

Judith Lane

By JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Judith Dale has felt that her husband was selling against her in her contest with the Bevin heirs. Judith was left a fortune and instructions for completing Big Tom Bevin's Rio Diablo dam, but ruled by Kerton Lampere, Mrs. Bevin and her daughter Mathie plan to break the will. But Judith has had a letter from Norman, and plans to fly to him at Galveston that night. Now she is riding a director's meeting of a spy, J. C. Scathorne.

She drove directly to the Galvez dismissed the cab and waved away the bell boys. For a moment she stood looking at the dining terrace. It was too early in the season for it to be in use, but she and Norman had had such delightful times there on their honeymoon.

She started to turn, and in turning her eyes caught two figures seated at a window table in the dining room. Shocked, she scurried along the footpath to the point just below. She looked in.

There sat her husband Norman, talking and laughing with Mathie Bevin. She had pushed a cherry parfait to one side and was leaning forward for him to light her cigarette. The flare of his lighter illuminated their faces.

JUDITH stood staring at the window, too shocked to move. There was something in the intimacy of Norman lighting Mathie's cigarette that lingered after the flare had died away.

Mathie looked stunning in her morning. A severe black dinner gown, with loose sleeves caught at the wrists with silver bands, bowing shoulder drapes, suggestive of velle caught at the shoulder with silver bars.

Judith knew that at the very moment other diners in the big room were remembering the news of the day—"Dale may sue wife to regain fortune for former sweetheart." How could he pretend to love his wife, yet dine publicly with Mathie at a time like this?

She turned from the window and walked to the seawall, but the sight of the lighted area of the piers, recalled too many poignant memories of her honeymoon.

She called a cab, sank into the seat and felt again the queer numb feeling which had come with the shock of Big Tom's death. She wouldn't think of what happened until she reached home. She might as well go there at once, Clara would send her there if she sought refuge any place else.

Sanford was waiting. He helped her out of the cab, took a look at her face, and suggested they fly to Beaumont or Lake Charles for dinner.

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Judith gets an important message, tomorrow.

Chapter 23 MATHIE AGAIN

MATHIE... Mathie... Just a minute," said Judith as if trying to recall the name. "Oh yes, now I remember, he was the gentleman who left town so hurriedly when the last election scandal was being investigated... something about buying blocks of votes from itinerant oil field workers."

"Why... why..." sputtered Scathorne.

"You'll forgive me if I'm wrong, but it seems to me I heard something about a matter of five thousand dollars passing between Mathie and some gentleman with a name similar to yours. Lampere, I believe, provided the money for the—"

"Mrs. Dale, I didn't come here to be insulted," snapped Scathorne.

"There are nicer places, aren't there?" Judith said consolingly, "but suggest to Mr. Lampere that next time he send someone not labeled with a cancelled check."

"Are you psychic?" demanded Justin Canard pleasantly, in the absence which followed the slamming door.

"No," Judith laughed with the others, "but I have a friend on a newspaper, which is practically the same thing. She came to the door with me and recognized our departed guest. However," and now she spoke seriously, "it means gentlemen that Lampere will not hesitate to plant his men in our midst to say, or to cause dissension."

"He was more subtle," said one of the new members, "he tried to minimize your importance in such a gentle way we scarcely recognized his intentions."

The rest of the afternoon passed swiftly, and shortly before sundown, Judith drove to the airport where Slim Sanford awaited her. Judith, seeing the tall Texan, thought he seemed slimmer and browner than ever. Even his smile, which usually showed in such a brilliant flash, seemed strained.

"Hello small-Jude, ready to trust your heart 'n hand to me and my ship?"

"Any time, any place," Judith responded.

"If I thought you meant that," retorted Sanford, "I'd head west then south to a neat little spot near Oaxaca where there are no fortunes, platinum blondes, nor heartaches."

"Did you mention Oaxaca or heaven?" queried Judith, breathlessly, puzzled by his manner.

"It would be both... hop in." He helped her into the tiny cabin, smiled his queer, tired smile and slid into the pilot's seat.

The motor roared, sputtered, then to the rhythm of three motors taking their beat the ship taxied down the runway, nosed up and out.

JUDITH was on her way to Norman. She had no other thought save a sub-conscious enjoyment of the flight. As a child she had always had the highest, most dangerous swings in her various neighborhoods, and with her father had delighted to spin across some chasm in a cable car, suspended above rocky gorges by a web-like line.

Now her enjoyment was double for she was on her way to her husband. She would drive back with him. They would stop at the white farmhouse on the Houston highway for their dinner as they had on their honeymoon, and there would be old fashioned flowers, stalks and cinnamon plinks along the paths, and fireflies would hold their tiny lanterns against the screened windows. Only of course, it was too early for cinnamon plinks and hollyhocks.

Slim Sanford looked back, saw the smile on her face and switched off the motor so they seemed to float in the sunset—"Small Jude," he said, "I'm sore-tempted."

She wrinkled her nose at him and pointed below. Galveston lay there. The long island, thick at its eastern end and thin at its western, looked like an exclamation point.

He nodded and a few moments later they had come to a smooth landing. "I'll wait here until ten o'clock, in case you want to go back," he said, as he helped her into a cab. "Meet me here or telephone."

"Well... well all right," Judith was positive she wouldn't need him, but he looked as wistful as a tall, sun-bronzed man could look.

UNION PERSONALS

Phil Fortner, county agent at Baker, made a tour of the farm plots at the experiment station Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Fox accompanied by her mother and brother, Mrs. Burnette Wilson and Lyle, of Imbler, drove to Walla Walla Sunday to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Renshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Fox drove on to Spokane, returning to Walla Walla Monday. They returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George South drove to Portland Wednesday to take their daughter, Faye, home after a two weeks' visit here. They will visit there two weeks.

Mrs. Bertha Hoyle and her sister, Mrs. W. D. Hanks of La Grande, returned Monday evening from a two weeks' visit in Salt Lake.

Mrs. Will Campbell and Miss Mar-

CRICKET FLAT PERSONALS

Amos Dalgleish and Ray Wickens drove to Baker Saturday on a business and pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Routlet and children, Norma Jean and Frederick, and Mrs. A. H. Parsons were among the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hug Sunday.

Mrs. Quintilla Morris and daughter, Mrs. Milo Pratt, of Imbler, and Mrs. Mary Abbit, of Eight, spent Sunday at J. E. Witherspoons.

The honor roll for the Hindman school for the past six weeks consisted of—Norma Jean Routlet, third, Vivian Hindman, eighth grade.

A large crowd was present at Hindman school Thursday for the declamatory contest. After the contest over 50 plates for supper were sold and the proceeds used to purchase a gasoline lantern for the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Parsons and daughter, Billie Doreen, and Mrs. Harold Hug and daughter, Ona, were Monday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Parsons.

The Highland Cemetery society met at the cemetery Thursday afternoon for their regular meeting and spent the remainder of the afternoon after the business meeting, cleaning up the grounds.

Mrs. Lucy Allen went to Milton Monday to visit for a few days with friends.

Mrs. H. D. Bechtel, of Enterprise, spent the first of the week with her mother, Mrs. Witty, at the J. E. Witherspoons home.

GRANGE HALL PERSONALS

Early last fall a Good English club was organized at Liberty school. The club was divided into two sides, each to check up mistakes in speech made by the opposite side. Clarence Hays and Derrell Lindsey were elected captains. The contest ended last Friday with Clarence's side winning.

The losers, who included Bertha Hays, Mildred Freshman, Joe Switzer and Derrell Lindsey, were obliged to treat the winners. Friday noon they paid their debt by serving a splendid lunch out under the trees in true picnic style.

OUT OUR WAY



JOE PALOOKA



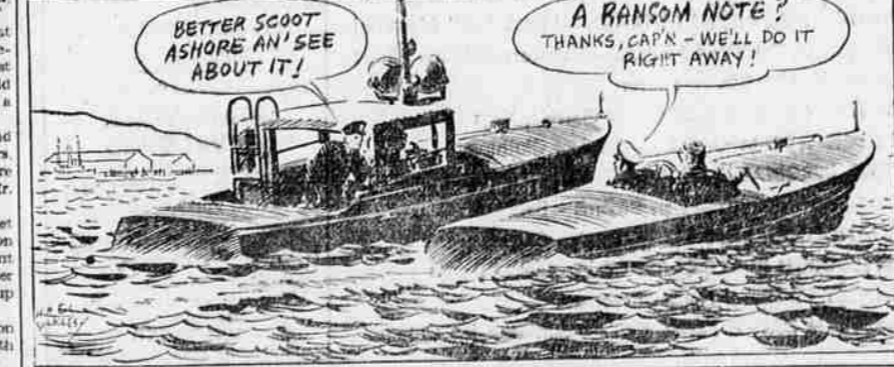
OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



DIANA DANE



SCORCHY SMITH



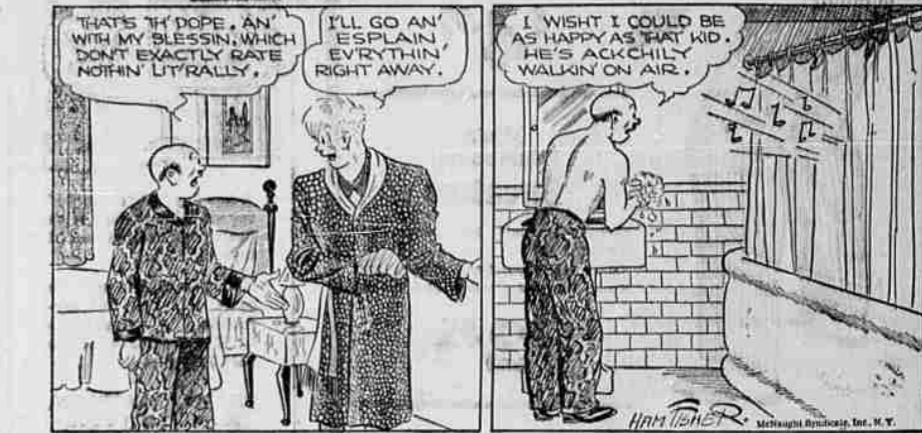
THE DILLYS



THE NEWFANGLES



The Staller



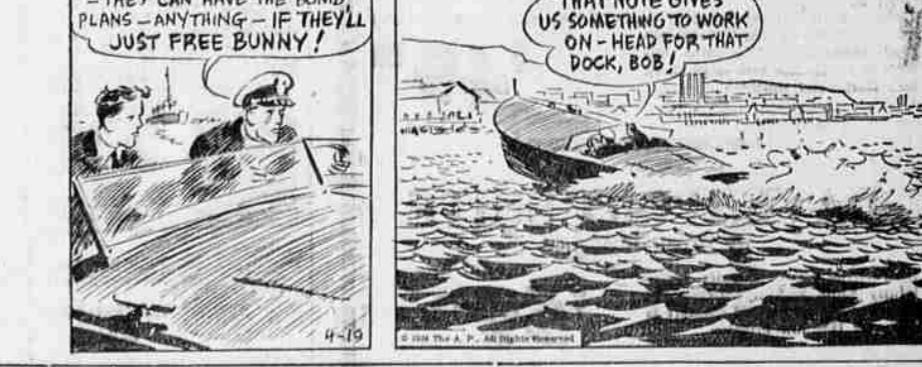
Keeping Her a Dark Secret!



Doing His Bit



A New Angle



Out At Home

