

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane and her fiancé, Norman Dale, have been helping Tom Bevins prepare to dam the Rio Diablo river in Western Texas. Judith is Bevins' secretary, and Norman is junior partner of the law firm that handles Bevins' affairs in the city of Houston, where Bevins' engineering and building business is centered. Bevins, inspired by a terrific storm, has decided that an auxiliary dam is necessary—and Judith has watched Norman's quiet efficiency, getting the Rio Diablo settlers in places of safety.

even if you do try to cut off the curl—
 "And you have the most amazing eyes. I look at your dark hair and lashes and expect to see black, hazel, even dark blue eyes and then up come the lashes and those clear grey—"
 "Please be serious."
 "I am, when will you marry me?"
 "Most anytime, I suppose we should wait—"

"Considering the importance of a perfect stenographer we'll have to give Big Tom at least a month's notice."
 "Notice," faltered Judith. "But Norman, that is archaic, women don't give up their professions to marry."
 "Stenographers do."
 Judith thought quickly, "if only I were a lawyer like he is, or a doctor, or an engineer as I wanted to be."
 "Norman," she said, "must I choose marriage to you or my work?"

JUDITH waited for him to answer her question. Must she choose between marrying him or going on with her work? Clia had said he had comparatively little money, his father having left what property they had to Mrs. Dale.
 She felt a rush of bitterness as

Chapter Five
JUDITH'S CHOICE
 JUDITH thought of this a few nights later. They had left part of their meek to assist the natives in rebuilding their adobe houses, others were carrying fresh supplies in from the nearest Gulf Port town, the county seat of Rio Mar.

Anxious to clear preliminaries and hasten the building of the dam, Big Tom had chartered a trawler and with Judith and Norman was heading for Galveston, from where they could motor to their homes in Houston.

The two men were pacing the deck with after dinner cigars while Judith watched the moon rise, then, turning watched it lay shadow patterns on the deck, angles, quadrangles, squares and quadrilaterals.

She smiled whimsically, any other girl would have found poetic fancy



Norman, must I choose marriage to you, or my work?

In the delicate tracery of ship's rigging on slanting boards, it reminded her of her difference in other ways. She wondered how this would affect her future with Norman.

Marriage, she reasoned, wasn't assurance of life-long happiness. Perhaps, like the Rio Diablo, it needed a dam to control its storm currents. She might apply her engineering experience on hers, make a topographical map of the characteristic differences between her disposition and Norman's.

Big Tom would know to a cubby yard how much rock and cement it would take to hold the food waters in place. Perhaps she might learn how much patience and forbearance was necessary to check a quarrel.

Judith looked down and shuddered. There in the web-like lines of shadows lay a perfect triangle cast by three human beings. Black barred and silver rimmed, it defied her engineering logic to admit three vertical figures could cast such a shadow.

"Cold, Judith?"
 Before she could answer, one bar dissolved, and the other two merged. Big Tom had gone below and Norman had stepped close.

"What were you doing?" he asked. She looked up with a sudden smile—"thinking."
 "Judith," he protested in mock horror, "don't tell me you're one of those women who think—"

"On Mondays and Fridays at nine P. M.," she assured him solemnly. "And this is Friday. Mind telling me your thought for tonight?"

"I WAS just thinking that for me to marry is like committing bigamy. I've been wedded to my job for so long. . . well, I started engineering at the age of six. Built a dam in the kitchen sink. . . it was a success, too, Norman, flooded the whole kitchen."
 "We might find a Reno which divorces girls from careers, or I'll tell you, I fell in love with the perfect stenographer. Suppose I marry her."
 Judith laughed. "I wish we knew each other better. I know you have the finest set of Scotch-American features in the world. I like your chin even if it is stubborn and your warm brown eyes and your hair."

she realized that her generous salary, coming in as a professional fee, might be acceptable where a stenographer's salary would be taboo.

The trawler swished through the water with a gentle undulating motion, a slow brooze hummed through the fore rigging.

"A choice?" he questioned. "No, Judy, I want you regardless."
 It was a concession. Remembering Clia's picture of their social position in the city, it was a tremendous concession and it was given with such gentle generosity, it swept away Judith's arguments.

She felt she could afford to match his generosity—"if you'll be patient while I learn to adjust myself to home life, I'll try."

"That's sporting, Judy," he responded gravely. "I don't mean to belittle your work as a business woman. I've seen enough on this trip to make me realize your importance."

"But Judy-girl, I watched you among the native children. You noticed they were suffering from malnutrition before you even looked at the Rio Diablo, and you made Big Tom wait to dictate an important letter until you'd rousted out the cook and had him unpack the milk to feed the babies. I realized then you were more the woman than the stenographer, and gave a home you'd be contented."

Judith thought of a number of replies. She smiled into the masculine shoulder as a vision of Clia Sanford swept before her.

Clia had very definite ideas about woman's place and any platitude suggesting she be confined to the home sent her barbed tongue into action.

Clia contended she knew all about matrimony because she had a thorough education with a Reno divorce decree as a diploma.

Heretofore Judith had approved of Clia's wisdom but of course, she reasoned now, Clia hadn't been married to Norman, so—"I'll speak to Big Tom in the morning," she said.
 She did speak to Bevins the following morning as they had breakfast on the after deck under an improvised awning. He didn't seem surprised, and when she commented on this he laughed.
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Judith makes more plans, tomorrow.

CCC MINSTREL SHOW MAKES HIT IN KERBY CAMP NEIGHBORHOOD

Camp Kerby CCC minstrel show, which has been attracting a number of people, at the presentations given, is to be put on at Rogue River this evening for the Rogue River Girl Scouts, at Rogue River, announcement from Lieutenant Preston E. Rohner, welfare officer of the camp, states.

The seventeen members of the company presented the show at the camp, and also at the Kerby church, \$18.10 being produced for the church at the last benefit. The company also visited the CCC camp at Gaequet, Calif., and put on the numbers.

Participating in the show are Ira Sams, impersonator; Virgil Fowler, guitar player, singer and yodeler; Edward Bryan, interlouter; Bryan Van Wile, bone artist; Sam Cree, director of the minstrel; Gordon Grayson, dancer; George Anderson, whistler; L. L. Rhodes, first tenor; Milford Cyrus, negro impersonator; Lieutenant Rohner, pianist; Hayes Love, singer and ukelele player; William Howe, art director; Glen Myers, jokester; Gaylord Yokum, singer, ukelele player and fiddler; William Tibor, president of the entertainment club and capable of playing any string instrument and several wind instruments; Lloyd Hayes, saxophone player; and H. H. Schneider, also a negro impersonator.

Down from Trail—Date Fence of the Trail district was a business call in Medford Thursday.

MARY'S RIVER GRANGE SUPPORTS SALES TAX

CORVALLIS—(Sp)—By secret ballot, Mary's River Grange meeting at Philomath, voted almost three to one to support the emergency 1 1/2 per cent sales tax at the May primaries on the grounds that it will keep schools going and assure prompt tax reductions on property which is now

carrying 80 per cent of the state's tax load.
 The stand for the sales tax is in direct opposition to the recommendations of State Grange Master Gill, Portland seed merchant.
 C. L. Tallman, county assessor, estimates the tax will reduce Benton county property taxes by \$16,000 or approximately 29 per cent if the referendum against the tax is defeated in May.

There will be a St. Patrick's OOR-ed POOD SALE, Saturday, March 17, at the Economy Meat Market, sponsored by the Daughters of the Union Veterans of the Civil War.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



NEIGHBORHOOD MOTHERS ARE UP IN ARMS BECAUSE THE NEW CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM, AFTER READING ABOUT THE BIG LEAGUE TEAMS GOING SOUTH FOR SPRING TRAINING, INSISTS ON DAILY PRACTICE IN THE VACANT LOT ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TRACKS, MUD OR NO MUD

S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne



TAILS TOMMY—Looks Bad For Wilkins!



By Hal Forrest



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Treachery!



By Edwin Alger



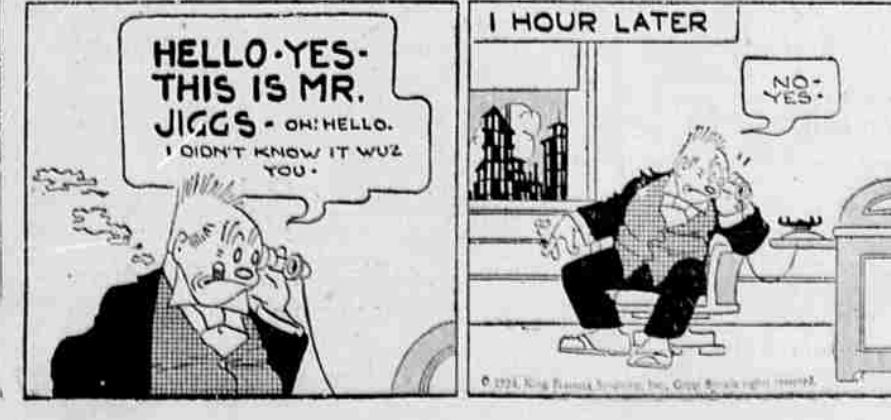
THE NEBBS—Hi—Stranger



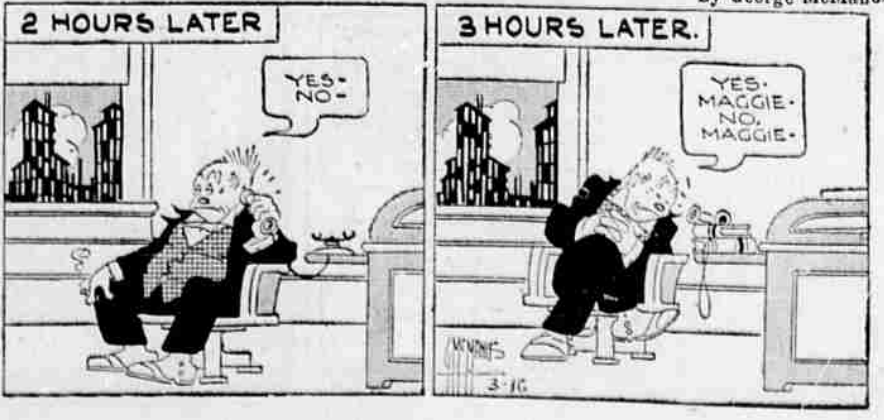
By Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



Scholars Get Break
 ISTANBUL—(UP)—Turkish school kids are being given a break. They will not have regular examinations at fixed dates. The authorities hold that this causes slacking or cramming. The pupils will be so taught that they are ready to pass exams at any time.

4,587 Convicts
 OTTAWA, Ont.—(UP)—The prison population of Canada at the beginning of the current year numbered 4,587, according to Hon. Hugh Guthrie, minister of justice. Of these a total of 2,376 were Canadians, 288 were citizens of the United States and 445 were Russians.

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