

### Payrolls In U. S. Industry At Best Point Since 1931

WASHINGTON, Apr. 6 (AP)—Payrolls in American manufacturing industry hit a new high in February, creating peaks in both wages and employment untouched since early 1931.

The department of commerce, announcing this, added that probable further improvement in March would supplant these figures, but that only incomplete estimates for the month were available.

The department stated that a swelling in manufacturing payrolls of 12 per cent in February as compared to January constituted the greatest one-month improvement in 15 years.

A six per cent gain in actual fac-

### COUNTY COURT ENDS SESSION

The Union county court concluded its sessions yesterday afternoon at the court house and reported a very light docket for the April term. Among the items of routine business which were presented were a road petition and a petition to vacate a street, both of which were carried over until the May term of the court.

### Bank Clearings In 12.6 Pct. Increase

NEW YORK, Apr. 6 (AP)—Dun & Bradstreet reports a further rise in bank clearings. The total for the week ended April 4 at leading American cities was \$4,823,062,000, or 12.6 per cent above last year.

### OREGON TRAIL TRAVEL GAIN IS REPORTED

4,117 for January and February, to a new total of 8,086, and the March figures in Oregon showed a gain over March, 1933 of 548, or about 15 per cent.

**Merchants Encouraged**

The local reports are proving very encouraging to La Grande merchants, since they show that the tourist travel through this city so far this year has been in advance of the general tourist travel over the state—indicating an ever increasing flow of travel from out-of-state points over the Old Oregon Trail. A big majority of tourists who register here also stop in La Grande—either for the night, or to make purchases. Many also go into Willama county from this city, thus making two stops—coming and going.

For the last several years tourist travel has been an important item in retail business sales here, merchants say, and with indications that the "tourist crop" this year will be the largest in several years, sales to motorists are also expected to follow suit.



Earl Snell of Arlington, has announced his candidacy of secretary of state on the Republican ticket. Snell was born and raised in Oregon and has been in the automobile business at Arlington for 20 years. He has served on the city council of his city, also as president of the chamber of commerce, president of the Lions club and commander of the American Legion. At present he is state president of the Oregon Automobile Trade association. In 1927 he was elected to the state legislature and has served continuously as representative since that date and was unanimously elected speaker of that assembly at the 1933 session.

### Sentence Boys Here Saturday Morning

Buchanan, 1006 Thirteenth, Mar. 30, nothing taken; Courtney home at 1004 Thirteenth street, Mar. 30, \$1.75 in small coins in child's bank taken; Fred Huffman, 1001 Eleventh, Mar. 29, \$4 taken from dresser drawer; Louise Evans, basement entered but Conradt frightened away by dog barking.

Bianetti also reported that the

### Whiskey Creek Anglers Get the Best Catches

(Continued from Page One)

mon eggs for bait, it was reported here today.

Dick Polson, well known La Grande angler, brought home three steelhead, and one of them was displayed today at Wagner's hardware. It was 33 inches in length and weighed 11 1/4 pounds. His catches were made in the Willama river.

Five Points creek yielded practically no fish, and many streams—usually good early in the season—were not so attractive to good catches yesterday due to high or cloudy waters.

Fly fishermen could do little with their lures on opening day, but bait fishermen in some sections fared fairly well.

### Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Big Tom Bevins' death breaks up Judith and Norman Lane's marriage. Judith, who was formerly Big Tom's secretary, and has promised him to carry out his plans for the Rio Grande dam and reclamation project should he die. Norman has returned from the Bevins house, where he was called by Judith's father, to find that Judith has married a millionaire stenographer.

Chapter 14  
**"RIGHTFUL HEIRS"**

NORMAN sat down on the couch, but this time instead of drawing Judith into the circle of his arm, he faced her.

"What did you mean about a millionaire stenographer?" she asked, with serious intentness.

"A reporter just telephoned and asked me how it felt to be married to one. Judge E. C. Morgan has Tom Bevins' will, he filed it in probate court this morning. And—"

"Norman . . . go on."

"He left you the bulk of his estate, several million dollars and the controlling interest in the Bevins Construction Company. His wife and daughter will be cared for through a trust fund."

He paused and waited for Judith to say something but she sat mute, staring into the flames.

"Judith, there was a note of irritation in his voice, 'haven't you anything at all to say?'"

Judith looked up, her cheeks chalk white, her eyes limpid with unshed tears—"What can I say?" she asked.

"Aren't you surprised . . . Judith?" and now she heard suspicion in his voice. "You didn't know this was coming did you?"

"No, Norman," she spoke with firm honesty, then added, "at least not this way."

"You mean you expected money?" he asked.

"No, I really didn't."

"And under the circumstances you'll return it to the rightful heirs," he suggested gently.

Judith looked at her husband a forecast of pain to come in her eyes. To whom was her loyalty more important, the ghost of a memory, or this man beside her?

Guardedly, she answered, "Norman, I think we'll find when the will is read, that the money and the company stock has been left me in trust, not for my personal use."

"But of course that will be depriving Mrs. Bevins, the rightful heir, from using it as she would prefer."

Judith looked up in surprise. She started to ask if the money had not been earned by Big Tom, then realizing he would see only the ethical side of such a question, countered with: "Let's wait and see for ourselves what the will contains. What else did the reporter want to know?"

"A million and one things. He wanted to know why the old gentleman left his fortune to you, his stenographer, instead of his rightful heirs . . ."

"Norman," Judith jumped to her feet, "if you say 'rightful heirs' to me again I'll scream. As if I could help what I didn't know was going to happen."

SHE wheeled from him and ran to the little glassed-in sun-porch and threw herself onto a wicker couch. But there was no time for tears, Lige was beside her, the telephone in his hands.

"Miss Sanford," he said.

"Hello, Judy," Clia's friendly voice came across the wire, "hate like the dickens to call you at a time like this, but I'm determined you're going to have your say. Every biddy in town will be tearing your reputation to shreds by nightfall . . . well, how about it child, what spell did you cast over Big Tom to have him leave you five million?"

"Five million?" questioned Judith, then, "Clia, I swear I didn't know anything about it, but please, say for me that I'm hoping Mr. Bevins' heirs will withhold judgment until the will is read. Say if I have been left anything at all . . . and Clia, I give my word of honor I don't know what the will contains . . . but if I have been left anything, it has been left for me to carry out some business for him, and not for my personal use."

There was silence at the other end of the wire. Judith heard dim noises. The far buzz of a news city room, click of typewriters, call of "Telephone Curley, take booth 2" and "Copy up," then Clia's voice again.

"Judy, did I start this, telling you about the Lampere-Maritellian conference in the file room?"

"I believe so, Clia. But don't say anything about it. It might put the other parties on guard. I can trust you, I know."

THE funeral was an ordeal. Mathie had insisted Norman be seated with the mourners. Norman had quietly refused unless Judith were invited and Mathie had yielded with characteristic ungraciousness.

"I'm sorry, Judy," he apologized when asking her to overlook Mathie's attitude. "I wouldn't ask you to do it, but considering how close our two families have been, and that I'm the only man left in the two, I could hardly desert them at a time like this. You won't mind, will you?"

Judith didn't mind where she sat. Numb with sincere grief she scarcely realized Mathie was only kept from edging her away from Norman by his firm grip on her arm and his mother's, leaving the two Bevins women to Morton Lampere, who had graciously offered his services.

Judith surveyed the great floral display with awe. She had known Tom Bevins admired, beloved . . . but this, and then her quick eyes took note of nosegays of wild flowers, withered, tied with shabby bits of ribbon. An understanding attendant had tucked these in among the gorgeous blossoms which blanketed the rest. Big Tom would have preferred these gifts of his poorlings.

There were photographers present as the imposing cortege made its way through the city streets, kindly for the most part, gracious and thoughtful with the exception of one. The following day Judith found the Union with a blurred picture of herself, Mathie and a hazy Norman, under a caption—

"Millionaire Stenographer and Bequeathed Daughter Mourn Together as Prelude to Will Fight."

Judith wondered where they had obtained information that there was to be a fight or quarrel of any kind. Norman had not mentioned any . . . but then he had scarcely spoken to her since the morning following Mr. Bevins' death.

He had gone to his office and returned saying Mrs. Bevins had retained his firm to represent her interests and that Lampere would handle everything.

That afternoon, accompanied by Judge Morgan, she entered his conference chambers and there confronted those who were interested in the reading of the will: Mrs. Bevins, Mathie, Lampere, and her own husband, Norman Dale.

As soon as she was seated the judge handed her a letter. She glanced at the writing in shocked surprise. It was from Tom Bevins. She opened it and read:

"Dear Child: You are about to face a grueling ordeal. I realize this and write to strengthen you."

Tears blurred her reading—

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Judy listens, tomorrow, to a voice from the grave.

### "Eastertide" To Be Presented Sunday

(Continued from Page One)

Tenor solo, "It Is Finished," E. E. Hurley.

Chorus, "Finished. And He Bow'd His Head."

Chorus, "O Perfect Life of Love."

PART II. EASTER

Alto solo, "As It Began to Dawn Toward the First Day of the Week," Miss Corning Baker.

Chorus, "And Behold, There Came a Great Earthquake."

Soprano solo, "They Have Taken Away My Lord," Mrs. S. B. Morgan.

Tenor solo, "Woman, Why Weepest Thou," E. E. Hurley.

Tenor solo, "Come Unto Me," Tom Bruce.

Chorus, "My Faith Looks Up To Thee."

Chorus, "Now Is the Time the Salvation of Our God."

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