

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** *Clio Bonford* is interviewing *Judith Lane*, Tom Bevin's secretary, as the "perfect stenographer." But *Judith* is even more interested in the fact that *Norman Dale*, tuxedo partner of the law firm that handles Bevin's business, has driven her to the hotel. *Norman* asks for another appointment; *Judith* tells him that she and Bevin are leaving soon for the Rio Diablo del in east Texas, one of her employer's big engineering projects.

## Chapter Three THE INTERVIEW

*CLIA'S* quick laugh caused several diners to look at the two girls—"you would remind me I was supposed to be working, instead of enjoying myself. Wait until I finish this salad and I'll begin on you."

"There... now this is the idea. Someone at the Engineers' luncheon, today, said that the average stenographer thinks that all she needs to hold down a job is a Hollywood face and a Folies figure."

"Fellow named Kline said if his office ornate worked half as hard on the typewriter as she did on her face, both her face and his letters would look better. He said there couldn't be a perfect stenographer because—"

"Yes, I know the rest," interrupted *Judith*. "Big Tom confessed his part also. I'm willing to admit I haven't the brains of an Einstein,

*Judith*, a sun bronzed girl in khaki shirt and breeches, high boots and broad brimmed campaign hat, thought of that moment many times as the red gold days which followed winged along.

The trip was worse than Big Tom had anticipated. The Rio Diablo valley had been held for two years in the tenacious grip of an unrelenting sun. The Devil River had dwindled in size until it wound through its rock ribbed channel like a red hot wire. The plains cupped up like a copper brazier, bound by a far circle of red-gold hills.

THE native families were starving and the expedition, sharing rations brought in by occasional mule trains from the Gulf coast, grew bone-thin and taciturn. And as though the heat had burned the dross of artificial living from each, *Judith* watched a new Norman Dale emerge.

She sat on the hillside now, watching him in the valley below. The fearful drought was about to be broken by a storm which might equal the drought in its intensity.

Fear hung over the natives like a visible cloud, their cattle were lowing uneasily, the pack mules were fretful, even the expedition men, moving with swift efficiency as they

## PEACE URGED ON VETS' BENEFITS FEDERAL SPENDING DOUBLES RECEIPTS

WASHINGTON, March 14.—(AP)—Cconciliation rather than a knock-down, drag-out combat between the president and congress over veterans benefits was urged upon the house Tuesday.

It came up with the question of accepting the multi-millioned senate liberalization of the economy act. The democratic leadership doesn't want this done, but settlement has to wait until tomorrow.

The bonhead cotton control bill was taken up this afternoon in the house while opponents of the water-way pact with Canada held sway in the senate.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—(AP)—The government's income for the fiscal year—it ends July 1—today passed the \$2,000,000,000 mark while expenditures stood at \$1,444,887,000. Receipts from last July 1 through March 10, the latest day available,

were \$2,001,959,165 as compared with \$1,293,522,909 in the same period last year.

The biggest items in the increase were miscellaneous taxes—awolled by new levies and distilled spirits revenue—which jumped from \$546,908,000 last year to \$1,035,351,000 this year.

The state of Oregon fixed salaries of \$246 for the three supervisors of its state-operated liquor stores. Managers of individual stores will receive a net of \$132.

Suits cleaned and pressed. 85¢. Dresses 75c up. Tel. 835-J. Economy Cleaner, 1728 No. Riverside.

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## WOLFE ESTATE NEAR \$250,000 ESTIMATE

PORTLAND, March 14.—(AP)—The will of Adolphe Wolfe, Portland philanthropist and founder of Lipman Wolfe & company, leaving an estate estimated at about \$250,000, was admitted to probate today. He died on March 4.

Andrew Koerner, attorney who presented the will for probate, explained to the court that it was difficult to estimate the value of the estate due to the fact the Wolfe had given away so much of his money, particularly in recent years.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday, March 17.

That's O.K., pal. Don't thank me—thank standard gasoline with tetraethyl unsurpassed!

THURS HEAD OUT, BUT FINDS IT'S JUST THE SMALL BOY NEXT DOOR WITH A MINOR SCRATCH

SUGGESTS A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK WHICH MEETS WITH APPROVAL SETTLES FOR SLEEP

IS JUST DOZING OFF WHEN VOICES BELOW HER WINDOW ASK CAN THEY COME IN NOW, THEY'RE COLD. SIGH, AND GETS UP

ADD SHE WISHES THEY'D TRY TO BE A LITTLE QUIET, AND TRIES TO DOZE

ABSOLUTE SILENCE OUTSIDE. BEGINS TO GET ALARMED AT THE QUIET, AND LOOKS OUT TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT

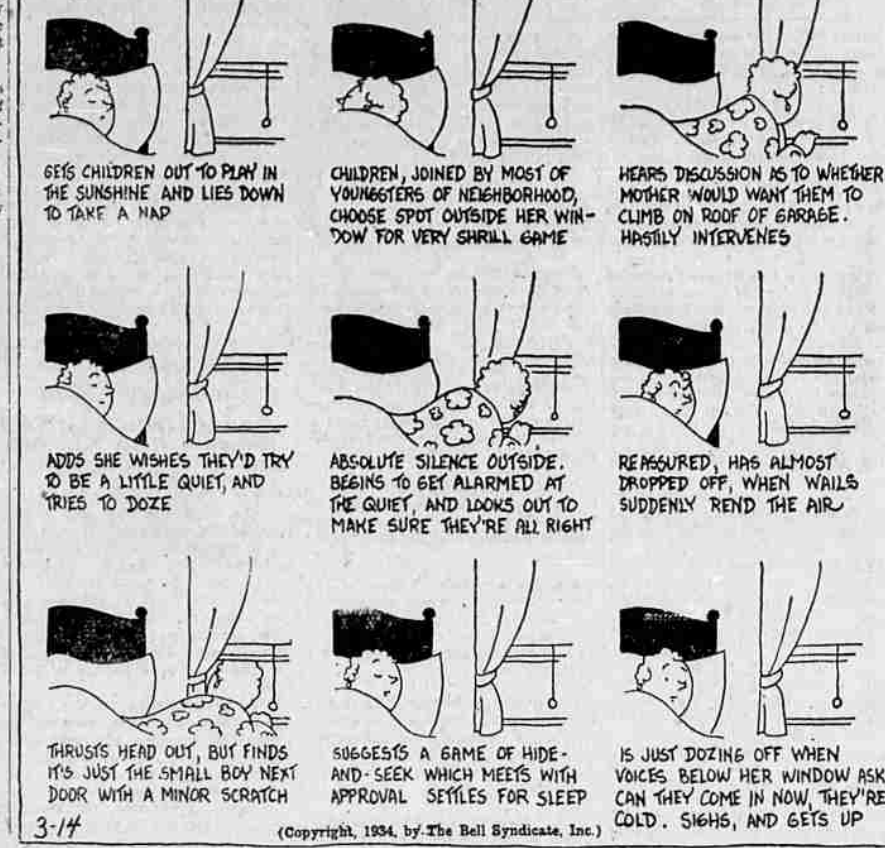
REASSURED, HAS ALMOST DROPPED OFF, WHEN WALLS SUDDENLY REND THE AIR

3-14

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## DAYTIME NAP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GETS CHILDREN OUT TO PLAY IN THE SUNSHINE AND LIES DOWN TO TAKE A NAP

CHILDREN, JOINED BY MOST OF YOUNGESTERS OF NEIGHBORHOOD, CHOOSE SPOTS OUTSIDE HER WINDOW FOR VERY SHRILL GAME

HEARS DISCUSSION AS TO WHETHER MOTHER WOULD WANT THEM TO CLIMB ON ROOF OF GARAGE. HASTILY INTERVENES

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the patience of Job nor the endurance of a talent, but I must have considerable robot as an access to make him think so." She laughed at the expression on *Clio's* face and added, "What else would you like to know?"

"How can a girl become a perfect stenographer?"

"By following a simple, seven-worded rule."

"What is it?"

"Find an employer like Big Tom Bevin."

*Clio* was delighted with the answer. "Anything you'd like me to say?" she asked. "I know nearly every detail of your checkered career. I know how you wanted to become an engineer and why you took up stenography. I know how you took a shabby three-room attic that looked like a turret with an underslung jaw and made it look like an up-to-date pent house."

"Think I'll use that picture Cal took of your place last August... and then a close-up he took when he was testing out his new studio light."

"Clio," interposed *Judith* eagerly, "why not have your staff artist sketch a figure of a Robot with Einstein hair sitting under a gourd vine, that's what Job sat under, wasn't it? I'd much rather you wouldn't use my picture."

*JUDITH'S* wish was granted. Next morning with Big Tom chuckling, they read *Clio's* story and clipped the cartoon from the newspaper to be framed, then they turned to business.

"Meet us at the Turning Basin, Pier 24, June 1st at six a.m. Better buy yourself a new pith helmet; it's going to be hotter than Hades. How about the cook's wife, will she go along? Fine. That will protect your reputation from the biddies... catch that telephone, Judy."

"Bevin Construction Company... Oh good morning Mr. Dale, Mr. Bevin's Yes, indeed... I'm fine..."

She handed the telephone to her employer then turned to her typewriter—"ratatata ratatata ratatata" went the typewriter and ratatata went *Judith's* heart.

"That was Norman Dale, Judy," interrupted Bevin, "he phoned to say he'd make the trip to Rio Diablo with us, representing his firm, you know—"

"Norman Dale telephoned to say he was making the trip to Rio Diablo with us."

Three months, nearly four had passed since Tom Bevin had looked across his desk to where his stenographer sat typing, and relayed the telephone message.

## S'MATTER POP—



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Wilkins Gets Another Threat!



1920

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Spider" Webb's Confession



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## THE NEBBS—Happy Day



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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3-14-34

## NOT-HK-TILL YOU GIVE PAPA NICE L'L KISS



1920

## OH-OH-PLEEZE GO--



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## IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS SUCH AN ADMIRABLE GENTLEMAN I'D SAY THAT SUCH A DELIGHTFUL WIFE WAS TOO GOOD FOR HIM-- BUT I WILL SAY HE DIDN'T GET THE WORST OF THE BARGAIN.



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## WELL-WHEN IT ARRIVES IT'S GOIN' RIGHT BACK-TIMES ARE TOUGH-LARD TO SQUANDER MONEY.



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3-14-34

## OH-YESSIE! I KNOW HOW LONG A MOMENT IS!



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## YOU'LL COME CLEAN WITH OUT ANY FOOD. 'SPIDER' IF I WANT YOU TO!



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## OH, GIVE ME SOME FOOD! I'M DYIN'! I TELL YOU! I'LL SPILL EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR JASPER-- I HEADED THE GANG AT HURRICANE ISLAND! ASA MOORE DID THE KILLING THOUGH-- WE THOUGHT WE HAD--



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## HE MAY BE A BIG HUMBBUG BUT IT TICKLES MY EARS-- AFTER YOU ARE MARRIED-- VERY LITTLE OF THAT COMES YOUR WAY, RUDY USED TO SAY SUCH PRETTY THINGS TO ME BUT I GUESS HE CLOSED UP THAT DEPARTMENT WHEN HE TOOK ON MATRIMONY.



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## I SENT IT BACK SIR, BUT THE GENTLEMAN SAID YOU ORDERED THE CIGARS AND THAT YOU INSISTED THAT THEY BE DELIVERED TO DAY.



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**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

THE PERFECT GUM

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