

# "JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

## CHAPTER XL.

Peggy came in, fluttered before the mirror, asked if she should dress.

"You're not ill, lamb? Or afraid? It's a little rough."

"A little rough?" It would seem so, perhaps if you were dreadfully in love.

"Run along, of darling. Your only child is doing some heavy thinking at the moment. Give my regards to Donald."

"Dear, dear, you're not minding? Why, I'd sell it out."

"Lovely goose. Wouldn't miss out on having him in the family for anything. All I'm worried about is what I'll wear to the masquerade last night, or any."

"Well, if you're all right, I'll let him fuming in the lounge."

"Judy, it's wonderful having someone take care of you."

"It would be," retorted Judy in a small, wry voice. "I'll not wait up for you. Bye."

She continued to lie there while faces, events, incidents flashed like disconnected pictures across the screen of her mind. Halfway—Tris standing on the narrow path while she stood at the fountain, looking into the lane. The shot—Birkie running away, crouching low, the scar vivid across his cheek. Tris coming up the street afterward, moving in his carefree way, trying to raise his hat after he had passed her.

Tris in the deck chair next to her, stooping to pick up broken bits of glass and tortoise shell. Tris in Notre Dame, head on his arms, while Birkie watched from the shadows.

What was the mystery about Tris?

They had not caught the sailor who deserted at Quebec. Captain Charley had noted this. Judy knew that Captain Charley connected Tris with the man's disappearance, as did Birkie.

But why would Tris want him to get away? Tris had called him a rat; in a moment of blind rage he had threatened to "set" the man.

And Kit Camp knew whatever there was to know. Why were they so sure that Kit Camp had no dealings with the sailor? Kit was as mysterious as Tris.

After a time Judy got up. She had to hold to things in order to stand—the bed, the wall—until she discovered that by swaying with the pitching of the ship she could get on fairly well.

With her miniature scissors she ripped the cuff of the evening wrap in which she had hid the silver necklace—drew the necklace through the opening.

She found Tris in the smoking room. "I've got to talk with you—alone. There must be some place."

But there was no corner not already occupied. "If you wouldn't mind turning slightly unconventionally, Judy? Everybody's in and out of staterooms and we could leave the door ajar."

"Why, of course, Tris. We must have a minute."

So they went to his stateroom. And she faced him, trying to smile; shrinking from the part she had to give.

She did not know what to say. With Tris standing there, regarding her gravely, his dark eyes full of soft light, she could think of no words to express all the things she felt. Her warm delight in him never would be lower; her joy in the happiness they had together; the ache his absence would leave.

In the end she held on to the necklet, said quickly, a catch in her voice: "Here—I have to give this back. Oh, I'm sorry! It couldn't have been anything but 'no.' Tris! Not ever. But I didn't understand till tonight."

He caught her hands together, held them against his heart in the old, sweetly familiar way. "Little sweet—my little sweet. It couldn't have been? No, I suppose not. He was drawn—I suppose I knew this from the beginning. Knew I shouldn't ask you—chap like me—"

She put her arms around him, clung to him with tears on her lips. "Don't, Tris—it isn't that. You're wonderful! It's only that I don't love you—not this way. Not enough. Tris—"

He kept smoothing her hair, pressing his lips to her temple. "But you're not sure . . . not sure."

"Oh, I am. Yes—oh, yes—"

"Judy, do this," he pleaded. "Wait till we're back in New York. Two more days—not much to ask. A few hours' parting, you'll feel differently in two days."

She never would feel differently about Tris. No slightest shadow of a doubt about that. Yet it was a small thing he asked of her.

"Tris, dear," she said softly, "you'll not be disappointed if everything is the same as now? Well then—well then—"

He would not take the necklet. "Wear it, Judy. Keep it till we land. Makes me happy to know you have something of mine." He fastened the clasp at her throat, pulled up her scarf and knotted this under her chin. "Beautiful! Judy—beautiful!"

His eyes were shadowed. Yet in a clear flash of understanding Judy knew that the pain would vanish quickly; in the debonair eagerness with which Tris and life walked their merry way together there was no place for more than fleeting sadness. When she felt he would know a moment of heart-ache; but very soon she would be to him just a girl he once had loved.

Perhaps no love in days to come—for Tris would love many times again!—would be to him what this had been. Perhaps he would set it apart in his thought like a holy thing. But after the first pang he would think of it with only a dim sadness. Like something sweet and vanishing as vaguely remembered music.

There was no dancing tonight,

since the ballroom floor slanted at an angle which made dancing impractical, if not impossible. Most of the passengers remained in their staterooms, though a few two-rooms were scattered about in the red corners of lounge rooms.

Judy did not wish to spend her evenings in this manner with Tris. She was too shaken, too confused.

"Goodbye, till morning, Tris. No—don't come with me. Don't mind too much dear—my dear—"

He swept her in his arms, looked her with a lingering tenderness. He let her go without speaking at all, standing with his head bowed, dark eyes watching her, loving her. Judy stepped quickly into the passageway, paused a moment to wipe the tears from her eyes. There was a little strip of mirror at an angle of the wall. It gave back to her the end of the corridor which was out of range of her direct vision. She steadied herself against the lurch of the ship—stared into the glass at the reflected figures of Mr. Birkie and Kit Camp.

They were loitering in the music room just beyond the passageway, standing there as if waiting.

Nevertheless, when she came around the bend of the wall they were gone, and she found the music room quite empty.

She felt the clutch of hot anger. Spying on her, were they? Because she ventured into Tris' stateroom for a minute—everybody on the ship was in and out of staterooms just as Tris had said. Let Birkie ask her any more questions, she thought furiously. She wished she thought furiously. She wished she snuggled him.

When she found Kit Camp at the head of the companionway obviously waiting for her, her anger with Birkie flared against him instead. It did not matter that only a little while ago she had gone rushing to find him, sick with panic at the vision of threatening danger.

She was unreasonable, unapproachable, as she surveyed him with cold hostility, murmured softly, "Well!"

He was in a hurry, too preoccupied to notice her moods as he spoke all in a rush: "Judy—I can't see this happen—can't see you going into this. . . Do something, won't you? Drop Millie. Right now Judy—don't see him again at all. Do this, Judy—please—"

"And why," she demanded in a tense, frozen tone, "am I to do that?"

"Why, Judy? Surprise crossed his eyes. He put his hand on her arm, winced when she shook it off. "I can't tell you that, Judy—not now."

"I thought not," she said clearly, contempt straightening her lips. "I didn't think you could tell me that."

"But Judy—can't you understand? It's all so plain—"

"Some things," she answered, "are plain. Too plain. If you've anything against Mr. Miller, why not say it to his face? Unless, of course—"

He interrupted hotly. "Good lord! You don't think—but you can't! I must hear wrong."

"You're hearing," Judy stated, "is quite all right I should judge. And now if you'll excuse me—"

He gave her a long look, bowed and turned away without a word.

The end of Kit Camp. No more of his high-handedness. This was the final indignity, for him to come rushing to her demanding that she give up her friendship for Tris. Unbelievable that she should do that!

Yet Judy's anger cooled after a time. And then she wished that she had not been so hasty, that at least she had listened to what Kit Camp might have had to say. Of course he had not intended to break her associations with Tris in a treacherous way—how could she have let him think she suspected such a thing?

There began to steal upon her the conviction that she had been more than a bit of a fool.

Too late now. She had lost Kit Camp's friendship for all time—and it served her right. Never, never would she forget the look he had turned upon her—the hurt of his look.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Because Hills Bros. Coffee is packed in vacuum cans, air, which destroys the flavor, is completely removed at the time of packing and kept out. No ordinary air-tight can will keep coffee fresh. When you buy Hills Bros. Coffee it is just as fresh as when it came from the roasters.

## CLASH PRECEDES INDUCTION OF NEW BRAZIL PRESIDENT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct. 25.—Strong precautionary measures were invoked today by the provisional authorities to preserve calm in the city until a new government can take charge and bring order out of the chaos which has succeeded deposition of President Washington Luis.

More than 100 casualties were counted in rioting which developed yesterday when parts of three battalions of police, who in Brazil serve as soldiers in time of national need, revolted at the character of food offered them and attacked the Rio de Janeiro garrison quarters.

The military junta's statement yesterday—that it merely was a temporary agent, serving until a new government could be formed—was received by the press with enthusiasm.

Much space was given the fact that Getulio Vargas probably would head the new government.

While Vargas has not arrived here, he is making preparations to come and has ordered a special train made ready to take him to Sao Paulo and then to the federal capital. It is understood he will be accompanied by Gauecho cavalrymen, 20,000 of whom are reported marching on Sao Paulo.

## CHICAGO BANKER SLAIN BY HOLDUPS

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Courtney B. Merrill, 54, vice president of the Union State bank of South Chicago, was fatally stabbed last night by two men who attempted to rob him.

One of the robbers used a knife while the other fired a pistol. None of the shots took effect.

The attempted holdup occurred when the two men trapped Merrill in a garage.

Police got a brief story from the banker before he died and concluded he was slain either because he was too slow in putting up his hands or because the holdup man mistook an automobile key he held in his hand for a pistol.

## DEATH NEARS FOR CATHOLIC LEADER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

ST. PAUL, Oct. 29.—Little hope was held by physicians today for the recovery of the Right Rev. Austin Dowling, archbishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of St. Paul.

The archbishop, who came to St. Paul from Des Moines 11 years ago, has been in falling health for the past three years. He was confined to his bed two weeks ago with a heart attack. He is widely known as a national leader in Catholic educational circles.

VATICAN CITY, Oct. 29.—The condition of Cardinal Sbarretti, who underwent an operation recently for cataracts, was reported today to be slightly worse.

## ALVERO HUBBARD PASSES AT SALEM

Word was received here today of the death of Alvero Hubbard, of Cottage Grove, who died Sunday at Salem. He was a brother of Wiley and Dave Hubbard of Drain and was well known in the northern part of the county.

## Chases Sniffles out of the home



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Chevrolet Sedan, nearly new \$650  
Cost a few months back \$881  
A saving to you of \$231

Chevrolet Coach, nearly new \$595  
Cost a few months ago \$771  
You can now save \$176

Chevrolet Coach, 1929 model \$475  
Cost one year ago \$798  
A saving to you of \$323

Spot Roadster, nearly new \$595  
Cost short time ago \$858  
You can now save \$263

Above are only a few of our good buys. Better than 75 cars and trucks ranging from \$25 to \$700.

Easy terms and trade considered.

We are also dealers in General Motors, Crosley and Clarion autos. Some good buys in used autos.

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Warm as toast in every room—that's a typical Montag-heated home. It means cheer and better health. The Montag Circulator heater is beautifully finished, looks well in every room and provides plenty of heat.

Inspect it at our store and learn of the easy terms on which you may have it for your home.

JUDD'S Furniture Store

Hansen Chevrolet Co.

## Infanta Esperanza and Royal Fiance



A recent portrait of the Prince of Asturias (lower), son of the King of Spain, whose engagement to Infanta Esperanza (upper), the daughter of Don Carlos, has been announced by the royal court of Spain. The wedding will take place shortly, it is said.

## HORNSBY PLANNING SHAKEUP OF CUBS

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Long awaited developments and changes in the Cub baseball family are expected to start tomorrow when Manager Rogers Hornsby returns to establish his winter headquarters.

The status of Captain Charlie Grimm, regular Cub first baseman for the past six seasons, is one of the big question marks in the minds of Cub fans. Rumor has it that Grimm is to be traded or sold and that Jim Bottomley of the St. Louis Cardinals will succeed him.

Another report involves Leo "Gabby" Hartnett, the big Cub catcher. It is known Hornsby thinks well of the ability of Al Spolter, backstop for the Boston Braves, and wants him to become a Cub, especially with a lot of new pitching talent coming to the Cubs next spring. However, it is improbable Hartnett will be traded in such a deal.

Definite announcement of the purchase of Pitcher Ed Llaecht from the Cub farm at Los Angeles of the Pacific coast league is expected soon.

## EDWARD HINES IN GRAVE CONDITION

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Edward Hines, 67, millionaire Evanston philanthropist, was in a Chicago hospital today suffering from a recurrence of heart attacks which threatened his life last June.

## YOUTH ALLEGED CRUELLY TREATED AT OREGON SCHOOL

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Oct. 28.—Affidavits alleging cruelty at the Oregon state training school were filed before the juvenile court here today by Mr. and Mrs. A. Levey of Portland, who charge that their son, Milton Levey, 15, underwent severe punishment at the institution.

Levey, now at home, said he was sentenced to periods of solitary confinement for as long as 55 days at a time, forced to sleep without a bed, and was obliged to spend night handcuffed to other boys.

The affidavits declare the boy was forced to wear iron boots, one weighing 23 pounds and the other 17. These, he said, were riveted on and he was obliged to grip thumb while wearing them. He said they were placed on him after he had tried to run away.

Blow torches were used to remove the boots. John Collier, attorney for the Leveys, said one of the boy's legs was severely burned in the removal.

Judge Gilchrist of the juvenile court here, said he has apprised state authorities of the affair and has asked an immediate investigation.

## CHARGES DENIED

WOODBURN, Ore., Oct. 28.—W. H. Baillie, superintendent of the boys' training school, today issued a general denial to charges that Milton Levey, 15, of Portland, had been ill-treated at the institution. Baillie said the Levey boy "has given us considerable trouble and has a bad record but his stories of torture are imagination."

Baillie said the "iron boot" was discarded at the institution many years ago, but that after Levey ran away repeatedly his father requested that the device be used.

"We resuscitated a pair and put them on," the superintendent said. "In taking them off there was an accident and the boy was burned by steam. He said himself it was an accident."

Baillie said there is no such thing as solitary confinement at the school.

## BODIES OF BLAST VICTIMS FOUND

MCLESTER, Okla., Oct. 29.—The bodies of 8 of the 29 miners trapped by an explosion in the Wheatley No. 4 coal mine near

## WAR LOOMS AGAIN OVER RAILWAY ON CHINESE BORDER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SHANGHAI, Oct. 29.—Chinese press reports from Harbin today said north Manchurian authorities had ordered troops to the international border near Manchou as a result of the threatened breakdown of the conference in Moscow seeking settlement of the Chinese Eastern railway dispute between China and Russia.

Reports said two battalions of Manchurian infantry and one of artillery had been ordered to the Manchurian-Siberian border to patrol the boundary line "where for several days soviet troops with bombing airplanes have been demonstrating and where new barracks are being erected in border towns." The dispatches said the Chinese

## LEAP INTO OCEAN ENDS MAN'S LIFE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SEATTLE, Oct. 28.—Joel Stokoe, 52 former Silverdale, Wash., grocer, committed suicide by leaping into the sea from the steamer ship H. P. Alexander Saturday night.

Stokoe left a letter to the captain of the boat saying "I am not well and if anything should happen to me during the voyage give the money I gave the purser and all things of my belongings to Mrs. Emma Linn of Silverdale."

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## COME HOWL WITH US AT THE HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE DANCE

UMPQUA PARK FRIDAY, OCT. 31

Gents \$1.00 Ladies Free

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Music by Barker's Blue Blowers, Section A PERSONNEL OF THE ORCHESTRA

MARY WEBER GRANT BALES HENRY WEBER ALMON ROCKWELL WILLIAM MORIAN

10% of Proceeds Go to Community Chest

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The Khabarovsk protocol was the agreement between China and Russia which put an end to hostilities over the Chinese Eastern railway last fall. Since that time the Chinese and Russians have been negotiating in Moscow for a treaty which would permanently settle the problem.

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A quality you would want if you knew all of the facts

# fact no. 15

Coffee flavor is the most sensitive thing that enters your kitchen—easy to go wrong. Try to make cheap coffee and good coffee on successive mornings—week after week. How good will your good coffee be? And it is far more difficult in blending and roasting coffee. There is only one place where only good coffee is made—the Schilling roasting rooms. No cheap blends—no 2nd or 3rd grades are ever found there. The finest things usually come from those who make fine things only.



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See how, at a finger's touch, Philco makes the tone Brilliant, Bright, Mellow or Deep, as pleases YOU. Enjoy the beauty of pure, undistorted tone reproduction, made possible by Philco Balanced-Unit construction. Turn the dial and see how readily Philco picks up distant broadcasts, how sharply it tunes out interference.

NO BOOMING NOISES

Notice how Automatic Volume Control eliminates fading and prevents crashing as you tune from distant to local stations. Let the Screen Grid Plus prove to you that only Philco can meet the challenge: "Is it as good as a Philco?"

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