

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

On a cruise with her mother, Judith Archer, young school teacher, is attracted to 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 Halfax, Judy hears shots as 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 handsome stranger of Public Gardens. He is Triammet Millet. Judy and Triammet meet Kit, who gives Judy a piercing look. Triammet tells Judy she is beautiful. As Triammet's knowledge of the Public Gardens quarrel, the scar-faced man peers in the window. Triammet tells Judy it is her imagination. Next morning Judy sees Kit with a girl and is jealous. Later, he tells Judy he had been waiting for her. She wonders at his attraction for her. Kit's radiogram regarding the stealing of the famous Ballard's emerald catches Judy's attention. Looking down from the hurricane deck with Kit, Judy is startled to see Triammet speaking with the scar-faced man.

CHAPTER XVII.

Kit Camp was watching the two on the sun deck in a careless, dreamy way. Now he sat up, brought out the little paper covered note book which he called his newspaper office.

"Another chap got on at Halfax—follow down there in all the overcoats and things. Looks like a disguise. What? The whirlwind reporter will now barge in and demand a few timely remarks on this and that, including names, aliases, destinations, hopes, ambitions, opinions on evolution, the Einstein theory, companionate marriage and the seventh article of faith—if you'll wait here a minute."

"Ask him what he thinks of slightly insane young fellows who fancy themselves erudite and irresistible."

"Righto, Judith, my dear." He bent over, laughed into her eyes. "I expect you're nearly always right, Miss Queen Bee. So clever she is—who wouldn't brave the sting for the honey? And sweet. . . Sharp as the sting and sweet as the honey."

Mockery shivered through his chuckle, but the restless little movements were at the corners of his lips and his hands. Lightly touching hers, were warm and eager.

Flushed to the eyes she pushed him away, jerking her head with a great show of impatience. "If you mean to be funny!"

"But I don't! I say, Judy—"

"Oh—thought you were getting an interview? He'll be gone—your man in disguise."

"My word!" Still laughing, Kit Camp put his hand down and waved to the deck below in a way that thrilled Judy.

Big kid—darn big kid! Bumptious and superior—oh, yes—but that was because she happened to be a girl. Pity one couldn't be friendly with an overgrown boy like Mr. Christopher Camp—meet him as a pal instead of an antagonist in the old battle of sex.

Now Judy saw that Kit was approaching the two at the rail. Now Triammet had whirled around—how quick Triammet was—agile as a cat! He saw her now, put up his head.

She waved back and Triammet came swiftly along the deck without a word—just standing there, were they not together? Not speaking at all? The other paid no attention to Triammet, did not turn when he left. Strange—she'd have been sure there was something—a deep silent tie—between them. Sympathy? But enmity may be silent. If enmity wishes to kill, to destroy, it watches in silence, awaiting the chance to strike.

A shiver ran along Judy's nerves; suddenly her hands were chunks of ice. Yet, when Triammet came leaping up to the hurricane deck, stood there swaying as if the wind were his partner in a graceful eccentric dance, the glamour stole upon her again—went to her head like wine, blurring doubt, quieting apprehension. She became all at once the

other Judy reaching out gleefully for whatever was mysterious about this man, the flash of him, the dark glory.

Would have come leaping up here before, if it weren't for the blow-away perch a haunt of yours. You're an early bird, Judy. I've heard of folks who fare forth at dawn, having the strange notion that sunrise is adventure and so on.

"And what would you call dawn, Mr. Millet? Seems to me you sound somewhat indolent not to say out and out lazy. And sunrise may be adventure."

He laughed and sat down close beside her, debonairly dropping his arm at her back so she must rest against his shoulder. I'm both, though more lazy than indolent. Have not been up before in years and years; can't seem to come to life before the zero hour."

"An odd way to live," Judy said thoughtfully. "But perhaps you work at night? I wondered about this a little—about your work."

The blank look crossing his eyes—the smile, the warmth of him—exactly as before—only a door closed in her face.

"Really? Oh—you wondered about me—really?"

Blood stung her cheeks; she squirmed in a pained embarrassment, spoke quickly. "You speculate this way. Go guessing what people do. You see, I just started work this year; sometimes I'm a little excited about it. Though it sharpens your temper—school teaching."

He studied her, sparks of humor flashing all over her face. "You a teacher, Judy? And I swore warfare upon them all—well, the truth is repudiated here and now. Can't quite place you in a school room."

"Why?" she asked sharply. Going to be high-handed, was he? Men! Either making fun of women's jobs or condescendingly allowing them dull, unimportant work till they could get married, as Kit Camp did.

But Triammet shrugged, gave her a vague answer. "Imagined you doing something else, for no good reason. Judy," he went on softly, "has any one ever written a sonnet about your eyes?"

"Oh—laughing at me—"

He took her hand, all at once unsmiling, rather sad. "Never charge me with that. I mean it exactly, your eyes are like the clouds over there where the sun is trying to break through. Silver gray and full of light. So sweet."

That went echoing in her thought like the haunting beauty of an old refrain. His hand was slender and tanned almost bronzed and his fingers were long and elegant and sensitive; she watched his fingers as they moved restlessly back and forth upon her palm and thought how different he was from Kit Camp. Blundering into awkward compliments while he flung her about like a cave man. Kit Camp did this. Well, perhaps this Triammet was different from all the others; not superior like all the others.

The bugle sounded for lunch, echoing faintly from one of the lower decks; Triammet helped her up—asked if she would dance with him in the evening. Judy noticed in a dim way that the sun deck was deserted as they went below. Kit Camp had left—hadn't bothered to tell her goodbye.

She did not care. Tonight was coming. A golden tridescence about the vision of tonight! Let he other Judy have her fling for once—step into real life for an hour or two. Strange that Triammet was the only person she had ever met who could make her feel this way, gay and reckless and a little intoxicated with the joy of being herself.

Long afterward Judy wondered if the radiance would have swept her if she would have danced with Triammet—had she been able to peer into the future, see what followed upon the evening, events all

woven together like links of a chain. Judy loitered in the corridor, met Mr. Tennant, who paused to twinkle at the flying mop of curls like a daisy about her head. "Really thought it was your mother coming along, Miss Judy. Declare if you're not the image of her, all blown about as you are."

"Except that mother has light hair and a curve or two, while I'm up and down as a broomstick—thank you, just the same, kind sir."

She tossed him a smile, went hurrying, alone, oddly alarmed. Getting all jumbled like a seaweed egg! Loosing her bearings thrown about like a ship with the compass wrong.

Once she had life all figured out and charted. You had to be serious about life, mind the connection between now and time to come. Study, struggle—this was the way to gain a professorship in some college—Columbia, maybe! Be an authority on your subject with what you had to say talked of everywhere.

Yet now she was in a flutter because a young fellow had smiled at her, tossed a compliment about her looks, remembered to say she wasn't like a schoolma'am, asked her to dance.

"Sea air. Oh, what's the matter with me? Silly as Betsy Rowe. Light-headed. Just because it's vacation. This can't happen. I'll get back where I started from."

So she took down the plainest frock her new wardrobe offered—a slim little white crepe, sleeveless and short—put it on in a grimly obstinate way, nodded stubbornly as she refused to glance at her mirror.

Not for the world would she have admitted it—not for the world and a star—but certain things kept running through her head. "With the wind blowing your hair that way—you're lovely, Judy. Like a picture—beautiful."

Kit Camp saying that, choking up, face all red. Then Triammet, lips suddenly straight: "Your eyes—silver gray and full of light. So sweet."

Peggy was drawing filmy stockings over her ankles. Judy gave her a quick glance, pretending to be hunting for something on the dresser, put her face close to the glass and looked at her eyes. Gray but merely curious; no light in them now.

Ah—self conscious—thinking of the outside of her head instead of what she could put into it. Stop this quickly enough: her plain little dress would help.

She caught up her hair, strained it back thrust pins into the knot. Then she saw that the nose was red, sunburned from the wind, and touched it with the powder puff. She stood there, restless and uncomfortable.

(To Be Continued)

SAMUEL ROTHCHILD DIES

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—Samuel Rothchild, pioneer Oregon merchant, who settled in Pendleton in the pioneer days, is dead here at the age of 87. Since his retirement fourteen years ago he has made his home here with his son, Walter, San Francisco attorney.

Mr. Waite is Business Visitor—Douglas Waite, of Glendale, spent yesterday in Roseburg attending to business affairs.

OREGON AND DRAKE TO CLASH TONIGHT ON SOLDIER FIELD

Power Will Be Matched Against Speed; Trojans Favored to Defeat Oregon State.

(Associated Press Local Wire)

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—The floodlights will burn for two football games in Chicago tonight.

Soldier field, which has seen everything from a solemn religious event to a world's heavy-weight championship fight, will have its first experience with night football when the arcs are turned on the game between Drake university and the University of Oregon.

Drake will have almost the same line that stopped Notre Dame cold for three periods last year on the same sod only to lose in the final frame. Oregon has brought a husky, tricky squad under the direction of Dr. Clarence W. Spears.

Oregon is expected to depend mostly on power plays while the lighter Drake team is expected to go in for deception and open plays with forward passing playing an important part in each team's attack.

The webfoot backfield attack

against Drake will be led by Captain Johnny Kitamiller, the "Flying Dutchman," and his Dutch running mate, Don Watts, a sophomore. The two quarter men will be Jack Erdley, quarterback and Ed Moeller, full. Spears will start Austin Colbert against the Bulldogs as tackle. The rest of the starting forward wall will include Eric Forster, center; Marlon Hall, tackle; Irv Schulz, guard; Orville Bailey and Steve Fletcher, ends.

Tonight's other game will be at Loyola field, with Georgetown playing Loyola.

Beta Favor Trojans

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 3.—An experienced Oregon State football team offering the first real opposition the University of Southern California will get this year, bore down on Los Angeles today for its game with Howard Jones' Trojans at the coliseum tomorrow.

Betting on the game favors the Trojans to win, although the invaders will present a more experienced team. The rival squads rank about the same in weight in the line—190 pounds on an average. Thirty-four of the Oregonians are making the trip.

Probably the most diversified attack Jones has presented since he started coaching at Troy will greet the northerners. Not only a number of running plays, of the kind Jones' teams are famous for, but also passes are expected to be sent towards the Oregon goal line. In practice sessions, this week the sons of Troy have been trying an unusually large number of plays.

An injury to Marshall Duffield's hand, thought at first to be serious enough to require the quarter back to wear bandages and tape tomorrow, now appears to be

FIVE EX-ROSEBURG STUDENTS PLEDGED

OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, Oct. 3.—Five former Roseburg high school students, now attending Oregon State college, were pledged by four national fraternities in an intensive first day pledging program that exceeded last year's total of 350 pledged by 30 men.

Harry Sandquist was one of also new students to be pledged by Alpha Sigma Phi, while Beta Kappa chose Dale Busenbark as one of its ten pledges. Fred Chapman became affiliated with Sigma Phi Sigma, which pledged fifteen men and Gordon Applewhite and William Cook were two of the eight men pledged by Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Delta Upsilon fraternity led the three day rushing period with 23 pledges and Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Theta Chi were next with 21 pledges each. There are 36 men's Greek letter organizations on the campus.

nearly well. He probably will be in there throwing them as much as ever Saturday.

Coach Jones still is undecided about filling Marger Apsett's shoes at left halfback. Either George Kirkwood or Tom Mallory will get the place, with the former favored generally to beat out his more experienced team mate for the job.

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AT 8:00

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24 1/2 lb. bag.....	75c	50 lbs.	\$1.15
49 lb. bag.....	\$1.45	100 lbs.	\$1.98
BEANS		RICE	
Small White, 2 lbs.	25c	Blue Rose, Long Grain, 5 lb.	35c
4 1/2 lbs.	50c	10 lbs.	59c
10 lbs.	89c	50 lb.	\$2.75
PEAS, CORN or TOMATOES		PINEAPPLE	
Standard Quality, 2 No. 2 cans.....	25c	Broken Slices, 2 No. 2 1/2 tins.....	45c
12 cans.....	\$1.43	6 cans.....	85c
1 case.....	\$2.77	1 case.....	\$3.25
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