

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 44

SURPRISE

IT WAS nearing lunch time. The juror with the walrus mustache chewed on a twisted and reflective. One of the others tapped at his pocket where the bulge of a tobacco can showed.

The very saneness of her explanation seemed to reach the jury and Lampere realized it. He waited a moment, then said thoughtfully—"And of course a man with millions couldn't hire a cook to prepare slumgullion?"

"No," retorted Judith quickly. "It's like corned beef and cabbage, you have to like it to cook it."

On the Rice roof, where she went with her party for lunch, Judith saw Mathile and Mrs. Bevin with Lampere. Again she was struck with the new beauty of the girl. She had duffed her grieving manner and was talking with animation.

Judith was not recalled to the stand after the luncheon hour. Instead, Mathile, again drooping with grief, took her place, was sworn, and eyes lowered, handkerchief gripped in apparently tense fingers, awaited Lampere's questions.

When they came, they were voiced in low, tender tones. "Miss Bevin, the previous witness told us that your father used to visit her pent-house to find food your servants were unable to prepare satisfactorily. I know this is going to be extremely painful to you, but can you throw a little light on this? Why was he forced to go there?"

"I'd rather not tell, please," said Mathile.

"For your mother's sake, Miss Bevin?"

She looked up, eyes limpid with tears. "Doctor Almsright, whom we met on a cruise, made an examination of father, physically and mentally. He said if we wanted to keep him with us he must have no stimulants of any kind. For this reason we refused to give him tea, coffee and..."

"Yes, Miss Bevin, go on."

"Alcohol in any form."

"And did he go to Miss Lane's penthouse for tea and coffee?"

A low sob was the answer.

"Come now and brace up, those times when he returned at three and four in the morning, was he completely under the influence of liquor?"

Sobs, unrestrained, muffled with lace-fringed handkerchiefs were the answer, heard below Judge Morgan's furious objection—"Misleading, calling for the witness's deduction."

JUDITH stared at Mathile Bevin in horror. How dare she intimate a thing like that of Big Tom Bevin? Of her own part she thought nothing.

"How dare she talk like that of him?" she asked Mrs. Cunard pitifully. "He rarely ever took a drink of anything, unless it were part of a dinner."

"She'll be paid for it," Mrs. Cunard said, with certainty.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in placing engineers on the stand, engineers to speak in technical terms of the impracticability of the Rio Diablo Dam as it was being constructed.

The last witness was a man whom Judith dimly remembered having seen somewhere. He told how, in her eagerness to gain more money, Mrs. Dale had spent ten thousand dollars sinking a well in a dry spot where any geologist with an ounce of honesty in his heart would have sworn there was no oil.

He told of threatened strikes of the sober dam workers who resented the millionaire stenographer's high-handed methods.

"Gentlemen," said Lampere to the jury. "I regret I have not one more witness to present to you, Norman Dale, the husband of the young woman sitting there, the man who, if things were as worthy counsel would have us believe, would be at her side at a time like this."

"The plaintiff rests."

The thrust was a cruel one. Judith stiffened. If she had not already been numbed with pain, it might have hurt more cruelly, but now it seemed there wasn't much else could matter. She had lost, lost irrevocably.

Morgan and Cunard rode home with Mrs. Cunard and Judith, laughing and chatting. Judith thought then, heartless, and once with a little hurt, "How can you," she brought their attention back to her. "Well, you poor youngster," said the Judge kindly, "I'd plumb forgot."

you weren't accustomed to the ways of the courts."

"But we've lost," wailed Judith. "Oh, my word," gasped the Judge, "have you so little confidence in me? Don't you worry a mite. We're going to win." ... And with a rakish air which sat strangely on his dignity, "And how."

Judith slept because Delphy and Mrs. Cunard joined forces and saw that she slept. When she awakened she found a queer sight, suspended from her chandelier, a frock. As Cila would have said, such a dress must be a frock.

Mrs. Cunard came in soon after. "Flags flying today, Judith," she said, after Judith had thanked her. "We want you to look like your five million dollars. You mustn't look crushed as Lampere would have you look. This is the beginning of your day."

Judith wondered if it were when she reached the courtroom. She was glad of the frock; somehow it gave her the assurance of still being clean, fragrant and fresh, not the soiled person whom Lampere had talked.

JUDGE MORGAN opened his case by putting a trio of medical men on the stand, three psychiatrists who testified that Tom Bevin had come to them on the day he drew up his will, and asked for a thorough test.

"Why did he do this?" Morgan asked the first man.

"He said he felt there would be an attempt made to break his will, on the grounds of his being of unsound mind, and wished to prevent that."

"A senile psychosis," whispered Lampere in a stage whisper.

"No indeed," said the medical man, "he was ready with written proof to show us that his enemies were already at work. From the proof, Mr. Lampere, continue the doctor, 'he was wise in his precaution. I judge you wish to go no further into this proof?'"

"Of course," interposed Judge Morgan. "If Mr. Lampere wants to cross examine my witness before I have finished."

"I beg your pardon," came in surly tones.

The other two went unchallenged, nor did Lampere accept the privilege of cross-examination.

This completed, to Judith's amazement, Thomas Scoggins, senior, was introduced and told the true story of the oil well venture.

Several dam workers appeared and testified, that aside from outside interference, there had been no mutiny among the men and that Mrs. Dale had not attempted to "boss" them, but had said from the first she was merely acting as Big Tom Bevin's secretary, carrying out his instructions.

Max Larson also testified, and one of the women, who told of Judith's attempts to make life comfortable for the workers' families.

Judith was amazed, overwhelmed, as ever after the other took the stand. Their appearance came as a complete surprise and her manner proved it.

A "brace" of engineers testified to the saneness of the dam's position and construction.

"You don't wish to cross examine?" inquired Morgan in mock surprise.

"No," laughed Lampere good-naturedly. "They are too well coached."

"I challenge that statement," barked Morgan. "I can prove I have not spoken to a single witness, nor has anyone connected with this side addressed them, on the subject of the trial."

Lampere did not ask for proof. He listened to Cila's spirited account of the "pent-house" with a crooked smile on his face, then as the hands of the clock began pointing to the closing hour, chewed thoughtfully on the end of a pencil as though he was on the witness stand was of no value.

"And now," said Judge Morgan, "as my last witness I call Norman Dale, husband of Judith Dale, former partner of the firm of Dale, Lampere and Morrison."

That clarion went through the court like an electric charge. Reports sprang from their seats and dashed to their telephones. Lampere sprang from his seat also, his face white and red and white by turn. Mathile's eyes widened and Judith—Judith quietly crumpled in her seat.

Someone brought water, and someone held her in strong arms. She looked up, it was Norman—"Judith can you ever forgive me?" he asked.

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Tomorrow, Norman upsets the apple cart.

The meeting was short with nothing but routine matters coming before the city days.

A \$5,100 OUTLAY BRINGS \$105,770 TO MRS. SLOAN

NEW YORK (AP)—On an original investment of \$5,400 Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan, mistress of the Brookmeade stable, has realized \$105,770 with her trio of three-year-old turf stars.

DRY HAIR
nearly always looks unkempt which is not really necessary if you use...
LUCKY TIGER Hair Dressing
Costs very little. Get a bottle today—not greasy or sticky—use couple times weekly and your friends will marvel at the beauty.

NEARLY \$1,500 IN WARRANTS PAID BY CITY

General warrants in the amount of \$1,480.43 were paid by the city during the last week, according to the city manager's report to the city commission in weekly meeting at the city hall last night. His cash report showed \$9,802.52 on hand, divided as follows: La Grande bank \$5,972.75; Portland bank \$1,905.58; cash \$874.51; remainder in warrants.

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Resinol

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



JOE PALOOKA



OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



DIANA DANE



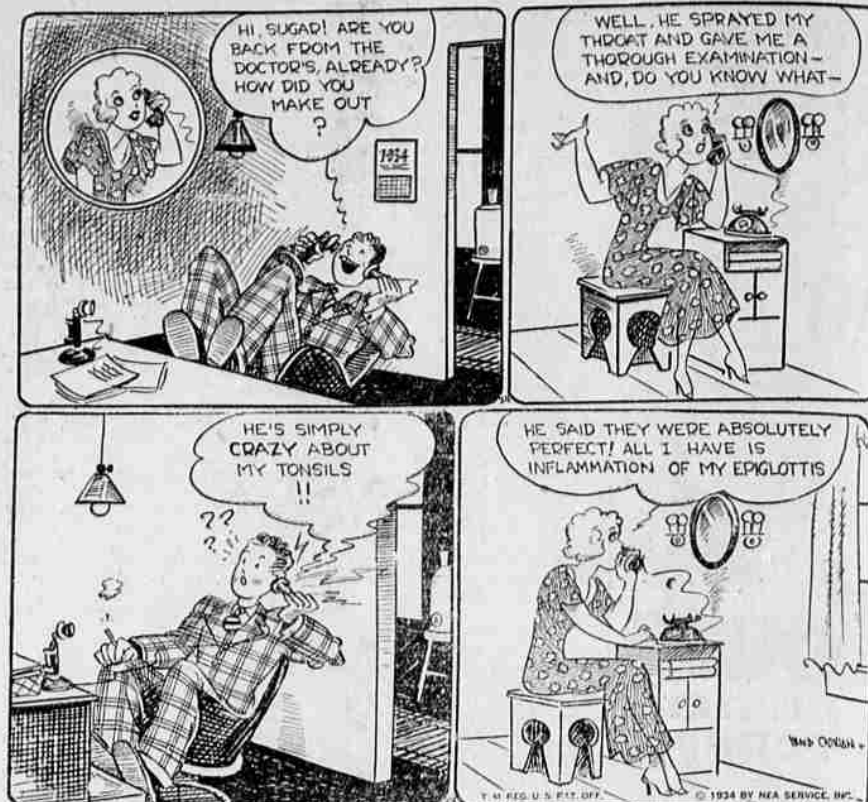
SCORCHY SMITH



THE DILLYS



THE NEWFANGLES



Good Riddance



The Ultimatum



Far From Maddening Throng



Captured



All Safe Below

