

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane, Tom Bevin's secretary, and Norman Dale return from Rio Diablo on a yacht. Bevin is about to build a dam at Rio Diablo to reclaim a huge quantity of land. They are met at Delavator by the Bevin yacht, on which is Cila Sanford, Judith's reporter friend. Cila tells Judith that Mathie Bevin will try to make trouble between her and her newly acquired fiance, and that Norman Lampere, senior partner of Norman's Houston law firm, is out to queer Bevin's dam project.

Chapter Eight LAMPERE'S PLOT
JUDITH LANE, slightly astonished at the change Cila Sanford had evoked in her appearance with ruffes, peach powder and rouge, stared into the bathroom mirror and digested the fact that the girl who practically owned this yacht (Big Tom's interest was merely paying maintenance bills) hoped to marry Norman Dale.

And then her attention was rudely switched from her own personal feelings to concern over her chief. "It happened this way," Cila settled into a deep chair and lighted a cigarette with a deliberation which Judith recognized as a forerunner of something important.

"Letty Canfield decided to take a post graduate course in matrimony, and I was sent over to the court house to check on her first mistake. It was closing time, but I slipped in and promised to latch the door when I left. You know how those files are, don't you? If ever I want to commit murder I'll hide the victim in there and go free the rest of my days."

"I was back of one tending to Letty's business when I heard voices. I peeped around and found that Morty Lampere and Judge Maritellian had shined in through the crack of the door and were doing a confidential.

"They looked so guilty I felt duty bound to find out what they were talking about. This was it. Lampere was trying to force Maritellian to get some friend of his in Rio Mar county to issue an injunction against the sale of any additional dam property to your boss."

"Oh..." Judith had forgotten Norman, the yacht, her lovely frock. She was the stenographer ready to act as a medium between Big Tom and a danger which threatened his dam.

"But, Cila, I'm sure he bought all that was necessary; bought the dam site from the State for delinquent taxes last winter, and the limitation date has already passed, so they can't question his ownership of that."

"At the same time he bought all land deserted by the homeseeking owners, for delinquent taxes, in order to protect those very homeseekers. After the irrigation is available they may have their land back, providing they will live on it and cultivate it, by simply paying what Big Tom paid the State."

"Wouldn't Lampere know all of that?"

"Of course... I have it," Judith, who had sat down opposite her friend, arose. "It's the new dam... the upper one. Cila, I trust you implicitly or I wouldn't think out loud. For some reason Lampere is trying to check Big Tom's control of the upper food basin... I remember sending a wire to the Company Board telling of the new plans... Lampere read it... he was probably called to the board meeting."

"BUT, Cila," she stood before her friend, "why should he fight the firm retaining him?"

"You're asking me," commented Cila. "However, Jude, he didn't intend that Bevin should find out he was behind the injunction. He threatened the judge with some kind of an expose if Big Tom learned of it through him."

"I don't understand why he's doing this," mused Judith. "The dam is only a hobby of Mr. Bevin. Of course it will make money in time, everything Big Tom touches does and for that reason he has complete support of our board of directors... he's ready to build it with his own cash, if there is any dissension... Cila, she asked suddenly, "why should Lampere and the judge discuss such a thing in a public file room?"

"Afraid if they went to either office, some smart reporter like Cila Sanford would see them and smell a political mouse... you remember my estimable news-sheet nearly put both of them on the scandal spot after the last election."

"I must get hold of Big Tom. He should know about Lampere before he reaches Houston. Wait... there's someone at the door."

"Well, girls," Mrs. Dale stood in the doorway. "Aren't you coming up?"

"When I was a girl," observed Cila, with the affection of an ancient crone, "my hostess escorted me—"

"Times and hostesses have changed," laughed Mrs. Dale, but there was apology in her voice, "as under the circumstances come along."

The hostess met them on the main deck and propelling Judith gently along by a delicate pressure on her arm, came to a stop on the after deck where the crowd had gathered.

"Folks," Mrs. Bevin's voice was gentle, friendly, "I want you to meet Tom's stenographer, Miss Lane."

"Having been catalogued," observed Cila, laughing, "suppose you come along over here and sit with the only other working girl aboard."

Judith followed Cila, slightly bewildered, while the crowd laughed good-naturedly. Judith noticed Norman wasn't on deck, nor was Big Tom. She sank into a wicker chair which was pushed out from somewhere, and then saw Norman approaching, an exquisitely lovely girl smiling up into his face.

The girl accepted a chair, directly opposite Judith's and she noticed with a start that this was Mathie Bevin, a Mathie who had changed tremendously since she had last seen her.

Her eyes, artfully shadowed, seemed dark instead of pale blue, beneath the crown of platinum hair. She wore a dark blue organdy, cut on exaggerated sailor-suit lines with silver braid and buttons for trimming. It was unquestionably smart.

JUDITH sought for a simile to express the change in the plump, dowdy girl she had known and the gently rounded, beautifully sophisticated one before her. She had it. She was as different as the Tilly her father had once called her, was different from the Mathie he called her now when he didn't forget.

Norman seated himself near Judith, a proprietary air about him which caused the Bevin eyes to narrow.

"Miss Lane," she began with a patronizing note in her voice, "you look badly. Has father been working you too hard, or have you been dining for the former fashionable figure?"

"Forced dieting," barked Tom Bevin who had come up behind Judith, "all of us were. We found the natives down there about starved and this child," with a fond pat of Judith's head, "slipped her poor share to the kids."

"Really, tell us about the trip, Miss Lane," suggested someone.

"Help!" gasped Mathie delicately, "not that. I've been bored with tales of surveying trips ever since I can remember."

"You wouldn't have been bored with this one, or on it either," her father suggested, comfortably. "We had the kind of a storm, Tilly, which used to send you scurrying under the bed."

Tilly flushed scarlet and the crowd hooted at the idea of the elegant Mateel on all fours seeking shelter.

"Peculiar how danger brings out the primitive in us," remarked someone.

"Danger," retorted Mathie, her voice brittle, "brings out a lot of strange emotions... storms especially."

"For illustration, during one of my earlier trips abroad we spent some time in Italy. I managed to shake my chaperone... oh, yes, mother tried to have me properly dunned... and take a cruise on the Mediterranean."

"It was an Italian boat with an Italian captain, young fellow... handsome in a pebbled sort of way. We ran into a tremendous storm. Now of course under ordinary circumstances I would never have spoken to the man but that storm worked on my emotions so thoroughly it took me a fortnight ashore to realize I loathed, instead of loved, him."

Judith's eyes were no longer grey, they were blue-black with anger. She looked at Norman, who was smiling easily, as though amused at the story, then she looked at Cila.

The girl's red lips had parted to show the gleam of white teeth, her figure seemed vibrating with anger, but when she spoke her voice was filled with laughter.

"My word, Miss Bevin," she chuckled, "one might almost think you were inferring that Mr. Dale decided to fall in love with Judy, because they ran into a small hurricane."

Norman sat up with a start—"Oh, no," he protested, "Mathie's always reminding over affairs."

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Tomorrow, Judith sees her future home.

GANGSTER ARMY OUTNUMBERS U.S. MILITARY FORCE

WASHINGTON, March 20.—(AP)—Attorney General Cummings said today that America's underworld has more armed men than the United States army and navy combined.

The statement was made to the senate judiciary committee as it began consideration of bills submitted by the justice department to aid the government in a war on gangsters.

Cummings called on congress to enact strong legislation, asserting: "There are more people under arms in the underworld today than in the army and navy of the United States."

He outlined the legislative proposals and explained they were necessary because of a "twilight zone of authority between the state and federal jurisdictions which has afforded roving bands of criminals opportunity to operate with success."

Cummings said the legislation he was proposing did not go as far as many intelligent people desired, but he felt "crime suppression must be primarily the business of local authority."

"But," he added, "I don't want to duck any real responsibility and in dealing with these roving bands of criminals we are dealing with a situation that make reliance upon local authorities perfectly futile."

Asking for legislation to control the use of machine guns, Cummings said "We can afford to place some burden upon law abiding citizens in order to reach the criminal."

Urging the committee to enact a

Deputy Coroner Shoots Himself

DALLAS, March 20.—(AP)—Fred Thomas, 39, Polk county coroner, shot himself in bed at his home here about 11 o'clock this morning. He was a member of the Henkle & Thomas mortuary firm.

Thomas apparently reached behind

his own body with the revolver and shot himself in the spine. Despondency was believed to have caused the action. His wife died about two months ago.

He is survived by two small daughters.

WALLA WALLA, March 20.—(AP)—Miss Frances Shipman Penrose, daughter of Dr. Stephen B. L. Penrose, president of Whitman college, and Mrs. Penrose, was quietly married to Henry Barlow Owen of Seaside, member of a prominent Richmond, Va., family, Sunday morning at the Penrose home here, the bride's father officiating.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP



By O. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Wilkins Disappears!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dan Jeppard's Offer



By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Out Of The Bag



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

FUEL DEALERS TO ELECT CODE HEADS

The industries committee of the Portland chamber of commerce has been selected as an agency to conduct an election to select nine members for Division No. 43 of the National Code Authority Retail Solid Fuel Industry.

Nation-wide elections are at present being conducted to select members of 45 divisional code authorities to administer the code of fair competition for the retail solid fuel industry approved on February 14, 1934, by President Roosevelt.

Division comprises the state of Oregon and the southwestern counties of the state of Washington.

All voting is by mail. Ballots are

at present being distributed to the 1000 dealers in district 43. Every retailer of solid fuel, which includes not only coal, but coke and wood as well, is eligible to vote.

The industries committee of the Portland chamber will supervise the voting and make the official count. All dealers who do not receive ballots should request them from the industries department of the Portland chamber of commerce.

SEA LOCKS QUESTION IMPORTANT—MAHONEY

HOOD RIVER, Ore., March 20.—(AP)—Willis E. Mahoney, mayor of Klamath Falls, and Democratic candidate for the nomination as governor, believes the question of sea-locks at the Bonneville dam is an "important issue," and will make known his position in this connection at a joint meeting of Wasco and Hood River county voters.

Midget Photos 3 for 10c. Peasey Studio Opp. Holly Theatre.