

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE HOWMAN



**SYNOPSIS:** Slim Sanford and Judith Lane have come to the Rio Grande dam to tell Judith Lane that Morton Lampere's trickery is temporarily checked. Lampere is trying to break the Tom Revere's will which has given Judith 1 million dollars with which to complete the dam. Judith's husband, Morton, has sided with Lampere and the Revere heirs. Sanford and Judith have come with Judith on the tour of the dam site.

### Chapter 31

#### MEXICAN PARTY

They swooped low to study the topography of the country and when they returned that afternoon Cunard looked thoughtful. "It could be oil land," he mused, thoughtfully, "but we'll hope it isn't."

Judith paid little attention to him. She had succeeded in reminding Slim of the package he had cached in the cabin of his ship and opening it had discovered a smart knitted leotard and pull over sweater.

"We'll celebrate its arrival with a trip across the border, tomorrow night," Cunard promised when Judith had tried them. "I've never been in Mexico and all I need is an excuse to go."

Judith, who had turned to a pile of newspapers brought up during

but the moonlight turned the adobe snow white, the lighted windows golden yellow, the shadows of the frame buildings blue-black and purple. It lay a glamour over the scene which reached Judith and heightened her excitement.

The cafe was small, it was crowded with a queer mass of humanity, Mexicans, Americans, of every stratum. Judith found herself admiring a dark-eyed Spanish girl, intent upon charming a man whose face she couldn't see.

They found a table and ordered, then Judith and Slim danced. Slim carried her in a dance measure across the floor, as he seemed to carry his ship through the air, with gentle touch that belied its firmness.

The evening wore on as they interlarded the many-coursed dinner with turns about the floor. The salad brought a quick, laugh provoking border song; frijoles came with a sedate waltz, enchiladas, the tortilla filled to bursting with its queer concoction and freighted with biting cheese, was followed by a swift moving folk dance.

And then in slow, sensuous measure

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Her breath caught in a gasp. The man was J. C. Scathborne.

their absence, opened the one Cilia called her "enemys' clarion."

She thumbed through it until she came to the rotogravure section, then quietly she laid the paper aside and with a reckless laugh said, "Let's go tonight. I'd like to get away from here now."

She saw Slim Sanford look over her shoulder and quickly she shielded what she had seen, a picture of Mathie Bevin's and Norman Dale, with the caption: "Bereaved daughter of Tom Bevin, in seclusion of her Galveston beach cottage, confers with family attorney, husband of the Millionaire stenographer."

She'd seen order towns, visited the heated cafes with their milling crowds, the quick warm tempo of the guitars. She sang one of their songs as she dressed in a tailored suit of pale tan twill, boots of doekskin, light of sole and dull of leather—she could dance in those.

She pulled Cilia's gift sweater over her short dark hair, ran a damp comb through the dark wavy strands, then pulled the new leotard forward at a rakish angle above one straight black brow.

A dash of warm raspberry-toned rouge on her too white cheeks, a full curved line for her lips, and she wheeled from the house and darted up the ship rock. To the west the sky was a deep apricot, tinging gently to a luminous green, and mid-center hung a single star. By midnight there would be a full moon.

ure the song which had been on her lips all evening, "Cello L'ndo." The floor was packed with wading couples, at the tables the natives took up the theme and sang with the orchestra and Judith and Slim sang with them as they danced.

Verses innumerable, the floor filling until Judith and Slim returned to the table. Cunard had gone to the gaming room and there in the privacy of the impersona, mob, Slim spoke.

Judith watched him cup his hands as he lighted a cigarette, watched the yellow flame burnish the bronze of his face, then saw the quick flash of his smile.

"Jude, will you hate me if I ask you a question?"

"I—I'd find it a bit difficult to hate you, Slim."

"What are you going to do about Norman?"

"I don't know, Slim."

"And what is he going to do about you?"

"I don't know that either. It's all so indefinite. We couldn't seem to discuss things when we were together and now—"

"Now?" he prompted.

"Now we're as far from each other physically as we were in understanding. I guess we'll just let time make whatever adjustments must be made."

"I suppose it isn't necessary for me to tell you I love you. You know it. Sometimes I feel like a sandwich man running around with signs on all sides."

BACK at the house she found Slim waiting, Cunard would join them at the ship. Slim was immaculately groomed as usual. She wondered vaguely, as they strode down the hill, if he managed to keep shaved and pressed when he was guest-by-force to the Chinese war lord.

She sat beside him in the dual control seat, and watched him as a woman might watch a man, not as Judy Dale had heretofore watched Cilia Sanford's brother. The reflection from the illuminated dial board threw high lights on the severe line of his profile.

Occasionally, as though conscious of the new element in her scrutiny, he would look at her, the rare smile which had first attracted her flashing across for its brief moment.

The moon came up behind them and flooded the world. It turned the Rio Grande moving below them to molten silver, and then they were banking about, circling low, skimming gently and whirling to a stop.

The town lay, a huddle of adobe and wooden buildings, on a barren strip of desert. Sunlight would have picked out each detail of aquator,

Tomorrow, Judith finds an alarming situation on the Rio Grande.

## JAUNT OF BEARS CONVERTS COAST TO PRO FOOTBALL

LOS ANGELES.—(AP)—The "missionary work" of the Chicago Bears in their almost-all-winter tour of Pacific coast gridirons has planted seeds of professional football in fertile ground.

Coast football fans, "high" on their many great collegiate eleven, reacted so satisfactorily to the brand of ball the midwestern tourists exhibited in their triumphal parade that plans for an "American league" to operate on the coast next fall are making rapid progress.

"The American Professional Football league" has been incorporated in the state of California, and a number of sportsmen, financial and business executives are moving to sponsor an eight or ten-league club next winter.

The prime movers have already begun to talk about a February "world series" between the coast pro champions and the National league flag winner.

Cities listed as potential homes of the clubs are Los Angeles, Hollywood, Long Beach, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Fresno, Bakersfield, San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland and Seattle.

As in the "National" games will be played Sundays and evenings, with an effort not to conflict with collegiate fixtures.

The charter board for the new league is headed by R. E. Whittlesey, Los Angeles financier, and Matt Gallagher, southern California newspaper man and sports promoter. Joseph O'Connor of San Francisco, vice-president of the new league, has sponsored pilgrimages of many "eastern" professional and all-star teams to the coast for various post-season benefit contests.

## McNeil Island Escape Foiled

TACOMA, April 16.—(AP)—John M. Stadig, 26-year-old San Francisco rountrifelter, was back in McNeil island federal prison today, after only about 30 hours of freedom.

Hiding in the underbrush but unbound by bullets which mowed down a rompation when the two made a dash to freedom in a prison truck, Stadig was recaptured Saturday night.

## GIVE IT A WHIRL—by Hatlo



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## THE CANDY BOX

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## S MATTER POP



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Cracks Up!



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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At Bayside Tavern



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## THE NEBBS—That's A Pal



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## SEVENTH DEAD LISTED

SEDALIA, Mo., April 16.—(AP)—The death of Mrs. Volvie Moore, 40, brought to seven today the number of persons fatally injured in the explosion of an improvised steam table at a railroad banquet.

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## OREGON WEATHER

Generally fair tonight and Tuesday; but cloudy northwest portion and on the coast; cooler east portion tonight; moderate northwest wind offshore.

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
SWEETENS THE BREATH

keeps the taste in tune

YES HIS HIGHNESS—OMOR AND A LESS PRESENTED THEM TO ME. THEY ARE VERY RARE, ESPECIALLY THE DUCK. IT'S THE LATEST FAD—

I SAW THAT MRS. LOTTA CHATTER ON THE STREET AND SHE WAS LEADING A FUNNY-LOOKING DOG AND A DUCK. SHE LOOKED TERRIBLE.

I SAW HER AN I FELT SORRY FOR THE DOG AND DUCK.

MAGGIE—DID YOU SEE MRS. LOTTA CHATTER?

I'LL SAY I DID! SHE GOT THOSE BETS FROM HIS HIGHNESS, OMOR ANPAYLESS, HE MAKES A GIFT OF THEM TO EVERY ONE HE MEETS.

BUT YOU CAN BET SHE WON'T PUT ANYTHING OVER ON ME. I'LL MEET HER, TOO. I'LL SHOW HER SHE'S NOT ALL THE SOCIETY IN THIS TOWN.

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