

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



**SYNOPSIS:** Judith Dale hears Big Tom Bevins will resign, and learns that she has been left a million dollars by her former employer and instructed to finish Bevins' big dam project in Western Texas. She has a clash with Morton Lampere, formerly Big Tom's attorney, who represents the Bevins heirs, and to her chagrin her husband, Norman, Lampere's law partner, sides with him. She leaves the room, but Norman stays behind with Mathie Bevins.

## Chapter 15 RECONCILIATION

THE door closed behind her, and Judith ran to the nearest elevator, just going down. A cab, then home, she thought. With Delphy spending the day in Galveston and Lige away, too, she would have the house alone. She could cry then, even cry those queer animal cries which seemed to relieve the Delphys and the cook's wives.

In the cab she tried to keep her mind from the scene she had left. She mustn't break down until she had reached the sanctuary of her room. Must think of something.

February, lovely month in the tropical belt of Texas, jonquils and violets in sheltered corners, a coral pink mass of japonica in the Main Street parkway.

"How did you get here so quickly?"

"I followed you right out but the elevator man slammed the door within an inch of my nose, so I took the stairs, didn't even wait for another car. You were just pulling away from the curb in a taxi, but the doorman had heard you give this address so I hopped in my car and beat you here."

"Oh," she shivered slightly, with reaction to her nervousness.

"Delphy's out, isn't she? Suppose I pad in and make a pot of coffee. And we'd better have a fire here on the hearth. There must be something wrong with the furnace burners."

In her room, Judith looked into the mirror and laughed. Her face looked like a topographical relief map, all mounds and hollows.

"He didn't obey Mathie," she sang softly as she worked with hot towels, cold towels, an astringent, cream, a little blue eye shadow. "Hans'n said a word about the other... maybe, oh maybe Big Tom was wrong... maybe he will see through Lampere before it's too late."

SHE donned a pair of boyish blue lounging pyjamas and darted down the rear stairs to find Norman, one of Delphy's mammoth aprons



"Judy, Judy, don't cry like that."

Jonquils and japonica, thought Judy. She'd use them oriental fashion in her brass opium bowl for... she hesitated. ... would she be giving that bridge luncheon for her mother-in-law now?

She paid the driver at the highway entrance, then began the climb to the cottage. Lige should have massed the blueis so they would look more like flowerlakes in the rock cups. ... "It's what she wants," rang Mathie's voice in her ears ... oh, there was a fully blossomed lily of the valley. She stooped to pluck it, breathed in its fragrance. ... Norman let Mathie call him a fool.

He would have followed me, but he stayed when she told him to, she thought as she opened the hall door with her pass key. Sue lay purse and gloves on a small wrought-iron stand and paused to enjoy her work of the morning, purple iris in her bowl. Then, pretense thrown to the winds, she tossed her hat to the novel post, ran to the sun room, threw herself on to the couch and cried, cried the queer animal cries of cooks' wives.

used about his middle, bending over the stove.

"Have some scrambled eggs with me?" he inquired cheerily. "Didn't have time for lunch... like your bacon crisp too, don't you... and will you make some toast?"

Judith made the toast, disappeared into the basement and returned with a glass of jelly—"Grape, made it myself," she announced proudly, turning the quivering purple mass into a dish. And then the telephone rang.

"Mrs. Dale," came a voice over the wire, "this is a reporter for the Union speaking. Mrs. Dale, we understand your first purchase made with Bevins' money is to be a diamond necklace."

Judith gasped, then held her temper on a tight leash. Cila had told her that "Treat a newspaperman right and he'll risk his job to give you the right break on a story. Get high hat and the fury the woman scorned brags about is a mere tempest in a teapot," Judith laughed.

"I'll admit I'm going to buy rocks," she said, "but not that kind. If you'll come down to Judge Morgan's office with me some time tomorrow I'll give you an accurate account of how the money will be spent... no, not on me, nor mine, but on the Bevins dam. Please, sir, won't you help me! I'm still acting in the capacity of a secretary, and every penny goes to the construction of the dam."

"What do I get out of it?" She paused a moment. She wanted to say, heartache, misrepresentation, but realized the futility. "Not a thing unless I am hired as a stenographer, then I receive a minimum salary and living expenses if I go on location."

Later, her face brightened. "Thank you," she said sincerely, and, stacked in a colorful array of dishes on the tea wagon, told Norman of the conversation.

"He said, he may get fired, but he'll try to write the kind of a yarn he's come to the conclusion I deserve."

"Fine," said Norman, heartily, as they formed a procession and marched to his den.

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Norman, tomorrow, throws another monkeywrench.

"JUDY, Judy, don't do that; don't cry like that." Norman was there. He was holding her in his arms, picking her up, carrying her to his den to hold her in his arms in a deep chair. "There, there, Judy—"

"She called... you a fool... told you to stay and you... you did," sobbed Judy.

"If I'd stayed, would I have been here?" questioned Norman with masculine logic.

Judith reached for the handkerchief he offered. Her own, a sodden small ball, had been discarded en route. "No," she choked, then reluctantly, as though realization of what he said had penetrated—"No, you were here when I came in, weren't you?"

"Yes, I stood at the window and watched you... darning your work all the way up the hill. You have no modesty at all, Judith Dale... and look at the poor lily you plucked, crushed..."

Judith sat up, looked at the lily, then her husband. "My nose shines and it's all red, isn't it?"

"Isn't it shine, or doesn't it red?" he teased. "Yes to both."

**MARANVILLE'S ANKLE BROKEN IN PRACTICE**  
ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 29. (AP)—Walter (Hobby) Maranville, Boston Braves' veteran infielder, broke his ankle today in the eighth inning of the exhibition game between the Braves and the New York Yankees.

**DIVORCE AGREED ON BY RUTH AND HUBBY**  
HOLLYWOOD, Cal., March 29. (AP) The separation announced Monday night between Ruth Chatterton and George Brent of the films will be made permanent by divorce, the Irish actor said today.

**THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S**

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

5¢ EVERYWHERE

# COLLEGE WOMEN CAN LAND JOBS, AND HERE'S HOW

By SIGRID ARNE

WASHINGTON. —(AP)—Restricted professional employment of recent years has not made it impossible for the intelligent college woman to find a job if she really wants one.

"Such women," says Mrs. Jovett Shouse, "are still fitted into industry and the professions, although it usually takes longer and the pay is not so large."

Mrs. Shouse helped to establish and now aids in directing the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, a privately endowed research group which has headquarters at Women's college of the University of North Carolina.

It is the only clearing house in the country for information on professional opportunities for women. Through it Mrs. Shouse is able to determine how the depression has affected the trained woman worker.

"First, a young woman seeking a job must know exactly what she wants," says Mrs. Shouse. "And it is quite as important that she have appearance and a professional attitude."

"Take a concrete example. Suppose a young woman wants to be an industrial engineer. She should read the trade journals in that field, find the firms employing women, determine the trends, and then if possible, work out something new she can do. She is much more likely to get a chance than if she were mak-

ing the rounds of employment agencies."

But even so, it would be difficult for a woman to know the many turns a profession can take. Mrs. Shouse learned that when she, as Catherine Fiens, was graduated from Wheaton college. As a result she made a survey of women's professions and brought out in 1920 a compilation of discussions by successful women. It was called "Careers for Women" and has served since as a sort of "time table on life" for the girl graduate.

Now the second edition is out, rewritten and brought up to date. In what time much has happened to one

of the original writers. Frances Perkins, who wrote about factory inspectors for the 1920 edition, has brought the article up to date from her desk as secretary of labor.

Such unusual fields as garden photography, bridal counselors, translating, map making and travel bureaus are included.

**MOTHERS DAY STAMP APPROVED BY FARLEY**  
WASHINGTON, March 29.—(AP)—Postmaster General Farley today formally approved the selection of Whittier's portrait of "My Mother" for the Mother's day postage stamp.

**GIVE IT A WHIRL** by Hatlo

ALL RIGHT, NOW AH GIVES YOU ONE WHEN IS A CLUNK NOT A CLUNK?

WHEN IT'S GOT STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED IN THE TANK! GIMME SOME'N HARD!

AMATEUR NIGHT

# TOOTH-BRUSH TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

1. GEMS READY FOR BED. GLOOMILY SURVEYS TOOTHBRUSH WONDERING COULD HE GET BY WITHOUT BRUSHING TEETH

2. SIGHS AND REACHES FOR TOOTHBRUSH. DECIDES WHEN HE'S GROWN-UP HE'LL NEVER BRUSH HIS TEETH

3. TAKES CAP OFF TOOTH-PASTE TUBE

4. AMUSES HIMSELF FOR A WHILE SQUEEZING TOOTH PASTE OUT OF TUBE

5. GETS TOOTH PASTE OVER FINGERS AND WIPES THEM OFF

6. DECIDES THE WHOLE THING IS TOO MUCH TROUBLE AND HANGS TOOTHBRUSH UP UNUSED

7. STARTS OUT, PARENTAL CHORUS GREETING HIM WITH QUERY DID HE REMEMBER TO BRUSH HIS TEETH

8. SIGHS AND RETURNS TO BATHROOM

3-29 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

OH, MY! I'VE BUSTED AN EGG! WHAT WILL POP DO TO ME?

POP, YOU REMEMBER THAT STORY ABOUT HUMPTY DUMPTY?

OH-H, VERY WELL!

# TAILSPIN TOMMY

The Dog Fight!

BOY! WHAT A "WATGAL" THAT SCRAP LOOKS MORE REAL THAN THE REAL THING!

DE ALL THE BLANK IDIOTS! STONE HAS BROKEN FORMATION!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S GOING TO CRASH TOMMY!

CAMERA SHUT

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

Dan Jeppard's Plan

BOYS, LISTEN TO ME! THE YUCATAN WENT DOWN OFF AN ANCHOR ISLAND-- THAT ISN'T VERY FAR FROM HERE AND I BELIEVE THAT I'M THE ONLY LIVING MAN WHO KNOWS THE EXACT LOCATION OF THAT SHIP AND SHE LIES IN ONLY ABOUT ONE HUNDRED FEET OF WATER!

WOULDN'T WE ALMOST NEED AN EXPEDITION FOR A THING LIKE THIS MR. JEPPARD?

I'M COMING TO THAT, BEN-- NOW, I'M AN OLD MAN-- I CAN'T GO WITH YOU, BUT I CAN SEND YOU-- I'LL PAY ALL THE EXPENSES AND SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY WITH YOU--

GOSH, MR. JEPPARD I'D LIKE TO DO IT!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, LUKE?

WELL, MR. JEPPARD, WITH YOUR COMIN' BACK TO LIFE, I FIGURE I'M OUT OF A--

--JOB AS CAREYAKER TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE, SO IF BEN WEBSTER WANTS ME WHY--

I WANT YOU, LUKE! YOU'RE HIRED!

GOOD! NOW THEN, I MUST PLEDGE YOU TO ABSOLUTE SECRECY! WE'LL GO TO WORK AT ONCE!

# THE NEBBS

Is My Face Red

HERE THEY ARE IN THE BIG CITY ALL PRIMED FOR A BIG TIME SO BRING ON THE LIONS AND LET THEM ROAR!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT THE HILTMORE-- MY FIRM HAS RESERVED A SUITE OF ROOMS THERE FOR YOU AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY.

LEAVE IT TO ME-- I OWN A HOTEL MYSELF, I KNOW WHEN THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT THANKS.

YES, MY GOOD MAN-- EVERYTHING IS PERFECT-- HERE'S A BUCK-- BUY YOURSELF A SEALSKIN OVERCOAT AND PUT THE REST AWAY FOR YOUR OLD AGE.

NO THANKS, I'M THE MANAGER HERE-- I WAS ASKED TO LOOK AFTER YOU PERSONALLY BY MR. BOISE OF THE SAFETY SECURITY CO.

A BIG HOTEL MAN FROM NORTHVILLE? HERE, MY GOOD MAN, IS A BUCK-- WANTS TO TIP THE HOTEL MANAGER FROM THE WAY YOU LOOK AND MUST FEEL YOU COULD GET A ROPE AND WALK UNDER THE BED AND SKIP IT.

# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

FATHER-DEAR-THAT HORRID COUNT DE CEIT IS IN THE PARLOR AND I JUST KNOW HE IS GOING TO STAY FOR DINNER WHEN MOTHER COMES HOME-- SHE'LL ASK HIM TO STAY.

LEAVE IT TO ME-- I'LL QUIT HIM OUT-- I THINK HE'S A CROOK.

AH! MR. JIGGS!

WILL YOU PARDON ME WHILE I DO ONE? I FORGOT TO DO IT THIS MORNIN'--

HELLO! IS THIS THE POLICE STATION? OH! HELLO--CHIEF! I'D LIKE YOU TO COME OUT AN HAVE DINNER TO-NIGHT-- GOOD-- COME RIGHT AWAY.

HE'S GONE-- DAUGHTER!

# MARANVILLE'S ANKLE BROKEN IN PRACTICE

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., March 29. (AP)—Walter (Hobby) Maranville, Boston Braves' veteran infielder, broke his ankle today in the eighth inning of the exhibition game between the Braves and the New York Yankees.

# DIVORCE AGREED ON BY RUTH AND HUBBY

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., March 29. (AP) The separation announced Monday night between Ruth Chatterton and George Brent of the films will be made permanent by divorce, the Irish actor said today.

# THE NEBBS

Is My Face Red

HERE THEY ARE IN THE BIG CITY ALL PRIMED FOR A BIG TIME SO BRING ON THE LIONS AND LET THEM ROAR!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT THE HILTMORE-- MY FIRM HAS RESERVED A SUITE OF ROOMS THERE FOR YOU AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY.

LEAVE IT TO ME-- I OWN A HOTEL MYSELF, I KNOW WHEN THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT THANKS.

YES, MY GOOD MAN-- EVERYTHING IS PERFECT-- HERE'S A BUCK-- BUY YOURSELF A SEALSKIN OVERCOAT AND PUT THE REST AWAY FOR YOUR OLD AGE.

NO THANKS, I'M THE MANAGER HERE-- I WAS ASKED TO LOOK AFTER YOU PERSONALLY BY MR. BOISE OF THE SAFETY SECURITY CO.

A BIG HOTEL MAN FROM NORTHVILLE? HERE, MY GOOD MAN, IS A BUCK-- WANTS TO TIP THE HOTEL MANAGER FROM THE WAY YOU LOOK AND MUST FEEL YOU COULD GET A ROPE AND WALK UNDER THE BED AND SKIP IT.

# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

FATHER-DEAR-THAT HORRID COUNT DE CEIT IS IN THE PARLOR AND I JUST KNOW HE IS GOING TO STAY FOR DINNER WHEN MOTHER COMES HOME-- SHE'LL ASK HIM TO STAY.

LEAVE IT TO ME-- I'LL QUIT HIM OUT-- I THINK HE'S A CROOK.

AH! MR. JIGGS!

WILL YOU PARDON ME WHILE I DO ONE? I FORGOT TO DO IT THIS MORNIN'--

HELLO! IS THIS THE POLICE STATION? OH! HELLO--CHIEF! I'D LIKE YOU TO COME OUT AN HAVE DINNER TO-NIGHT-- GOOD-- COME RIGHT AWAY.

HE'S GONE-- DAUGHTER!