted for Sandy.

Strapping a leash to the dog's collar, she set out for their morning walk.

What was she to do about Tony?

It would have been better for Judith Knight's welfare if she had spent that 45 minutes pondering what Tony might do to her, and how she could defend herself. She had heard Tony's denunciation the night before and thought that the girl was merely hysterical.

At 12 o'clock Judith was home again. A second time she carried a breakfast tray up the stairs and knocked softly at Tony's door.

There was no answer. She knocked again.

"Who's there?" came a drawing monotone.

"It's Judith," the girl answered.

"What do you want?"

Judith pushed the door back and stepped across the threshold. She saw Tony lying on the bed, a coverlet pulled carelessly about her. Tony had raised herself on one elbow and was looking at her with half-shut, blinking eyes.

"Food!" Tony moaned as she glimpsed the tray. "Take it away."

"I thought you might want something, Tony. It's 12 o'clock."

"Don't care. Never want to see food again."

"Couldn't you drink some coffee?"

That seemed to sound better. Tony studied the proposition for a moment. Then she said:

"Give me some coffee."

Judith poured a cupful of the steaming beverage and carried it to the girl. Pulling herself up so she sat cross-legged in bed, the younger girl sipped the drink.

make him think what you do is perfect and everything I do is a sin. And now if you'll take my advice you'll clear out! Because let me tell you, Miss Snoopy, that things will happen you're not looking for. And what's more, you'll go. Now get out of here and let me sleep!"

It was no use!

Without a word Judith arose, left the tray where it was and went out of the room. Then she shut the door behind her, leaning against it weakly for a moment, and clenching her hands so tightly they colored first red and then white.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "don't let her hate me!"

Crossing the hall into her own room Judith paced back and forth, back and forth, for several minutes. She was tired, nervous and overwrought. At last, thoroughly exhausted, she crept to the bed and fell asleep.

The situation in the Knight household became unbearable. For two miserable days the atmosphere was alternately tense impending drama or nerve-wracking in its silent gloom.

Arthur stormed at Tony. At times the girl stormed back and at other times she wept. She had been forbidden to take out her car. In retaliation Tony refused to leave her bedroom.

Judith felt like a lost soul. She was aware that the younger girl's antagonism toward her had crystallized. Vaguely she understood the danger, and yet she did not think of the one likely spot where Tony Knight could strike—and strike sure! This was unfortunate.

She could not tell if Tony communicated with Mickey Mortimer or not, but believed she did. There was a telephone extension in the girl's room. Moreover, Tony was resourceful and she was rebellious.

Judith, seeing no end to the wretched state of affairs, began to face new terrors. Things could not go on much longer. She was afraid Tony would commit some horrible act of revenge—perhaps go away with Mortimer!

It was these thoughts which drove Judith Knight finally to her lamentable course of action. She telephoned to Andy Craig.

It was the morning of the third day Tony had kept her room. The idea came as a sudden inspiration while Judith was checking over household accounts for the week. She sat at her writing desk, neat pad of paper before her and her pencil in hand; but instead of copying figures and adding them in tidy columns, Judith was making odd little squares and circles

and then blackening them.

Andy Craig!

As though a sudden ray of light had come pouring through the window, writing Andy's name in letters of gold and scattering the desolation, Judith sat up very straight in her chair. Of course Andy was the one person to whom to appeal.

She hurried downstairs, passed through the living room into Arthur's study and shut the door carefully behind her. Then she took down the telephone receiver and called the number of Hunter Brothers.

Quite recklessly she asked to speak to Andy Craig, and then, when she heard his voice, announced, "This is Judith."

The young man's tone expressed surprise.

"Well—good morning! I feel highly honored."

Judith was in no need for light pleasantries.

"Listen, Andy," she said earnestly. "I've got to see you. Just as soon as possible! It's very important."

"No, I can't tell you anything at all just now. It's something I'm sure you can help me with, though. If I come in at noon can I meet you somewhere?"

He assured her that was possible and said he was leaving the office at 12 o'clock.

"Then I'll meet you anywhere you say at that time. Where shall it be?"

Craig urged her to set the meeting place herself. Judith thought swiftly.

"Let's make it that 'Rookery' place that Tony took us to. It's quiet near the Hunter building. You remember."

Yes, Craig remembered. He said he would meet her there at 10 minutes past 12 o'clock. Judith replaced the receiver of the telephone, satisfied.

She was waiting in The Rookery when Andy Craig's towering six feet loomed in the doorway. He scanned the room, found her and went over to the table at which she sat.

After that Judith and the young man sat in serious conversation for nearly 40 minutes. The girl did most of the talking. She reviewed the turbulence of the home which she had just left. Craig listened, nodded, and now and then interrupted to ask questions.

At the close of the conversation, just before they got up to leave, a silence fell between them.

"I don't know how much good it will do, Judith," Andy said finally. "I'm not very hopeful, but I'll try."

"Oh, but I'm sure you can do it!" she told him eagerly. Her face brightened and she smiled. "It's time to be going now," she added, and both of them arose.

Craig paid the check and the two stepped out on the street. They turned and walked away together toward the right. They were an attractive looking couple

together. Judith, trying to fit her steps to the swinging strides of the man, chatted gaily now that the serious business of the interview was ended.

It was not, however, because the man and girl looked so attractive together that a third person, a man on the opposite side of the street, paused to watch them.

The man was Arthur Knight. He was walking from the opposite direction and he had seen Judith and Andy emerge from The Rookery, hesitate an instant, and then start off together down the street.

As his eye first lighted upon the pair Knight started. He slowed his steps, stopped, and then started across the street. Obviously, without the slightest chance for doubt, he saw his wife laughing and smiling into the eyes of Andy Craig.

Something like a gray shadow crossed Knight's face. He continued walking, finished his errand and returned to his office.

At home that evening before the fireplace he asked in the quietest, most casual manner in the world:

"Did you run into town to amuse yourself today, dear?"

His wife smiled serenely, and answered with a negative shake of the head:

"No—I was home here all afternoon."

(To Be Continued)

SCOUT LEADERS COURSE OPENS

Form Patrols and Elect Heads; Dr. Adams Gives First Aid Talk

The opening of a training course for Boy Scout leaders to be conducted here was held last night at the City Library auditorium. Similar meetings will be held each Wednesday night at 7:30 for the next six weeks, and any men interested in boy work is invited to attend. It was announced by Oscar Hoover, scout executive.

J. W. Scroggins of Merrill is chairman of the leadership training committee for the scout council. At last night's session, the men were formed into patrols as in a troop meeting and patrol leaders were elected.

Patrol one chose the name of Wecus and T. R. Giltner as leader. Other members in the patrol are Dr. M. E. Cooper, Mr. Adamson of Algoma, and H. B. Ashley of Keno; patrol two, Mastodon; Leo Bean, leader Rev. Hulbert of Bonanza, Mr.

Robinson and Charles Foster, members; patrol three, Antelope; Mr. McKeogio, leader, D. D. Reeder, Eugene Yaden and W. Blomgren, members.

Each man introduced himself, giving his position in scouting and line of work followed. The patrol yells were given after which the various patrols competed in scouting games introduced by the scout executive.

Dr. F. C. Adams gave an interesting lecture on first aid, explaining triangular bandages. He will continue to give a half-hour lecture at each meeting until the first and second class of first aid is thoroughly covered.

RATS DON'T SCARE HER
LONDON—Mrs. A. Tuck is one woman who doesn't fear mice

and rats, living in the Mousery at Razing, Essex, she is entirely self-sufficient day and night by the rodents. Her husband breeds them for experiments conducted by scientists. One shed alone contains more than 6000 mice of all colors and sizes.

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