

Judith Lane

By JEANNE BOWMAN



... dear, I'll be back some tomorrow night, if there isn't any delay at court. Remember you have all of my love, Norman.

"He's a yo' chocolate, Miz Dale." Judy looked up. Delphy was at the door, watching her anxiously. Judith didn't want the beverage but she did appreciate the affection of the old woman—"Thanks Delphy, it's just what I need... did you offer some to Cila?"

Delphy chuckled—"I suah did, an' you should a heard that girl talk to me. Are you all right now, Miz Dale? Don't y'all reckon Lige better turn on th' furnace?"

Judith shook her head and smiled a radiant smile. She had wondered at Delphy's sudden insistence upon using Mrs. Dale, instead of her customary Miss Judith. It was as though she sought to hold her by the estate of Norman Dale's wife by a constant reminder.

She sat a moment considering Norman's letter. She had thought she could see his side before. She had seen it but never felt it; now she suffered with him. She folded the letter and put it into her handbag. There would be a way out of their difficulties. If they could just talk things over, there would be some way of compromising.

SHE followed Delphy downstairs to find Cila out-of-doors on her knees, picking violets—"Judy, you're not bright," she said looking up. "The idea of giving up a home like this just to tickle your temper." She arose, hands busy with the purple-headed blossoms, looked up for a brief moment, caught the expression on Judith's face and looked down quickly. "What are you going to do now?"

"If I did what I wanted to do, I'd fly to Galveston on my own wings and tell Norman what a nippy I've been."

"Why tell him, he knows it? But if you want to fly, I'll phone Slim. You realize of course he'd beat Admiral Byrd's time to the south pole if you crooked your little finger." Judith laughed—"I'd prefer the Treasure Isle, if he would take me, and leave here in time to get down there for dinner."

A telephone conversation with Slim Sanford assured her she would see Norman that night, so Judith went about the business of the new company.

She had asked the members to hold a morning session without her, so after lunching with Cila, in the friendly clatter of the Rice Grill, she went to the bank to take the papers from her safe deposit box and with Cila's assistance to carry them to Judge Morgan's office.

Pausing at the door, Cila just behind her, she looked in to see thirteen men, instead of the seven who had followed her the preceding day. A gasp from Cila, and a pull on her jacket made her hesitate, then turn back.

"See that chap with the cat-in-the-cream expression and the salt and pepper pants?" demanded the red head. "He handled the under-cover work for Martellan's election."

"That means he's representing Lamperé," Judith caught the implication quickly. "Cila, how soon can you give me something definite on him? These men are mostly engineers. They won't know him and I don't want him in our plans."

"I'll telephone our political editor, then call you into Morgan's private office as soon as I'm ready," Judith entered, she was greeted with warm cordiality and led to the head of the long table by Justin Cunard. There she sat and listened to a report of what had occurred that morning. Her mind, free of worry since Norman's letter, was completely engrossed in the problem before her.

Cunard had just concluded when Judith was called to the telephone in the Judge's private office. Cila motioned for her to take the receiver and listen to the political editor's reply to her question.

When Judith returned to the board room her manner was brisk, alert.

"Mr. Cunard," she said, "before going further I would like to greet the new members of our board and meet the one whom I haven't met." Judith spoke briefly to the men whom she had remembered seeing during previous meetings when she had acted as Tom Bevin's secretary, then she turned to the stranger.

"And Mr. Scathorne, J. O. Scathorne, acting proxy for Carl Mathis who is in the east," explained Cunard.

"Mrs. Dale, Mr. Mathis asked me to extend his heartfelt sympathy and most sincere congratulations," began Scathorne.

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Chapter 21 RETURN

"NOW, out with it," ordered Cila. "How did you know I'd left Norman?" inquired Judith guilelessly.

Cila shouted, "Honey, if you'd worn an electric sign spelling 'Reno Bound,' it wouldn't have shown any plainer. Aside from that, every sheet in town has telephoned to ask your best friend... that's me in case you don't know it... when you intend divorcing Norman."

Judith reached for one of Cila's cigarettes, lighted it and puffed awkwardly—"not going to," she announced, "he's going to divorce me."

"What!" Cila sat upright, surprised for the first time.

"That's why I'm here, to make it easy for him."

"Judith Dale, do you mean to sit there and tell me that Norman has said he intends divorcing you?"

"No, he didn't but the newspaper said—"

"Judy, begin at the beginning."

She did and when she had completed her story Cila reached for the telephone—"How you ever reached the age of twenty-four without the squirrels stuffing you into some old hickory tree is beyond me... yes operator, Glencourt 58-3200... divorce you," she sniffed, "you poor infant, don't you know that's what Lamperé's after?"

"With Norman standing by you he can't touch you... hello... oh, Delphy, this is Miss Cila, is Mister Norman in... oh... oh I see, when? All right, yes, she's here, Delphy, but she'll be back home, in about an hour. Oh yes you will," to the protesting Judith.

She slammed the receiver into place, then darted to her clothes closet and in a few moments returned, ready for the street—"Come on, we're getting out to Hillendale before it's too late... trot along. Where are my car keys, I wish someone would invent a car key with a bell that rang when you whistled... oh there they are, right by my purse."

"Now," she said as they threaded traffic, "Norman has gone to Galveston. He had to be in court at ten o'clock. He left a letter for you with Delphy and the poor old woman is nearly frantic."

Judith felt her face flush. Had she acted too hastily? But the newspaper article—surely she couldn't have remained in the house with Norman under the circumstances?

"If you'd read that properly you'd have discovered the whole thing came from Lamperé," was Cila's comment.

Delphy was on the porch, her wrinkled black face puckered with worry—"Miss Dale, I sure is glad you is back, that telegraph has been ringin' its fool head off. I say, Miz Dale way out in the garden, leave yo' numba an' I see she call you."

"Delphy you're a golden hearted diplomat," Cila said.

Delphy questioned the diplomat but she knew the meaning of a golden heart and went off for her inevitable pot of hot chocolate, "Miss Dale was that white in the face."

EX-WIFE OF APE MAN TAKES NEW HUSBAND

LARCHMONT, N. Y., April 4.—(UP)—Bobbie Arnot, showgirl, and former wife of Johnny Weissmuller, screen "ape man," was married here today to Robert A. Cavanaugh, a Chicago

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

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MORE PWA MONEY IS EXPECTED FOR OREGON PROJECTS

WASHINGTON, April 4.—(AP)—Although no official word has been given out on public works projects being approved but held up pending congressional action to make more funds available, Senator Steiwer (R-Ore.) said he is certain several Oregon projects have passed investigation.

No information was available at public works headquarters, but Steiwer pointed out that this state had only 11 non-federal projects and two RFC loans approved before the public works money ran out.

The RFC loans made were \$724,625 to Portland for a public market, and \$10,000 to Dufur for a water system.

The public works approvals were \$2,500,000 for a water system at Salem; \$17,000 for a water system at Merrill; \$15,435 for water mains at Portland; \$711,000 for a bridge at Salem; \$2,000,000 for a water system at Drain; \$3,383,000 for bridges across Coos Bay and Yaquina Bay; \$71,000 for an armory at Klamath Falls; \$105,000 for sewers at Baker; \$307,750 for school buildings at Corvallis; \$3,100 for a school building at Bandon, and \$1,009,000 for bridges made to the state.

GLENN YVONNE Cosmetic Special. Powder, lipstick, rouge, 83 value for 98c. Woods Drug Co., Main and Central.

For Garden Plowing Tel. 912-J.

WASHINGTON RUM STORES DO WELL

OLYMPIA, Wash., April 4.—(UP)—A checkup of opening day sales by state liquor stores today showed the Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane agencies took in \$20,000. Receipts included the 50-cent permit fee. Most of the buyers chose cheaper brands of whisky or gin, it was reported.

Admiral Gregory, chairman of the liquor board, reported the three cities did "land office business" and had to disappoint waiting lines when they closed at end of the day.

Gregory denied the Washington board was entering into a rate war with the Oregon liquor commission over prices. He said Washington was making its liquor available at the lowest possible price. Washington prices are slightly under Oregon rates.

Be correctly coseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

GIVE IT A WHIRL



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ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

15 OUT FOR AN AIRING. DE-CIDES HANDS ARE TOO HOT

TRIES TO TAKE MITTENS OFF BUT CAN'T SEEM TO WORK IT

CLAMPS HIS ONE TOOTH ON MITTEN AND PULLS. THAT DOES IT!

MOTHER SEES THE MANEUVER AND PUTS MITTENS RIGHT ON AGAIN

WELL, NOW HE HAS IT ALL TO DO OVER AGAIN

AS A PRECAUTION DROPS MITTENS OVER THE SIDE

NO LUCK. MOTHER SAW THEM GO AND HAS PICKED THEM UP

THIS TIME SHE'S PINNING THEM ON

WHICH IS JUST A CHALLENGE TO HIM. IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE TIME, BUT HE'LL FIND HOW TO GET THOSE MITTENS OFF YET

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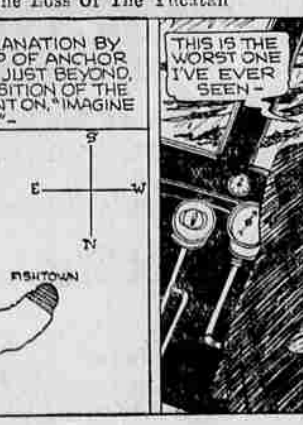
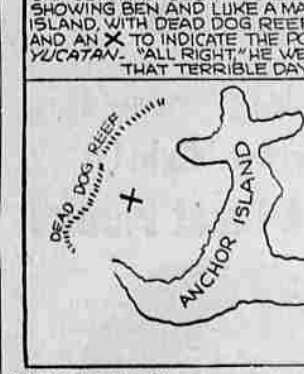
S'MATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Lonie Complains!



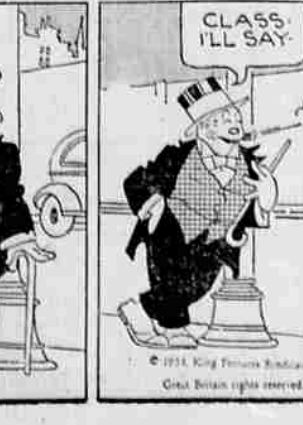
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Loss Of The Yucatan



THE NEBBS—Buy



BRINGING UP FATHER



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