

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



**SYNOPSIS:** Judith Lane, fighting to build the Rio Diablo dam with the money Big Tom Rains left her for the purpose, finds her husband Norman, aligned against her and with the Bevinas lets, who are trying to break the will. Rained by the knowledge that Norman is seeing too much of Judith Bevinas Judith flies to Mexico for a night at a native cafe with Slim Sanford and Julia Cunard. There she sees one of the Bevinas spies J. C. Scathorne.

## Chapter 32 NEW TRICK

"SLIM," Judith leaned across the table, "help me out of here pronto, before that couple there, the girl in red dancing with the gringo, gets back."

Sanford asked no questions. Quickly, his height shielding her, he helped her through the crowds, through the maze of tables where slightly ribald couples from the States sang an anglicized version of "Cello Lindo."

Outside, protected from curious eyes by an ell of the building, she explained, "That man is Scathorne, one of Morton Lamper's undercover men."

"Do you think he saw you?" Slim asked.

"No, I'm sure he didn't. He wouldn't have liked my seeing him if he had seen and recognized me. What I'm wondering is what he's doing in this part of the country, Slim, how far are we from Laredo?"

"Not far. This is a logical place for a man in your section of Texas to come, if that's what you mean."

"It is. We'd better find Cunard and leave. I'll wait here while you go in... and Slim," she held out a detaining hand, "I do appreciate what you've said. I've never thought of wavering in my loyalty to Norman, but," she hesitated, then, "Tall Slim, it's been a most glamorous evening and I do like you a lot."

Sanford bent over the hand and brushed it with his lips in a manner that did not seem grotesque in him. A moment later he was gone.

Cunard came back with him, nervous haste in his manner, but not until they were in the ship did he speak.

"You must have thought me most amannerly this evening," he apologized to Judith, "but I've seen on the trail of something which may be important to us. Scathorne has been over here hiring Mexican labor. I talked to one of the men he hired. He said he was going to work on a dam northwest of Laredo."

"Miss Judith, I believe we have work cut out for us. I think Morton Lamper's started something."

"Do you think Scathorne saw either one of us?"

"I'm sure he didn't, Slim. It's two o'clock now. Can we loiter some place and go back about day-break? I want to look that Diablo rally over again... I've a hunch."

"And, Miss Judith, if you can snatch a little sleep I'd advise you to. I'm going to want a stenographer whom I can trust."

Judith was sure she couldn't sleep. She curled into the nest of coats Slim made for her in the ship's cabin, eyes wide, watching the stars zip past the cabin windows as the plane started its homeward flight. And then she sat up.

She had slept. She was tired, stiff from her cramped position. Slim, his head cocked slightly towards Cunard, who sat beside him, was intent upon his work. Cunard was looking over the side. Now they were banking.

JUDITH peered out of the window. In the sun flushed basin below tiny pygmies were running about. A few tents, one new and white, the others small and khaki colored, almost invisible on the brown field grass, were clustered about a fork of the upper Rio Diablo.

She sat protestingly erect. Lamper couldn't do that; he couldn't build a dam there and intercept the flow of the river or divert it. There was such a thing as riparian rights.

The ship had banked around, straightened out, and they were flying due east. Half an hour later they had circled their own small field and had landed.

"Miss Judith, can you take a cat nap, have breakfast and be ready to take dictation at nine o'clock? Slim will rest up and be ready to fly back with the letters and reports I have in mind."

Judith was sure she couldn't, but she didn't admit it. She was tired, much too tired to think of Lamper, the dam or even Slim. The glamor of the previous evening had been dispelled with the dawn; she wanted a warm bath and a soft bed, even a cup of Delphy's chocolate. She received all three when she reached the house.

"Delphy," whispered Judith dreamily, "having you makes me a millionaire stenographer. Call me at eight forty-five."

Eight forty-five came much too soon, but Judith was refreshed by her rest and ready to tackle the problem before her with an alert mind.

"I believe Lamper is behind this and doing it not for the purpose of building a dam, but of annoying us," said she to Cunard.

"With what little influence I have in Washington, Austin and other governmental way-points we can check him immediately," confirmed Cunard.

"Let them go out of San Antonio, Slim," said Cunard later as he handed him the barrage of appeals governmental authorities. "I don't want to have any word of what we're doing leak out to anyone Lamper's crowd."

With Cunard she went to the field when Slim took off, winging into the north, then, feeling queerly depressed, returned to her house, the engineer walking with her to the porch.

"Queer young fellow," he remarked, seating himself on the tin porch and lighting a cigar; "had a chance to go with an expedition bound for some obscure point off Greenland and preferred staying around Houston, running errands to us. Of course, Miss Judith, he's invaluable to us, so we won't protest."

"No, of course not," agreed Judith and wondered if Cunard noticed the flush burn up into her cheeks.

THE evening mail brought fresh consternation to Judith. She was ready to retire when the whistle of the incoming train made her hesitate.

She chided herself for being as foolish as some love lorn girl who watched the advent of the mail carrier as the climax of each day. Norman wouldn't write again so soon. He'd find nothing to say.

But the messenger who delivered mail in the camp at Big Tom Town brought her a sheaf of letters and among them one from Norman.

Judith opened it without looking at the others, her glance taking in the contents of the page before she had paused actually to read it.

Dear Judith: I believe I explained, I'd put all of my savings into the dam, first for the property, and then the initial cost of building.

"I'm like the dickens to give it up, but under the circumstances find it too expensive for me to live there alone. I'm going to have a way most of the summer so will have to dispose of it in some way and am willing to ask you if there is anything in it you would like to have. Furniture, paintings, rugs, drapes for things of company nature. Also, what would you like to have me do with your clothes and personal belongings? Mother would look after them but she scarcely has room in her little apartment and I'm not sure that it would be safe to leave them here.

Cia tells me Slim is acting as a courier for your company, isn't that a lovely position for an international hero? Do you see much of him?

I hope you are feeling well. According to the letters Lige has been receiving, you're getting along as well as could be expected and I do feel much less anxiety about your physical condition. I'll be with Delphy there looking after you.

I certainly miss you, Judith, you'll never know what these past few weeks have done to me. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Love, NORMAN.

Judith dropped the letter. This was the end. "Too expensive to live there alone." Why should it be more expensive alone than with her? It simply meant that he was ready to quit. She had made her choice when she left the house to come to the dam, and he had accepted it as such in spite of his protestation of love.

Dispose of Hillendale. She felt a moment's frantic desire to rush back and protect it from the invasion of strangers. It was as if the house and grounds were a living entity for which she was responsible.

They might mar the walls, the floor, tear up the garden. She must write Lige and see that he made out a complete chart of the garden, so they wouldn't uproot perennials she had planted in the fall.

At least, and there was consolation in this thought, at least he wasn't keeping it for Mathile.

She picked up the letter again. "Love, Norman." How could he sign himself in such a manner after writing a letter like that? And yet he said he felt less anxiety with Delphy there to look after her and showed a feminine curiosity about Slim. Could it be he was jealous?

She went to her desk. She was ready now to write an answer. (Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Judith solves another problem, tomorrow.

## \$1500 WEEK STAR OF SILENT MOVIES TO POTTERS FIELD

LOS ANGELES, April 17. — (AP) — Karl Dane, who earned and spent \$1,500 a week when he was a film star in the silent picture days, may be buried in a pauper's grave.

Surrounded by seven-year-old photographs and press clippings of the days when he was famous, Dane shot himself through the head Saturday night. His body lay in the county morgue today, destined for the potter's field unless friends who kept him alive in recent months claim it.

Born Rasmus Karl Thekelsen Gottlieb, 47 years ago in Copenhagen, Denmark, he came to this country as an automobile mechanic and reached the height of his film fame just as talking pictures were coming in.

He was best known for his acting of the part of "Slim" in the gawky, rambled private who rolled his big eyes and provided the comedy relief in "The Big Parade," one of the last outstanding silent pictures.

The actor's strong Danish accent barred him from the talking films, and their advent precipitated him on a rapid decline into obscurity.

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## BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS GAINS

NEW YORK, April 17. — (AP) — American Telephone & Telegraph Co. today reported net income of \$33,038,108 for the first quarter of 1934, compared with \$32,383,187 in the corresponding period of last year.

Walter S. Gifford, president, in a statement to stockholders, said that during the recent quarter the Bell system had a net gain of \$108,000 tele-phones. This compared with a net increase of 32,000 in the preceding quarter and let loss of 349,000 in the first three months of 1933. Each month since last August has shown a gain, he said.

RIO DE JANEIRO, April 17. — (AP) — Edwin Vernon Morgan, 69, former United States ambassador to Brazil, died suddenly at 8:30 a. m. today, at his residence in Petropolis, the Brazilian summer capital.

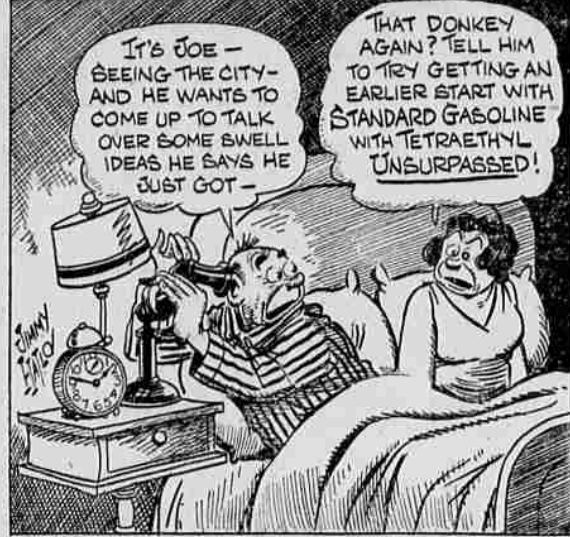
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## BRINGING UP FATHER



## LEEVER TO MANAGE STATION IN ASHLAND

Earl Leever, formerly of Central Point, who has been employed at the Standard Oil station on Main and Fir streets, this city, was promoted last week to management of the Ashland Standard station, located across from the library in the Lithia city.

He moved his family to Ashland yesterday, where they will make their home at 819 Boulevard.

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