

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane and her fiancé Norman Dale, are returning on a steamer from the Rio Diablo where Judith's employer, Big Tom Bevins, has completed success for a dam that will reclaim the Rio valley and aid its impoverished settlers. Now Judith finds that Norman, who is her partner in the Houston law firm that handles the legal business of Bevins' big engineering and contracting firm, insists that she give up her position when they are married. Judith agrees to accept to Bevins, and finds that he is not surprised.

Chapter Six ORDEAL FOR JUDY

TOM BEVINS went on: "You forget I've known Norman all of his life. I've had in the same block with him since the day he was born. He is as generous as can be with things he likes, but he won't share anything he loves with anyone."

"I remember a woolly lamb he had when he was a little tike. He loved that thing, wouldn't put it in his play box for fear my daughter Matilda would get it. And of course that was the very thing she wanted... but this isn't getting to work is it, Judy?"

Judith shook her head. She had almost forgotten Big Tom had a daughter, she spent so much of her time away at school, or abroad. She

when they admitted a desire for them to marry.

"What makes you think she does?"

"Wants to sell our home. The city has grown up around it until it's like living in a boiler factory. Then of course you know, mother is a bridge fan and I'm tempted to believe she'd like to move into some residential hotel where she would have enough partners to play from dawn to dawn."

"Oh," Judith's tone was less skeptical, "but you have such a lovely home. Clia pointed it out to me one day."

She was silent a moment and Norman, turning, saw her brow furrowed. "Now what's worrying you?" he asked.

"Just this." She turned towards him, booted feet braced to the away of the deck, as they turned into the channel, hands in breeches pockets, khaki shirt open at the throat.

"Norman, you're everything I shouldn't marry all rolled up into one man. You're an indoor man and I should marry an out-of-door man. You'll approach a problem from the ethical side and I'll approach it from the scientific. You have a social background and I haven't any at all."

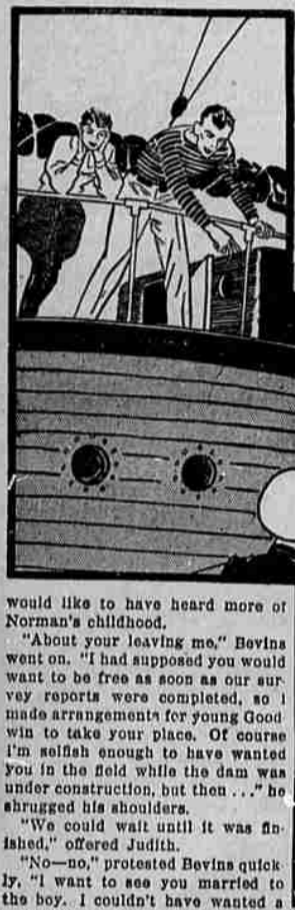
"Judy, listen. If we married our prototypes the world would go to seed. Suppose the tall men married tall girls, the short ones short girls, the doctors doctors—"

"And lawyers lawyers?"

"Mother nature has to shuffle them up to give each generation a fresh deal. All that's needed to make a success of marriage is enough love."

"Norm," there was mischief in Judith's voice, "what's enough?"

They had entered the harbor. Against the burnt orange after



would like to have heard more of Norman's childhood.

"About your leaving me," Bevins went on. "I had supposed you would want to be free as soon as our survey reports were completed, so I made arrangements for young Goodwin to take your place. Of course I'm selfish enough to have wanted you in the field while the dam was under construction, but then..." he shrugged his shoulders.

"We could wait until it was finished," offered Judith.

"No—no," protested Bevins quickly. "I want to see you married to the boy. I couldn't have wanted a son-in-law for my own son—"

He stopped as though startled by an idea, then went on—"sort of feel I'll be doing Emil—favor seeing his daughter safe..." his voice dwindled off and he looked out across the intense blue of the Gulf as though he were seeing far beyond Judith's physical vision.

Judith watched him, gray eyes tender. Next to her father's memory she loved Big Tom. They spent so much time together. Unhappy at home, he would wait until his wife and daughter started one of their innumerable trips, then would visit Judith's apartment, content to mingle with her friends.

She was heartened by the thought that he might use her home, here and Norman's, as a retreat from his loneliness.

"Suppose we get after these reports," suggested Bevins, and the two bent their heads over maps and note books filled with figures.

Twilight was sweeping up from the east when Judith and Norman found time to be alone together again. Galveston, still bathed in the last rays of the sun, but showing twinkling jetty lights, lay to the starboard.

"Did I tell you I sent a wire to mother from Rio Mar?" Norman inquired as they stood on deck.

"Oh," it was a quick breathed reply. Of course he had a mother, but she'd forgotten Mrs. J. Anthony Dale must play an important part in her life. "Hope she'll like me."

"She will. She's been wanting me to marry and move into a house of my own for a long time."

Judith winced. Mothers of only sons usually had the girl chosen

slow, ships at anchor were blocked in charcoal lines on a saffron bay.

One, a pleasure yacht, was festooned with lights, disclosing a gay party on the after deck. Men in fannels, girls in filmy summer frocks.

"Good heavens," said Norman, "there's Big Tom's yacht with a party aboard. I'll bet they're here to meet us."

Judith took one dismayed look at the yacht, another at her worn khaki shirt and breeches, a third at Norman. Was she to enter his world looking like this?

Norman looked down at Judith, then out at the yacht where his friends were assembled.

"Norm," Judith was tugging at his sleeve, "I can't go aboard looking like this."

"Judy," he answered, loyally, "looking like that you'll stampede the crowd."

"You're comforting," she admitted, then noticed the yacht's tender pulling alongside, and seated in the bow a large, fine looking woman.

"Hello, Mother," shouted Norman.

The woman waved. "Hello, son, where's my girl?"

Judith had a distinct desire to cry. No mother of an only son had any right to be so sporting. The wife telling of their engagement must have come as a shock.

She couldn't possibly be overjoyed at meeting a girl of whom she probably never heard before.

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Judith heard Monday, of a plot against Bevins.

STATE'S LIQUOR BUSINESS HURT BY BOOTLEGGING

PORTLAND, March 17.—(AP) Bootleggers are selling 75 per cent of the hard liquor distributed in Portland. This was the inference left by George L. Sammis, administrator of the Oregon liquor control system, when at a meeting of the control board here Thursday, he said the state stores "are selling 25 per cent of the liquor sold in Portland."

The commission postponed until later action they were expected to take yesterday on ordering a reduction in the state price list. It had been intimated that the liquor store price might be cut as much as 10 per cent.

Law enforcement officers, and even district attorneys, are "woefully ignorant" of their duties under the Knox law. It was declared by George Neuner, attorney for the commission, and former United States attorney for Oregon. He said Governor Meier has demanded that the law actually be enforced.

Sammis said he is advised that "at least 50 establishments are operating in the city selling illicit liquor by the drink." Unofficial observers have estimated at least twice that many places are so operating.

The state has made a profit of about \$8,000 on its liquor store operations to date, Sammis said on figures of incomplete figures. Up to

"Immoral Marlene? Nein," Say Germans In Barring Movie

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., March 17.—(AP)—It was said at Paramount studio today that notice had been received two weeks ago that Marlene Dietrich's film "The Song of Songs" had been banned in Germany.

The reason given was that Miss Dietrich plays "an immoral character" in the picture.

Neither Miss Dietrich nor studio executives would make any comment.

March 14 sales have amounted to \$37,834 for the entire state.

TELEGRAPH COMPANIES MUST WORK OUT CODE

WASHINGTON, March 17.—(AP)—All telegraph companies were put on call today by the NRA to appear here early next week to help work out and accept a code for their industry.

Exercise of this seldom used NRA power—demanding that a group accept a code—was taken just as a senate investigation of the American Telephone and Telegraph company was proposed at the capitol.

Arizona Miracle. WILLIAMS, Ariz., March 17.—(AP)—Barney Buffington, 20-year-old Amarillo, Tex., youth, was believed out of danger today from the effects of the poisonous bite of a gila monster.

For Garden Plotting Tel. 912-J.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale. No hunting no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

BERRY CONTRACTS OFFERED GROWERS

PORTLAND, March 17.—(AP) Considerable contracting of loganberries in western Oregon by canners and barrels at around 4 cents a pound has been reported here, and it is said contracts are being offered at about 6 cents a pound for strawberries, although associations of producers of the latter fruit are generally holding for a slightly higher price.

There has been no confirmation here of raspberry contracts.

Loganberries are beginning to bud and will be as early, if not earlier than strawberries, producers say. This is a condition almost unique in the berry history of Oregon.

From The Dalles word has been received that heavy orders for cherries are being taken by growers' apparently in line with the increased activity suggested in fruit processing markets.

SILVER BILLS COMING UP FOR VOTE SUNDAY

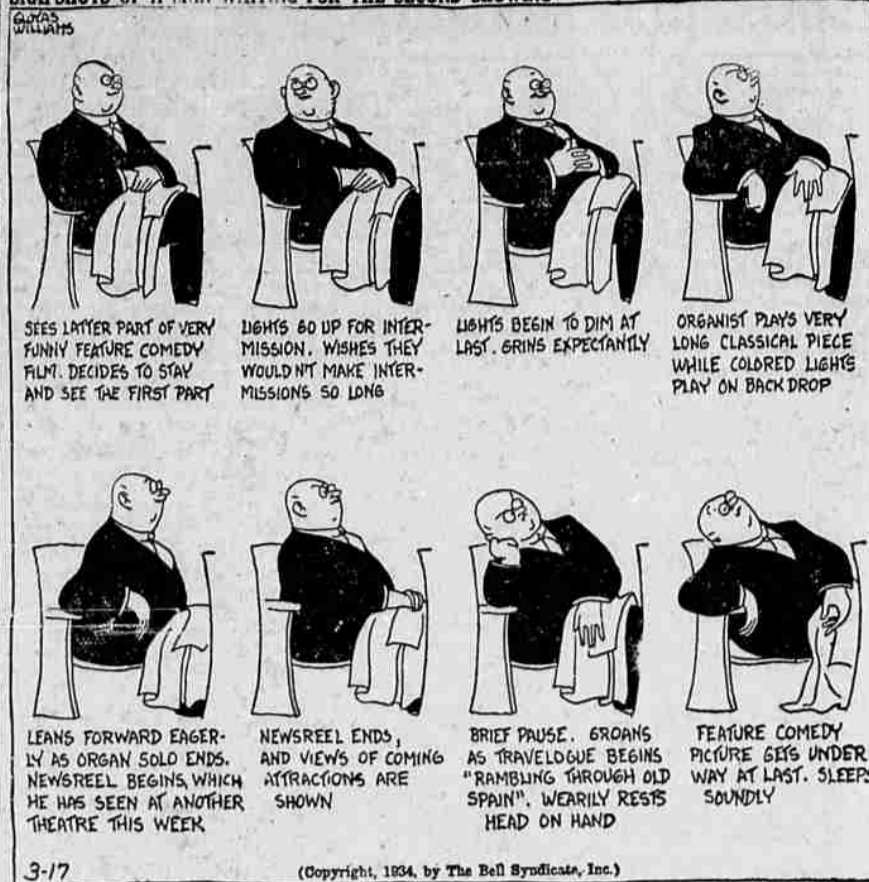
WASHINGTON, March 17.—(AP)—Speaker Rainey said today he would permit a house vote Monday on two silver bills.

The speaker made this known at a press conference after conferring with leaders of the silver bloc.

The votes will be taken under suspension of the rules—a procedure which requires a two thirds majority for passage.

Ladino Clover. The supply is limited. Arrange for your requirements now. Priced from 50c to 90c per pound.—Medford Seed & Feed Co.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN WAITING FOR THE SECOND SHOWING



STORK ENROUTE TO FILM COLONY

HOLLYWOOD, March 17.—(AP)—Mrs. Joel McCrea—Frances Dee on the screen—today began work on her last picture until after her baby is born, sometime in September. Miss Dee said she hopes to return to her work about next November.

Other Hollywoodites awaiting the arrival of the stork include Dorothy Jordan, who expects her baby next month. She is in Honolulu now with her husband, Merian C. Cooper, film executive.

Sally Eilers—Mrs. Harry Joe Brown in real life—also is expecting an heir or heiress. "In several months," says Sally.

S'MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Pay Off For Wilkins!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Victory!



THE NEBBS—You Can Never Tell



BRINGING UP FATHER



AIMEE FROWNS ON HEADLINE LOVES

CINCINNATI, March 17.—(AP)—Thrice married Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist, says she will never marry again.

"Love," she said, clasping her hands dramatically and gazing into space, "is truly a wonderful thing, without which the world may seem empty, but I'll never marry again."

"I have married hundreds of couples at my temple, and I am frequently referred to as the 'marrying person' I have observed this thing called love at close sight. It is a wonderful thing to see a husband and wife walking hand in hand. But we all have our troubles. Mine gets in the headlines. Yours don't."

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By George McManus