"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXIX.

Judy strolled along the boat deck to the bow, to the place she always thought of as belonging to Kit Camp, half expecting to find him waiting. When he did not appear she concluded that Doyle had overdrunk himself again, and felt a quick resentment that Kit should bear the brunt.

She put her elbows on the rail, listened for the morning Angelus to awaken the city — held her breath as the swallows wheeled, caught the first rays of the sun on their white wings. A stately drama one whose beauty caught at her throat.

She would have gone below when the last swallow had settled upon a high pinnacle of the chateau, but she was no longer alone. She turned her head and looked into narrowed, steel-gray eyes — slipped her startled glance along a parrot's beak of nose, a cheek crossed by a scar.

The man was going to speak. "Worth coming a distance to hear and see, that was. Makes you think of the pigeons at St. Mark's —if you've ever been in Venice?"

His voice was low and casual. Yet he meant her to answer. Judy looked at him, wondering what it was all about. Suddenly he smiled.

As in a movie when a face fades into another wholly unlike the first, so his appearance changed. The smile twinkled in his eyes and they were not piercing — merely friendly — and little wrinkles of humor wiped out the sinister look of the scar.

Judy found herself returning the smile and shaking her head. "I've never been abroad. Never been anywhere. My first trip, this is. Venice must be wonderful."

For just a flash his gaze bored. "Your first trip? But you've been to London, surely? That's only next door to New York."

"London is as far as China to me, you see. That's what makes this so exciting." He seemed so interested that she chattered on. "It's different from shore, isn't it? Life on a ship. You don't know a person when you come aboard and then in just a day or two you've friendships you wouldn't have made in years and years on shore." That sounded silly, now that she had said it, and she flushed.

But he gave her a kindly look and nodded. "You don't know any one aboard? But I thought I saw you dancing the other night?"

She remembered suddenly the way his face looked in her little vanity mirror when he watched Tris give her the necklet. She had been frightened then. But why? He seemed pleasant enough. After all her forebodings probably he was just one of those lonely persons who travel about by themselves finding what amusement they can in watching others.

He repeated his question in a careless way. "You don't know anyone aboard?"

"Of course I do now. But at first there was only mother and Cap'n Charley — Captain Marceau — and Betsy Rowe from home. And—and I'd met the wireless man. But that's quite a few, isn't it?"

"And you've never been in London?"

"Never been abroad." She wondered why he repeated the question. He did not seem like one who would forget so quickly.

She stopped at the wireless room on her way to breakfast and found Kit Camp preparing to leave. He was leafing through sheets of flimsy, brief news dispatches, each dated with the name of a city. The Radiogram was not printed in part and some of these dispatches he folded and hung on a hook to be used later while others were tossed into the waste basket. Two or three he stuffed into an envelope which already was well filled. Judy saw on one the words, "New York . . . jewels . . ."

"Kit—is that about the emeralds? Do let me read it."

But he went on closing the envelope, fastened the clasp. "Can't. Captain's orders. And he gets his from those as give orders, Judy, my dear."

"Oh!" The significance of that caught her breath. It meant — why, it meant the Covington jewel robbery was brought close to home. It might mean anything.

Kit laughed and touched his finger tip to the dimple in her chin. "There's a stiff reward for whoever turns up the robber chaps. If them jools are turned up at the same time. Say we hunt clews, Judy? I could do with a couple thousand pounds."

"You'd buy your cottage and garden, I suppose." She was depressed suddenly. Lost and lonely and tired.

He put his arm across her shoulders as they walked along the passage, drew her to him in a gay, teasing way. "Like me better than you did last night? You do like me, Judy?" He pretended to be anxious, but kept laughing all the while. And she answered with a sombre note in her voice.

"Of course I like you. Like you a lot."

"Well ——" He stood looking down at her as they parted. Now he, too, was grave, eyes very deep, the little movements about his lips. "Well — that's fine. Glad you told me that——"

He took her to a little restaurant in St. Joseph St. for a late lunch and they were very blithe sitting side by side. He told her the names of things in Canadian French, begged the recipe for the onion soup which he said she must learn to cook since he fancied it, talked a great deal about his cottage and the garden he meant to have.

Afterward he put her in a calecche, one of the high, two-wheeled carriages left over from ancient days in Quebec, and they went jolting away to the outskirts of the city to the Plains of Abraham, the beautiful park high above the river—once the battlefield where Montcalm lost the empire of New France to Wolfe.

They stood at the edge of the steep bluff, the boy and girl gazing across the river, so wide and peaceful and blue, to the mist-gray bulk of the Laurentians in the distance. The majesty of the scene made Judy feel very small and inconsequential and afraid. She said in a tiny voice that she wished to go.

"It makes me lonely, Kit. Oh, I don't know — you'll think me silly——"

"No. But I'm here, Judy, my dear." And he held her hands in his warm, sure grip as they rode back. He said little, but his smile was eager, very comforting.

In the cabin Judy found a message from Cap'n Charley. He wished to see her in his quarters at once.

For just an instant Judy imagined that Cap'n Charley's face was inquiring, oddly sharp. Then the sandy beard wiggled, and he smiled and roared like a good-natured lion.

"Come in, my dear, eh, come in then! Shut the door. How pretty she is, eh? Old ocean is kind to young ladies. You've got a minute, my dear?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

TRESPASS NOTICE

Positively no hunting or trespassing allowed on Marster's Happy valley ranch.

(Adv.) L. BONNIE, Supt.

Support the Garden club by bringing your surplus plants to their sale Saturday morning. Come and purchase the ones that you do not have.—Adv.

UNION PACIFIC

General Passenger Dept., 627 Pittock Block, Portland, Ore.

WORKERS DISCOVER QUICK METHOD TO OVERCOME FATIGUE

They Take a Moment to Eat or Drink Something Sweet

Salesmen who cover miles each day, and business folks who go at top speed at their desks and counters, know that mid-afternoon is the zero hour as far as energy is concerned.

Since rest and relaxation are out of the question at this busy time of the day, countless workers have found to their delight that a piece of candy, a cookie, ice cream, or a sweetened drink—even sugar dissolved in water—restores vigor almost immediately.

The reason for this is that the sugar content of these "snacks" supplies the system with quick nourishment without taxing the digestive system. When the body is thus nourished, fatigue is materially lessened.

Recent tests among workers have proved the value of this practice of eating something sweet in mid-afternoon. A well-known physician in Philadelphia often advises business men to drop in at a soda fountain at 4 o'clock and drink a flavored milk shake. Nervous exhaustion is overcome and the evening meal is eaten later with calm enjoyment.

The demand of the system for refined sugar should not be denied. Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with refined sugar. The Sugar Institute.

News of Douglas County

MYRTLE CREEK

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

MYRTLE CREEK, Oct. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Kusler received a telegram last Saturday announcing the birth of a 7-pound daughter to their son, Marion, and wife at Hillsboro, Friday, October 10.

Born—Wednesday, October 8, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brownson a daughter, Euthal Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wood had as overnight guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, who were enroute from Stockton, Cal., to Walterville where they will make their home. Mrs. Wright is Mrs. Wood's aunt.

Mrs. Alice Scott of Wenatchee, Washington, who has visited here most of the summer with her daughter, Mrs. C. L. Kusler, and family, went to Eugene the first of last week, where she will visit for a time with her husband's brothers and their families before going on to her home. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Kusler and their daughter, Allie, motored to Eugene where a family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Kusler's uncle, Mr. Elmer Scott at 1545 West Eleventh street.

Mrs. Dollie Chaney of Seattle and Mrs. W. J. Armitage of Vernonia are visiting here with their brother, H. P. Rice, and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. A. Mudkey is slightly improved but is still quite ill.

A committee of interested people chosen to act as a ways and means committee will meet Wednesday evening in the basement of the Christian church to talk over plans for the proposed opening of a Y. M. C. A. reading room.

OAK GROVE

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

OAK GROVE, Oct. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kruse and Mrs. William Morris attended the banquet given by the ladies of the Christian church at Drain Monday.

Carlton Goff and family were business visitors in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox and daughter, Jean, and son, George, Junior, left for Heppner Sunday to visit at the home of Mr. Wilcox' brother, Robert. They expect to return the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Miller and daughter, Alice, of Days creek, called at the Marston home Monday evening.

Lon Anderson and family of Elenrose visited at the Sievert home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Goff and daughter, Phyllis, were Eugene visitors Monday.

J. C. Hamilton and Henry Seiverts were Oakland visitors Thursday.

Jean Seiverts and Vera Jenkins were Roseburg shoppers Saturday.

Carlton Goff and family were dinner guests at the Eby home near Sutherlin Sunday.

AZALEA

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

AZALEA, Oct. 15.—Ed McBee and his brother-in-law, Cecil Knowles of Springfield, spent a few days the first of the week hunting for deer and visiting friends. Mr. McBee, better known to his many friends here as "Mack" is a former resident of Azalea. He is now located near Eugene and has the Red Gable Hop ranch leased. He says that crops were fine up that way this year, and he threshed out nearly one thousand bushels of grain, and has his siloes full. He also has several hundred chickens.

Floyd Kelley fished below Hell's Gate on Rogue river Saturday.

Mrs. Bill Bartow, who has been visiting her grandmother at Grants Pass returned home the last of the week.

Leland Johns is discing with his Fordson tractor on the Jake Fisher and George Wenderoth ranches, up Cow creek, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jantzer attended to business matters in Eugene the first of the week. Their sons, Lewis and Teddy, stayed with their aunt, Mrs. Floyd Kelley, during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kiser, of Albany, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ran Rust. Mr. Kiser had the good fortune of killing a large panther on Sunday while hunting up Cow creek with Mr. Rust.

Bill Bartow, who has been at the Roseburg General hospital with a bad spell of blood poisoning, is much improved and returned to his home here the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jantzer made a business trip to Grants Pass last Tuesday.

Ed Johns was down from Crater lake last Thursday to hire more men to work on the rim road that is being built around the lake. He stated that there was about eight inches of snow when he left, and it was still snowing. There seems to be a difficulty in keeping men on the job on account of the cold weather. Twenty-five quit their jobs the day before he came down.

Mr. and Mrs. Steven Small went to Myrtle Creek Thursday and spent the afternoon shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jantzer and son, Robert, left Friday for Los Angeles, California, where they will make their home. They visited Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Davenhill, of Ashland, enroute.

Jim McClung left Friday for Grants Pass to visit friends for a few days and look for employment.

MYRTLE CREEK C. E. SOCIETY HOLDING RALLY THIS WEEK

MYRTLE CREEK, Oct. 15.—The Christian Endeavor society of Myrtle Creek is holding a rally this week and is putting on an interesting and peppy program each evening except Saturday as follows:

Sunday, October 12—Marion Shirtcliff, leader; topic: "Marks of Good Citizenship."

Monday, Mrs. Dell Wood, leader; topic: "Christian Leadership for America."

Tuesday, leader, Charles Parker; topic: "Christian Education." A delegation of Oakland Endeavorers will attend this meeting.

Wednesday, Mrs. Dale Marsters, leader; topic: "Youth and the Church." Sutherlin delegates are to help out on Wednesday eve.

Thursday, Ione Erskine, leader, topic: "Young People and Their Task." Glide C. E. is invited.

Friday, C. E. banquet; R. L. Dunn, speaker.

The attendance is very good at the meetings and much interest is being shown. At the recent C. E. convention at Yoncalla the Myrtle Creek Endeavor was found to be the largest and most active in the county.

THREE COUPLES AT MYRTLE CREEK MARRIED SATURDAY

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

MYRTLE CREEK, Oct. 15.—Wedding bells rang merrily in Myrtle Creek announcing the marriage of David Fate of Days Creek to Miss Gladys Ploy of Roseburg. The ceremony was performed at the R. Fate home with Rev. E. E. Coulter, pastor of the Christian church officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Fate will live on the old Fate farm on Days Creek.

Donald Starbuck, youngest son of Mrs. W. L. Starbuck, and Miss Allie Ricks, daughter of W. H. Ricks, were quietly married Saturday afternoon in Roseburg at the South Methodist parsonage by Rev. J. B. Penhall. Only a few relatives and friends were present.

Miss Margaret Hurst the beautiful and popular daughter of Mrs. Rosa Hurst and Mr. Harry Mathews were married at the M. E. parsonage at Grants Pass Saturday, October 11, by the Rev. C. C. Rarick, pastor of the M. E. church.

Mr. Mathews is employed as manager of the Standard Oil Co. at this place and Mrs. Mathews is telephone operator. All these worthy young people have hosts of friends who are glad to see them establish homes and wish everything good for them throughout their lives.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE

I pledge myself as republican candidate for state representative from Douglas county to serve the best intereats of the residents of this county. I solicit the support of every voter.

(Paid adv.) C. M. MYNATT.

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

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Within Your Circle

Things worth while are within your reach, and you can obtain them through perseverance in the right direction. An account with this Bank will give you the right start.

The Roseburg National Bank
Roseburg, Ore.

2 for 1 Stamp Week
Oct. 20 to 25
INCLUSIVE

All cash work done between these dates will be entitled to double the usual number of stamps.

The Service of Safety . . .

Is what you find here. Our efficient service means safety and neat appearance for your clothes.

ROSEBURG CLEANERS
OAK AND STEPHENS ST. PHONE 474

OH BOY!
PAJAMA DANCE
AT RAINBOW GARDENS
WINCHESTER
Thursday Night, October 16, 1930

Thursday night is Pajama night at the Rainbow Gardens for ladies and gents, so be sure to attend wearing your best. Good order and good music.

BIG SPECIALTY
Come Dance Where They All Come Back
DANCE WITH
The Old Reliable 6-Piece Orchestra
IT'S ALL MODERN AND REAL HOT
Look Gents 50c Look Ladies Free

THUNDERBOLTS
Of Merchandise Values for This Week

Children's Fine Rib Hose	Our regular 25c quality Arrowhead hose, all sizes and colors, guaranteed, 19c pair or	2 pr. 35c
Kotex Belt	Another shipment of that big special. 60c Kotex belt free with 2 boxes of Kotex at 89c	FREE
Worsted Berets	A timely special in a dandy beret. Brushed wool, solid colors, also ribbed and 2 color styles	49c
Fine Dolls	Several dozen dolls that we have had on display, now somewhat mussed. Your choice	1/3 OFF
Extension Cords	6 ft. of extension cord, plug and socket, not assembled. Extra cord at 2c a foot	29c
Women's Handkerchiefs	A cleanup of all our 7½c and 10c handkerchiefs, your choice to close out	5c

CARR'S
Variety Store 5c to $1.00 Store

"The true old-time SUGAR HOUSE FLAVOR in this Golden Syrup"

Bill Heer
STALEY'S MASTER BLENDER

You've never tasted PANCAKES before...

until you try them with this clear golden syrup. The old-time "sugar-house" flavor gives you a new idea of what pancakes can be!

"TASTE this Golden Syrup of ours and you'll know what I mean by 'real old-time sugar-house flavor'! It's a blend we used to make down South nearly fifty years ago when we cooked our syrups in open kettles and syrup blending became an art.

"Syrup as fine as this is rare nowadays. There's more to it than selecting your ingredients carefully. There's the knack of blending at just the right time and just the right temperature to bring out its mellow smoothness and pure golden color.

"Nobody learns to make syrups in a few months or a few years. I've spent almost a life-time in perfecting this Golden Syrup of ours. It's as fine as a syrup can be.

Ask your grocer for Staley's Golden Syrup and serve it with pancakes, waffles, muffins, hot breads of all kinds. You can make delicious cakes, cookies and ginger bread with Staley's Syrup. It's surprisingly inexpensive, too.

Write for our free recipe book.

STALEY SALES CORPORATION
Decatur, Illinois

BILL HEER
Staley's Master Blender

For 47 years Bill Heer has blended, tested and tasted syrups. Every batch of Staley syrups must pass the test of his educated palate at each step in its making.

Staley's GOLDEN Syrup comes in the BLUE can

MAPLE FLAVORED (green label)
CRYSTAL WHITE (red label)
SORGHUM FLAVORED (brown label)

Staley's ..Blended by the Master Blender Syrups