

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane's friend, the newspaper girl, Clio Sanford, just has called to say she must interview Judith as the "perfect stenographer." Waiting to take Clio, Judith recalls the kindness of her employer, "Big Tom" Bevin, who was watching over her when she was a child. Judith recalls the death of her engineer father, who had taken a letter from Big Tom to his attorney, Morton Lampers, which said that Big Tom planned to begin construction on an abandoned dam project in western Texas through the failure of which many small farmers had been ruined.

Chapter Two NORMAN DALE

JUDITH'S stenographic training, her practical and technical knowledge of engineering and the trust Tom Bevin was able to place in the daughter of a life-long friend, made her invaluable to him.

At first the work seemed to her like a compromise between engineering and business domesticity. And then gradually she became more the stenographer and less the engineer. And as she caught up the loose ends of daily work and wore them into the pattern of the construction company's business, her respect for the "office wifes" of the world deepened until it verged on pride in a profession.

The moon-faced clock brought Judith to the realization she was due to meet Clio in five minutes.

how, due to traffic lights, one-way thoroughfares, or perchance the inclination of the man at the wheel, Judith found them speeding across the arch of the bayou bridge with the queer town of little homes lying beyond in the dusk.

On the crest of the arch, traffic caught and held them a fleeting moment. Judith looked down on the roofs of the little town—"always reminds me of a library," she confided, "the roofs are like colored bindings of books turned upside down. . . think I'd like to live in one."

"No," countered her companion, meekly. "You should live in a house with slim white pillars and a green roof, green shutters and window boxes with pink geraniums." And then in the sheltered intimacy of a storm-assailed, coupe they talked of homes and houses.

"I've never lived in a house," Judith confided. "It's always been construction camp shacks, tents, hotels, apartments and once, while Dad was building a bridge, I lived in a monastery, deserted of course."

"It would have been deserted once the occupants had seen you," came the chivalrous response and Judith tilting her head forward to laugh, caught a glimpse of the clock on the dash board—"please I must go back, I'm meeting Clio Sanford, and

"I really don't know," Judith answered. "We're leaving for the Rio Diablo basin June first and Big Tom is quite liable to keep me working evenings to catch up with his other affairs before we go. Suppose you telephone me?"

"I will, or else I'll see you at board meeting, or drop down for a chat while Tom's off on one of his wife's pink teas."

Judith hurried into the hotel lobby, discovered Clio hurrying in behind her, and turned to accept the red haired girl's apologies.

"As if you weren't late, too," protested Clio preceding her into the main dining room, "and didn't I see you crawling out of Norman Dale's car?"

"Umhum," admitted Judith as they were seated at a window table, "any objections?"

"Plenty," retorted Clio with the frankness of an old school friend, "don't want you suffering from angina pectoris or some other heart ailment."

"What do you mean? Is there anything wrong with Mr. Dale?"

"No. That's the trouble. He's so completely all right every woman who ever sees him wants to take him home for keeps."

"Money?" inquired Judith gullibly.

"Not much. Doesn't need it. Not that he's so heart breakingly handsome, but he has got a nice sort of a he-man look about him. There's a lot of millionaire mamas of marriageable daughters willing to make up the deficit if he'll only promise to love, honor and cherish their offspring. How he's managed to reach the ripe old age of twenty-eight without exchanging his freedom for a franchise is beyond my powers."

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Tomorrow, Clio and Judith cook up a story.

OREGON MAKING NICE PROFIT ON SALE OF LIQUOR

Vouchers Filed With Secretary of State for Payment Show Cost of Liquor to Controlling Board

SALEM, March 13.—(AP)—The first voucher for purchase of liquor by the state liquor control body and filed with the secretary of state today and revealed that some grades of bonded liquor was purchased at a price of \$20 to \$24.80 a case in quart bottle sizes. Cases of pints in the same grade were 40 cents additional.

The voucher carried the invoice of the Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., of Louisville, Ky., and was for \$5,151.47, with a one and a half per cent discount for payment within 30 days.

The invoice showed the following prices of blended liquors purchased from the one company:

Lucky Star, \$20; Old Cedar Pepper, \$21.60; Mattingly & Moore, \$21.60; Paul Jones, \$22.80; Four Roses, \$24; Antique, \$24.80 and Kentucky Triumph, \$20.

The price list at which these blends were being sold in state liquor stores were:

Lucky Star \$22.50 and \$1.15 for quarts and pints respectively; Old Cedar Pepper, \$22.60 and \$1.35; Mat-

tingly & Moore, \$22.60 and \$1.35; Paul Jones, \$22.60 and \$1.35; Four Roses and Antique, \$23.25 and \$1.65; Kentucky Triumph, \$22.25 and \$1.15.

Later during the day vouchers were also filed by the Van Landingham company, G. S. Hindale and Hettler Brothers and Baler, bringing the total liquor inventories to \$13,864.

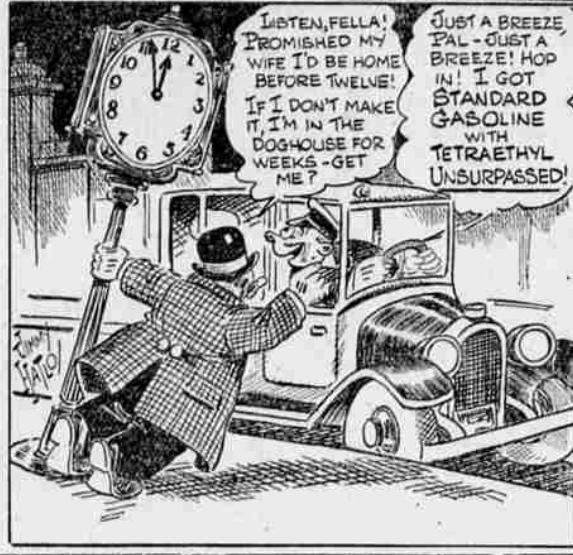
SALEM, March 13.—(AP)—The state's bill for liquor, according to vouchers filed with the secretary of state today, today reached \$27,024. Vouchers today from six different companies totaled \$13,160 while those filed Saturday were for \$13,864.

Other expenditure vouchers of the liquor commission, totaling \$2494 were filed today including \$224 for installation of fixtures and repair of buildings; freight service of \$516; painting of signs, \$223; window cleaning and changes, \$223; agency signs \$180.

An orchid of five petals has been adopted as the family crest for Chief Executive Pu-Yi, ruler of Manchukuo.

Telephone calls in the London area have increased from 750 to more than 1500 a minute in the last decade.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ARRIVING LATE TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH COUSINS WHO ARE SITTING UP FOR YOU, YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH THEIR APARTMENT IS, IT'S TOO DARK TO READ THE NAMES ON THE LETTER BOXES, AND YOU HAVEN'T ANY MATCHES

3-13
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"I'll phone you." Norman called after her.

She scurried to the locker, pulled the perky delft blue hat to a smart angle, donned the jacket of her new suit, whisked a powder-puff across her nose, a lip stick across her lips and grabbing letters to be dropped into the mail chute darted out of the office to the elevator.

The letters slithered down the glass chute like one-winged pigeons. Judith held the elevator doors clang open. She stepped briskly into the car, then—"Oh," she said breathlessly looking up into laughing dark eyes which seemed amused at her start of surprise.

"Working late, aren't you, Miss Lane?" asked Norman Dale, junior partner of the firm to which she had just mailed a letter.

"No," she countered, "just using the office as a waiting room. I had a late appointment." And under her breath words were singing. . . "the perky blue hat . . . the trim new suit . . . let the rain ruin them, they've served their purpose. Norman Dale has seen me as something other than a cog in the office machinery."

"My car's just outside and it's raining pitch-forks. May I take you wherever you're going?"

THE elevator had made swift descent to the lobby before Judith had recovered her breath sufficiently to respond to Norman's invitation.

For two years she had been watching him across the width of the board room table; a barrier as definite as the social wall which seemed to rear itself between aspiring young stenographers and promising young lawyers.

Dale, Lampers and Morrison had been retained by the Bevin Construction company to handle his legal affairs since the inception of the company, and Norman Dale, assuming his father's place with the law firm, at the elder Dale's death had gradually assumed his duties.

Now that the board table and its symbolical barrier had been removed, Judith found herself responding to Norman's invitation with a still breathless—"I'd so appreciate it."

The car was at the curb. The Rice was four blocks beyond, but some-

while she's always at least fifteen minutes late, it's now twenty minutes after the time I was due to meet her."

TRAFFIC was disappointingly light as they returned swiftly to the city, and Norman Dale, assisting Judith to alight, asked if they couldn't resume the discussion soon.

"I really don't know," Judith answered. "We're leaving for the Rio Diablo basin June first and Big Tom is quite liable to keep me working evenings to catch up with his other affairs before we go. Suppose you telephone me?"

"I will, or else I'll see you at board meeting, or drop down for a chat while Tom's off on one of his wife's pink teas."

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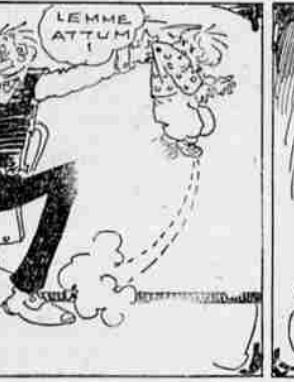
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'S MATTER POP

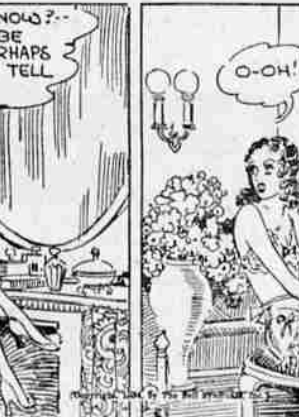


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By Hal Forrest

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Unwelcome Visitor



HAL FORREST

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By Edwin Alger

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Toll Of The Sea

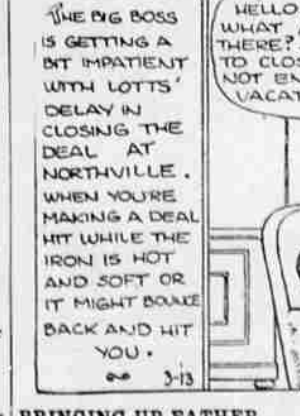


EDWIN ALGER

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By Sol

THE NEBBS—The Low Down



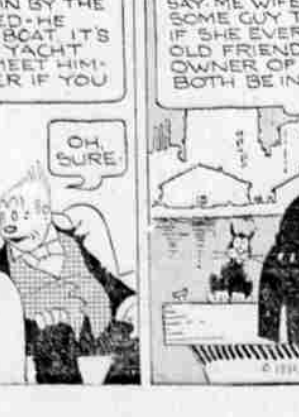
SOL

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



3-13

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By George McManus

VALLEY VIEW ROAD ROUTES DISCUSSED

Twenty-five residents of the Valley View section met Friday evening at the Valley View school house and discussed new routes to the Pacific Highway, according to the Ashland Daily Tidings. One route would bring them about one-quarter of a mile nearer to Ashland, and the other would be a mile from Ashland.

It was pointed out the shorter route would be more expensive, as it would necessitate constructing a bridge over Bear creek. A committee was appointed to consider the affair and included Bob Wagner, Frank Craig, L. H. Gallatin and Mr. Van Dyke.

On your way to Crater Lake, stop at Union Creek Restaurant. Open Sunday.

MEDFORD CHAMBER WINS HONOR AGAIN

The Medford chamber of commerce has rated again in the national chamber of commerce publication, for the fourth time in one year. In the last issue the local chamber of commerce was the only one in the west to gain mention, a copy of the bulletin reveals.

The item tells of the daily broadcast, now sponsored by the chamber. Two letters in response to the article have already been received here seeking information on the program. One came from Lancaster, Pa., the other from Altus, Pa.

Scripture lessons, from a Bible eight feet long and six feet wide were read during a religious campaign at Viet, Opa.