

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXXV.

Birke fixed up a story of a taxi accident to account for her injury, and warned her again that she must tell no one the truth. "Not even your mother. We're depending on this. Miss Judy, it's a bigger matter than you can imagine."

"All I can do is imagine since you won't trust me."

"Ah, well, now, wait till we tie up in New York. You'll understand then. You're going to let me know if anything happens?"

"What could happen now they've arrested the woman and the little Frenchy? The sailor hasn't other accomplices has he?"

Birke said grimly. "Don't be too sure. . . . Don't be too sure of that."

Murmurs of sympathy, polite questions, bits of advice were offered Judy. Nobody doubted that she was hurt slightly when her taxi crashed into a telephone pole when she was hurrying back to the ship.

"Taxi drivers! Ought to be a law. Last time we took a cab in New York why the fella mustn't be drunk or something, see, and it's a wonder nobody was killed."

Judy would smile and nod, and limp away. She was nervous and out of sorts and counting the hours until the Mohawk would sail up New York harbor. Tris heard about her "accident" with his face suddenly white and the curtain drawn across his eyes. He asked no questions—only pressed her hands—crushed them together so they hurt.

"She thought, 'I must say something to cheer him—I must make him understand that I don't blame him.'"

"The sailor person won't bother us any more. Tris. He—well, he'll get what he deserves." She stopped appalled at the look that crossed his face. It was fleeting as a thought and she smiled with his lips drawn across his teeth in a frozen way.

"They've arrested our fighting friend, Judy?"

"Why—why—no-o. Not—they haven't arrested him yet, Tris. I can tell you about it. You see I promised not to tell."

"I see." He was sure himself now, looking down at her, smiling. "Feel rather sorry for the poor devil. No harm in him, really."

She thought of the night of the causeway—of Tris crouching with the revolver in his fist; of his snarl, "I'll get him for this, the rat!"

He seemed to read her thought. "It drove me wild thinking he'd hurt you. . . . Wonder what he's been up to. He's just a big feather-headed kid—I mean this, Judy. Sort you'd help if you could. Don't suppose you'd give me a hint?"

"I'm sorry, Tris. Truly, I am. But of course he has nothing to fear, if it's as you say. Things will be straightened out. . . . Later."

His eyes flashed. "Later? Oh, when we land. I see."

"I didn't say that!"

"Of course you didn't." He chuckled, bent over and touched his lips to her cheek. "I understand, sweet."

"But—There was nothing else for her to say. She had told him nothing really yet—she had the feeling that he had found out everything. Or, at least, he had found out enough to know what to expect. She stared at him dumbly and imagined there was mockery in his look."

The Mohawk had remained at the pier all night, and in the morning word went out that she would

sail before noon. Passengers kept crowding the rails, waiting to see the cables loosen; the passengers' gangplank was drawn up and the crew rushed about, as if quite desperate with fury. Put nothing happened.

Judy had seen nothing of Kit Camp and toward noon she limped around to the wireless room. He was there—lipped back in his chair with his feet on the desk, looking very gay, very boyish and droll with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, hands behind his head.

He was not alone. In a huddle of plaited trills long bare legs swinging and her own cigarette waving airily as she talked, Betsy Rowe was perched on the edge of the table.

The two were laughing together with a look of having exchanged intimate confidences, when Judy came in. She stood by the door regarding them gravely, the old lost and left-out feeling like a chill around her heart. Betsy had quarreled with the dashing young third officer.

No reason why she should not flirt with Kit Camp. No reason why Kit Camp should not give Betsy his amused, fascinating grin. No reason at all. . . .

Judy wished suddenly that she had her glasses back. She wished that she were wearing her old blue serge. She wished she now were as she had been a week before anyone ever had spoken the word "love" to her. . . .

And the next minute she wanted to slap Betsy's face. To pull Betsy's hair.

No sense to any of it of course. But there it was.

Betsy yelped. "Hi, Ju, come along in. Smoke?"

"You know I don't. And I can't stop. Was only going by."

Kit Camp got up then, took her by the shoulders, made her sit in the chair he had left. He grinned as he pushed Betsy from the table, pushed her through the door.

"On your way, woman. We've got some talking to do here. You're out."

"Hey, do you call that nice? And I thought I was making such a hit. I can see where you've got

him."

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this big sheik all roped and tied Ju. Aw, c'mon, let me stay."

Kit closed the door on her, looked it when she tried to get in. "There's an enterprising lady, my dear. Well, what's the good word?"

"None," she told him coldly. "And I really am going along. Didn't mean to stop." She was angry with Kit—angry with Betsy—angry with herself. And angry of all because there was nothing to be angry about.

For no reason that she could think of she began to cry.

Kit Camp watched her in silence. Gave her his handkerchief when she could not find hers.

"Things coming pretty fast, little Judy? Tell Kit? You know if there's any place I fit in—"

She felt better when she had dabbed the tears from her eyes. "I'm a silly thing. Nerves. Guess the exciting life isn't what I wanted after all."

"Of course it isn't. I knew that long ago. What you want is a flower garden. Delphinium and hollyhocks. And a house with a Normandy roof. And a husband to boss you."

He was not laughing—only looking at her with the glint in his eyes. She gave a little embarrassed laugh, asked shakily, "Am I to consider this a proposal?"

He slipped from the table where he had perched himself, came around behind her chair and began to draw his hands over her forehead. "Proposals can wait. What I want to know now is how you got hurt last night. Who told you to say it was an accident? And why?"

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ROSEBURG SENIORS WILL JUDGE STOCK AT PACIFIC SHOW

A livestock judging team representing the agricultural department of the senior high school will go to Portland this week-end to judge in the Pacific International Livestock exposition. The Roseburg Lions club at its meeting last night voted to sponsor the team and pay the expenses.

Although the agricultural department of the high school was established six years ago, up to the present time it has not been possible to have a livestock judging team at the Pacific International Livestock exposition at Portland. Since the Lions club is interested in school activities, the financing of the trip of a judging team was considered an excellent plan to promote interest on the part of the students and to call additional attention to the community.

The team leaves Friday morning for Corvallis, where they will stop to inspect the Oregon State college livestock and to receive final instruction in judging. In the afternoon they will proceed to Portland. Saturday morning at eight o'clock they will compete with 50 other similar teams from Oregon.

California, Idaho, Washington, Montana and Wyoming. These teams will judge two classes of dairy cattle, Jerseys and Holsteins; one class each of young beef cattle, swine and sheep.

The boys who will represent the senior high school are Marie Good of Melrose, Richard Eastman of Winston, John Bursak of Melrose and Ora Dorch of Gleggery. They will be accompanied by Homer W. Grow, instructor in agriculture.

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

John R. Kelly SHEET METAL WORKS Heating and Ventilating. If it can be made of Sheet Metal—We Can Make It. 444 N. Jackson St. Phone 468 ROSEBURG, OREGON

GAS RETAILER TO SUE SHELL CONCERN (Associated Press Local Wire) EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 22—Charging unfair competition, F. R. Gates, Eugene service station proprietor, is preparing to take a test suit against the Shell Oil company before the federal trade commission. Gates declared today the oil company stopped delivering gasoline to him because he would not comply with their demand that he keep a 24 cent sign posted. He has been retailing for 23 1/2 cents a gallon.

Gates said the company is trying to force him to sell at 24 1/2 cents to protect its two service stations here.

Colds Checked By modern vaporizing ointment—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Designation of Polling Places Notice is hereby given that by order of the county court duly made and entered on the 18th day of October, 1930, the following named places were designated as polling places for the various precincts for the General Election to be held in Douglas County, Oregon, on Tuesday the 4th day of November, 1930, to-wit:

PRECINCT POLLING PLACE Applegate..... Newby's Shoe Shop Benson..... Page Lumber Company's office Bellows—Residence of Mrs. Clara Cawfield, 144 S. Flint Street.

Calapooia..... Tourist Hotel Camas Valley..... Richter's Store Canyonville..... Yokum's Shoe Shop Caro..... Residence of Mrs. John Pentney, 345 S. Pine St. Civil Bend..... The Wigwag, Coos Junction Coles Valley..... Hebard Bldg., Umpqua Comstock..... Dance Hall at Anlauf Cow Creek..... Azalea Hotel Days Creek..... Old High School Deer Creek..... Court House Dixonville..... Dixonville Auditorium Drain..... City Hall East Umpqua..... Glide Hall Edenbower..... Riverside Schoolhouse, Dist. No. 4 Elkton..... I. O. O. F. Hall Garden Valley—Women's Club Room, Growers Packing House.

Gardiner..... Chamber of Commerce Glendale..... City Hall Green..... Grange Hall Gunter..... Panther Creek School House Hamilton..... Residence of Ella B. Harris, 204 S. Flint St. Hermann..... Presbyterian Church Kellogg..... Residence of Fred S. Weatherly Lane—Residence of Mrs. H. L. Roadman, 216 N. Stephens St.

Looking Glass..... Grange Hall Loon Lake..... Old School House Melrose..... Grange Hall Mill..... County Home North Myrtle..... I. O. O. F. Hall South Myrtle..... City Hall Oakland..... Thompson Store Bldg. Olalla..... School House, Dist. No. 49 Parrott..... Residence of C. E. Thomas Pinkston..... I. O. O. F. Hall East Reedsport..... Commercial Hotel Bldg. West Reedsport..... Hubbard's Hotel Riddle..... Christian Church Roseburg..... City Hall Scottsburg..... Scottsburg Hall Smith River..... Grange Hall West Sutherlin..... I. O. O. F. Hall East Sutherlin..... City Hall Tiller..... Tiller School House Umpqua—Residence of H. H. Woodruff, 803 Winchester St.

West Fork..... West Fork Hotel West Roseburg..... Soldiers' Home Wilbur..... High School Bldg. Woodward..... Roseburg Hotel Winchester Bay..... Schoolhouse Yoncalla..... I. O. O. F. Hall

Dated this 23rd day of October, 1930. ROY AGEE, County Clerk.

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