

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Judith Dale has left her husband, who is riding a spinster in her contest with the Bevin heirs. Judith was left a fortune and instructions for completing Big Tom Bevin's Rio Diablo dam, but aided by Morton Lampere, Mrs. Bevin and her daughter Mathie plan to break the will. But Judith has had a letter from Norman, and plans to fly to him at Galveston that night. Now she is riding a director's meeting of a spy, J. C. Scatborne.

## Chapter 22 MATHIE AGAIN

MATHIE... said Judith as if trying to recall the name. "Oh yes, now I remember, he was the gentleman who left town so hurriedly when the last election scandal was being investigated... something about buying blocks of votes from itinerant oil field workers."

"Why... why..." spluttered Scatborne.

"You'll forgive me if I'm wrong, but it seems to me I heard something about a matter of five thousand dollars passing between Mathie and some gentleman with a name similar to yours. Lampere, I believe, provided the money for the—"

"Mrs. Dale, I didn't come here to be insulted," snapped Scatborne. "There are nicer places, aren't there?" Judith said consolingly, "but suggest to Mr. Lampere that next time he send someone not labeled with a cancelled check."

"Are you psychic?" demanded Justin Cunard pleasantly, in the silence which followed the slamming door.

"No," Judith laughed with the others, "but I have a friend on a newspaper, which is practically the same thing. She came to the door with me and recognized our departed guest. However," and now she spoke seriously, "it means, gentlemen that Lampere will not hesitate to plant his men in our midst to say, or to cause dissension."

"He was more subtle," said one of the new members, "he tried to minimize your importance in such a gentle way we scarcely recognized his intentions."

The rest of the afternoon passed swiftly, and shortly before sundown, Judith drove to the airport where Slim Sanford awaited her. Judith, seeing the tall Texan, thought he seemed slimmer and browner than ever. Even his smile, which usually showed in such a brilliant flash, seemed strained.

"Hello small-Jude, ready to trust your heart 'n hand to me and my ability?"

"Any time, any place," Judith responded.

"If I thought you meant that," retorted Sanford, "I'd head west then south to a neat little spot near Oaxaca where there are no fortunes, platinum blondes, nor heartaches."

"Did you mention Oaxaca or heaven?" queried Judith, breathlessly, puzzled by his manner.

"It would be both... hop in." He helped her into the tiny cabin, smiled his queer, tired smile and slid into the pilot's seat.

The motor roared, sputtered, then to the rhythm of three motors taking their beat the ship taxied down the runway, nosed up and out.

JUDITH was on her way to Norman. She had no other thought save a sub-conscious enjoyment of the flight. As a child she had always had the highest, most dangerous swings in her various neighborhoods, and with her father had delighted to spin across some chasm in a cable carriage, suspended above rocky gorges by a web-like line.

Now her enjoyment was double for she was on her way to her husband. She would drive back with him. They would stop at the white farmhouse on the Houston highway for their dinner as they had on their honeymoon, and there would be old fashioned flowers, stalks and cinnamon pinks along the paths, and fireflies would hold their tiny lanterns against the screened windows. Only of course, it was too early for cinnamon pinks and hollyhocks.

Slim Sanford looked back, saw the smile on her face and switched off the motor so they seemed to float in the sunset—"Small Jude," he said, "I'm sore-tempted."

She wrinkled her nose at him and pointed below. Galveston lay there. The long island, thick at its eastern end and thin at the western, looked like an exclamation point.

He nodded and a few moments later they had come to a smooth landing. "I'll wait here until ten o'clock, in case you want to go back," he said, as he helped her into a cab. "Meet me here or telephone."

"Well... well all right." Judith was positive she wouldn't need him, but he looked as wistful as a tall, sun-bronzed man could look.

She drove directly to the Galves, dismissed the cab and waved away the bell boys. For a moment she stood looking at the dining terrace. It was too early in the season for it to be in use, but she and Norman had had such delightful times there on their honeymoon.

She started to turn, and in turning her eyes caught two figures seated at a window table in the dining room. Shocked, she scurried along the footpath to the point just below. She looked in.

There sat her husband Norman, talking and laughing with Mathie Bevin. She had pushed a cherry parfait to one side and was leaning forward for him to light her cigarette. The flare of his lighter illuminated their faces.

JUDITH stood staring at the window, too shocked to move. There was something in the intimacy of Norman lighting Mathie's cigarette that lingered after the fare had died away.

Mathie looked stunning in her mourning. A severe black dinner gown, with loose sleeves caught at the wrists with silver bands, flowing shoulder drapes, suggestive of velle caught at the shoulder with silver bars.

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# INDIAN VILLAGE TO BE FEATURE OF CELEBRATION

Indian tepees will dot the local landscape during Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration and Indians in their tribal costumes will mingle jubilee throngs if cooperation offered today by Clayton Kirk, well known member of the Klamath tribe, is carried through to completion.

Mr. Kirk said he has organized a music band composed entirely of Indians who will no doubt spend the entire jubilee week in Medford, in addition to numerous other members of the tribe, marking the first big gathering of Indians here since early pioneer days.

Other plans for the celebration are constantly going forward. A meeting of the parade committee, headed by J. Verne Shangle, further revealed the possibilities of the pioneer parade becoming one of the largest of its kind ever offered in the state, in view of cooperation offered by individuals and organizations throughout Oregon.

The continued cooperation of Medford and southern Oregon citizens is earnestly urged by the committee in making plans and preparations, especially in the offering of new ideas and pioneer relics for use in this feature of the celebration.

"Junior," a white Angora cat, greets guests as they register at a Hankin, Texas, hotel, by extending his right paw.

# HEPBURN ADMITS GARBO GREATEST

NEW YORK, April 5.—(AP)—Greta Garbo is "incomparably the greatest screen artist and Katharine Hepburn is going to try to be a better actress."

These two bits of information were released by Miss Hepburn herself, fresh off the liner Paris, which docked here yesterday.

It was Miss Hepburn, and not Miss Garbo, who received the prize of the motion picture academy of arts and sciences last month for the best screen performance of 1933, but Miss Hepburn was not talking about the screen but the Broadway stage.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—(AP)—Congressman Martin of Oregon said today the board of army engineers had promised to hold a hearing at Portland on the proposal to install sea-locks rather than barge locks at the Bonneville dam on the Columbia river.

# GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



# THE FAMILY ALBUM—LEFT-OVERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# 'MATTER POP—



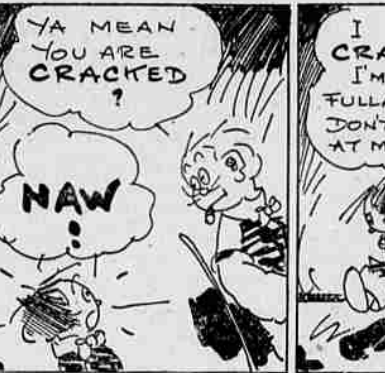
# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter 'Goes Hollywood'



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Anxious To Begin



# THE NEBBS—Pleased To Meet You



# BRINGING UP FATHER



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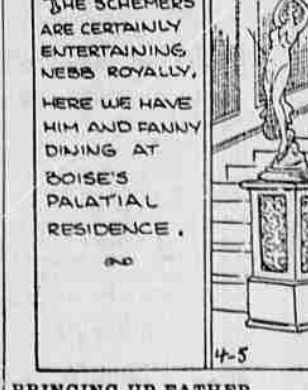
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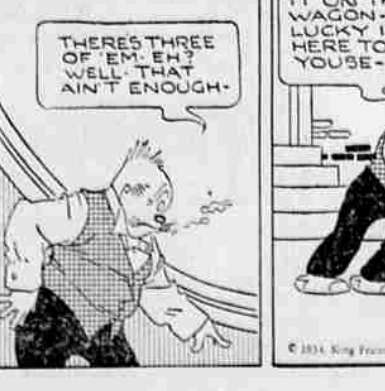
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# FORD WILL KEEP CAR PRICE DOWN

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"I have found," Ford said, according to the interview, "that higher wages do not mean increased costs, and if our material prices go too high we will start making our own."

"We are making a part of everything we use and from this nucleus can readily expand to take care of any or all of our requirements, if necessary."

# BUTTERFLY LURES INFANT TO DEATH

SPOKANE, Wash., April 5.—(UP)—A bright-eyed butterfly tonight was blamed for luring three-year-old Warren Courtney to his death.

The lad, playing in a vacant lot, spied a butterfly and gave pursuit. The butterfly swooped over a busy street, the child gleefully chasing it.

Little Warren was caught by the side track of a street car and his body horribly mangled beneath the wheels. He died a few minutes later in a hospital.

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