

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.

"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."

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.

"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. "Hasn't 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

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 Whistler's portrait of "My Mother" for the Mother's day postage stamp.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



TOOTH-BRUSH TIME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



"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.

"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—"

"S-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.

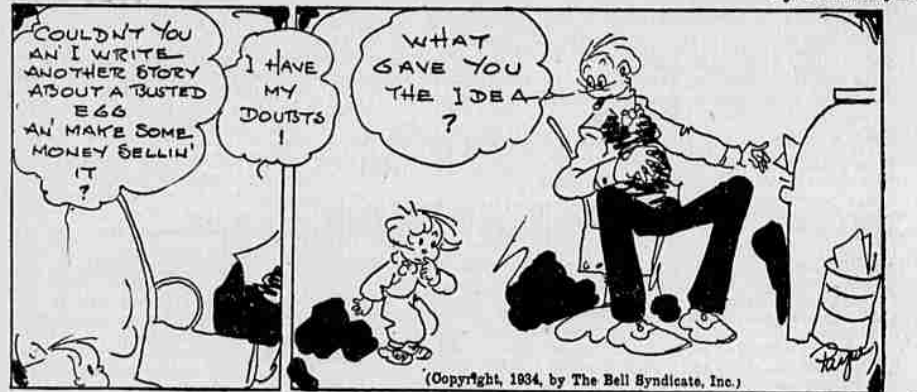
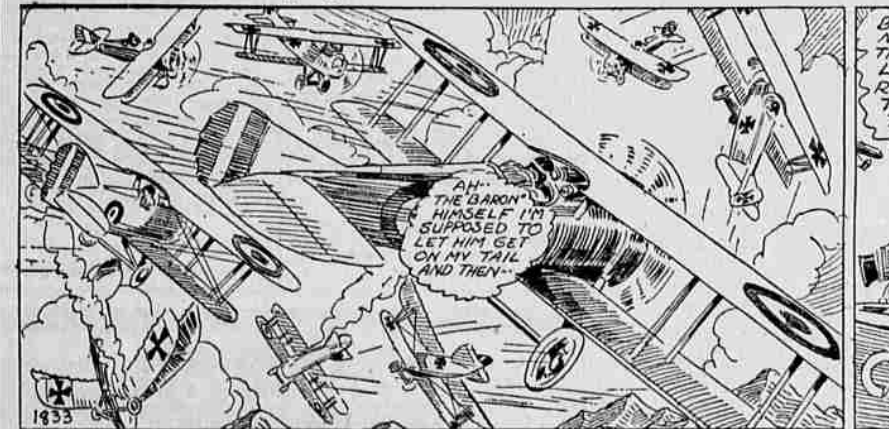
DIVORCE AGREED ON BY RUTH AND HUBBY

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.

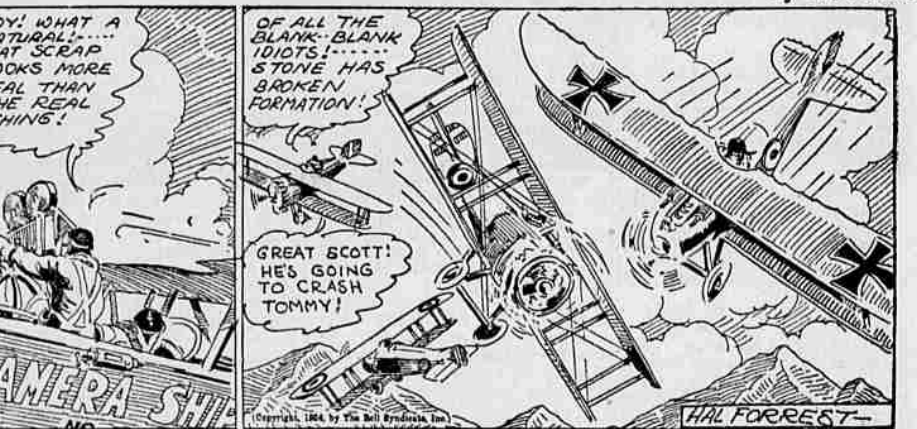
S'MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Dog Fight!



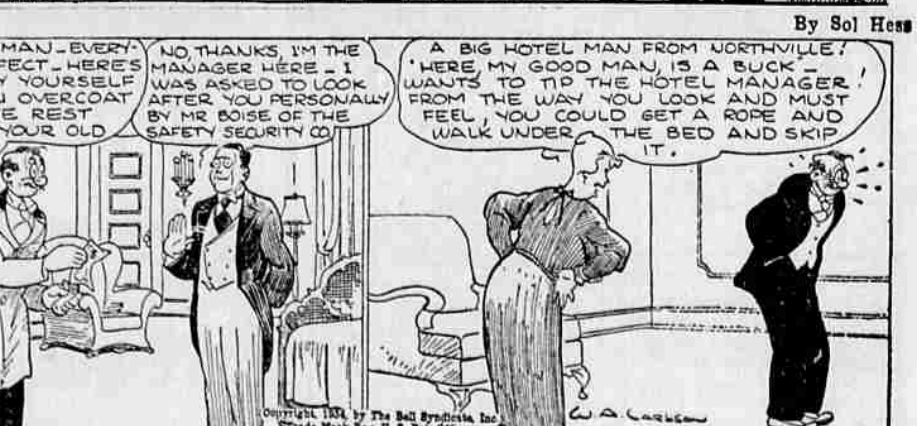
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dan Jeppard's Plan



THE NEBBS—Is My Face Red



BRINGING UP FATHER



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