

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



CHAPTER SEVEN
CLIA'S NEWS

UNDER Norman's guidance Judith went over the slide, stepped into the small boat and made her way towards Mrs. Dale.

She was certainly handsome, Judith thought. She had Norman's coloring, not a streak of grey in her hair. She was reaching out a steady hand, and Judith, laying her sun-burned fingers in the firm pink palm, was suddenly shy before the studied elegance of the woman who was talking steadily to put her at ease.

"What a stunning looking child you are! I thought Norman said

"Trousseau gift," explained Mrs. Dale, slipping a sheath of white satin and foamy lace over her head. "You got this too large, Clia. Look here."

"Judy," she said, "you must have been lying out in the sun shriveling up. You're as thin as a rail."

"Short rations," Judith explained; then, "What a love of a dress!"

"Frock," corrected Clia, tossing the puffed organza over her head and pulling it into line. "Anything that costs as much as this is a frock. The white's gorgeous against your tan, blue matches your eyes, and you need the red. Mrs. Dale, will you hand me that vanity... no, not mine; she'd look like a pumpkin; there, that's it... and somebody's at the door."

Mrs. Dale went to the door. "Judy," she said, turning back, "you'll excuse me if I go up, won't you? They need me for a bridge foursome. Norman's bringing you over tomorrow."

The door closed, and Clia sat back on her heels. "Well, what a fine mess you've got yourself into," she barked.

Judith smiled placidly. "Clia, even a wise woman like yourself tried matrimony before condemning it."

"Oh, tush," snapped Clia. "Anyone with brains would snatch at Norman. But why couldn't you have waited until you came to town for the announcement? I'd have given you a grand party. But there you went and sent those messages ahead to warn your enemy, for all the world as if you were afraid."

"Afraid... enemy... messages?"

"Judy, listen. Day before yesterday every newspaper in town received a telegram telling of your engagement. I telephoned Mrs. Dale, and she okayed it. Half an hour later we received a second telegram saying the first was a hoax to tease Norman. Dick Lorry, the city ed of our afternoon paper, asked me what I thought. I showed him your latest picture.

"That was enough. He took it away from me and ran it, first page, three columns with a stream head line. It was on the streets at three thirty. At three forty-five Mathilde Bevins telephoned and invited me on this yachting party. Then yesterday morning Mrs. J. Anthony Dale invited me on a shopping tour. She'd found out we were good friends and said she figured you ought to be given a chance to hold your own."

"But, Clia," Judith was completely bewildered, "what's it all about? Who sent the second telegram?"

"Judith, how well do you know your Boss' daughter?"

"Not well at all. She doesn't like me."

"Then let me give you a bird's eye picture of her. A decade ago she'd have been one of these 'but she's such a nice girl.' She knew it, so she went abroad and bought trimmings for the slightly singed variety. She had her face skinned, her

I showed him your latest picture. He ran it three columns, first page.



you were a business woman. Sit down there. If I kiss you now we'll both go overboard. I'm not built on skill lines. Norm, this girl isn't old enough to marry."

Judith regained her composure and smiled. "I'm willing to bet I'm more than ten years older than you were when you were married," she said.

"You're a dear child," was Mrs. Dale's response to the compliment. "In case you're worrying about your clothes (not that you don't look like a picture out of a book), your friend Clia is on board with—"

"Clia aboard?" questioned Judith, too overjoyed at having a friend in that desert of strangers to realize her rudeness. Clia Sanford could hold her own with a dozen Bevins women.

"Yes, very much aboard. However, I doubt that Ma'teel Bevins knew she was your best friend when she was invited." She gave Judith a wistful, twinkling smile, which puzzled the girl.

They were at the yacht's side, and Judith was squaring her shoulders to meet the crowd surging to their side of the yacht when she heard her friend's voice high above the others.

"Hello, Judy girl... look at her, do you blame any man for sacrificing his freedom for that figure... and wait till you see her eyes... She threw a friendly arm about Judith as she stepped on deck.

"She had her face skinned, her hair silvered, and changed her name from Mathilda to Mathile, pronounced Ma'teel, and then came back with the theme song 'I must have that man.'"

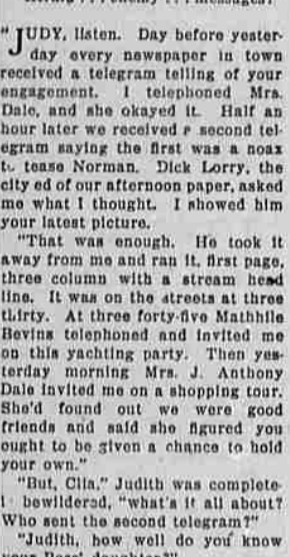
"Clia," laughed Judith, "what do you mean?"

"This. Ma'teel has had her eye on Norman Dale since their colored mannikins let them squall in the same crib. Ma'teel probably figured she'd stand a chance if she could hush it until she got her hooks into Norman."

"Oh, Clia—"

"And when you digest that I've got a real earful for you. Listen Norman's senior partner, Morton Lamper, is out to ruin your boss dam. Sit down and I'll tell you the details."

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Judith hears the story of Lamper's plot, tomorrow.



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MILK INDUSTRY'S TROUBLES LAID TO TWO CAUSES

Economic Conditions and Bad Trade Practices Are Blamed by Mickle—Codes Failure in Many Instances

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Chaotic condition of the Oregon milk industry is due to two causes, economic conditions and bad trade practices, J. D. Mickle, head of the dairy and food division, state department of agriculture, said today.

"During the past year a great amount of time has been spent in preparation and writing of milk codes which were intended to straighten out milk affairs that are now vexing producers, distributors, store proprietors and regulatory officials almost everywhere throughout the country," said Mickle. "Now many of these codes have been laid aside as ineffective and not productive of remedial results in the present badly disturbed condition of affairs."

During the past few years dairymen producing market milk have been forced by various codes and ordinances to go to additional expense in building repairs, new barns, milk houses, water supplies, sterilization equipment, and cooling facilities, Mickle said.

Then, as the depression became more intense, consumption dropped sharply. In each milkshed of the

state more milk is being produced than can be marketed.

Greatest distress to the dairymen has come from dumping of surplus milk at below cost prices by some dairies, said Mickle. This has resulted in milk wars, forcing prices of all supplies below the cost margin.

Aim of the state milk control board, now beginning to function, is to bring about a systematic control of production and distribution for consumers.

Tourist Balance Off
ISTANBUL.—(UP)—The tourist balance in Turkey is upsetting the

authorities. Only 52,000 foreigners visited the country last year, and they spent a mere three million Turkish pounds. On the other hand, Turkish tourists to Europe and America took nearly seven million pounds out of the country.

Soviet Wins Radio Contract.
MOCCOW.—(UP)—The soviet government has concluded a contract with the Turkish republic to erect a 150-kilowatt radio station at Ankara. The soviet electric trust takes pride in the fact that it secured the contract, despite competition from several other companies of capitalistic countries.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo

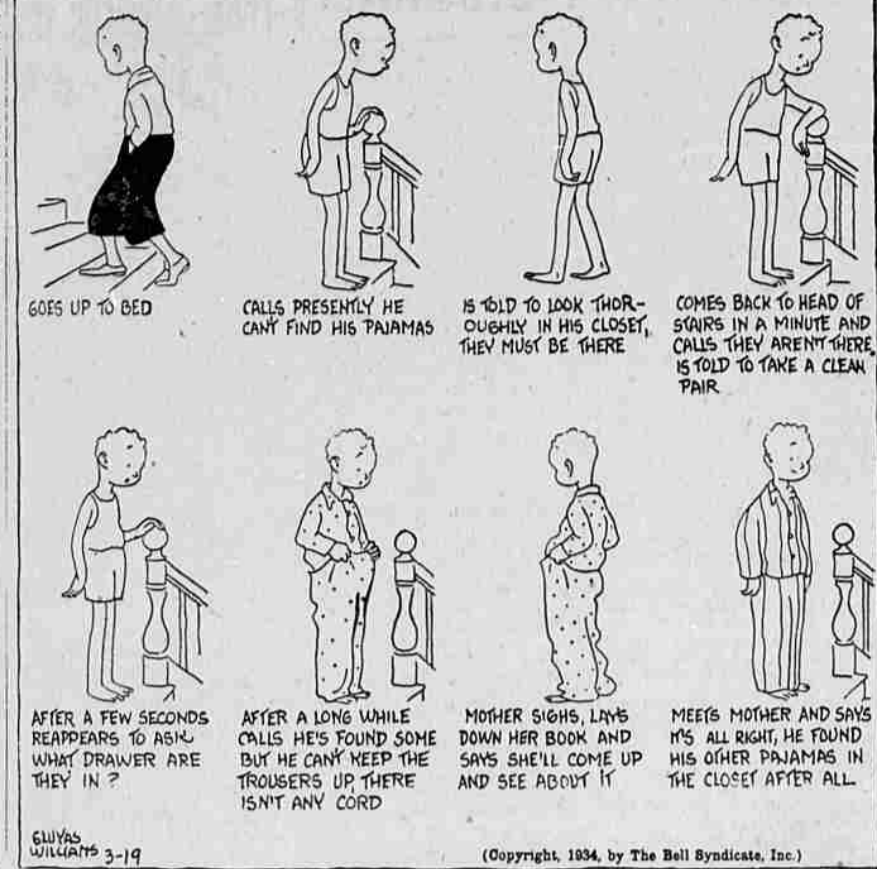


AT LAST THE SPIRITS KNOCK! WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO THEM?
T-T-TELL THEM THAT S-S-STANDARD GASOLINE WITH T-T-TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED IS GOOD FOR THAT KNOCKING!

3-9-34

PAJAMAS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES UP TO BED
CALLS PRESENTLY HE CAN'T FIND HIS PAJAMAS
IS TOLD TO LOOK THOROUGHLY IN HIS CLOSET, THEY MUST BE THERE
COMES BACK TO HEAD OF CURTAINS IN A MINUTE AND CALLS THEY AREN'T THERE, IS TOLD TO TAKE A CLEAN PAIR

AFTER A FEW SECONDS REAPPEARS TO ASK WHAT DRAWER ARE THEY IN?
AFTER A LONG WHILE CALLS HE'S FOUND SOME BUT HE CAN'T KEEP THE TROUSERS UP THERE ISN'T ANY CORD
MOTHER SIGHS, LAYS DOWN HER BOOK AND SAYS SHE'LL COME UP AND SEE ABOUT IT
MEE'S MOTHER AND SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT, HE FOUND HIS OTHER PAJAMAS IN THE CLOSET AFTER ALL

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 3-19
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SMATTER POP



LISSEN, DID YA EVER HAVE A SPUNKACHE?
THERTAINLY!
DO YA KNOW WHAT TO DO IF YA THINK ONE IS COMIN ON?
NO!

3-9-34

By C. M. Payne



LISSEN - I JUST THOUGHT THIS OUT
RUN LIKE EVERYTHING!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Another Torment For Wilkins!



YOU HEARD ME, WILKINS—YOU'RE FIRED—GET YOUR TIME AND GET OFF THIS LOT OR I'LL KICK YOU OFF!

LISSEN, PUNK, I AIN'T GONNA BLOCK NO BOOT AN' I'LL LAM WHEN I'M READY!

WHY—YOU—

WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT—

HOLD 'EM TOM!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT CRACK, WILKINS—IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I'M HOLDING HIM—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HAL FORREST—

By Hal Forrest



READER—OUT THIS EPISODE DOWN IN YOUR NOTE BOOK RIGHT NOW—IT MAY HELP YOU TO SOLVE A DEEP MYSTERY LATER ON—

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He Won't Be Left Long!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. JEFFARD?
I'VE GONNA "SPIDER" SO HE CAN BOTHER US ANY MORE—

TH-TH-THE SCOUNDREL ATTACKED ME FROM BEHIND!

WHEN YOUR DOG BIT ME, HE DREW BLOOD—SUPPOSING I GET HYDROPHOBIA?

WELL, "SPIDER" THAT'D JUST BE TOO BAD! I'D REALLY BE WORRIED OVER THE SITUATION, THOUGH IF YOU HAD HAPPENED TO HAVE BIT BRIAR—

AS SOON AS YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT, MR. JEFFARD, WE'LL TRY TO GET THESE UNDER THE BOAT AND SEE IF WE CAN ROLL IT DOWN TO THE WATER—

I CAN HELP NOW, BEN!

YOU LEFT US HERE DIDN'T YOU?

YES, BUT I WAS COMING BACK FOR YOU WHEN EVERYTHING BLEW OVER—

SAY, THAT'S A FINE LOT OF HOT AIR, BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME ONE COME BACK FOR YOU JUST AS SOON AS WE GET TO HURRICANE ISLAND—

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By Edwin Alger



THE NEBBS—Why Wait

LOTT'S POLICY OF WATCHFUL WAITING IS BEGINNING TO GET RESULTS—

THE NEBBS ARE DEVELOPING A DESIRE TO TALK BUSINESS WITH HIM.

IF THIS MR. LOTTS IS DOWN HERE TO BUY YOU OUT WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SOMETHING?

HOW DO I KNOW? I ONLY KNOW WHAT THE LITTLE RUNT SLIDER TOLD POTTS—I GAVE IT TO YOU AS I GOT IT

WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM WHAT HIS BUSINESS IS? THERE'S NOTHING WRONG ABOUT THAT—YOU'VE GOT ME SO INQUISITIVE I'LL BREAK OUT IN A RASH IF I DON'T GET SOME POSITIVE INFORMATION SOON.

I GUESS THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. I'LL GO UP TO HIM IN A NONCHALANT HARUM-SCARUM WAY AND SAY, "LOTTS, WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?" AND ACT LIKE MY MIND DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MY MOUTH WAS SAYING BUT THE OLD EARS WOULDN'T MISS A SYLLABLE OF THAT ANSWER

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By Sol Hess



WELL, I THINK I HAD BETTER CALL ON MR. JONES AT HIS OFFICE JUST TO PLEASE MAGGIE

I'M SORRY BUT MR. JONES IS OUT HE WON'T BE BACK FOR AN HOUR—

OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I'LL WAIT—

MR. ABEL—THIS GENTLEMAN IS WAITING FOR MR. JONES—YOU TAKE THE DESK—I'M GOING OUT TO LUNCH

VERY WELL—

AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT?

CERTAINLY NOT—MY TIME IS VALUABLE—

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By George McManus



BRINGING UP FATHER

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THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

5¢ EVERYWHERE



3-19