

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



... Judith Lane arrives... construction from her former employer... Big Tom... money... Judith's husband, Norman... Miss Judy... the little wooden house that is Judith's headquarters.

## JUDITH'S LETTER

JUDITH DALE stepped to the door to greet the natives of Big Tom Town. She expected to see the same scrawny, ill nourished crowd she had left there eight months before. True, Big Tom had arranged loans for the heads of the families, and she herself had arranged to have cases of canned milk sent in, but even at that she was unprepared for the change.

The people who stood before her were not cowed, broken, lifeless individuals, they were sturdy, self-respecting land people. The new confidence born in them with proper nourishment and hope for the future, showed in the carriage of the men, the clothing of the women.

"Miss Lane... that is Mrs. Dale," Scoggins the leader was speaking in a sonorous voice, "we have come

phium located Slim Sanford in the main office on the brink of the cut—"Ma's Slim," she puffed, "if you don't come long up there an' light that contraption in my kitchen, Miss Judy won't never get nothin' to eat... what with that stove and that passel of folks sittin' there braggin' bout who's got the spinkiest garden, I'm a mind to pack her home, bag and baggage. Ten o'clock, Miss Slim, ten in the mornin' an' she ain't had her orange juice yet."

Judith was writing when they reached the house, writing a letter with fine, firm strokes of the pen. There was no hesitation now... no nibbling of pen-end for words. They came clearly as though spoken in an incisive voice.

"Dear Norman: I know how unexplainable my conduct must seem to you. I won't insult you with an apology, I have followed my convictions, just as you have followed yours. Some day I hope that we may understand each other better. Our love, at least, I love for you is not in question. It is true and steady, but had I stayed to forget my trust, it would have turned to bitterness."

"I am comfortably housed in a shack built by the boys, in the lee of the rock where we sat through the storm. Delphy, as Lige may have told you, showed me to the depot, insisting upon accompanying me, so I will be well cared for. I hope I may hear from you occasionally, because regardless of all that has happened, my affection for you has never wavered."

JUDITH.



... business letters, one from Cila, but none from Norman

to bid you welcome to the city of your—"

But Judith had spied the children. The small one who had hovered close to her boots months before was back tugging at her hand. She looked down into a rosy, smiling face.

"Delphy," she cried to the old woman, "see them, look at this precious butter ball... and only last August she was as thin as a rail... oh, and Tommy Scoggins come here, you immense creature... and look at little Timothy, if he isn't the picture of health—"

"He wouldn't be a picture at all without your special food, you sent him," declared Scoggins. Judith was suddenly contrite—"I interrupted your nice welcoming speech, can you forgive me?" Scoggins laughed with the others—"Don't need to make one now. We folks got to think. Now that Miss Judy's got five million dollars and been livin' swell and wearin' grand clothes, we'd better try to act up to her... but paw," he exclaimed, "here you come back in your same old clothes we admired so much, an' likin' our kids. You don't need no speech to make you know you're welcome, you kin see how we feel 'bout us usin' big words."

"YOU bet I can, Mr. Scoggins... oh say, how's your garden doing this year? you've had more rain, haven't you?" "Miss Judy... you should see my pole beans."

"Pole beans," scoffed Dunaway, "why they ain't nothin'. I'll bring you up a mess of crooked neck squash 'fore his beans get more'n blossoms on them."

"Have you ordered your trees yet, Mr. Scoggins?" she asked a small, shy man on the other fringe. "Sure have, Miss Judy, waiting for the dam' to be in 'fore their delivered, though, 'fore they won't get washed out 'fore they are rooted."

"Miss Judy," spoke up his wife, "remember them rags I was about to burn and you told me not to? Well I dyed them like you said and I got the prettiest crocheted rug in Big Tom Town."

An hour later, a distracted Del-

"GOOD morning, Small-Jude," said Sanford from the door. "Morning, Tall-Slim," she retorted. "Had breakfast? Hours ago? You make me feel like a slugard, but you will have some of Delphy's coffee with me, won't you?"

"I will, then I must fly back to Houston. Any messages, letters or what-nots, you want to send back?" Judith thought of her letter, remembered Norman's attack on Sanford, and decided it had better go via the regular mail, so she wrote hasty notes to Cunard and to Cila while Delphy "cuddled" eggs and brewed coffee.

They had breakfast on the porch, and Judith, basking in Slim's silent admiration, in the love of the natives and the staunch loyalty of her men, found her first moments of happiness since Big Tom's death.

After she had watched Slim's ship take off and wing into the east, she stood on her tiny porch and looked down on the dam. For a full half hour she enjoyed the luxury of idle thoughts and dreams, then turned to the house, thence to the office, and for the next forty-eight hours hardly paused in checking the work's progress, with the plans Tom Bevins had left behind.

Tired, but with a new contentment, she stood the evening of the second night, watching the work train in from Laredo. There might be mail on this, a letter from Norman.

She waited as they sorted the mail, tried to be patient with the young courier who brought her a

handful and stopped to chat, then hastily she ran through them. Business letters, forwarded invitations, a personal note from Cunard, one from Cila, but none from Norman.

She sat in the home made canvas chair the boys had built for porch use, sat and stared at the rapidly growing dam, and remembered that it was almost in this same spot she had sat through the storm with Norman.

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Delphinium gets a letter, tomorrow.

# OLDEST MASON TO BE HONORED AT PORT ORFORD

Port Orford Masonic lodge has completed arrangements to take care of the largest crowd of Masons ever assembled at one time in the history of southwestern Oregon. Saturday, April 14th, at 8:30 p. m. Communications have been received from lodges all the state signifying their intention of having their lodge well represented at this gathering. Members of the Curry county lodges are joining with the Port Orford lodge to make this a red-letter day in the history of big gatherings in the county. Occasion for the mammoth gathering is to honor the oldest Mason in the United States, Willis T. White, Sr., who joined the order in Princeton, Maine, January 17, 1867, at the age of 21. He celebrated his 88th birthday November 1st of last year, making him 67 years a Mason. He demitted from Lewy Island Lodge, No. 138, P. & A. M., Princeton, Maine, in 1918, and became a charter member of the Port Orford Lodge, No. 170, A. F. & A. M. Shortly after being made a Mason he became secretary of his Maine lodge and was the first secretary of the Port Orford lodge, which position he held for several years. Port Orford lodge is proud to hold the distinction of having the oldest member among its membership—as well as having the most western Masonic lodge in the United States. Mr. White will be escorted from his

home to the lodge hall by grand officers of the state and will hold the seat of honor at the banquet. Invitations have been sent to all lodges in the state of Oregon and northern California. State police will have charge of handling of traffic and taking care of parked cars during the evening. Rhododendrons are in full bloom—making it a delightful trip over the Oregon coast highway at this time of the year.

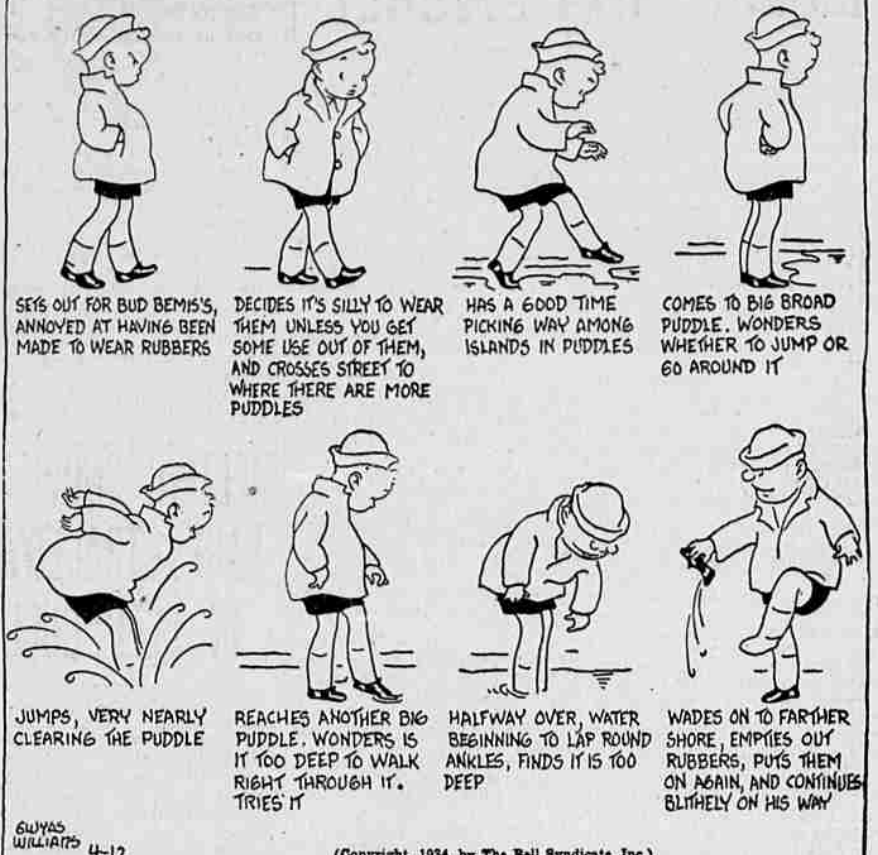
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

# ROSE WRECKER GIVEN LIFE TERM IN PRISON

RAWLINGS, Wyo., April 12—(AP)—Horace G. Lovett today pleaded guilty to a charge of wrecking the fast Portland Rose passenger train of the Union Pacific last March 9, was immediately sentenced to a life term in prison. Lovett previously had confessed to officers he intended to rob the train during the confusion after the derailment but lost his nerve. There were no deaths or serious injuries.

# PUDDLES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SEES OUT FOR BUD BEMIS, ANNOYED AT HAVING BEEN MADE TO WEAR RUBBERS. DECIDES IT'S SILLY TO WEAR THEM UNLESS YOU GET SOME USE OUT OF THEM, AND CROSSES STREET TO WHERE THERE ARE MORE PUDDLES. COMES TO BIG BROAD PUDDLE, WONDERS WHETHER TO JUMP OR GO AROUND IT. JUMPS, VERY NEARLY CLEARING THE PUDDLE. REACHES ANOTHER BIG PUDDLE. WONDERS IS IT TOO DEEP TO WALK RIGHT THROUGH IT. TRIES IT. HALFWAY OVER, WATER BEGINNING TO LAP ROUND ANKLES, FINDS IT IS TOO DEEP. WADES ON TO FARTHER SHORE, EMPTIES OUT RUBBERS, PUTS THEM ON AGAIN, AND CONTINUES BLITHELY ON HIS WAY.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-12 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Perhaps It's Not Too Late!

By Hal Forrest



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jack Scroggs' Parting Word!

By Edwin Alger



# THE NEBBS—Said The Spider To The Fly

By Sol Hess



# BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



# BLIGHT INCREASE SEEN IN ORCHARDS

New blight infections are now showing up in several orchards and growers are warned by County Agent Wilcox to be on the watch and take steps to head off any serious outbreaks of this disease. The Bore variety is showing the most infections at this time, the disease entrance being made in the young fruits. The small pears turn black, shrivel and have the characteristic gum droplets on their surfaces. In cutting this type of blight one should pay particular attention to the spurs located on the large scaffold branches. See that infections

# ASHLAND RETAINS HOPE OF AIRPORT

ASHLAND, April 12—(SpI)—The Ashland airport improvement is not a dead issue, despite the apparent inactivity on the issue at present, according to city officials. The organization handling such projects is considering a new angle, which might result in the establishment of a transient's organization at the local airport site, the work to be done over a longer period by the members of the organization.