

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



Judith Lane is at the construction of the dam. She is the only woman on the job. She is the only woman on the job. She is the only woman on the job.

GOOD NEWS

The little town of Big Tom. She liked it; liked the run plunk of fresh cut lumber used in the buildings on the town's main street, the hot dog stands with their inevitable aroma of frying onions, the chili parlors, barber shop, like Ephraim's Emporium, the little proprietor with kind dark eyes who wrapped a morsel of philosophy into each package.

If she lost control of the Bevins fortune, it would mean these keen-eyed young construction men would go out to look for other work leaving the unsatisfied feeling of leaving uncompleted work, and for the mass of dam workers there would begin another foreman's struggle to "another job if we can find one."

She should have been more alert... should have. She looked towards the sky with wordless prayer. Two stars seemed to separate from the mass in the heavens, move forward, grow larger. The night lights of an air ship. She heard the muted roar of three motors, saw the dip of the plane, towards the leveled field. Slim Sanford used for landing.

From the small front porch of her shack, Judith watched the figures of two men approach. She knew that one would be Slim Sanford. The other... her heart beat like a trip hammer with hope that he might be Norman, and then the hope died as the two men swung into a lighted area. The other was Justin Cunard.

She ran downhill to meet them, her voice calling before her, "What news?" "Good news," they answered in unison.

"The will contest has been continued to late September."

"But I thought... I heard that it started today?"

"No," Cunard had caught her elbow and the three had started back up hill, the older man propelling her gently forward. "No, thanks to your friend Cila, it didn't start today."

"As soon as she found out that Lampere and Maritellan had slipped the case in earlier than it was supposed to be on the court calendar, she called them to her office."

"She told them what she had heard in the file room of the county court house and said she would make it public if they tried to push the case forward without giving you a chance to get up here and Judge Morgan a chance to appear. He was out of town on another case and one of his partners would have had to handle it."

"Maritellan said the docket was full and it would have to be continued to fall. I suppose Lampere thought you couldn't hold out financially that long. Maybe you can't, but now that I'm first vice-president of the company I have the right to put my personal fortune into it. I talked it over with Mrs. Cunard and she's with me a hundred per cent, so we'll see you through."

"And so this morning, when the case was called, Lampere sent Morrison to represent him, Judge Morgan's son appeared for him, and Maritellan, a little bit yellow about the gills, set it over. I feel sorry for Maritellan, he's a fine white fellow. I'd like to know what hold Lampere has on him."

They reached the little house and Cunard gave it a quick approving glance. Delphy met them at the door, with a quick inquiry as to their dinner hour. Satisfied they were as hungry as she had hoped they would be she went into the kitchen and the others sat on the porch to talk.

"This will probably mean war down here, Miss Judith," Cunard admitted, when they had discussed Lampere and Maritellan. "Morton is clever enough to know that by fall the dam will be far enough ahead for Judge Morgan to use it as proof that you are following Big Tom's directions in using his money."

"Why didn't he get a court order restraining her from going on with the dam?" inquired Slim.

"He tried," Judith explained, "tried when he succeeded in getting the injunction against my use of the money, but there has been too much unemployment the past few years for any human to refuse work to three hundred men, as long as I was willing to pay them."

"Lampere would have had to go

before the State Commission and prove the dam impractical from an engineering viewpoint, to have succeeded in that and he knew he couldn't do that."

They were silent a moment and Judith longed to ask for news of Norman, but was ashamed to admit she knew nothing.

"How do you suppose Lampere will wage his war?" Sanford asked, breaking in on her thoughts.

"I wish I knew," answered Cunard, "it will be something inspired by diabolical cleverness."

Cunard discussed the city end of the dam building, while the two men did justice to Delphy's beaten cheese biscuits, potted chicken and coffee. He expressed a desire to make a tour of dam property and said he would be there for several days.

Sanford said little. He watched Judith anxiously, remarked she looked tired, and pretended to scold Delphy for starving her mistress, then, as they arose from the table and started to leave, he turned to Judith.

"I have a package here from Cila. Doggone, must have left it in the ship, but here's a letter your husband asked me to bring down."

"You saw him?" she asked, hoping her voice didn't reveal her eagerness.

"No, but Cila did. He dashed into the courtroom this morning, said he'd just heard of the trial starting and told your Morrison quite frankly that he didn't like the way their firm was doing business. Cila sidled up to him and wangled a luncheon invitation out of him. You know Cila. He asked about you and I imagine she told him plenty. She would. She told him I was flying down tonight and he asked her to wait while he wrote a note to send down with me."

"How did he look, did she say?" "No, she didn't. Well, goodnight, Judy, you need some rest. We'll see you in the morning, adios—"

As soon as the two men had left, Judith turned to the letter. Would he be asking for a divorce?

"Dear Judith, a hasty note, as Cila's waiting, I find it difficult to say what I want to say, perhaps because my mind is not yet clear. A year ago I would have sworn that a woman did not love a man, if she could leave him to work against his interests, simply because she believed in what she was doing. However, I find myself doing the same thing, I find my love for you is unchanged, yet under the circumstances I cannot ask you to return to me."

He believed that had we been married longer and our lives welded together with sympathetic interests, this separation could not have happened. If I had, I shall leave you free to do what you wish, and I'll try to be as fair as you have been in not blaming me for my stand. I love you, Judith.

"NORMAN."

Judith reread the note, trying to sense the meaning between lines; trying to read into each line more than the actual words revealed. Did he mean that in leaving her "free" he wished their separation to become permanent?

She felt a moment's pique at his sportmanship. With feminine inconsistency she wished he would rush to her and demand she return to him. She wondered what Slim Sanford would have done under similar circumstances.

She reread the last line, "I love you, Judith." There was sincerity there. She would keep faith with that line, and maybe time and destiny would do the rest.

She slept better that night than she had slept for some time, perhaps because having heard from Norman, she entertained neither false hopes nor fears. She remembered Big Tom's plea that she be patient with Norman, and promised herself that she would be patient; a promise she was to laugh at with bitterness.

Breakfast, Cunard and Sanford arrived simultaneously. Judith enjoyed the festive air which seemed to permeate the little dwelling with their coming.

Later a stable boy brought up three horses and the trio started on their tour of inspection. Judith felt pardonable pride in the friendly loyalty of the men whom they met at every step of their journey. When Cunard expressed a desire to meet Scoggins, after learning who held the salient point of land jutting into the main food basin of the dam, they rode down to the Scoggins farm and were invited to stay for dinner.

Back to Big Tom Town and Judith's shack and Cunard announced that on the next day he would like to make an air tour of the Rio Diablo country.

To Judith, who had covered nearly every step of the year previous, the air trip was fascinating.

Monday, Judith goes to Mexico.

FABRIC FASHION SHOW AT MANN'S TOMORROW 4 P. M.

For the benefit of southern Oregon women and girls who are ambitious to make their own summer costumes, Mann's Department Store will stage a fabric fashion show tomorrow afternoon beginning at 4 o'clock.

Charming models will display frocks made in Mann's sewing department from materials selected from the large stock being shown this season. Butterick and Women's World patterns were used exclusively in making all of the ensembles which will be shown.

A comprehensive description of the yardage, trimmings and patterns used in fashioning each garment will add interest to Mann's annual style show. Both cotton and silk in a wide variety of colors will be included in the summer-time fabric dresses and suits to be modeled by clerks at Mann's store.

Sardine Creek

SARDINE CREEK, April 14.—(Sp.)—Margine Myers, who is employed at the Studwell home, became so ill this week from poison oak, she was taken to her home near Grants Pass for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Campbell attended services at the Presbyterian church in Medford Sunday and on

SALES INCREASE CHEVROLET CARS

DETROIT, Mich., April 14.—Chevrolet's production during March set a new high mark for the year to date and shattered all monthly production records for the past thirty-four months. M. E. Coyle, president and general manager of Chevrolet Motor company, announced today, March also established a first quarter's output unapproached in the last four years.

Output for the month was 110,266 cars and trucks, the third largest March output in the history of the company, and the largest March since 1929.

Production for March, Mr. Coyle said, was 285.1 per cent of the production in March, 1933. Production for the entire first quarter was 223,010 as compared with 148,336 in the corresponding period last year.

This production record is considered particularly impressive in view of the fact that, while in 1932 and 1933 the manufacturing and assembly plants were in full operation at the turn of the new year, in 1934 not one passenger car had been assembled until early in January. Within three months, starting literally from the beginning, the output has been moved up to a daily total of above 3,600 units.

Chevrolet entered April operating at capacity, with steadily increasing shipments leaving the company's nine assembly plants for dealers and immediate delivery to purchasers. Orders on hand at the beginning of April, Mr. Coyle said, and the constant influx of orders to the central office sales department, indicate capacity operations for months to come.

PLEASURE RIDE

SETS OUT FOR AFTERNOON DRIVE WITH FAMILY, ADMIRES THE SCENERY

TELLS JUNIOR NOT TO KNEEL ON SEAT AND LEAN OUT

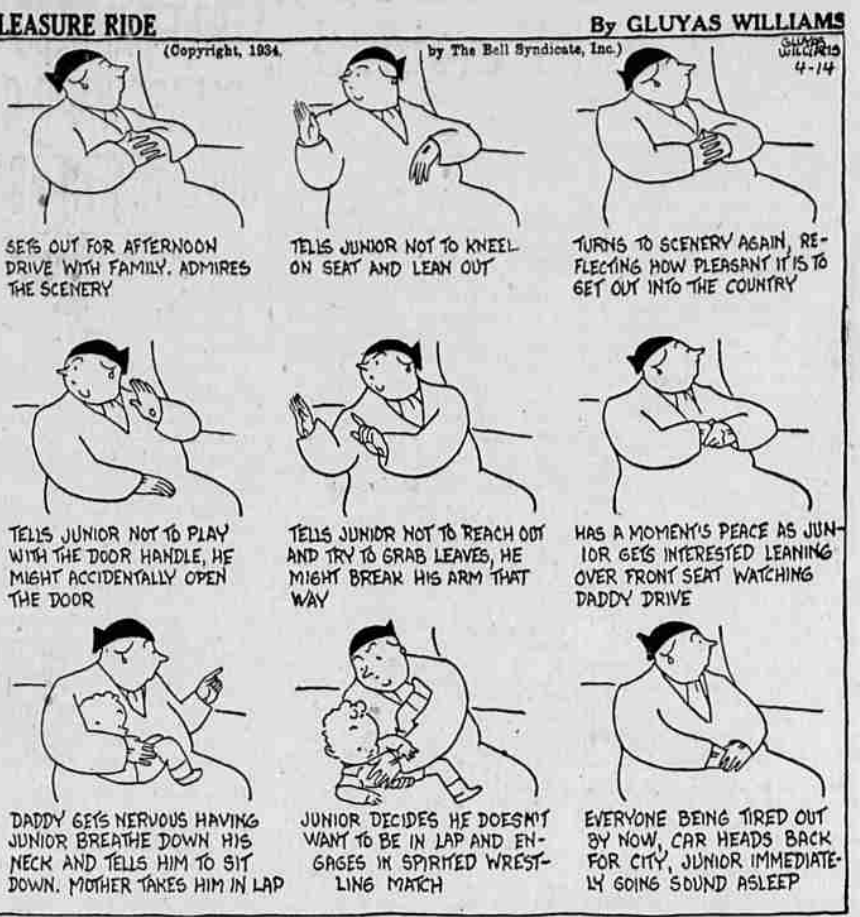
TELLS JUNIOR NOT TO PLAY WITH THE DOOR HANDLE, HE MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY OPEN THE DOOR

TELLS JUNIOR NOT TO REACH OUT AND TRY TO GRAB LEAVES, HE MIGHT BREAK HIS ARM THAT WAY

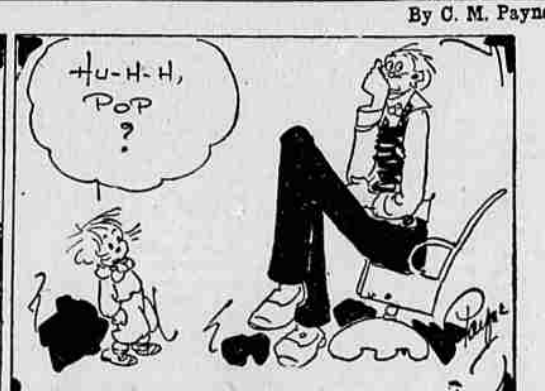
DADDY GETS NERVOUS HAVING JUNIOR BREATHE DOWN HIS NECK AND TELLS HIM TO SIT DOWN. MOTHER TAKES HIM IN LAP

JUNIOR DECIDES HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE IN LAP AND ENGAGES IN SPIRITED WRESTLING MATCH

EVERYONE BEING TIRED OUT BY NOW, CAR HEADS BACK FOR CITY, JUNIOR IMMEDIATELY GOING SOUND ASLEEP



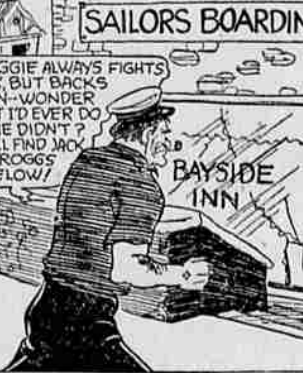
S'MATTER POP—



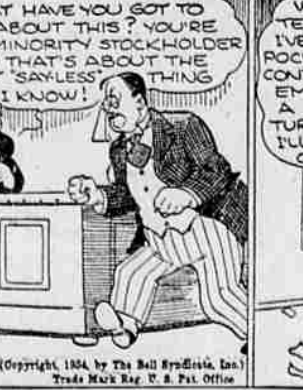
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets "Pulls A Fast One" On Shean!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cap'n Ike's Mission



THE NEBBS—Foiled?



BRINGING UP FATHER



TALES OF TREASURE DISCOVERIES EXCITE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

SYDNEY, Australia, April 14.—(AP)—Tales of the discovery of buried Peruvian treasures valued at \$50,000,000 sprang up today coincident with the return of an Anglo-French schooner expedition to the Tuamotu archipelago in the South Pacific.

The leader of the expedition denied gold had been found, but said the party had located the submerged island sought.

On this island, according to a pirate's map now in safekeeping in a Tahiti bank, is a gold trove buried many years ago.

The leaders of the expedition are planning to return to the site in June, 1935.

It was reported from Papeete, Tahiti, Wednesday, that the expedition had located an enormous cache of pirate gold on a lonely South Sea island and that the French government had ordered a guard posted and had taken steps to claim half of any treasure found.

The dispatch said the leader of expedition asserted the reputed treasure comprised 25 tons of gold ingots dating back to the time of the Incas in Peru.

Nine Die In Slide ALESSANDRIA, Italy, April 14.—(AP)—Nine persons were killed today and as many injured when a mountain slide destroyed five houses in the town of Gronzons, near here.