

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

A week aboard the S. S. Mohawk has changed Judith Archer from a serious-minded, unromantic school teacher into a care-free, pleasure-loving young woman. She receives the attentions of Kit Camp, the ship's radio operator, and Tris Millet, fascinating figure of mystery, while her mother is attracted by a Mr. Tennant. Shortly after reading of the robbery of the famous Ballard emeralds, Judy sees Tris talking with a scar-faced man whom he previously denied knowing. Questioned regarding his work, Tris becomes vague. That night, while they are strolling on deck, a man attacks Tris. Tris tells Judy he is mistaken for someone else. Kit's expression when he sees Judy with Tris makes Judy uncomfortable. The easy assurance of Kit annoys Judy and she refuses to go ashore with him. Disappointed when Tris says he is staying aboard at Montreal, Judy goes with Kit. Visiting Notre Dame, Judy is stunned to see Tris deep in prayer. The mystery surrounding Tris puzzles her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Kit Camp had none of Tris Millet's finished grace, but he danced easily. Judy kept thinking, "This is fun! We'll never have such a really lovely time."

She wished to remain till all hours, to go on dancing with Kit, drinking the sparkling Burgundy. But after the second round Kit turned her glass down. "We've had enough, girl. We'll go now. Ride around a while."

"I'm the one to say," "No, please, Judy."

"They finished the barrel in the taxi. 'Think you're pretty masterful, Kit Camp? You think you are!'"

"I won't let a girl I care for drink too much."

"Meaning you care for me?" Bitter irony in each word she flung at him.

He answered calmly, in surprise: "Why would I take you out if I didn't care for you? Tell me that little Judy — little spitfire —"

Kit Camp told her that she made him think of his wireless. Spitting and spluttering — brightest thing in the world — most interesting. "You didn't want more wine, Judy. Didn't want to wake up with a head."

"But you've no right to tell me so."

"I'm responsible when you're with me. It's my right to look out for you."

"I'm used to looking out for myself. I'll have you to know. Can do it too."

"Never to let me, though, eh, what? Don't be too modern. Girls ought to cling a bit. Half a girl's charm to know how to cling and not cloy."

"Indeed! Like to think yourself a sturdy oak, I see."

He patted her shoulder, grinned delightedly, called her "kitten."

"Clawing kitten. Thanks for a delightful time. I'll remember to day, Judy. Rivers that won't mix — you in Notre Dame. . . Little furry kitten."

All in a breath her irritation was gone; she clung to his hand. "I'll remember to, too. You were right about the wine. I'm sorry."

"Ah — no need. Must go and hang around the job now."

"But I thought you were off duty in port. You said the wireless practically closed when the ship ties up."

"This is special. A leaf for your book of adventure." He laughed at her surprise as they hesitated by the companionway. "Oh, keep this to yourself, Judy, that there's anything unusual on."

"Of course. Is it — something truly exciting? Police? Secret service?" All the nervous adventure of the other Judy came rushing into her thought; she was in a flutter.

He said very soberly, "You'll take care? This is important."

"Trust me. Goodnight, Sparks."

"Rather have 'Kit' from you."

"Kit, dear — goodnight."

He gave her his casual nod and turned away. As on the first evening she spent with him, when he left her with that careless bob of his head she felt dissatisfied. Restless and dissatisfied. She didn't know why. If he had kissed her

she would have slapped him. Tris Millet had kissed her, and she was no Betty Rowe to go scattering kisses here and there.

Besides she did not wish Kit Camp to kiss her. She was sure of this. Adorable big boy — she liked him — probably she'd never like anyone so much again. But it was a different liking from her liking of Tris. The sparkle that ran through her at Tris Millet's touch — deep, awakening, music vibrating so — Kit could not make her feel this.

Was she in love with Tris? She gave a little shiver and kept fussing about the cabin, taking up a book, putting it down again, listening to belated passengers coming aboard, first arguing with taxi men, often in thick, tipsy voices.

Peggy had not returned at one o'clock. Mr. Tennant had said they would go somewhere to dance and Judy was not to wait up for her mother. Judy touched her mother's toilet things in a lingering, thoughtful way — put her robe and slippers out where they would be ready.

Little Ma — frivolous and lovely and irresistible — how game she had been. It seemed a great while ago now that Judy used to tell herself that perhaps she would have to marry some day for Peggy's sake. Peggy wished it so, always contriving to put her in the way of meeting boys, thinking her little schemes clever and deep.

That worry was over. All very plain how Mr. Tennant felt about Peggy. Judy could go ahead now, plan her life as she pleased. Yet she didn't feel as happy as she should.

She turned out the light, sat in the darkness trying to grow drowsy. And finally caught up a wrap, went out to the boat deck, strolled toward the stern.

A spark glowed and dimmed — in the shadow there. Someone tossed the cigarette overboard, called softly, "Judy."

"It's you, Tris? Why I didn't know."

His swept her in his arms; his lips lolled on her hair, her eyes, her throat. "Judy — Judy — didn't want to do this — swore I'd never fall in love! Do you love me, Judy? A little? Tell me this, my sweet — only a quarter as much as I love you."

Flame touched her set a wild joy winking in her heart. She reached her hand to his neck, pulled his head down. This kiss seemed to bind her spirit to his, to wait them away into some far place of dear, ecstatic radiance.

"You do care? Say it, my sweet — that you do love me."

Overpowered and stilled with the rush of feeling she could only shake her head, murmuring, "I don't know — don't know."

"Beautiful darling, you will. I'll teach you this — He pressed her hands in a warm, eager way, put his face down to hers, kept whispering glowing, tender things.

When four bells tinkled from the bridge he took her in and once again she sat in the dark, though now it seemed as if all about her was a golden light.

Peggy came an hour later, tripping with gaiety and champagne. And now Judy pretended to be sleepy, lest Peggy chatter all the rest of the night. And presently she did sleep, to dream that she was walking with Tris up the centre aisle of Notre Dame. But Kit Camp's voice kept calling, "Wait, Judy — you can't do that! I'm responsible and you can't do that!"

It seemed to be this voice which

awakened her in the morning. The ship was afloat now, moving slowly up the river in a gray, misty rain. Judy dressed and went down to breakfast without awakening Peggy.

There was almost to one in the dining saloon. "A gay night for most folks," Cap'n Charley observed, shaking his head. "Funny how they feel about liquor. Not satisfied unless they swim in it."

Decks, too, were deserted. Finally Judy wandered around to the wireless room, and there found Kit Camp nodding over his table.

"I say! Clever of you to pop in. Doyle's laid out and I've got to stick another hour." He cleared papers from a chair and she sat down, while he explained the instrument to her. He looked white and worn and she felt a new admiration for him. Keeping on in such a matter-of-fact way — he was wonderful. If only they wouldn't quarrel.

Presently a boy brought some messages and while Kit fussed at his key Judy picked up a newspaper from the pile on the floor. It was a Montreal paper, brought aboard last night and Judy saw that now the Covington jewel robbery was back on the first page.

It was established that "Stolen Three" the trio of emeralds had been taken to America, the dispatch read. This narrowed the search and solution of the mystery robbery, which had stirred the imagination of the entire world was promised shortly.

There followed a description and history of the jewels, together with an account of other daring robberies, a list of murders connected with precious stones and of the misfortunes which seemed to attend them.

Kit was watching her when she finished reading. "That interests you, Judy?"

"Of course. You're interested too — I can see that."

He shrugged and began to talk of Kerblu's. "When we get to New York I'll take you to a place as quaint as anything in Montreal."

She wondered if she should tell him about Tris. After all what was there to tell? That Tris had said he loved her — that he didn't wish to love anyone, but he loved her nevertheless?

"Something wrong, Judy? Both- ered?"

Why did Kit look at her so? "You're a mind reader? I didn't think you'd do that to people."

"Only some people, Kitten."

She jumped up and said she must go back to Peggy. He gave her his quick nod as she closed the door.

Peggy was gone but the state-room was filled with flowers. A note with them: "I'm in the library, my sweet — waiting for you — loving you."

Vivid with eagerness Judy broke off a red rose, thrust it into her belt, hurried to the library.

(To Be continued Tomorrow)

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all warrants of School District No. 4, Douglas County, Oregon, up to and including No. 13,990, protested for non-payment, January 31st, 1930, and prior thereto, are this date called for payment, and all interest thereon ceases from this date, October 9th, 1930.

MRS. A. J. GEDDES, Clerk.

Depot Barber Shop—open evenings until 7:30 p. m. All hair cutting 25c. 409 Cass St.—Adv.

A nearly new Buick sedan for sale at about half price, by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 139-L.

DRY LAW REPEAL ISSUE BANNED AT VETS' CONVENTION

(Associated Press Local Wire)

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 9.—A motion picture presented by the New York delegation calling for a resolution favoring the repeal of prohibition was defeated by a vocal vote at the American Legion convention here today.

Commander Bodenhamer ruled the motion was not germane to the purpose of the American Legion and it conflicted with political restrictions of the legion constitution. He stated the organization should never take sides in a political issue.

The proposal stirred the delegates more than any other one feature of the meeting and wild cries went up at its presentation.

A resolution that no person be admitted to citizenship in this country who is unwilling to take an unqualified oath of allegiance was adopted.

Legislation to provide further help for World War veterans was favored by the adoption of a report from the legislation committee.

The report urged provision be made for the payment in full of adjusted compensation to the dependents of deceased veterans and to all permanently and totally disabled veterans and the passage of legislation providing adequate compensation for all armed forces of the country.

Henry A. Willis, 78, a resident of the Galesville district for the last twenty years, passed away yesterday afternoon after a short illness. He was born in Missouri Sept. 25, 1852, and crossed the plains while only a year old. His family first settled near Klamath Falls. Henry Willis engaged in farming and stock raising there until about twenty years ago when he moved to Galesville where he has since resided. He was never married. He is survived by three nephews, John George of Galesville, Wm. George of Cottage Grove, Abe Foley, Co-

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13c	13c	23c
Squash Individual, 4 for	Egg Plant For frying, lb.	Cranberries Quality Excel- lent, 2 lbs.
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FLOUR MacMarr, hard wheat, every sack guaranteed. Buy a winter's supply at a saving.
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JAM Kerr's Pure Strawberry, 3 lb. jar	59c	BEANS Red Mexican, 10 lbs.	75c
TREE TEA Black or Green, Half lb. pkg.	35c	MACARONI Curve Cut in bulk, 3 lbs.	19c
CORN Fancy Del Maiz, yellow, 3 cans	45c	PEAS Del Monte Early Garden, 3 cans	49c
COFFEE MacMarr Blend, None Better. lb.	35c	OYSTERS Gulf Kist Cove Oysters, regular 20c size. 3 cans	45c
Malt Syrup Blue Ribbon or Buckeye, per can	59c	SHRIMP Gulf Kist. Fine for salads, 3 cans	49c
Crystal White Billion Bubble Soap, 10 bars	35c	Cheese Brookfield, lb.	25c
OLEOMARGARINE A wholesome spread. Try it for cooking, 3 lbs.	43c	SOUP Campbell's Tomato, 6 cans	45c
SMOKED MEATS HAMS Premium or Denco, half or whole, lb.	33c	COTTAGES Lots of lean. A new ship- ment each week, lb.	33c
SALT BACK Considerable lean, lb.	20c	BACON Medium, Eastern, lb.	35c

\$5.00 Orders Delivered Free. Small Orders 10c; Sugar Excepted.

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Seedless Raisins, 2 packages	17c	Kellogg's Bran Flakes, 2 for	23c
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