



Rash Romance

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by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN (Continued)

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 some one 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 twenty 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 cheering 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 any one else, daddy. I've been wondering if 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 so sorry!"

"Trouble with the car?"

"No—oh, no, it wasn't anything like that. I—my watch stopped. I thought it was an hour late. 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 4 o'clock.

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. Something was wrong with herself or with Tony or 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.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

THERE came the sound of a car in the driveway.

Arthur Knight, Tony and Judith were all in the living room—Arthur and Tony sitting on the divan, with the mellow-glowing bridge lamp's shooting highlights into the girl's dark curls. Judith, at the coffee table, was pouring the fragrant beverage into three fragrant cups.

She set down the silver coffee pot. "Who's coming?" she asked. "I didn't know anyone was expected. I hate to be seen this way—!"

Judith still was in the simple black frock she had worn during the afternoon. There had been no time to change before dinner.

She had not even glanced into a mirror since entering the house. The contrast between her somber costume and Tony's frivolous chiffon was all in the younger girl's favor.

Arthur Knight frowned.

"I wasn't expecting anyone to-night," he said.

"I'll find out who it is!" she said. "Maybe Mr. Hunter's come again."

The senior member of the firm of Hunter Brothers and several other of Knight's business associates had paid him brief visits. Arthur Knight still was weak. The slightest unexpected happening disturbed him. As Tony bounded out of the



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



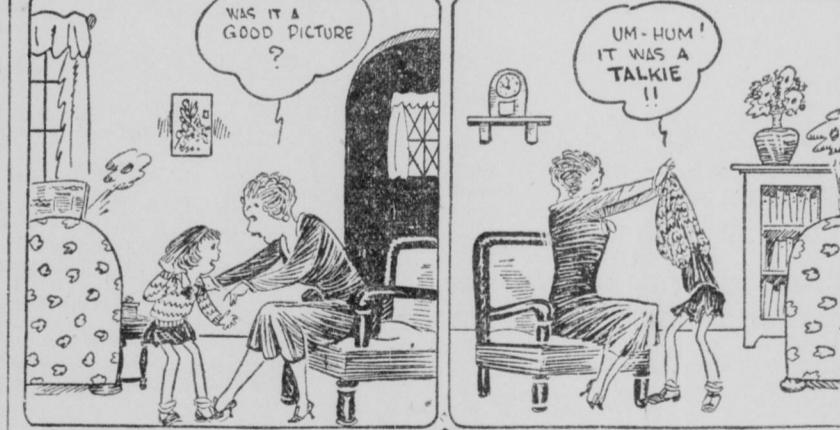
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SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



THE BEASTS OF TARZAN



—By Ahern



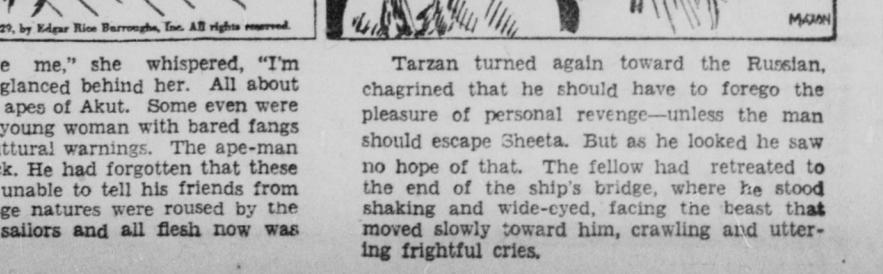
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