

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

On a cruise with her mother, Judith Archer, young school teacher, is attracted by Kit Camp, the ship's radio operator. Though pretty, Judy's charm is hidden by her eyeglasses and conservative style of dress. Visiting the Public Gardens, at Halifax, Judy hears about a scar-faced man dashes out of the shrubbery, followed by a dark, handsome man. Later, on board ship, Judy falls and breaks her glasses. Feeling a steady hand on her arm, she gazes into the laughing eyes of the hand's owner, a stranger to her. He is Tristram Millet, Judy and Tris meet Kit, who gives Judy a piercing look. Tris tells Judy she is beautiful. As Tris denies knowledge of the Public Gardens quarrel, the scar-faced man peers in the window. Tris tells Judy it is her imagination.

CHAPTER XV.

What a charm Tris had, slumped there with his dark face to the moonlight; how grave he could be taking seriously all her little silly fancies. Where were the prickly resentments she had felt toward Roy Varman—toward all his sex? Gone—ah, yes—for tonight while the moon hung above this northern sea, incredible this could be so. She had known this Tris Miller three hours, and now she was telling him all the secrets of her heart and he had put his arm about her and she did not toss her palm against his face, say some cutting thing.

So likable he was, more likable than Kit Camp, who had been most superior about women's jobs. But next morning Judy awoke as usual before anyone was stirring—slept out of bed, dressed all in a rush and tied the orange scarf over her head. She slipped into the passageway put her weight to the door on the windward side, sped along the boat deck toward the bench in the bow.

Kit Camp was there—head bared—lightish hair rumpled by searching fingers of an wind.

He was not alone. Judy paused in an angle of the deckhouse, pressed against the wall, feeling a tension run along her arms, grip her throat. Evelyn Cary, who played the piano for Betty's friends at night was with him; Evelyn Cary red haired and audacious and full to the brim of "it."

Judy could see the glint in Kit's green eyes as he glanced down at her, laughing at some crazy thing she had said.

"Lordy—jealous—I must be jealous. That's what! No sense to this—not any sense at all." She could not be jealous of a young fellow she had seen less than a half dozen times. But she told herself this with her throat dry and tight and her heart lead.

Something Tris Millet said flashed on her mind: "I couldn't separate the make-believe from the real."

"Well—ah—well—that's it. Make believe seems real. . . . Funny this should be so. It's all right—just part of a silly game."

She went back along the boat deck. She found the blue things Ma had bought her; pulled her hair smooth and tight, twisted up the tortured little knot. Suddenly she felt let down and lost without the spectacles.

She stuck close to Ma—followed her from the dining-room—settled in the chair beside Ma and Mr. Tennant.

The Mohawk was entering the "cuff now, running into a disturbed, choppy sea. The "Radiogram," Kit Camp's little mimeographed newspaper, told this morning of her in New York and people flocking to the beaches, panting through tormented days and night.

But here on the ship people hovered about steamships and women wore fur coats as they buried themselves under the robes in their deck chairs.

Far away to port, grayness flung itself at the sky; it drew out to meet them as the ship turned and became a lofty and forbidding shore line.

"Cape Breton Island," said Mr. Tennant. "It isn't really so gloomy, Miss Judy—not so bad as it seems. But here—take a look at the land where fogs are born."

Mr. Tennant adjusted his field glasses, gave them over with a twinkle. The fall was rising and moving up and down in the rhythmic sureness of a clock pendulum. Even while Judy focused the glasses a woman nearby cried, "Heavens—can't stand this—"

and ran for her cabin.

A turbulent mass of molten silver—each wave a little volcano smoking at the peak—killed that came from between the stars to howl eternally—such was this place near the top of the world.

Judy picked out something in the northern sky, thought it a fox hawk. "Whirly!" I suppose winter disrupts old Neptune for

rumorship of this waste. Mr. Tennant.

"But that's not waste Miss Judy! Its Newfoundland. Quite a lovely place, indeed, once you've passed the coast. Though the coast is majestic—scenic as Norway. You must visit Newfoundland; you and your mother."

A meaning look at Mr. Archer his blue eyes deepening, lingering on Peggy's laughing, pretty face. A queer little pang shortened Judy's breath, set her slumping back in the chair, chin tucked into the robe. They felt this way—was it so strange that Peggy might fall in love? Forty-two why; that was only about half a life time; shockingly old forty-two seemed when you are twenty-two. But from the other side of the road?

Grandma Archer was seventy-two; Grandma Archer perhaps looked upon Peggy as a mere child of a thing. Long life before Peggy.

Judy hadn't thought of that; when she snipped about preaching dignity, begging Ma to snub old Peter Bosted, she had thought that other who gave her soft glances, she had regarded Ma as far past the age of fairy imaginings.

Perhaps Ma had dreams of her own? A mad and merry and flaming life like the other Judy's? Ah—tragedy—that you looked into the eyes of those you loved, touched their hands, treasured their happiness in your heart of hearts—and lived separated from them as by distances greater than spaces between the worlds!

"Sea winds," Judy's whisper was velvet to her own ears. "Top of the world—these teach you things."

A first taste of life stinging at her lips. Well, she would stop bawling Peggy. Life wasn't all bleak dignity. Life could swirl up suddenly like a white flame.

She smiled at Mr. Tennant. "I'll have my forty winks now, and, it please you, kind sir, there'll be no interruption for anything less than a whale I hope."

He made a deep bow, flung his arm out and handed her the glasses. "Right off starboard, Miss Judy—happens to be at home day for whales. Where the town-ship keeps springing over there."

The few still on deck rushed for the rail; cameras clicked. Judy, leaning far down, all at once carefree and laughing, felt strong hands at her shoulders lifting her backward; she stood a moment that seemed an age while the hands slipped to her elbows, steadied her, held her firmly.

"That's not fair, Tris." "Tris! Oh, I say—" A teasing chuckle against her ear. She stared around, saw the glint in Kit Camp's eyes, his lazy grin.

"You didn't get up this morning, Judy? Had a special sunrise all ordered and for dusted off so you could see. Was a sight for landlubbers and such as could tear themselves away from slumber." (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

MISSIONS PROGRAM CHRISTIAN CHURCH MEETING PURPOSE

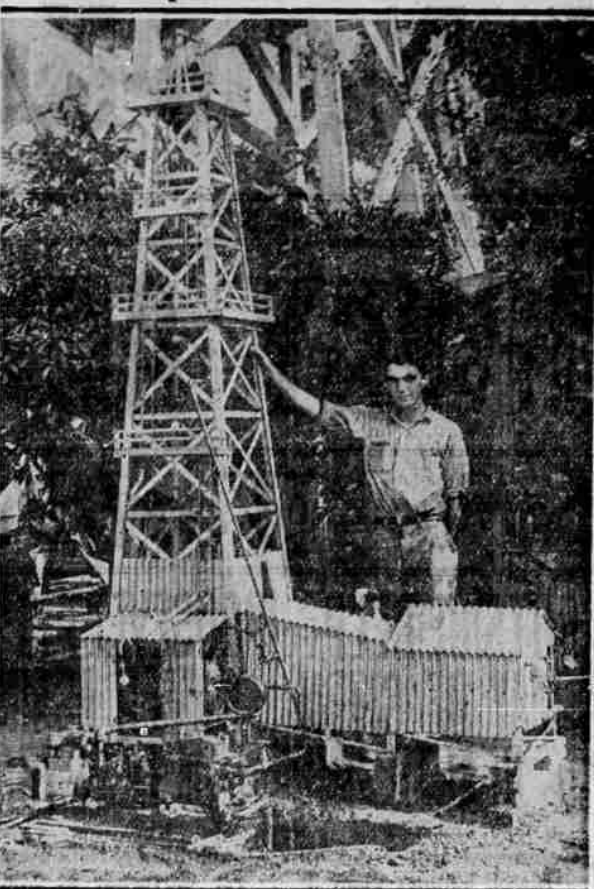
A conference to consider the program for state missions was held by officials of the several Christian churches of the county at Myrtle Creek last night. Large delegations were present from Oakland, Glendale, Roseburg, Riddle and Myrtle Creek. The Christian Endeavor society of the Myrtle Creek church provided a delicious supper in the church basement for the visitors at 7 o'clock, and this was followed by a program presented by a team from the Christian church state board, led by C. F. Swander, secretary. The speakers were Rev. A. F. Van Slyke of McMinnville, Rev. C. H. Hilton of Grants Pass and Rev. W. R. Baird of Roseburg. The meeting was the ninth in a series of 22 such gatherings to be held in various parts of the state, where the work of the state board, and the program for the coming year will be discussed.

ROBBERY THOUGHT PROFESSIONAL JOB

The robbery Sunday at Reedsport was the work of professionals, in the opinion of Deputy Sheriff Dietrich and McCabe, who returned to Roseburg last night after investigating the crimes. The burglars knocked the combination off the safe at the Rainbow pool hall and restaurant and escaped with cash amounting to from \$120 to \$150. The checks in the safe were not touched, the burglars contenting themselves with the currency and silver.

Dinnham's grocery was also entered and the combination knocked off the safe there. The tools, however, were inadequate when it came to punching out the lock.

Most Complete Miniature Oil Derrick



Julian Hathaway, 16, of Norwalk, Calif., with the baby oil derrick that he recently built. It stands nine feet high and is of all-metal construction and complete to the smallest detail. To prove that he had not built a toy, young Hathaway bored a 90-foot hole on his father's ranch, alongside a real derrick, and poured forth enough oil to make it possible for his father to build and completely equip a machine shop for his inventive son. The apparatus is declared by experts to be the most complete in America.

OREGON PLANNING TO BUILD FINEST CAPITOL IN WEST

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 29.—Senator Charles L. McNary told the chamber of commerce, in an address to day, that he expected the department of forestry to report favorably and congress to act favorably on his bill providing that the government cede to the state of Oregon a sufficient compact acreage of federal forest lands to produce from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 for expenditures on a new state capitol building and capitol grounds.

The measure, if successful, he said, would make possible the construction of the finest capitol building in the west without cost to the taxpayers. The money would be raised by sale, mortgage or bonding of the ceded lands.

Senator McNary said he had conferred with State Forester Lynn F. Cronmiller and that the forester would cooperate by urging favorable action.

McNary declared that the plan is feasible for the reason that the federal government owns 52 out of every 100 acres of land in the state, and that precedent for such action is furnished by the District of Columbia, the state of Washington and other states.

Speaking of the farm relief act, Senator McNary said that if it proved ineffective he could assure the people that congress would

and the officers found where two punches had been broken in the attempt to drive out the lock. The safe contained about \$800 in cash.

No trace of the robbers was obtained.

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BANKERS FINDING U. S. BUSINESS ON SOUNDER BASIS

Beneficial Lessons Taught by Sump; Independent Bank Favored Over Chain System.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 29.—The opinion business and industry in the United States is on a more sound basis than it was at the first of the year, was expressed by many of the nation's leading bankers here today as 6,000 members of the American Bankers' association gathered for their annual convention. They said credit of manufacturers is better.

Some bankers expressed the feeling the depression has taught more conservative buying and has increased the saving of money, which they considered a sound condition. There still is too much of a buyers' market it was believed by some and there still is need for retailers to cut their margins of profit as the manufacturers have done.

Detroit and the region around the southern shore of the Great Lakes and western Pennsylvania have been the sorest spots in the

depression, it was believed. The bankers look to the automobile shows to add some stimulus to that region.

Europe Buying Less

Europe is learning to do without American goods to a greater extent each year, a banker from Boston declared. He said industry in this country is geared too high, and the time may come when it must depend upon domestic trade very largely. Russia was viewed by this banker as an important competitor.

Strong criticism of state taxation officials was expressed at the conference on taxation of the association.

It was the opinion of several speakers taxation officials are appointed through political influence and not particularly for their ability to administer tax laws.

The state bankers' group approved resolutions favoring the independent state bank as opposed to chain state banks, endorsing the dual system of cooperation between state and national banks, and expressing satisfaction with interest rates and service under the federal reserve system.

Bond Issues Gaining

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—While many lines of business and industry continued to lag behind, a considerable number of improvements were shown today in a survey of conditions in the United States and foreign countries prepared by Julius H. Barnes, chairman of President Hoover's national business survey conference.

The summary covered conditions up to the middle of September in the most highly organized industries, while August conditions

were given for others. Barnes retrained entirely from making forecasts or interpreting the trend of general conditions.

He saw assurance of funds for all business purposes in cheap money for both short and long term credit. While total capital issues during the first eight months of the year were 35 per cent behind the same period of last year bond issues showed a 50 per cent gain. Increases were seen in loans to foreign governments, domestic municipalities, railroad and utility companies.

Savings also took an upward turn of considerable dimensions, checking against bank accounts was smaller than last year.

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Picnicking at Idlewild Park.—Adv.

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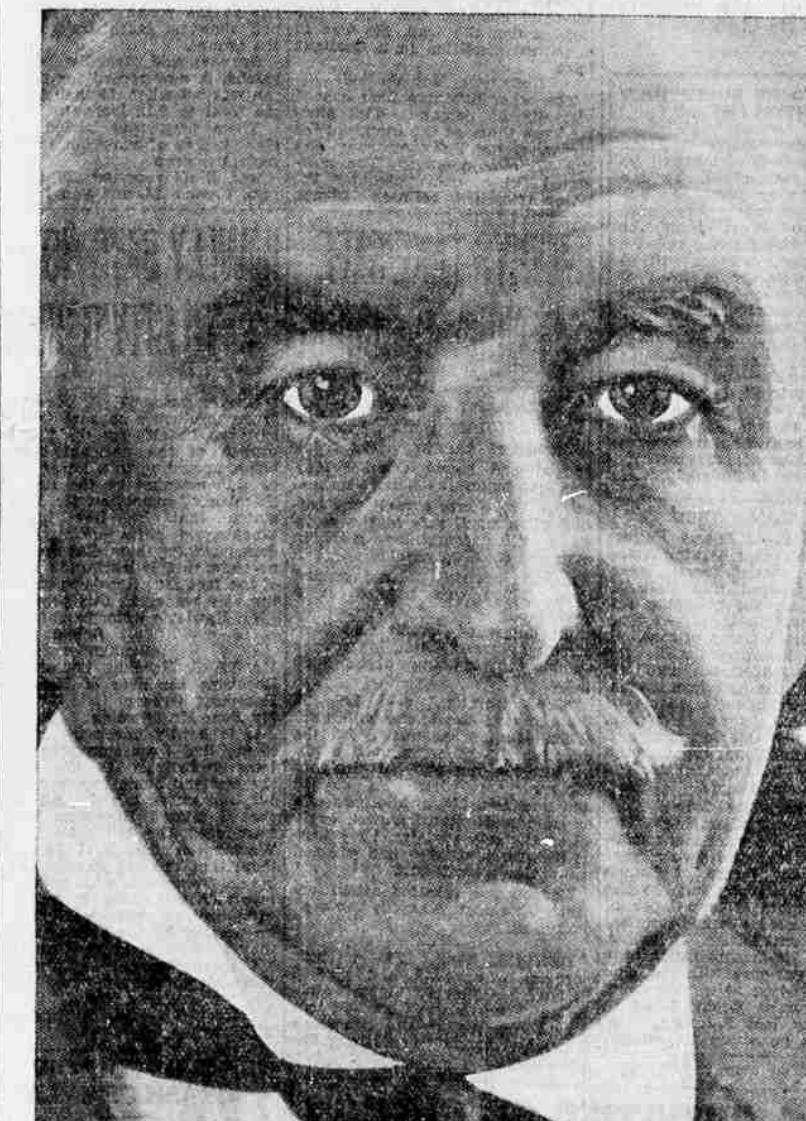
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William L. Ward

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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. William L. Ward to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Ward appears on this page.

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IN CONJUNCTION WITH
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PEGGY'S CAFE
Will Also Open Wednesday
October 1