Rash Romance

© 1930 by NEA Service Inc.

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

CHAPTER XXXVII

The car ahead swerved.

Tony braced herself, clutching at the door of the taxi to keep from slipping as the cab veered crazily after.

"Not—so fast!!" she gasped, leaning forward with her face close to the half-open glass partition between the driver and passenger. "I don't want to get near!"

"Gotta keep moving in this traffic!" the chauffeur retorted jauntily. "Can't stand still!"

Nevertheless he slackened his speed. When the limousine in which Judith was riding stopped to wait for the red signal lights to flash into green the cab halted at a discreet distance.

Tony moved impatiently. She sat at the very edge of her seat, crumpling and recrumpling the gray envelope in her hand. Her eyes were glued on the big maroon car. Seconds seemed like hours. Tony's lips were pressed into a cruel line. She was like a cat watching prey.

Suddenly, with an almost instantaneous jolt both cars sprang forward.

They were on Sixth avenue now, heading southward. Past Forty-fifth street. Forty-Fourth street. Forty-third. A turn into the maelstrom of Times Square.

"Stop here! Draw up to the curb!" Tony issued her commands sharply.

The taxi driver gave her a glance over his shoulder.

"Can't do it, lady."

Miraculously the traffic lights turned at that instant. Tony's hand had gone to her throat. She had seen her father's car move close to the sidewalk, pause long enough for Judith to step out, then pull off and disappear.

Sunk back against the leather upholstery, Tony watch her stepmother. Judith seemed to waver uncertainly in the tides of traffic. Then she stepped forward, signaling a cab.

"That's the woman I want to follow. The one in black—see?" Tony told the driver.

"Yeah! I getcha all right."

* * *

Now they were off again. Difficulties only whetted Tony Knight's keenness for the chase. In the juggling, dipping whirl of vehicles they might lose track of Judith at any moment. There were dozens of other cabs just like hers. But Tony was warming to the hunt.

The thick-jawed, short-spoken taxi driver manipulated his cab recklessly. He edged in between trucks and spurted at the exact instant to avoid delays. He plunged forward and stopped short. Risks were the day's routine to him. They were even less than that to his passenger.

She was young, he had noted, pretty and expensively dressed. She was very much in earnest. The job looked like opportunity knocking in the form of a sizeable tip.

They reached West Twelfth street. Now the going was easier. They were away from the uptown hordes. Streets were less congested (though still well filled) and the second cab followed more slowly. It kept a good half block behind its leader.

"There's the place!" Tony whispered to herself.

The first taxi had stopped before a dark brick building. Judith emerged, paid her fare and walked up the steps of the house.

"Want me to stop here?" the chauffeur inquired of Tony.

"Yes."

The brakes of the cab ground together, bringing it to a stop. The girl inside did not step out. With her nose pressed flatly against the glass pane she waited, watching Judith.

"This is the place," Tony was saying to herself. "I'll bet he lives here. Oh—wouldn't I give anything to see him, though! What a little, lying sneak she's been!"

The door before which Judith had been waiting opened. Now she was talking, though the person to whom she spoke remained hidden. The door closed and Judith turned about.

A guilty blush mounted in Tony Knight's cheeks. Judith had glanced directly toward the taxicab, but of course she could not dream who was inside! An ordinary, orange-hued cab was a common enough sight on any street. That should not excite suspicion. Just the same Tony felt relieved when the other girl calmly shifted her gaze across the street.

"What's she waiting for?" the imp in Tony's consciousness demanded.

"Ah—for what!" other imps answered back, in ghoulish glee.

The question was more definitely answered immediately. From out the shadows of the doorway a figure stepped. Tony Knight was so excited a little gasp escaped her lips. The man was slim, built with rather square shoulders but rather sparse lines. He looked youthful. He was pulling a cap down over his head and he wore a dark top-coat.

Tony saw Judith step back, saw her suddenly clutch at both of the man's hands and raise her head. Swiftly Judith's lips met the stranger's.

Whatever Judith Knight was saying to the man was earnest and intent. The girl who watched, crouched in her hiding place, could not make out the man's expression. Her heart pumping violently, Tony Knight waited.

They were coming down the steps now together. Should they turn, Tony asked herself, would she dare—?

They had turned. They were coming toward the orange-hued taxicab.

* * *

Tony Knight jerked at her hat, lowering its brim over her eyes. Fascinated, entirely forgetful of danger, she waited.

Judith was talking, her face toward the man. He was rather good-looking, Tony decided. She could not make out his features distinctly, but he carried himself well. He was attentive as Judith talked.

Now they were almost beside her!

The couple passed the taxicab. In those fleet seconds Tony Knight took in the appearance of Judith's companion. She assured herself she could identify him anywhere.

Dark eyes. Straight nose. Broad mouth and above it a small dark mustache. Was he 25 years old? Certainly no older. He was well dressed, almost dapper. And his eyes not for one instant left Judith's face.

Tony in her absorption with the man forgot to look at Judith.

They had passed without even a glance at the cab.

"Turn around!" Tony told her driver excitedly. "Drive back up the street."

Turning was not so simple. By the time the taxicab had whirled about and headed back whence it had come the couple had turned a corner. And when Tony reached that corner and prepared to follow the pair were out of sight.

The girl gave instructions to drive slowly up the street. It was no use. She looked to left and to right, but her quarry had disappeared.

Tony Knight's crimson lips pouted.

"Pennsylvania station," she told the driver shortly.

Arriving at the station, she left the cab, paid a $5 taxi bill and added a generous tip. Then she bought a ticket and took the interurban train home.

"The little sneak!" Tony Knight whispered under her breath. "Oh, the sneaking little cheat."

Tony was nearly bursting with the excitement of her discovery. She knew a little now. She would find out more and piece the whole together.

Instinct cautioned the girl quite suddenly to turn about and scan her neighbors. No, there was no one who knew her in the car.

The torn and twisted bit of paper still lay in her hand. Tony Knight glanced at the envelope, then began to smooth and straighten it out. She drew forth the crumpled pages.

* * *

"Dear Judy," the letter began. "Sorry to be late in answering your note. There's no word from the Chief, though I've been expecting it daily. No news in this case, I guess, is good news.

"I know what you're up against—or at any rate I know enough to wish I could help. Can't you get over soon? It's been a long while. Long, that is, for me!

"There's more I want to tell you but it will have to wait for a private visit. How about a little dinner next week? You set the night. There's a plan in my head, dear, that may mean a lot for both of us. Maybe you can guess part of it.

"If there's anything from the Chief within the next day or two I'll drop it in the mail. This is one of the lonesome nights. Why aren't you here? No use starting that all over again, I suppose. Remember I'm counting on you for next week. Always—Dan."

The signature had been added with a conspicuous flourish. Tony studied this signature carefully.

Now she had seen Dan (of course it must have been he!) and the whole letter had acquired added interest. Dan was good-looking and young and in love with Judith. Dan and Judith evidently had secrets. They had been meeting together and evidently plotted further meetings. Both received messages from someone known as the "Chief."

Why—it was an outrageous intrigue!

There was more to this mystery than was apparent. Yes, certainly, Tony meant to know it all.

She arrived at the house before Judith did, rushed to her room, and 20 minutes later joined Arthur Knight in the living room. It was a cool evening, even though it was April. Low flames flickered on the hearth and gave the room a cheerful warmth.

Tony pulled a low footstool in front of her father's chair, perched on it and rested her head against his knees.

"Daddy," she said in a wheedling voice, "sometimes I get so lonesome for you!"

"Why, Tony, how could you be lonesome?"

"But there's such a little bit of time we have together—I mean really together, without anyone else, daddy. I've been wondering if you and I couldn't take a trip somewhere—"

"Trips are out of the question, Tony. Couldn't think of it. Your dad's got to get back on the job!"

"But, father!"

It was a pretty and appealing picture the girl made. Arthur Knight smiled down at her, patted her dark curls—then looked up abruptly.

Judith Knight had entered the house and stood in the hallway.

"Well, Judith," said her husband rather stiffly. "You're late!"

"I know. And I'm sorry!"

"Trouble with the car?"

"No—oh no, it wasn't anything like that. I—my watch stopped. I thought it was an hour earlier. Is dinner waiting?"

They told her that Harriet had announced the meal was ready.

Judith pulled off hat and coat, gave her hair a pat and said they should go into the dining room at once.

The bouillon was hot and inviting. The rest of the dinner was up to Cora's high standard. Judith tasted the food with relish because she was hungry.

Gradually she became aware that something was wrong with herself or with Tony or with Arthur. What had happened? On the surface everything was just as it had been, but the room's atmosphere was quickened. A storm lay ahead.

It was not to come that night, however. The disaster broke next day.

(To Be Continued)

The longest speech ever made in the House of Representatives or Senate was delivered by Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin in 1909. He kept the floor for nearly 19 consecutive hours.

Baker County Boy Awarded National Medal by Scouts

BAKER, Ore., Feb. 13, (AP)—Billy Baird, 17, Halfway boy scout, was awarded the national safety council medal by Dr. W. T. Phy, president of the East Oregon council of Boy Scouts at ceremonies at Halfway last night.

Baird saved the life of Floyd Taylor, June 27, 1928, by resuscitation. The farm machinery on which Taylor, also of Halfway, was riding, came in contact with a high power line, and Taylor was beleved to have been killed by the shock.

Using the Schaffer prone pressure method of resuscitation Baird brought Taylor back to consciousness before a number of witnesses, who believed the injured youth was dead. Baird is said to be the second boy scout in Oregon to receive the national safety medal. The other medal owner lives in Eugene.

According to the best information obtainable, Staunton, Va., was the first city to try the "city manager" plan of government. That was in 1908.

Klamath Hot Springs
NATATORIUM
Swimming Pool
Tub, Shower and
Steam Baths
Mineral Especially
Beneficial for
Rheumatism.
503 Spring

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE KIDS!

The Big Gun's Been Found

[GUESS ITS WEIGHT, LENGTH AND HOW IT WAS MOUNTED AND WIN $15, $10 OR $5]

Contest Now Open — Closes March 1st at noon

Any school Boy or Girl up to 18 years of age is eligible to enter the BIG GUN Contest. This includes boys and girls attending school anywhere in Klamath County.

Prizes—

1st Prize $15—For guess nearest true weight of gun.

2nd Prize $10—For guess nearest length of gun.

3rd Prize $5—For guess as to how gun moved from Old Gun Store to F. R. Olds' Paint Shop for refinishing.

Name .....

Addess .....

Weight .....pounds .....ounces .....

Length .....feet .....inches .....

How was gun moved from old Gun Store to Francis Olds' Paint Shop?.....

.....

.....

.....

Fill out coupon today and hand it in at this store. Any one making more than one guess is ineligible.

The Gun Store

Barney is There, Too

Cor. 7th and Klamath

Twelve Years Mayor and Going Strong!

Hon. E. N. Kirby, for twelve years Mayor of Abilene, Texas, who has discovered secret of success.

WHEN a man who has been mayor of a big city for twelve years finds out how to live, his words are worth listening to. Ex-Mayor E. N. Kirby of Abilene, Texas, discovered the simple way to health about ten years ago (he is now 64.)

"I am now a new man, and as active as a boy," says Mr. Kirby. "I feel fine all the time and rarely have an ache or a pain, although for twenty-five years I suffered with rheumatism, and sometimes was unable to stand or walk. I would not give up my simple health discovery—no, not for five thousand dollars in gold!" That discovery was Nujol!

That's the wonderful thing about Nujol. Although it is not a medicine and contains absolutely no drugs, its harmless internal lubrication seems to make people feel better and look on the brighter side of life, whether they are old or young.

Of course you can understand why this is so: we all of us have natural poisons in our bodies that make us feel headachy, sick and low in our minds. Nujol, which is as tasteless and colorless as pure water, helps to absorb these and carry them away, easily, regularly as clock work.

Instead of drugging and irritating your body with pills, catharties, laxatives, and other habit-forming drugs, give your body the internal lubrication which it needs, just as much as any other machine. After a few days you will be surprised at the difference in the way you feel. You can get Nujol in a sealed package in any drug store. Nujol may change your whole outlook on life. Get a bottle today and give yourself a chance to be well!

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

"—He says them gags ain't funny? Why it's all I can do to keep from bustin' my sides laffin' right now."

Freckles and His Friends

He Thinks of Something

By Blosser

Mom'n Pop

A Bitter Pill

By Gowan