

Judith Lane

By JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane and Norman Dale just have become engaged. Now they are at work getting the natives of the Rio Diablo valley out of the way of an approaching storm and flood. Judith is secretary to Tom Bevin, the engineer and contractor preparing to dam the Rio Diablo. Back in Houston, where Bevin's headquarters are, Norman is junior partner of the law firm which handles the Bevin business. Judith is watching over the children—and watching her future husband at the same time.

Chapter Four THE STORM

JUDITH paused and looked up. Dale had stopped to give his pack train a rest—"everything quiet?" he asked. "Maybe you'd better move on to the lee of the ship rock. Scoggins says the usual high water line is about here and when she strikes—" he lifted expressive shoulders with a glance at the round-eyed children.

"We've got everything excepting the houses in a relatively safe place... I'll be with you as soon as every one's left the danger line."

He moved on, Judith's gaze following. She thought of Clara's remark that every woman who saw him wanted to take him home for keeps... she didn't blame them... women must be intuitively right.

"Tell us another, Miss Lane, tell us a storm-one this time," begged a

ter, foam ridden, lipped with debris which whirled over and under, over and under.

On the high shore of the river the little adobe houses stood like doomed entities as the Devil River arose to meet the water wall and then together they mounded the houses, whirled about, lapped greedily—

"There goes Scoggins' place," cried a voice, as one cubicle on the shore crumpled.

Judith turned her head, snuggled it into the hollow of Norman's shoulder, glad she was a woman, a child—woman who could hide her tears.

The storm roared on. The Rio Diablo roared on. Judith, from the shelter of Norman's arms, heard them. She also heard the low moaning of the cook's wife and half envied her the luxury of relieving her emotions.

Below them the water was rising as though to meet the sudden darkness of night.

"Judy," Big Tom's voice was tense with excitement—"get your notebook!"

Judith looked up in amazement... notebook at a time like this with death stizzling overhead in jagged lightning which wouldn't stay overhead, but came darting down about them in brittle crashes?



Big Tom was dictating at a rate that was testing her speed.

scrawny girl of twelve, "I'm skeered of storms," she explained.

Flashes of heat lightning showed weird mists riding furiously towards them and then a single jagged stroke of lightning cut across the heavens.

Quickly Judith improvised a jingle—"Old Mother Summer is sweeping the sky,

Hist to the swish As her rain brooms brush by, Look at their handles all jagged and red..."

The storm struck with a crash. Judith hesitated a moment and Tommy manfully took up the theme:

"Duck down y'innies Or y'll all git struck dead."

Judith didn't have time to remonstrate. The quick pelter of rain drops had brought those below up on a run and parents were gathering their offspring together and hustling them into the shelter of the queer rock formation which loomed like a ship-shaped light house on the rim of the river basin.

"WE WANT our young-uns with us," they explained apologetically, and Judith, following them, sensed the primitive in them as children, live stock and household goods were corralled in family units.

Judith found herself in a sheltered nook, the lip of the rock breaking the storm. Tom Bevin and Norman Dale were seated on either side, the other members of the expedition and the pack train, ranged about them.

Bevin pulled a pup-tent over them, and then the storm began, a storm upon which Judith would look back with a shudder of horror and the memory of which would outweigh all else when she approached the crisis of her life.

A roar and a crash, the frantic braying of pack mules fighting their halters, the hysterical scream of a woman rising above the moan of the wind, a sudden hush and a baby whimpering, and then the excited cry of men.

As one the expedition members arose. Down through the hail they had just vacated came a wall of wa-

Automatically she reached for her hip pocket, pulled out the book, felt Norman adjust the pup tent to a more protective angle and produce a small flash light.

"Ready? Sight line from ship rock to point of narrow channel. Upper dam, secondary reservoir absolute necessity. Have Dale check site, locate deeds on—"

Crash! Judith's pencil intent upon a notebook veered upwards. Bang! Her neat bird's eye resembled a bird in flight, but went Big Tom's voice. He was standing now as if he could see through the mark of the night and the storm, and his voice held the timber of young manhood, of a vision newly seen.

Judith didn't know when the storm calmed down, she was too busy. Big Tom was dictating at a rate which tested her speed.

"The perfect stenographer," chuckled Judith's future husband.

And then when her hand was cramped and her knee balancing the book was cramped, she was too busy. Big Tom was dictating at a rate which tested her speed.

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"You see how it is, sir," he said with hopeless resignation in his voice. "We farm, and then it gets any rain at all it comes like this and everything is washed away. I'm sorry you had to see it, you won't want to go on with your dam after this."

"Went want to go on?" repeated Bevin. "Man alive, do you think any engineer with a soul could see this water go to waste and not want to harness it into something useful!"

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Judith sees life from a new angle, tomorrow.

DILLINGER'S HAND STAND OF CHURCH SEEN IN HOLDUP DISMAYS PATRIOTS

CHICAGO, March 15.—(AP)—The sinister hand of "Whittling" John Dillinger, Indiana desperado, was seen today in a \$22,000 robbery of the First National bank of Mason City, Iowa.

The loot of the raid, staged yesterday by seven machine gun bandits, marked a new high in a recent series of assaults on mid-west banks. Witnesses said they believed the leader was Dillinger.

Tactics employed by the gunmen were similar to those used by the bandits who stole between \$10,000 and \$20,000 March 6 from a bank at Sioux Falls. They were also like the methods of robbers who made away with \$21,000 at Atchison, Kas., last Monday.

In each instance they took hostages with them as shields.

PENITENTIARY INMATE HANGS SELF IN CELL

SALEM, March 15.—(AP)—Henry Duffy, 51 inmate of the state penitentiary, ended his life Wednesday by hanging himself with a small piece of cord in his cell this morning, prison officials stated.

He was committed to the penitentiary November 11, 1933 from Multnomah county following conviction on a charge of perversion.

A motorcycle rider questioned after a collision on a downtown Kansas City street told police there were so many bright advertising signs at the intersection he could not distinguish the traffic light.

PORTLAND, March 15.—(AP)—The Oregon Daughters of 1812 do not see eye to eye with the social service commission of the Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal church which, at the annual conference last week, decried the "Nationalistic" reverence

of secular and patriotic documents, flags, holidays and anthems.

The Daughters of 1812 view with "dismay and regret" the action taken by the church commission, and adopted a resolution here last night to that effect.

"Jason Lee and his followers who came early to Oregon," the resolution stated, "and whose memorable journey west we are about to commemorate, were patriots as well as Christians and Methodists."

Dr. M. Farweller of Van Wert, Ohio, has a living turtle with two heads and six legs which was found on the bank of a Texas stream.

GIVE IT A WHIRL... by Hatio

BUT SHERLOCK! IF WE KNOW THE CRIME OCCURRED EXACTLY AT 8:20 AND HE HAS BEEN 20 MILES AWAY AT 8:15 HOW CAN HE BE IMPLICATED?

ELEMENTARY-ELEMENTARY-MY DEAR WATSON! HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNBURNISHED?



THE FAMILY ALBUM—DOORBELL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Montague Steps In!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dan Jeppard's Release



THE NEBBS—Mrs. Rudolph Nebb



TALENT P.-T. A. MEETS AT SCHOOL ON FRIDAY

Talent P.-T. A. will hold regular meeting at the school house Friday, March 16, at 2:30 p. m.

The speakers for the afternoon will be Dr. Drummond of the county health unit, who will speak on the "Value of Health Examinations in the School," and Miss Blanch Runels, who will speak on the "Immunization for Diphtheria" program for the schools.

As these subjects are of vital importance to the parents, a large attendance is expected.

SALEM, March 15.—(AP) The public utilities commissioner today denied the application of the Reliance Freight line of Portland for a permit to operate as a common carrier between listed terminals.

INSULL GETS 'GATE' BY GREECE THURSDAY

ATHENS, March 15.—(AP) Authorities stated officially today that Samuel Insull Sr., Chicago fugitive, will be escorted by police to the Greek frontier tomorrow.

The announcement came after the former utilities operator had defiantly refused to accept the American consular travel document issued in order that he might comply with the Greek government's order that he leave this country by midnight tomorrow.

Grahams Visit Here—Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Graham, formerly of this city, made a short business stop in Medford yesterday, en route from their home near Harbor, Ore., to Hollywood, San Diego and other southern California points.

BRINGING UP FATHER

