

Judith Lane

by JEANNE ROWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Judith Dale has reorganized the old Bevin Construction Company, acting as agent of her former employer, the late Tom Bevin. But she must face the enmity of Morton Lampere, formerly Bevin's attorney and of Mrs. Bevin and her treacherous daughter. Judith's determination to carry out Bevin's plan to build the big Dinkla dam may also wreck her domestic happiness, for she is the wife of Norman Dale, and Norman is Lampere's law partner.

Chapter 19 TRAGIC INCIDENT

THE sloping green roof, the slim pillars, the green shutters, the tiny balcony jutting out above the entrance, each had been dreamed out by the two of them, sketched roughly on letter backs, then turned over to the architect.

Slowly she entered and stood in the hall, pulling off tight gloves. Delphy came in from the kitchen. "Lawd-ee, you is late—"

"What are all the lights on for, Delphy?"

"Ma's Norman, he say there's a mite a company comin' t'night. Miz and Miz Bevin and Miz Dale and Miz Lampere—"

"Norman," Judith turned to her husband who had come into the hall from his den, "is Lampere coming here?"

up—"Ma's Lampere, he say he'd like to talk to Miz Dale, alone. . . ."
"Tell him Mrs. Dale has retired," said Judith.

She shrugged out of jacket and skirt, went to the wardrobe, reached in and drew out the first robe. She had slipped into it before she realized that she was the emerald trimmed peach-glow she had worn the night of Tom Bevin's death.

"Norman, was it Lampere's idea they meet here?" she asked as she stood before him trying the folds of her belt.

"Yes, but he came at my invitation."

Judith stood on tiptoe, slipped white arms about his neck and brought his head down to hers—"Normy, I understand so much more than you think I do. I'd like to tell you my side of the story, but it's useless, you're too prejudiced to understand. Kiss me goodnight and tell them down there that I'm . . . oh I know a nice Lampere, effusion, prostrated from the order of the afternoon."

BUT when he had kissed her lingeringly, and had left her she was no longer poised, cool and self-contained. She trembled with a nervous chill and Delphy, coming up, snuggled her into a blanket in a deep chair and brought a pot of hot



Mass Norman, he say there's a mite a company comin' t'night.

"Yes, I invited those immediately concerned with the Bevin will, Judith, I hope we can settle this quietly among ourselves."

"You mean you are bringing them all here to my home?"

"It's my home too, Judy."

"But my only sanctuary. We can't ever crase what might happen here tonight."

"It's too late now. Better have your dinner."

Judith straightened, "You may bring them here, Norman, but as my relations with you are purely business I can refuse to see them outside my office. I do refuse—"

"Judy . . ." There was pleading in his voice, his face wore a harrowed expression. "Don't you see what we're doing to each other?"

Judith gave one tiny cry, started, hurt, then flew into his arms—"Normy, why must this happen to us?" she whispered, "I can't go back on my word and I love you—"

"Then you will see Lampere?" he asked.

THEY walked upstairs. Judith removed her smart little hat and tossed it to the counterpane.

"Norman," she asked, "can't you see how useless it would be for me to talk to Lampere? It is impossible for us to meet on any common ground. It would only cause heartache for you, as for me, I'm so trembly from this afternoon, I don't believe I could stand anything more."

"Judith, if I thought you understood everything about the case; if I thought I could present it to you as I am—as every other keen minded man sees it, then I'd do it and let you judge their views and the antiquated ones of our old friend, impartially."

Judith shook her head wearily. Big Tom had even known Norman's reaction. Lampere was his senior partner, his father's friend.

"Norman, it's useless." Judith slipped kid gloves to the dressing table to emphasize the statement. "Either you love me enough to carry on through this, or . . ." she held out her hands, pink palms up.

The door bell shrilled through the house and in a moment Lige came

chocolate (her panacea for all ills) and a hot brick.

After the old colored woman had left, her kindness hung about Judith like an aura, a comforting aura. She looked out of the window on the swale and beyond to the grove of trees stretching east. She loved it all . . . this home, and Norman.

She drowsed a little, then sat up alert as Mathile's laugh sounded from the hall. Judith thought of the sob scene in the office that afternoon.

The sound of motors came from the driveway, meshing of gears, then silence. Soon Norman would come up and they would discuss things and perhaps find a way to compromise.

The moon was topping the grove as it had topped the Gulf horizon that night . . . eons ago it seemed to Judith. She had stood on the trawler deck and watched the shadows.

There had been a triangle and she with the strange premonition of women kind had sensed the shadow as more than a filament of fancy. One black bar had dissolved . . . one life had faded, and yet the triangle seemed to hold its place in her life.

Word by word she recalled her conversation with Norman that night. She had asked him if she must make a choice between her work and her marriage and he had said no. He had prophesied that she would be contented. She had been.

She would have been stronger in her fight against Lampere had she not been able to see the whole affair from Norman's viewpoint. She was a girl-wife, a stenographer, devoted to the memory of a man who had stood by at her father's death, then as soon as he was able, had given her a fine position.

He had suffered a stroke, softening of the brain, something which had given him peculiar ideas . . . why else would a man leave the building of a dam to a stenographer! He had worked out a cunning plan and by playing on the girl's emotional loyalty was literally forcing her to carry them out.

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Tomorrow, Norman goes to the enemy.

Teachers to Meet
SPOKANE, Wash., April 2.—(AP)—Teachers from Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon will hear four authorities on education during the 36th annual convention of the Inland Empire Education Association, which opens here Wednesday.

Disbarred Tax Evader
PORTLAND, April 2.—(AP)—J. G. Arnold, disbarred Portland attorney, was indicted by a federal grand jury here Friday for attempted evasion of income tax payments in 1929 and 1930, totaling about \$12,000.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH

keeps the taste in tune

CHURCH TREASURE OF PARAGUAY AIDS CHACO WAR CHEST

ASUNCION, Paraguay.—(AP)—

Dozens of Catholic parishes in Paraguay, which have looked forward for 60 years to the building of churches with gifts left in roadshrines or chapels, have deferred their hopes by giving the gold to help wage war against Bolivia in the Gran Chaco.

Of more than half a ton of gold in brooches, rings, combs, earrings, rosaries, plate and other ornaments given to the national treasury for its war chest, a large part has come from the churches. Many of them turned in accumulations dating from 1870, when they divested themselves of their wealth to aid the Lopez dictatorship in its war against Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay.

The biggest donor of gold in the Chaco war has been the parish of Caacupe, seat of a shrine which is to Paraguay what Lourdes is to the devout of France and Europe. Gold and jewels given as thank offerings to the Virgin of Caacupe, by thousands of pious Paraguayan pilgrims were estimated to have passed in value a million Paraguayan pesos, or about \$140,000.

Virtually all of this wealth, including some trinkets dating from the Spanish conquest, has been given to the government to be melted down into bullion.

The chapel of the Virgin of Caacupe, 75 miles southeast of Asuncion, dates from 1760.

DEATH COMES TO CONGRESSMAN POU

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—

Congress dedicated itself today to an unusual tribute to the man who was its oldest member in point of service—the late Representative Edward W. Pou, Democrat, from Smithfield, N. C.

The veteran of 17 consecutive terms in the house died at his hotel apartment early yesterday of a heart attack after weeks of suffering from influenza. He was 70 years old.

SLEEPER CREMATED IN WOODYARD FIRE

PORTLAND, April 2.—(AP)—D. E. Peake, asleep in the loft of a small office of a woodyard here, was burned to death today when fire destroyed the building. His employer, L. C. Smith, operator of the woodyard, received minor burns before he could escape from his downstairs room.

3 Midget Photos 10c Peasley Studio.

ELUSIVE UMBRELLAS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STARTS FOR OFFICE, TAKING UMBRELLA BECAUSE IT LOOKS AS IF IT MIGHT RAIN BY EVENING

BY EVENING IT HAS CLEARED AND HE HAS A LOT TO CARRY BESIDES. DECIDES TO LEAVE UMBRELLA AT OFFICE

NEXT MORNING IT IS RAINING HARD. WISHES HE HAD BROUGHT UMBRELLA HOME

AT END OF DAY SUN IS SHINING BRIGHT, BUT RESOLUTELY CARRIES UMBRELLA HOME IN CASE HE NEEDS IT IN MORNING

DOESN'T NEED IT IN MORNING, HOWEVER, DAY COMING IN FAIR AND SUNNY

BY AFTERNOON RAIN HAS BEGUN AGAIN. WISHES HE HADN'T TAKEN UMBRELLA HOME YESTERDAY

IT IS STILL RAINING NEXT MORNING. IS RELIEVED TO THINK THAT FOR ONCE UMBRELLA IS WHERE HE NEEDS IT

FINDS THAT WIFE LENT IT TO UNCLE EDGAR YESTERDAY, AND SETS OUT FOR OFFICE, SIGHING

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-2

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S'MATTER POP—

THE STOREKEEPER TOLD ME THAT A CLAY PIPE HAS A ADVANTAGE

IF YA DROP IT YA DONT HAVE TO BOTHER TO PICK IT UP, MAYBE IT BOUNCES UP

3-30-34

O-OH-HE'S GOING TO CRASH NEAR US—

WELL, I'LL BE A WIND-BROKEN BRONC IF HE AIN'T PICKED HIMSELF OUT A PILLOW!

HEY! SOMEBODY BRING A LADDER! I'M TIRED OF SITTING ON THIS LIMB!

3-30-34

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TAILSPIN TOM—Happy Landing!

3-30-34

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Sunken Ship

BEN, BRIAR AND LUKE SAT SILENTLY IN THE DARKENED LIVING ROOM AS DAN JEPPARD FOCUSED THE LIGHT OF HIS MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR ON A "SCREEN" SET UP AGAINST THE FAR WALL—

JUST A MOMENT NOW AND I'LL START THE FILM—

GOSH, THIS IS EXCITING!

IT'S GOT ME JITTERY RIGHT NOW!

3-30-34

I DON'T SEE NO SHIP—

OF COURSE NOT! AT THIS POINT IN THE FILM THE CAMERA WAS ONLY TWENTY FEET BENEATH THE SURFACE—THOSE ARE A FEW TROPICAL FISH IT FRIGHTENED—

3-30-34

GLORY BE! WHAT'S THAT?

AN OCTOPUS!

BEN'S RIGHT—IT'S AN OCTOPUS, ONE OF THE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL DEEP-SEA MONSTERS!

3-30-34

THERE SHE IS! THAT'S THE STEAMER YUCATAN, SUNK FIFTEEN YEARS AGO AND WITH TWO MILLIONS IN GOLD IN HER STRONG BOX!

3-30-34

THE NEBBS—Difference of Opinion

HERE WE HAVE RUDY AND FANNY VISITING THEIR SON-IN-LAW, CHAS. HEIT, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, BETSY.

4-2

YES, CHILDREN, MOTHER AND I ARE DOWN HERE AT THE EXPENSE OF THE SAFETY SECURITY COMPANY. THEY WANT TO BUY MY HOTEL AND HEALTH WATER BUSINESS AND IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF IS GOING TO CHANGE HANDS.

MY PALM IS ITCHING SO WE GOT TO SCRATCH IT ALL THE TIME TO KEEP FROM LAUGHING MYSELF TO DEATH.

SAY, DAD, WHY DONT YOU MAKE UP WITH FATHER? HE FEELS BAD ABOUT YOU BREAKING WITH HIM

WELL, HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME. I'D HAVE BEEN ELEGED SENATOR IF HE DIDN'T GET HIS GANGS TO COUNT ME OUT

3-30-34

WELL, DIDN'T DAD SUGGEST THAT YOU RUN? DIDN'T HE RUN YOU INDEPENDENTLY AGAINST THE MACHINE CANDIDATE? DIDN'T HE PUT UP MONEY FOR YOU? YOU GOT BIGGER THAN THE ORGANIZATION THAT'S ALL.

3-30-34

I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE. I PROMISED THE PEOPLE THAT I HAD NO POLITICAL SHACKLES AND THE WAY YOUR DAD HAD ME WRAPPED UP WOULD MAKE A MUMMY LOOK LIKE A BALLET DANCER

3-30-34

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, HOW DO I LOOK IN MY COSTUME, MISS JIGGS? YOU LOOK STUNNING.

YOU'LL SURELY WIN FIRST PRIZE AT THE BALL, MR. JONES, JUST A MINUTE AND I'LL BE READY TO GO WITH YOU.

3-30-34

BY GOLLY THAT SUZ A GRAND PARTY TO DAY AT DINTY'S. I FEEL GREAT.

3-30-34

I WISH MR. JIGGS WAS HERE I'D TAKE HIM WITH ME.

3-30-34

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO BE HOME.

3-30-34