

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Facing a court fight by Mrs. Bevin and her daughter Mathie for possession of the Bevin money left her by Big Tom Bevin to complete his dam in western Texas, Judith Dale nevertheless is ready to begin her work. But her husband, Norman, is the law partner of Horton Lumper, attorney for the Bevin family, and moreover, Mathie is determined to take Norman from Judith. Judith files to Galveston, finds Norman with Mathie, and returns to 25th Street, her old home.

Chapter 23
TROUBLE

"NOT hungry," said Judith when Slim suggested dinner.

"I am," he retorted, "I'm like my ship, no fuel—no go."

"Sorry," she laid her hand on his sleeve and found it engulfed in one of his big brown fists.

"Forgiven . . . but how about running out to one of the oyster farms? It won't take us long."

"Anything."

She thought of a few things as Slim drove off in a borrowed car, with her beside him. Slim was being awfully decent. He hadn't asked a single question about her sudden return.

Queer how he had waited, insisted upon waiting, she must question him about that. He'd probably say it was a hunch. According to Slim, men who lived in the air lived also by hunches.

And then they were passing through a gaudily lighted driveway. Slim was half leading, half pushing her along the edge of a dance floor, lined by long tables where couples and families and parties were dining. And then they were in a small room with crude wooden furniture and steaming broth was before her and Slim was urging her to try some so he'd feel at home.

"Slim," she said at length and showed him the now empty bowl, "are there any platinum blondes in Heaven?"

Slim speared a succulent oyster and regarded it thoughtfully. "Judy, I don't like to sail under false colors. That's one place I haven't landed. However, I think it's safe to say only black haired girls with sea-grey eyes are allowed," then suddenly, "Judy . . . are there platinum blondes in Galveston?"

She nodded miserably and a tear plopped onto a half-shell.

"Too much hot sauce," scolded Slim, and then he became the Slim she had known heretofore, gay, whimsical, audacious, one mood moving into the next until she was forced to forget her woes.

"Ah Judy," he sighed hours later, as he left her at Hillendale, "I should have handled my Chinese war lord American fashion; a punch under the chin instead of six months of diplomacy."

"But why?"

"I'd have been back here six months sooner."

Not until he had left did she catch the underlying meaning of that wish.

The house was dark, and yet the familiar odor of new wood and paint, of pipe tobacco and flowers intermingling, took away any sense of strangeness. It was home. She reached for familiar wall buttons but even as she reached, heard Lige coming.

"Heard your auto," he explained, blinking his eyes. "Ma's coming soon's she can histe her clothes."

Judith waited in her room while Delphy "histed," waited and thought of what Slim had said. "Six months sooner."

Did he mean he might have won her, had he arrived in time to try? Goodness no, not Slim, not the good looking sky-blazer who could have his choice of a million girls all over the world. Yet Norman had liked her. . . .

"I AW-ZEE, Miss Judy, it's most 'f' clock an' he'ab you are Jess gettin' in. My the time I been havin' with that teamfom, Man on there been a swearin' fit to kill."

"Man . . . swearin' how?"

"I dunno how, he just do. He call up 'bout seven clock an say 'Miss Dale in' and I say 'Nosh, I ain't exceptin' huh.' Then bimbehy he call again an' he say 'Miss Dale come in yet' an' I say 'No, no,' an' he say 'Miss Cila, she say she comin' in an' I say, 'No tellin' what Miss Judy do, come in or stay out.'"

"Delphy, quick . . . who called and why did he swear?"

"That's what I'm splainin' an' then he say when she do come in you tell her to call this numba. Tell her . . . and then he begun to swear. He say 'Hell and Dam and Devil an' somatin' in a foregin langwich.'"

Judith leaned back with hysterical laughter. "Delphy you'll be the death of me yet . . . did he say something about the Diablo Dam and Rio Diablo and Del Mar?"

"Yassam, that's it, and I say 'What you mean Deblow-dam. And then he tell me to go to the devil, or words to such affect an' I say 'shame to talk thataway, even to a po' ole colored lady.'"

Judith explained that diablo was Spanish for devil, something Curand had probably tried to do, for Delphy sat down and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I shu' do get things messed," she admitted as Judith went to the telephone.

It was late, but Judith disregarded the hands of the clock, which indicated four-thirty.

"Mrs. Dale?" inquired Curand, answering immediately. "Justin Curand speaking. Miss Judith, Lumpera has succeeded in reaching one of our men. Received a wire at the office late this afternoon saying the foreman of construction, Mason I believe is the name, quit without notice."

"Mason—" cried Judith in astonishment, "he's one of the finest men I've ever met. I can't conceive of anyway in which he could have been reached . . . wait!" She had been standing, now she sat down, her thoughts clicking with mechanical precision.

"There's only one way to handle that," she said after a moment. "Wire Max Larson to take Mason's place. I'll leave for the dam immediately."

"Mrs. Dale," said Justin Curand, his voice sounding vibrant over the telephone wire, "it is asking too much for you to leave your home and husband—"

"Please," Judith's voice was weary, "it might have been too much this afternoon, or was it yesterday? But now it solves a difficult problem."

She felt that way as she went to her room and to bed. Regardless of how good Norman's intentions were, or what his alibi might be for acquiring Mathie Bevin when the whole world was watching, she felt she deserved more consideration. Going to the dam would give them both time to consider their future actions. She slept.

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The special week has been set upon as a means of stimulating a greater interest in Oregon products and pay-rolls. George L. Baker, ex-mayor of Portland and now manager of the Oregon Manufacturers' association, with Edward P. Casey, chairman of the Oregon Products Days committee of the Portland chamber, have urged that all communities join in the movement, thereby aiding the industries in the areas they serve.

It is estimated that approximately 5,000 retailers over the state handling every line of merchandise will display and feature Oregon products during the week.

One of the primary activities of the Retail Merchants committee of the Portland Chamber of Commerce has been that of stimulating interest in Oregon industries. Oregon today is leading in a number of industries, and some lines are outstanding nationally.

Cooperating with the Portland Chamber and the Oregon Manufacturers' association are the Independent Merchants' association, Uptown Portland association, Portland Retail Druggists association, Oregon Retail

Furniture Dealers association, Oregon Retail Merchants association and the Grocers and Merchants association. Representatives from the Oregon Manufacturers' association and the Retail Merchants department of the Portland Chamber will call on the various commercial organizations throughout the state within the next few days, urging participation in "All Oregon Products Days."

Five members of the co-ed rifle team at the University of Missouri fired perfect 500 scores in postal matches with the University of Illinois and Drexel University.

NEW YORK, April 6.—(P)—Mrs. Elbert H. Gary, widow of the steel magnate, died at 9 o'clock this morning at her Fifth avenue residence after a prolonged illness.

Mrs. Gary, the former Emma Townsend, was the second wife of the steel man, whom she married in 1905, three years after the death of his first wife.

This year marks the 200th anniversary of the migration of Lutheran exiles from Salzburg, Austria, to Oglethorpe's Georgia province.

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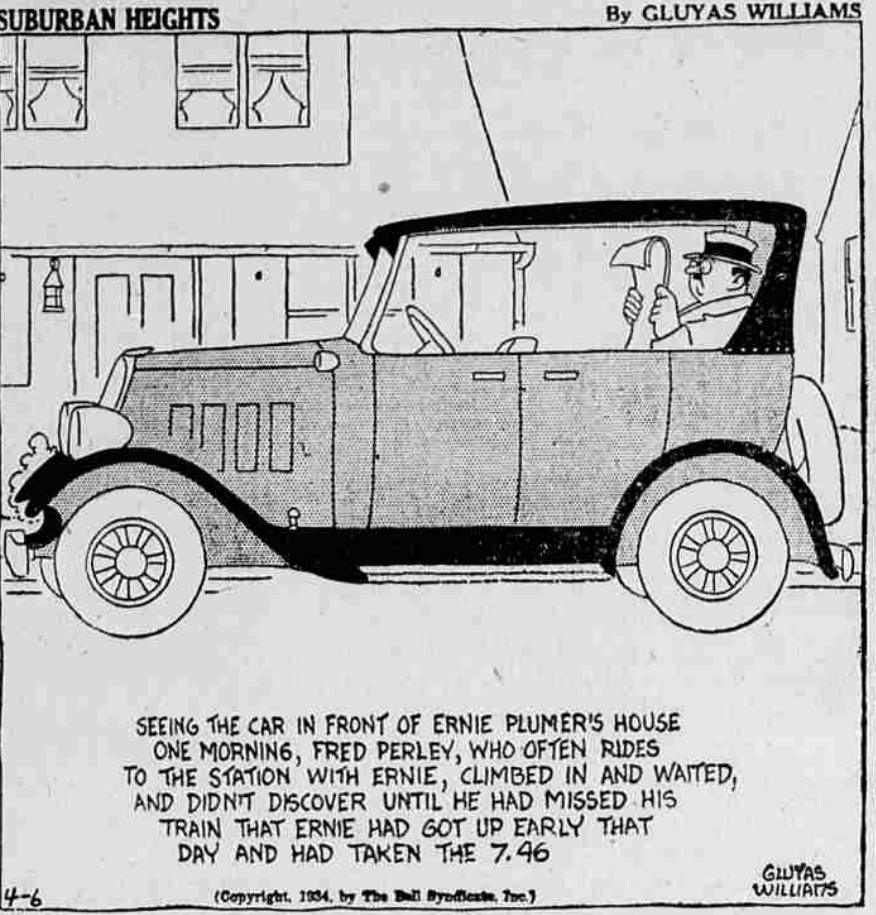
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Suburban Heights

SEEING THE CAR IN FRONT OF ERNIE PLUMER'S HOUSE ONE MORNING, FRED PERLEY, WHO OFTEN RIDES TO THE STATION WITH ERNIE, CLIMBED IN AND WAITED, AND DIDN'T DISCOVER UNTIL HE HAD MISSED HIS TRAIN THAT ERNIE HAD GOT UP EARLY THAT DAY AND HAD TAKEN THE 7.46

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S'MATTER POP—

SOMETIMES I THINK I COULD KICK A TRAFFIC COP ON THE SHIN!

AN THEN SOMETIMES I THINK I COULDN'T!

H-M-M!

4-4-34

GIVE IT A WHIRL ••• by Hatlo

AH! GOOD OLD STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL—UNSURPASSED!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Gets Movie Struck

MISTER SHEAN, I HEAR YOU WANT SOMEONE TO MASH—ERR—CRASH BRACES—UH—SPAD IN TODAY'S SEQUENCE.

RIGHT, SKEETER! DO YOU KNOW OF A—

GEE—ERR—I MEAN—SEE—UH—WELL—ME!

THANKS A LOT, OLD MAN! I KNOW YOU'RE A SWELL PILOT—AND I THINK YOU COULD DO IT OKAY—BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOU ON—PAUL WOULD RAISE BLUE BLAZES!

LISTEN, MR. SHEAN, I'M DOIN' IT FOR THREE-POINT—NOT ADVENTURE PICTURES—I THINK THESE HERE 'MOVIES ARE LIKE CASTOR OIL—PAUL STANDS TO LOSE A LOT OF 'JACK—AN' BETTY' TOO, IF THIS PICTURE FLOPS—I'LL SPIN THAT BUS IN JUST LIKE IN THE LAST SEQUENCE.

1840

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Set To Go

OLD DAN JEPPARD SHARED BEN'S DESIRE FOR SPEEDY ACTION—THE NEXT MORNING SAW HIM IN QUIET BUT EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH THE BOY BEFORE THEY JOINED LUKE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

MORNIN', BEN—I KNOW YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET GOING ON THIS AND—

GOSH MR. JEPPARD, I WAS SO EXCITED LAST NIGHT I COULD HARDLY SLEEP—

"I suppose it would be useless to tell you that mother invited Mathie to have dinner with us, then mother went on to play in some tournament. I would have left but Teel had to have some fancy dessert, and I couldn't get up and walk away from her."

"Not her," agreed Judith with more venom than grammar.

"You're so jealous of her—"

"Jealous . . . of Teel?" Judith laughed. "Oh, no, if you'd wanted her you'd have picked her up long ago to keep her out from under your feet."

"Your Teel, now, is the kind of a girl who can't get a man for herself, so she tries to get one belonging to somebody else—"

"Then why—"

"Why do I dislike her? For making a fool of you. Every time she whistles you dance. You should have married her and taken a permanent curse, then you'd been ready to be a full-time husband to some other woman."

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow, Norman delivers his ultimatum.

THE NEBBS—Please Don't

WELL, HOW DO YOU FEEL THIS MORNING? YOU LOOK LIKE THE TAIL END OF A SUCCESSFUL CYCLONE! YOU GAVE THE DOOR MAN A DOLLAR FOR OPENING THE CAB DOOR AND IF I SPEND A DIME, YOU SEE RUINATION STARING YOU IN THE FACE!!

AND WAS IT A DULL NIGHT FOR ME!! PHILOSOPHY FLOWED FROM YOUR MOUTH LIKE WATER OVER THE FALLS. MR. BOISE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SAY A WORD—YOU ASKED AND ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTIONS—THE LAST THING I SAW YOU DO WAS TO HAND THE BUTLER TEN DOLLARS TO SING A SONG!

PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T! WAIT UNTIL A FELLOW GETS ON HIS FEET AND HAS THE STRENGTH TO DEFEND HIMSELF AND GIVE YOU A SUCCESSFUL ARGUMENT—THIS ONE-SIDED AFFAIR SHOULDN'T APPEAL TO ONE WHO ENJOYS A DOMESTIC BATTLE!

4-6

BRINGING UP FATHER

IT'S TOO BAD OUR WIVES OBJECT TO US GOIN' ABOUT WITH EACH OTHER—THAT'S BECAUSE ME WIFE SAW YOU GITTIN' HOME LATE.

AND MINE HEARD STORIES 'BOUT YOU.

WOW! ME WIFE MUST HAVE BEEN LOOKIN' OUT THE WINDOW.

OH—MR. JIGGS—I'M VERY SORRY—

MY WIFE THREW THIS—SHE'S NOT A GOOD SHOT—

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MEDFORD TRUCKMAN ASKS STATE LICENSE

SALEM, April 6.—(P)—The hearing on the application of McKay trucks, Eugene, for a permit to operate as a contract carrier will be held here Saturday, April 7, the public utilities commissioner announced today.

The application of W. R. Cummings of Medford for a like permit will be considered April 9.

Ventura county, California, peace officers have equipped a room in the old county jail for the reloading of shells fired in the line of duty.

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

5¢ EVERYWHERE

Ben Webster's Career—Ben's Set To Go

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