# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

*SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane is asking Tom Bevins' physician about his health, for the night before Bevins had asked Judy to carry on in case he died. Bevins is beginning a big dam project at Rio Diablo, and has found that Morton Lampere, member of the firm that handles his legal business, is trying to double-cross him. To complicate matters, Judith is engaged to Norman Dale, Lampere's partner. And to complicate them still more, Mathile Bevins, Tom's daughter, hopes to win Norman in spite of Judy.*

Chapter 12

HONEYMOON

THE physician laughed. "Bevins is a bull headed old rascal," he admitted; then, with concern, "Are you ill too?"

"No, but I am worried, and what I'd like to ask you shouldn't be discussed over the telephone, only I'm afraid I won't sleep until I receive the answer."

"Better ask then; he said he'd worked you pretty hard."

"Doctor Kelly, I'm engaged to be married, and if Big Tom is in a serious condition I feel I should wait. He told me he was liable to die any minute—"

"Well, aren't we all? Walk against a traffic light, work overtime in the hot sun, do any one of a number of foolish things and see what happens."

"You mean?"

"With proper caution, no more all night vigils and particularly with common sense where his emotions are concerned your friend may live to be a hundred. There is nothing in his present condition to warrant your putting off your wedding. Now go to sleep."

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"And so they lived happily ever after," quoted Judith Lane Dale, as she lay on the sand, staring at the blue of a late September sky. "Norm . . . 'member how fairy tales always used to stop with the marriage of the mysterious prince to Cinderella? Clia says they stopped there because fairy tales had to have happy endings, and if they'd gone on any further there wouldn't have been . . ."

Judith found her mouth gagged with a rubber cap. "Don't start preaching Cliaisms on your honeymoon," admonished Norman. "Aside from being poor taste it disturbs my reading these. . . ."

He had been going through a handful of mail brought to the beach by Lige from the honeymoon cottage where Delphinium presided and persisted in her efforts to "fatten thet skinny chile."

"Here's a note from the contractor, Judy, he says we can move into Hillendale by October 15th, that's three weeks away . . . and 'Will Mrs. Dale be contented with white picket fences? The stones won't be available for two months and Farmer January's cows came in and ate the evergreens Jimson planted and now January wants us to pay the damage.'"

"To our evergreens?" demanded Judith.

"No, his cows."

"Drat January. Norm, our living room drapes are exactly the color of the Gulf out there at the horizon line, aren't they?"

"And here's a note from Mathile, says Big Tom is feeling fine, they're going on up the coast."

Judith sat up—"So Tilly writes my man does she? Look here," she showed Norman an envelope across which her name was scrawled in heavy masculine writing. "Your woman gets written to by Slim Sanford."

"Nice chap, I like him," observed Norman, then with a quick laugh, "n need to return the compliment, come on Judy, I'll beat you to the third breaker with a two minute handicap."

JUDITH came up through the third breaker even with Norman and together they swam beyond the surf to float lazily.

"Norman," Judith rolled over and began to tread water, "how's your mother enjoying the cruise?"

"Well," observed that young man, "she said they put on a Havana to Miami tournament of contract and she won seventy-five dollars. Need I say more?"

Judith laughed. They swam on until another question came to her mind. "Norm, it certainly was generous of her to give us Lige and Delphy. I feel like I'd always known them."

"Generous, my eye," he retorted. "Mother's suite isn't big enough for our full-blossomed Delphinium to turn around without knocking over card tables."

Judith spluttered as she went under, then came up salt water starring her eyelashes.

"Clia says, Jane Allen told her that if you had married Mathile, your mother would have come to live with you."

Norman started to tread water, went under a wave and coming up looked as dignified as a young man might look under the circumstances.

"Judy listen. I've never had any idea of marrying Matilda. As for mother's coming to live with us—if I had . . . well Tilda's the only person she's never been able to whip at bridge and life would have been one long tournament, and I don't like tournaments."

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Judith wasn't jealous of Mathile Bevins. She assured herself of this the day they moved into "Hillendale Cottage." However, she didn't understand why, with thirty-one days to October, Mathile had to chose that particular day for the Naiad to dock at the turning basin.

Someone had to drive down for Mrs. Dale, senior, and someone had to stay at the house to attend to the last moment affairs. Judith preferred being at the house.

"This sho' is a pretty house, Miss Judy," wheezed Delphy, sinking into a deep chair in the living room, with the easy familiarity of one "bo'n t' the family."

"And you like your quarters, Delphy? How about Lige, is it going to be too far from town for him?"

"Laws no, that boy he kin get up a one man crap game, an' its a sight easier on me when he loses to hisself."

She looked out on the long room with its quaint fixtures, pale yellow walls and sea-green drapes.

"Seems right nice livin' here with furnichur I been polishin' thirty years. Member how Ma's Anthony brung it long from 'ginia. Miz Dale, tho' she don't need no furniture 'ceptin' a card table. Many's a time I said 's a shame she weren't bo'n a man so's she could put that there mind o' hers to business. Some women ought to have a dozen chilern' or a boardin' house to keep them busy, and she's one."

Judith smiled a small secret smile as she thought of Clia—"Mrs. J. Anthony Dale," Clia had said, "is a fine example of a good business woman finding an outlet for her talent in social piracy."

A FEW nights later, in the throes of giving her first formal dinner, she thought again of what Clia and Delphy had said. Trembling with fatigue and excitement she sat before her dressing room table trying to fasten the strap of her beige velvet gown.

Twenty guests . . . suppose one or two were late, didn't come . . . Lige must remember Big Tom was to have only water, no wine, no coffee . . . and afterwards, the orchestra was to begin with the Venetian Suite . . . Dolores looked so lovely behind her huge harp . . . she mentioned this to Norman, who was struggling with his tie.

"Reminds me," he said, "I'll put up a card table in the den, that's far enough away so the few who have to have their bridge won't be annoyed."

Judith looked into the mirror. Would the time come when she would be like this mother of his? Would marriage and motherhood leave her life so empty she'd want to return to the business world out of sheer boredom?

Norman and Judith spent their first Thanksgiving with the Bevins and as fond as was Judith of Big Tom she began to look upon his family as flies in the amber of her honeymoon.

But Thanksgiving was not as monotonous as Judith had anticipated. Big Tom's delight at having her there made up for Mathile's insistence upon monopolizing Norman, and when the engineer, so clearly showing the mark of illness, took her into the library to show her a miniature dam he had constructed, she became completely absorbed in the project.

And then time passed and somehow it seemed to her she had always lived there; had always been married to Norman. There was nothing in watching the mantel clock for the hands to point to the hour his car would purr up the driveway and she would meet him at the door, to remind her of the lonely nights in her apartment.

The unity of their life and love was so perfect she made no attempt to analyze it, or fear it too perfect to last.

And then, like the shattering of a fragile prism, came a telephone message in the midst of their Valentine party.

Tom Bevins had dropped dead.

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Monday, Judith shoulders heavy responsibilities.

# First County Nurse Here For Visit Recalls Crude But Enthusiastic Clinics

Clinics were held on back porches and dining room tables—the health department's equipment consisted of a scales, a sheet and an office table, and her open Ford "Ichabod," when Mrs. John C. Thomas, visitor here from Jpneau, Alaska, was Jackson county's first health nurse.

So Mrs. Thomas, the former Marie Pallidine, recalled this morning, while gazing over the Alex Sparrow memorial clinic, center of Jackson county's health program, now one of the foremost in the state.

Eleven years ago Mrs. Thomas left Medford for Alaska, but before going, according to present county health workers, she laid the very important foundation from which the public health program here is still progressing.

She did the important pioneering and, although she declines to admit the fact, it is easily determined from her reminiscences, which reveal that Jackson county residents have always been in sympathy with demands for better health.

"The program couldn't help succeeding," Mrs. Thomas declared this morning, reviewing the early days of organization; "the people were all so wonderful. We found splendid cooperation in every community. There must have been problems, of course. But as I look back on it all today I can't remember any opposition."

The late Dr. T. J. Malmgren of Phoenix was county health officer when Mrs. Thomas came to Jackson county as a health worker, hired by the Oregon Tuberculosis society. Dr. Wm. W. P. Holt of this city later assumed the work and it was with him later that she carried on the clinics, then possible.

Health work had been organized in this county under the tuberculosis society in 1917, this being the first county to achieve the organization. It was later that Mrs. Thomas became the regular county nurse to handle the general health program, working in co-operation with the Red Cross in welfare projects. Her headquarters were in the Sparta building and her equipment was as previously listed. She traveled in her Ford, known throughout the county as "Ichabod," to all schools and numerous community groups were organized, which are now carrying on the work as committees and units of the county health organization. There were 83 schools on her calling list and community groups were organized before she left here in: Ashland, Central Point, Medford, Gold Hill, Rogue River, Phoenix, Talent, Butte Falls and Jacksonville.

Among persons closely allied with the first endeavors in the direction of better health were Mrs. Alice Holloway, Mrs. Frederick Mears, Mrs. Rose Scheffelein, Mrs. H. L. Noblit and Mrs. Lewis Ulrich in this city; Mrs. D. Perozzi and Mrs. Sam McNair in Ashland, Mrs. Thomas said today. All of these women and others were more than anxious to cooperate in all plans for the advancement of the program. In each community women of the same spirit made extension of the program to all limits of the county possible.

"The outstanding thing in the program here, to me, today," Mrs. Thomas added, "is the continued interest of those group that have functioned in the communities."

She then added that she had gained the impression in other sections that Jackson county's health program is outstanding in the state.

From Medford, Mrs. Thomas went to Juneau, Alaska, where she participated in health work among the whites and the Indians until she became Mrs. Thomas and resigned in favor of her home.

She expects to be a guest in Medford until next Thursday.

### Fire Hazard Grows

PORTLAND, Ore., March 24.—(AP)—Fire hazards in the Portland area were greatly increased today by a rapidly diminishing humidity and a vigorous east wind which swept through Columbia gorge. At noon humidity here had dropped to 26 per cent, far below normal for this period of the year.

SALEM, March 24. —(AP)— The state utilities commissioner today denied the application of the state highway commisaion for an order authorizing an overhead crossing at Rheinhardt over the tracks of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation company in Union county.


### Notice to Truck Owners

This year we are again able to give our numerous clients expert advice and necessary P. U. C. requirements in the form of insurance at very reasonable rates. It is not necessary to belong to an association with our coverage. We particularly specialize in log-hauling requirements. Charles A. Wing Agency, Inc., 109 E. Main St., Medford, Oregon.


## THE FAMILY ALBUM—EVENING BATH

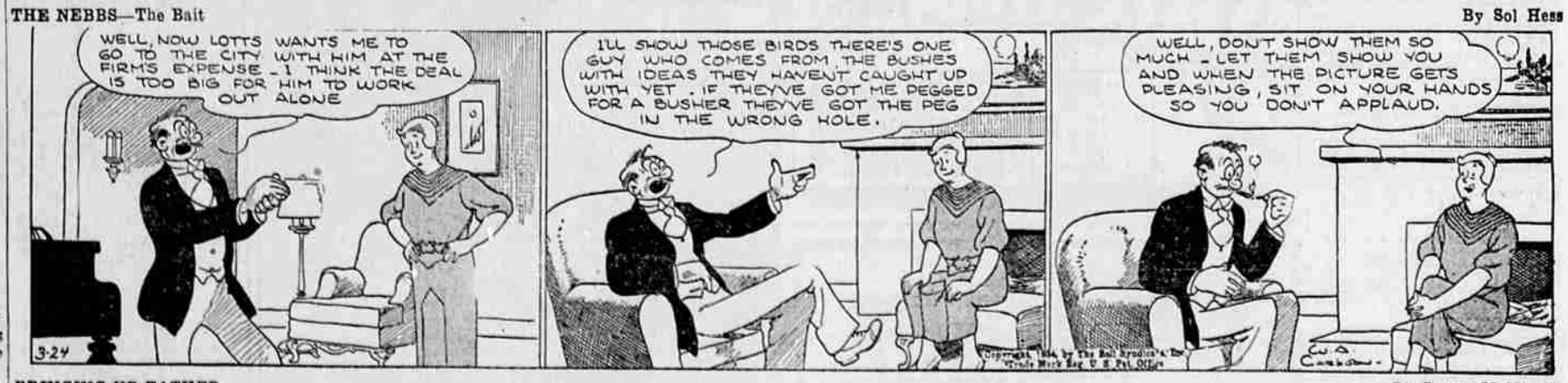
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Accepts The Nomination! By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Battle Royal! By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—The Bait By Sol Hess




BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

# SPY RECRUITER WORKED AT U. S. AIRPORT, CLAIM

PARIS, March 24.—(UP) The amazing trail of the international spy ring disclosed through the Switz case led today to Roosevelt flying field, outside New York City.

Robert G. Switz, young American flier, told French authorities that he first became interested in spy proposals while employed as a stunt flier at the United States airport.

He said that he entered espionage work through a Russian acquaintance at the airport, but claimed to have forgotten his name. Switz and his pretty young wife, a former Vassar college student, confessed to spying against France, Great Britain and the United States, police reported.

In his sensational revelations since openly admitting his part in the international ring, Switz apparently has decided to tell all he knows in an effort to gain leniency for himself and his wife.

He said that the Russian at Roosevelt field appeared to be directing the spy gang's activities in the United States. Switz revealed that he and his wife originally were destined to work as spies in England, but were suddenly assigned to France.

"I was very sorry," said Switz, "because I am a friend of France."

The couple admitted they knew a certain American woman spy, but failed to recognize her in photographs and a list of names.

The police refused to reveal the name of the alleged American woman said to be wanted, but it was learned their search would extend to the United States, where she was understood to have fled.