

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Although it means a separation from her husband, Norman Dale, Judith has determined to go ahead with the building of Big Tom Bevin's Rio Diablo dam. His Tom not only has left his fortune to Judith for that purpose, but has left \$10,000 cash to carry on work in case Horton Lamperle, Norman's few business representatives, the Bevin heirs, ties up the estate by an injunction. Lamperle has done this; now Judith prepares to go to the scene of the dam.

Chapter 26

JUDITH'S ALLY

JUDITH laughed—"thanks, Clio, but I don't move in with you until we can afford a cook. Now, have you everything you want on the will contest?"

"Yes... say Jude, I don't see how you can lose."

"We can't if Lamperle hasn't some underhand tricks up his sleeve."

"How long will it take you to get down there?"

"I'll be in San Antonio in the morning, change for Laredo, and I should be in early in the afternoon, then I'll wait for the work train leaving for the dam. We rebuilt the spur, you know. Had to have it to carry supplies in."

"Think I'll come down and spend my vacation with you... there's Lige signalling you... and there's your train... you better go to the train and I'll handle Lige."

They started towards the train, and on the inner platform, found a hilarious crowd gathered about the colored people's waiting room.

Cunard looked over their heads and smiled—"some old mammy's bag has burst its straps and she's as mad as hops," he explained.

Judith and her party started to push through the confusion of milling, last moment crowds, then above the medley of puffing engines, rattling cars, train calls and chatter, heard something which brought her to a stop.

"Black boy," warned a familiar voice, "if you ain't much as lay a finger to that can a chocolate, I'll skin your hide often you with this here busted strap."

Judith deserted the others and darted back through the crowd. Her suspicions were justified for there, guarding a huge "telescope" which had spilled its contents onto the pavement, hovered a perspiring, bewildered Delphinium, resplendent in black taffeta gown and lowering purple hat.

"Delphy!" cried Judith.

The old woman looked up—"I told Lige that strap wouldn't hold," she complained.

"Delphy, what are you doing here?"

"Ise gwine long with you, Miz Dale. Think I'm lettin' you go down there mought a to Mexicans with nothin' to eat but mantillas an' holy beans?"

"Tortillas and frijoles," corrected Judith automatically, and then she laughed, for alongside of the can of chocolate was the familiar red brick.

With the help of a red cap, Delphy repacked her bag and roped it, then made for her car—"I'll be 'long back to see you is settled," she promised as she was hoisted up the steps.

THE train pulled out. Judith leaned a hot cheek against the cool pane. They left the train yards and began moving slowly through a maze of little houses.

Twilight eased down, children played in and out of the blue circles of street lamps, then there were fields with just an occasional farm house, yellow windowed against the black background.

Judith turned from the window, everywhere she looked she found evidence of home life. She turned to an ultra modern magazine Clio had contributed. At least here she'd find no saccharine ending, she could depend upon something stringently truthful, something wholesomely bitter. She skimmed through and tossed it aside in distaste, the stories in that might be true to the exception, but not to the lives of those people in the little houses.

Delphy waddled down the aisle, held laughing conferences with the car porter and waddled away again.

When the porter made Judith's berth, she was surprised to find one of her own fluffy blue checked blankets on top. She had no more than settled under it when Delphy appeared with her inevitable cup of chocolate.

"Spilled the first one," she wheezed, sitting down on the edge of the berth calmly, "so I got that nice lookin' linin' car cap'n to carry this long down to me."

Judith slipped the hot chocolate and thought of the nights she had gone through this little ceremony since her marriage. The night table with its circle of shell-pink light and just outside the circle, Delphy

standing waiting for the cup to be emptied.

No question but the love and care the old woman had given her had brought her renewed health and strength. Could it be that Norman realized this and had sent her to care for her?

Colored servants rarely saved money, they were too eager to live each day to its fullness and Delphy, Judith knew belonged to a number of lodges and "Burial Associations" which drained her purse with their fees and sociables.

"Delphy," questioned Judith, as she replaced the emptied cup in the saucer, "where did you get the money for your ticket?"

"I got it honest," she said at length, and then she began to chuckle, "Yas mam, I shu' got it honest."

Judith laughed with her—"I wasn't questioning your honesty Delphy, I was just wondering."

"Well shu'," she confessed, "I got it shootin' crap with Lige. I beat him."

Judith continued to laugh, but there was heartache in her laugh. Norman hadn't sent Delphy along.

"What do you think Mr. Dale will say when he hears you've left him?" she inquired.

Delphy sobered—"I ain't carin'," she said beligerently, "I brung him up good, now he kin git along. Lige'll take care of him, you's my sponsibility."

JUDITH found her purse and refilled the money. "If you are going to work for me, I'm going to pay your expenses," she insisted, "don't worry, I have a job, we'll have to keep our expenses within the amount I make, though."

"There," said Delphy triumphant, "I told that Lige you didn't have no millions of dollars. He read in the newspapers you had, but I know better. What kind of a house we goin' to live in?" she inquired with interest.

Judith sighed. She supposed she should send Delphy back. She wasn't young and perhaps she couldn't stand living in a tent. They would have to send for a big one.

"We haven't a house, Delphy, just a tent, a small one, until I can send for another."

"One of them dog tents?" inquired Delphy with interest.

Judith laughed—"No, not a pup tent, we'll wait and see, before we worry, won't we Delphy?"

"Sure will, now you go long to sleep. You's been lookin' pinchy since Ma's Tom died."

The next day seemed endless to Judith. After the tropical beauty of San Antonio, the plains, even with their wealth of purple-headed blue bonnets, were monotonous. She wanted to turn back to Norman. She wanted to explain why she had acted as she had, to let him explain his actions. They had never discussed the Bevin will, they had avoided it like coals. Perhaps if they talked things over they might have reached an agreement of some sort.

At Laredo she changed her smart traveling frock for the khaki outfit she wore in the field, then waited for the work train. It came in and the crew gave her high welcome and encouraging news of the dam city, which had been called "Big Tom" by the men who worked there.

"Got your eyebrows on straight?" inquired the engineer quizzically as the train approached the dam.

Judith looked up—"You can always depend upon their being straight," she said, but she looked into her purse mirror to make sure.

The train stopped. Judith started to step out of the cab. There was a queer stillness outside, the kind left by the sudden stopping of vast machinery.

Judith looked down. Below her was a sea of faces, a patchwork of sunburned faces on a khaki background.

For a moment she stood as though paralyzed. These men... hundreds of them... women too on the fringe of the crowd... children hoisted to tall shoulders... they were there to greet her.

For that moment she couldn't speak, and then impulsively she pulled her hat from her head and held it high.

"Howdy gang!" she shouted.

The response came back in a roar, a hip-hip-hurrah, hip-hip-hurrah, hip-hip-hurrah!

Thrice it rang out over the desert land and the dam sent back a faint echo as though some ethereal voice were joining in the welcome.

Then in mighty pean came a chorus—"Miss Judy, our Miss Judy!"

And faintly—"our Miss Judy!"

They stood now in silence waiting for her to speak. Someone had lighted a flare and stood beside her.

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow, Judy makes a speech.

HON. ARCHIE TO 'PLUG' JUBILEE

One million five hundred thousand persons will hear a story of Medford on April 21, it was announced today by chamber of commerce officials.

Replying to a request from the chamber of commerce, Grayco (Marion R. Gray company) of Los Angeles, is dedicating its regular nightly program over KNX, Hollywood, from 7:30 to 7:15 o'clock, to the city of Medford.

The company states that outstanding features of Medford will be mentioned for the benefit of over a million listeners all over the west, and Frank Watanabe and the Honorable Archie, popular radio entertainers, will present same.

Chamber of commerce officials believe that this is one of the best opportunities which has been Medford's portion for months to obtain publicity for the city which, of course, will be taken advantage of to publicize Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration.

Radio fans in this city and Jackson county are urged to listen in on the program.

TULARE, Cal., April 10.—(UP)—Dr. H. A. Putnam, noted tuberculous specialist of Monrovia, Cal., was in a Tulare hospital today, suffering serious injuries from an automobile crash near Tulare.

NEW YORK, April 10.—(UP)—Ferdinand Pecora last night declined the offer of the state senate judiciary committee to serve as counsel for the investigation of alleged public utilities influence over the legislature.

JAPS WOULD BE BIKE MAGNATES

LONDON, April 10.—(UP)—An Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Tokio said the Japanese were planning to make a drive on the world bicycle trade.

In a joint conference in Tokio of government officials, manufacturers and exporters of bicycles an agree-

ment was reached on regulations for marketing of cheap bicycles in the Dutch East Indies, Malaya and other British possessions.

Heavy shipments of pencils to the United States also are planned by the Japanese, the report said.

Warrant Call

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of warrants drawn on School Dist. No. 15 as follows: No. 48, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60 and 62. Interest ceases on April 7th, 1934. Warrants payable at First National Bank, Medford, Ore.

A. AUGUST WALRUFF, Clerk. School Dist. No. 15.

GIVE IT A WHIRL... by Hatlo

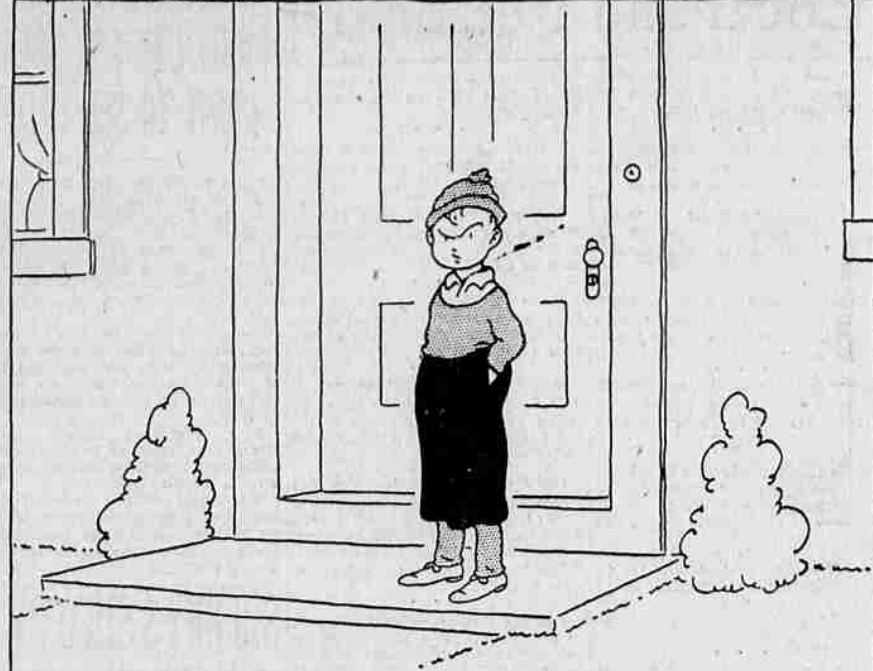
ONE OF OUR SADDEST CASES—THINKS HE'S NAPOLEON—GOT THAT WAY TRYING TO INVENT A THINGAMAJIG TO ELIMINATE GEAR SHIFTING!

TOO BAD—AND THEN THEY COME ALONG AND DO IT WITH A GASOLINE. S'POSE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS STANDARD UNBEATEN WITH TETRAETHYL.



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HAVING JUST LEFT EDDIE SELZER'S, SLAMMING THE DOOR HEARTILY AFTER A QUARREL IN WHICH YOU HAVE MUTUALLY AGREED THAT YOU'RE SICK OF EACH OTHER AND DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, YOU FIND YOU'VE LEFT YOUR NEW JACKKNIFE ON HIS TABLE

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



By O. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Decides To Make A Regular Crash!



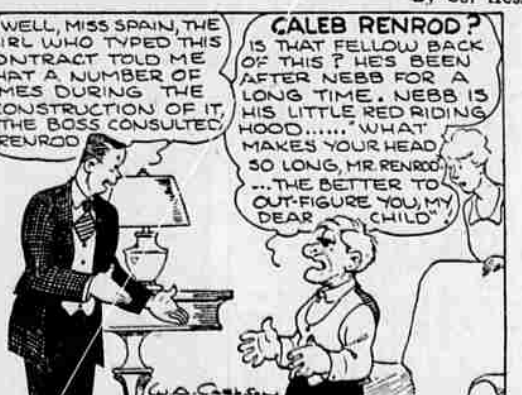
By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dave Jones Himself



By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Look Out Ahead



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

SHOWDOWN ON SILVER WHEN F. R. RETURNS

WASHINGTON, April 10.—(UP)—President Roosevelt will face a showdown with congress on silver remonetization soon after he returns to the White House from his fishing trip. It was indicated today.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat, Montana, is directing the silverites' campaign from his apartment, where he is suffering from nervous exhaustion.

HONOLULU, April 10.—(UP)—Tragedy today hovered over the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Buhl, Jr. of Detroit when the bride was taken from the liner Lurline and placed in a hospital, suffering from double pneumonia.

PIONEER DRESS WILL GRACE JUBILEE PARADE

About 70 years ago, it was worn by the mother of C. W. McDonald, well known Medford resident—the first dress to be donated to the pioneer parade of Oregon's Diamond Jubilee, J. Verne Shangle, parade chairman, announced today.

The dress is on display at Arrienne's shop and will be worn by Florence Boussam, who will pose for a pioneer picture, in the near future.

Many other contributions have also been made to the parade. Shangle stated, buggies leading the list over the week end. A covered wagon was also discovered and will be entered.

Phone 642 We will mail you your refuse. City Sanitary Dept.