Best-Dressed Woman

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CHAPTER III

[illegible] put down a magazine which [illegible] picked up casually, as Judith [illegible]. She noticed that his eyes [illegible] been resting on a picture of her, [illegible] in purple pajamas, lounging [illegible] a divan[illegible] in their sun room. [illegible] thought, that she should be [illegible] those pajamas now.

[illegible] could not mention Marta's [illegible] to Phil, though he had given [illegible] an opening. He himself went on. [illegible] what's happened to me?" He [illegible] his voice. "What's happened? [illegible] right to know? You're a woman! [illegible] my wife! It's your business [illegible]."

"Tell me about it," she dropped [illegible] as a hassock at his feet.

The mood passed. "You'll think [illegible] I'm not certain of my[illegible] feeling, of anything any [illegible] Not even of my love for you. [illegible]." She remembered a [illegible] little brother who had come [illegible] when their father had been [illegible] and unkind long ago, as she [illegible] the puzzled blue eyes. Life was [illegible] that way to Phil now. It had [illegible] the wrapping from his emo[illegible]. She couldn't advise him. She [illegible] only stand by.

[illegible] change the conversation, pres[illegible] she mentioned the gleaming [illegible] she had bought a few days [illegible]. He didn't smile appreciative[illegible]. His lips curled a little. "They [illegible] a lot to you, don't they, Judy? [illegible] I mean."

"[illegible] no, not at all."

[illegible] you wouldn't wear gingham [illegible] and live with a man on a [illegible] farm or on a Pacific island [illegible] have a picture in the [illegible]. Not you! Oh no! Not Mrs. [illegible] Godfrey Irving, who wears [illegible] most becoming clothes in Amer[illegible]."

[illegible] glanced at him swiftly, scru[illegible]. No, he hadn't been drink[illegible]. But he wanted to hurt her, [illegible] and dreadfully. She fought [illegible] inclination t defend herself. [illegible] was not the time for alibis. [illegible] she spoke her voice was quiet. [illegible] we need the lodge this [illegible]. Shall we go?"

[illegible] mind came back from a long [illegible]. "The lodge? Oh yes, of [illegible]." Now his eyes were quiet [illegible]. "Judith, I think that might be [illegible] thing to do."

* * *

[illegible] when Phil called on Friday he [illegible] "Judith? The Cables are here [illegible] London. Just got a ring from [illegible]. How about taking them [illegible]?"

[illegible] there was nothing else to [illegible] she agreed. Anyway she liked [illegible] Cables, who were a little older [illegible] fond of the out of doors.

[illegible] later, when Phil began to sug[illegible] that a house party might be in [illegible] because the week-end would [illegible] their alone anyhow, she un[illegible]. He had decided that he [illegible] face the two days alone with [illegible] not to make a disclosure he [illegible] ready to make. She helped plan [illegible] guest list. Another woman was [illegible].

"[illegible] not Marta?" she asked. [illegible] beguiling and we need her for [illegible]."

[illegible] guarded answer showed that [illegible] didn't know how much she sus[illegible].

"[illegible] you think so? She hates New [illegible] over week-ends."

[illegible] she replaced the telephone in [illegible] cradle Judith stood up, gave [illegible] ivory rose hassock a mighty [illegible] that sent her silver mule spin[illegible] after it, bit her lips. Marta [illegible] fit. That should be good [illegible]—should show up a woman. But [illegible] was clever enough to get the [illegible] to protect her. For one thing [illegible] didn't know how to dress. She [illegible] hate no rust and green and [illegible] sweaters and skirts along. Or [illegible] she did know how to dress. [illegible] would be fragile in rose and blue. [illegible] every man longed to be a [illegible].

[illegible] day went on. She prepared to [illegible] some friends for lunch. There [illegible] a sheer black frock of chiffon, [illegible] went with a large black hat [illegible] only ornament was a knot of [illegible] wax flowers. She was ready to [illegible] when she was summoned to [illegible] telephone by her maid.

"[illegible] never reported on the play," [illegible] voice said. "Let me come to [illegible] and tell me where I bungled my [illegible]."

"[illegible] wouldn't bungle them. But I [illegible] make a better suggestion. Why [illegible] bring Millicent and come to the [illegible] for the week-end? I'm going [illegible] the morning and most of the [illegible] will come later in the day. [illegible] but after the night perform[illegible]. We'll be swimming late in [illegible] and having supper around [illegible]."

* * *

[illegible] he had accepted and prom[illegible] to call Millicent he'd drive her [illegible] in.

"[illegible] makes us even."

"[illegible], Judy Bole, for going back on [illegible] invitation in Pittsburgh a dozen [illegible] ago."

"[illegible] what invitation?"

"[illegible]! I gave your [illegible] a message to give you one [illegible] after I'd taken you home [illegible] night on that mining trip and [illegible] never called. I supposed you [illegible] changed your mind."

"[illegible] never got the message," Judith [illegible]. [illegible] knowledge coming years [illegible]. "It was my stepmother and [illegible] things like that. I'm sorry!" [illegible] so I."

[illegible] a moment they were back once [illegible] the city of smoky hills, their [illegible] not confined in the gray skies [illegible] covered the great mills and the [illegible] rivers. For a moment [illegible] was possible. Then, they [illegible] again.

"[illegible] know me at once?" [illegible] asked.

"[illegible] someone called you [illegible]."

"[illegible] didn't you remind me?" she [illegible] her own question [illegible] in the rich, throaty tones that [illegible] present. "I know—you [illegible] as I doubted you. You [illegible] I had turned you down and [illegible] didn't seem to remember [illegible] wondered if I was keeping [illegible] Bole's best house a secret. [illegible] thought you didn't want to [illegible] me any more."

[illegible] turned to lunch Judith [illegible] to give to her guest. A jest [illegible] had returned. A lustrous hat [illegible] to hide the pain. Only Phil mattered but she was glad she had found Bruce.

* * *

Saturday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Judith heard the clarion of Phil's car sounding down the valley. There were fires in all the rooms for rain had come again and the night would be chilly. The great, spreading lodge, which was almost all living room with a den tacked on one side and bedrooms scattered above on the second floor, was bright with lamplight. The brass shone softly, the deep chairs and divans waited. The odor of food came from the kitchen and from somewhere, not too far away, the radio found a medley of old songs and brought them into the house.

Judith was wearing green tweeds with a rust sweater and matching oxfords. She went to the terrace to greet her husband and the two airdales followed her.

"Hello, Judy dear," Marta's fluted tones called from the depth of the car. "It's sweet of you to let me come."

"You're an angel to come," Judy lied with perfect grace.

"Hello, darling," Phil flung out carelessly. "This child was relying on trains and you know how they run up here."

"Oh, my dear, you should have called one of us," Judith reproved, never disclosing by so much as flicker of an eyebrow that she knew that was just what Marta had done. "It was thoughtless of me not to suggest getting you this morning."

"I had to give up my car. Dick was sort of forgetful about alimony," Marta explained with the air of a martyr who does not censure but accepts life with its reverses.

"How lovely you look," Judith went on, talking against time.

More cars were coming now. Guests were welcomed, retired to their rooms to prepare for dinner. Laughter and gay voices went drifting down the halls. Judith did not change except to add a small strand of pearls to the turtle neck of her sweater as a dinner gesture. They had been a gift from Phil a few months before. When Phil went into his den she followed, determined to make no mention of Marta. Love, faith, devotion were intangible substances that could not be touched, or they would move away. Quick-silver stuff. You knew, though, they were there so long as you did not touch them with words. Here in the out of doors she sensed the old truth again.

"A good day, Phil?" she asked.

He turned slowly and when she saw the haggard look on his face, read the suffering in the blue eyes, her heart turned over and didn't move again. So this was the way women felt when their husbands came to say goodby.

It was very still in the den, just the snap of a twig as the blaze found it, and the showering raindrops on the window.

"Judy," he began and paused. "Judy . . ."

(To Be Continued)

CLUB HAS PICNIC

SHEDD, July 30.—(Special).—The Happy Neighbors club of Greenbach held a picnic last week at the McBride grove. Nine members of the club and a number of children were present. This will be the last meeting until September.

Stories in STAMPS

Where Ice Age Still Exists

DOWN at the bottom of the world, where the temperature sinks regularly to 110 degrees below freezing, the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1933-35 found a modern ice age at its crest; an ice age such as existed at the top of the world probably 30,000 years ago.

By exploding dynamite and using an echo-sounding device the expedition was able, for the first time in history, to determine thickness of the ice covering. Commander Richard E. Byrd estimated that the ice sheet at the South Pole varies from about two miles in thickness to a few feet. "Therefore, we think," said Admiral Byrd in his official report on his exploration, "that hundreds of thousands of years ago the ice that covered many states of this country probably was as much as two miles thick."

The Byrd expedition discovered and claimed for the United States a land area as large as the combined Atlantic Seaboard states from Maine to Georgia.

The stamp below was issued in 1933 in connection with the second Byrd Antarctic expedition. In addition to the postage charge of 3 cents, letters sent to the base camp, Little America, for cancellation, were charged an additional 50 cents.

U. S. 1933
Byrd Antarctic
Expedition II Issue
Map of World
3 c dark blue

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For Clothes
You're Proud to Wear
JOE RICHARDS
MEN'S STORE
873 Willamette

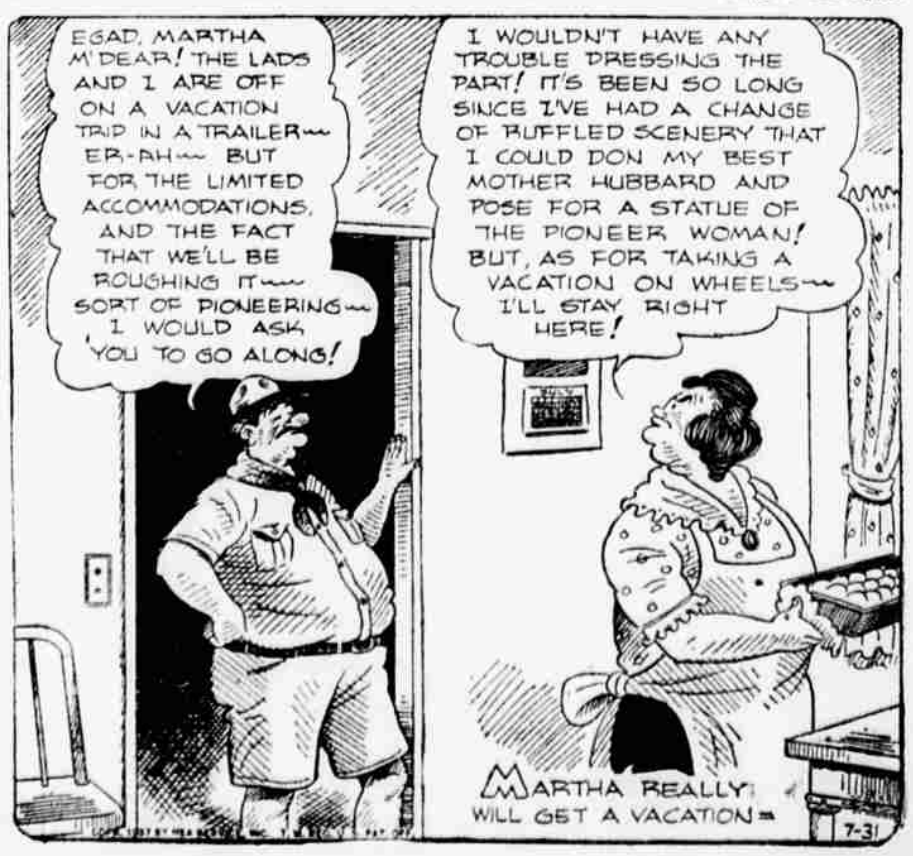
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — A Lot at Steak in This Meat! — By HAROLD GRAY

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — NOW SHOWING—"ME AND GEORGE WASHINGTON," MONDAY—"JUST ANOTHER YES MAN." — By E. C. SEGAR

SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Man's "Protege" Checks Out — By ALEX RAYMOND

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Unanimous — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Wash Throws a Lucky Stone — BY CRANE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople