

# Rash Romance

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**CHAPTER XLIV**

None of the men and women about her noticed the girl dressed in shabby black sitting alone on a bench facing the water.

Judith studied her neighbors. There were two old men, white-haired and red-checked, who sat nearest. Their collars were hunched up about their chins to ward off the wind. The two men were arguing, though she could not hear what they said. One old fellow was tall and thin. The other's shoulders were bent and one side of his mouth moved, chewing rhythmically.

Far at the left a girl was scattering crumbs for the pigeons that swirled and fluttered about her head. Standing, gazing off down the harbor, were several sailors. Others in short jackets and jaunty caps lolled on benches and blinked at the sun.

A party of feminine sight-seers passed Judith, chatting animatedly. Messenger boys, stenographers, women pushing baby carriages were all part of the throng. Each group was preoccupied, oblivious to the rest.

Judith Knight's mind was busy. She stared at the water, drawn by its restless lure. Far in the distance great ships were heading ocean-ward. Others, returning from foreign seas, were steaming into port.

Starting out at the hazy horizon, Judith lost herself in reverie. Minutes passed. Then she remembered what had happened and her melancholy returned.

But the stir, the noise of the river traffic was tonic. It challenged the girl.

For two hours she remained in the park at the water's edge. Then she left her bench and walked to the subway station. Time was no object with Judith. She watched the long express train rumble out of sight, then boarded a local.

Thirty minutes later she emerged into daylight. She went back to the hotel and up the elevator to her room.

Judith turned the key in the lock and swung the door open. It was only a little after four o'clock, bright daylight out of doors, but here in the little room with its one window facing the bay, everything was black.

She snapped the electric light switch, threw off her hat and coat and dropped them on the bed. She went to the window and gazed out uncertainly. After those hours in the fresh air and sunlight this hideous place was intolerable.

No—it was not the room. Judith faced the truth honestly, at last. She was afraid. For 24 hours she had been terrified by forbidding horrors she had refused to name. She was afraid of what should happen when Arthur Knight knew the truth. She was afraid even of admitting she was afraid.

The whole sickening panorama passed before her mind. Why not admit it? She was beaten!

Judith did not know how long she stood staring out of the window. An idea, vague but persistent, was beginning to shape itself in her mind. She considered this idea, discarded it, then went groping in search of it again.

Suppose she should go to Arthur—

"No, no, no!" caution argued. "What would you say? What could you tell him?"

"Tell him the truth!" came the answering argument. "Tell him all you should have told before your marriage."

"But I'm afraid—"

There it was! Fear of what disclosure would bring on one hand—fear of concealment on the other. The conflicting elements of Judith's nature battled back and forth. Such fights are not settled quickly. In this case too much was at stake.

Judith knew she had given Tony a promise to stay away for two weeks. But what was that promise except payment of blackmail? She had agreed to leave the house for two weeks. She was doing this in order that Tony would not tell her father what she knew.

Was it decent to bargain thus?

Was such a promise binding? Other elements entered into the struggle. Why, Judith asked herself, was Tony so anxious to have her leave? What could two weeks—sternly though they seemed to Judith—do to change the situation? How would she feel when at the end of that period she returned home?

The tangled seemed hopeless. Oh, there were points that were clear enough! Judith Knight knew what she wanted—to regain Arthur's love and their former happiness. She wanted this so desperately that she was afraid to gamble.

To see Arthur again—to tell him the whole story—to see the light of forgiveness in his eyes! But no, Arthur Knight would not forgive.

Judith slipped to her knees and buried her head on the bed.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "help me! Help me to know what is right!"

Suddenly she knew that was the important thing. Not her own selfish happiness should guide her, but the thing that was right, in pleading for guidance her prayers had been answered.

Judith was strangely pale, strangely stirred as she arose. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror and stared at it. She scarcely recognized herself.

Her wrist watch told her it was nearly six o'clock. Judith disrobed, bathed and dressed afresh. Then she made ready to leave the room. Habit made her pause on the threshold and glance back over her shoulder. Assured that she had not forgotten anything, she stepped into the hall and locked the door.

A subtle change had taken place in Judith Knight's appearance. The boy in the elevator eyed her curiously, but Judith did not notice this.

Through the hotel lobby and out on the street she moved. Involuntarily she sought the restaurant where she had lunch.

When she had finished her dinner she paid the cashier and stepped into the street.

Glowing electric lights beamed but Judith ignored them. For several blocks she walked without noticing her surroundings. Then she realized that she had passed the corner where she would have turned to reach the hotel. Still she continued.

She was not thinking—at least Judith told herself she did not want to think. Subconsciously her mind was in ferment. Should she go back to Arthur? Should she remain here?

The long afternoon out of doors had made her weary. At last Judith turned and made her way back to the hotel.

When she was in her room once more she slipped into the one chair and drew a long sigh. Yes, she was tired, physically and mentally. She told herself she had come no nearer to a decision.

But that was not true. When any problem is stated and faced frankly half the battle is over. Judith was unaware of this.

She was painstaking that evening about her preparations for the night, cleansed her face carefully with cream, cleaned it with hot water and brushed her hair. 50 strokes on either side. It was as though, by busying herself at these tasks, she sought to forget more important things.

At last, though it was still early in the evening, she turned out the light and climbed into bed.

If Judith Knight had only known it her decision already was made. She had reached the turning point in the searing agony of that moment when she had slipped to her knees and cried, "Help me to know what is right!"

Judith slept late the next morning. She took a long walk before luncheon and again in the afternoon visited Battery Park. It was as she sat watching a glorious white liner with crimson stacks glide slowly out into the harbor that involuntarily her two hands clapped together.

"I'll do it!" Judith said to herself. "I'm going—now!"

In a tumult of energy she rushed toward the subway. Down the steps Judith ran. Oh, she must hurry now! She must hurry before she lost courage!

A train was pulling in. Judith leaped aboard as the doors opened. A good omen—she saw that it was an express, and the right one.

The electric demon could not go fast enough to satisfy her. Local stations flashed into sight and out again. Yellow lights, green lights, red lights twinkled in the subterranean caverns. It all seemed slow and annoying to Judith's impatience.

She was the first one out of the car when the doors slid back. Up the steps she sped. She was breathless and running when she reached the hotel.

"If I hurry," she told herself, "I can make the 4:10!"

She must make the 4:10! She must make it! Otherwise there would be an impossible half-hour's delay and she could not reach the house until after five o'clock.

Luckily there was little to pack. Pajamas, lingerie, comb and brush and cosmetics were tossed into the traveling bag better-sheeter. When they were all in and the bag locked Judith grabbed it up and ran.

She chafed at the cashier's delay as he hunted for her bill.

"Taxi!" asked the driver stationed before the door.

No, the subway would be quicker. Without loitering to answer, Judith ran down the street.

The traveling bag was not heavy. She swung onto a train, barely squeezing in before the automatic doors closed shut. Judith dropped into the first seat and eyed each passing station defiantly. As they neared the railway station she made her way to the door, ready to dash out the minute the train stopped.

Off to the ticket window and down a flight of stairs to the suburban trains. Judith's heart bounded. There, waiting, stood the 4:10.

She entered the nearest car and found a seat. A cold little shiver ran down her spine.

"If he'll only listen!" Judith prayed. "If Arthur will only understand—!"

Now that the excitement of catching the train was ended, there was a lump in Judith's throat. She was afraid that Arthur would not understand.

But even her worst fears had



ST. BARNABAS CHURCH, LANGELL VALLEY, EPISCOPAL.

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE new St. Barnabas Episcopal church, to be constructed on the Dave Turner ranch in Langell Valley at an estimated cost of about \$9,000. Excavation work will start today. It is planned to have the first service in the new house on St. Barnabas Day, June 11.

The church is a model for its construction, finished with gray shales on the outside and nicely finished on the inside. The chapel will seat 80 persons and a Sunday School room will open off the chapel by folding doors which may increase the seating capacity of the chapel. The main part of the church will be 65 feet by 25, and will be entered from a porch. The sacristy, a kitchen and a furnace room will be in a wing attached to the main portion of the structure.

St. Paul's Episcopal church here is the mother church and the Lakeview church will be known as St. Luke's, a lot has already been purchased; the Langell Valley church is St. Barnabas. The church names filling a part of the biblical story of St. Barnabas and St. Luke who were companions of St. Paul. The churches are in the district supervised by the Venerable J. Henry Thomas, who has worked unceasingly and unstirringly in behalf of his parishioners.

not prepared Judith Knight for the moment 30 minutes later when she faced Arthur Knight in the living room of his home.

"I'm back!" she faltered.

Knight eyed his young wife coolly and deliberately.

"What have you come for?" he asked.

(To Be Continued)

Cats are tree-climbing animals, and birds, not mice are their only enemies.

### Endeavorers Form County Unit Here

The Christian Endeavor Societies of the county met at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. At this time the Klamath Lake District Union was formed. A constitution and by-laws were adopted. The following officers will begin the work of the union: President, Thelma Parrish; vice-president, Ted LaValley; secretary, Helen Shives; treasurer, Ernest Schreiner; pastor counselor, Mr. Haight; Junior Supt., Mrs. Brooks; Intermediate, Mrs. Horbelt; Quiet Hour and Tenth

### MORE WINTER GRANTS PASS, Ore., Feb. 21, (AP)—

Grant's Pass' famous sign, "Use the Climate" early today cast its glow upon snowcapped peaks while residents felt the touch of frosty weather. No snow fell in the Rogue river valley.

## Would you be willing to use, "As is," this recipe for Rhubarb Pie?

Cut rhubarb into inch lengths to make a quart, and place in the lower crust in the pie tin. Sprinkle a mixture of 2 tablespoonsful cornstarch and pinch of salt over the rhubarb. Cover with a top crust and bake at 450° for about 15 minutes. Finish at 350°.

Rhubarb pie without sugar! essential foods and see how much better they taste. Sugar on protective foods makes them a pleasing carrier of the roughage, mineral salts and vitamins they contain. It does not change in any way their delicate, valuable elements. Think of this as you plan your meals. Make meals not only nourishing, but pleasant, with sugar. The Sugar Institute.

"Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with Sugar"

### Electric Range Bargains

Repossessed, Slightly Used and Shop-worn Ranges. They must all go. Several Washers and Ironers must also be cleaned out.

**CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY**

## WOMEN— WHY MAKE YOUR OWN? WHEN

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**BULK AND GLASS**



### A Feller Just Can't Help Getting Hungry!

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