

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

REMEMBER: The discovery that Judith Lane, attorney for the Rio Diablo, has begun mysterious activities on the upper Rio Diablo dam with the money left by her late husband, the late Tom Lane, for the purpose of Big Tom Lane's estate, is being followed by the press. Judith's husband and her father, the late Tom Lane, were partners in the Rio Diablo dam project. Judith's father-in-law, the late Tom Lane, was a prominent citizen of Medford. Judith's father-in-law, the late Tom Lane, was a prominent citizen of Medford.

Chapter 34 BLACK GOLD

IN THE days which followed, Judith sometimes would mingle with the crowds in the streets of Big Tom town, or dine with a crowd of engineers at Hamburger Joe's. Seated on a stool, swinging her booted legs which wouldn't quite reach the foot-rail, she would join in the conversation of Goodwin and Larson, but her ears would be attuned to the voices of the other men in the place.

Contentment was apparent in the calm, cheerful tones of the men who dined in Hamburger Joe's, or the Elite Cafe, or the Gulf Sea Food Restaurant.

The first change in the voices came not in a note of discord, but one of suppressed excitement. With the wives of two engineers she was having dinner at the restaurant. Talk at the table was spirited and Judith was dividing her attention

People began running up from the little town to stand in groups and discuss it, a thread of excitement in their manner, their voices pitched higher than usual.

Some who knew something of the enterprise became the talkative center of a group, assuring the wide-eyed ignorant ones that no oil could come in. "Till they get them derricks up an' drill down a piece."

"How far?"
"Sometimes 1500, sometimes 5000, sometimes they've gone way down beyond that."

Max and his wife and Judith sauntered with apparent unconcern from one group to another, then joined their party and moved uphill to Judith's shack.

"It looks like the real thing, doesn't it, boys?" observed Judith in a defeated voice.

"Sure does," agreed Max Larson. "Even Lampere wouldn't buy expensive machinery like that just to frighten us with. He must have pretty good evidence of a strike."

"How will it affect the dam?" Mrs. Larson questioned.

"It needn't," began Judith, a quiver of apprehension betraying her words. "It really needn't, but... I would just as soon have the dam completed before the rush begins. Workmen aren't as efficient when

MARCH PAYROLLS SHOW SHARP GAIN SAYS SECRETARY

WASHINGTON, April 19.—(AP)—Estimating 2,750,000 persons had obtained jobs in the last year, Secretary Perkins today reported a sharp gain in manufacturing payroll during March.

In the labor department's monthly statement, she said manufacturing industries added 419,500 men to their forces during the month, bringing the general employment index to the highest point since December, 1930, and wage payments to the highest level since August, 1931.

Payrolls increased approximately \$69,000,000 since March of last year, the labor secretary reported, and in March this year there was an increase of \$12,904,000.

Employment for March, 1934, was listed at 89.8 per cent of the 1923-1925 average, compared with a 77.7 per cent showing in February. This was the first time the bureau of labor statistics used the years 1923-1925 for figuring employment. Under the former basis, figuring 1926 employment as 100, the index for March this year would be 78.4 per cent, compared with 73.5 per cent in February.

The statement said factory payrolls this March gained more than in any other March of the past 15 years, excepting 1920.

Workers reported added during the month included: Non-manufacturing industries 163,000; railroads 23,000 (between February 15 and March

1931; public works construction 10,000.

MRS. ROOSEVELT AIDS CRAFTSMEN

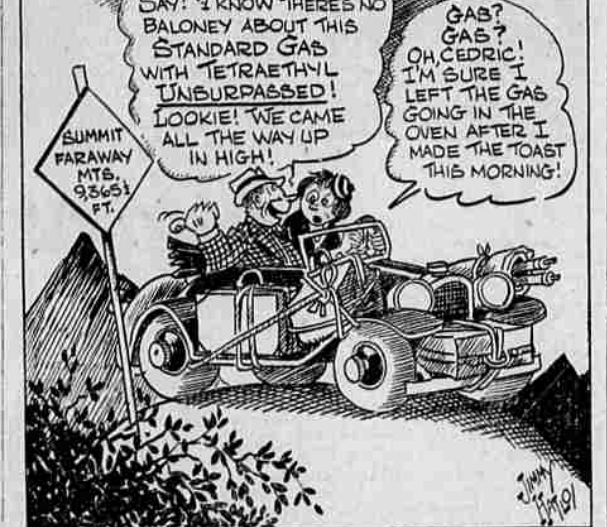
NEW YORK, April 19.—(AP)—Hand-carved beds, tables and slat-back chairs from the Val-Kill Furniture Factory at Hyde Park went on sale today under the personal supervision of the factory's founder, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Two floors of her town house on Sixty-fourth street were given over to 100 early American furniture reproductions, made by the Hyde Park village craftsmen on the Roosevelt's Dutchess county estate.

Mrs. Roosevelt arrived in New York this morning.

Wolf Crosses Lake SANDUSKY, O.—(UP) A large Canadian timber wolf has been sought recently on the Cedar Point peninsula four miles north of here. The animal is believed to have crossed Lake Erie from Canada, 24 miles north of Cedar Point, over the ice, as several did a few years ago.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatlo



CHANGING POCKETS



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between a tenderloin steak and the conversation, when she caught one word spoken in the room beyond. "Oil."

For one distracted moment she thought of Justin Cunard's words as they made their air survey of the basin: "This looks like oil land but I hope it isn't."

Motioning the others to go on talking she slipped close to the next booth. "They're bringing the derrick and machinery on in tonight's train—got mile teams to drag it on up to their layout... sure thing... don't let on you know; we'll slip up and see if there's any claims we can file on, or buy up, eh?"

Judith returned to the table, eyes wide with anxiety. It was found on Scathborne's property, she feared for the Rio Diablo dam.

"Max, I've got to get word to Cunard."

Oil was the one thing that could stampede the dam workers; the one thing Judith feared. Had Scathborne actually found definite trace of oil, or was this just another of Lampere's ideas to destroy the harmony in Big Tom Town?

Still at the table, she confided to Max what had happened and he, sensitive to her foresight, agreed that Cunard should be notified at once so that he, as an oil man, might investigate.

"We might go down to the train and see if they're telling the truth," suggested Larson, and hurrying through their meal, they proceeded to the camp depot.

This night the engine pulled flats behind her freight cars and on the flats were engines, pipes, lumber, and drums of fuel oil.

Shadowy figures jumped from the cars, communicated with shadowy figures on the road side of the depot. Mule teams backed up, their drays even with the flats, then the machinery, oil and lumber were transferred.

"Oil... them's the makin' of oil derricks." The whisper went the round at the depot when the train came in. Judith regretted Big Tom's magnanimous insistence that his spur operate as a general carrier.

"Oil... where do you suppose they struck it?"

prospect of 'big money' lies just around the corner.

"No need crossing bridges 'till we build them," offered Goodwin and Judith nodded.

"NO NEED," she repeated, looking down on the town from her porch after the others had left. The quietness of harmony lay there. A single figure was plodding uphill with a peculiarly determined gait. Judith watched, expected him to turn in at one of the camp tents, but he plodded on toward her.

Not until he was even with her porch did she recognize him and when she did, she felt a rush of fear.

"Mr. Scoggins," she cried, and seeing the expression of his face, "what's wrong?"

"I'd like to talk to you, Miss Judith," he said, his voice worried; "like to talk over some business with you."

"Come in... take that other chair; you'll find it more comfortable."

"I ain't lookin' for comfort," he answered, slowly, "not for myself. For my wife and my Tommy, that's different."

"Of course," Judith answered quickly, "your thought has always been for your wife and Tommy. I remember that nice room you built for Tommy on the house the river washed away. You can build again now and not have to worry, can't you, Mr. Scoggins?"

"That's what I've come about," he said, then sat silent.

Judith waited impatiently. "You said you'd come to see me about something," she asked.

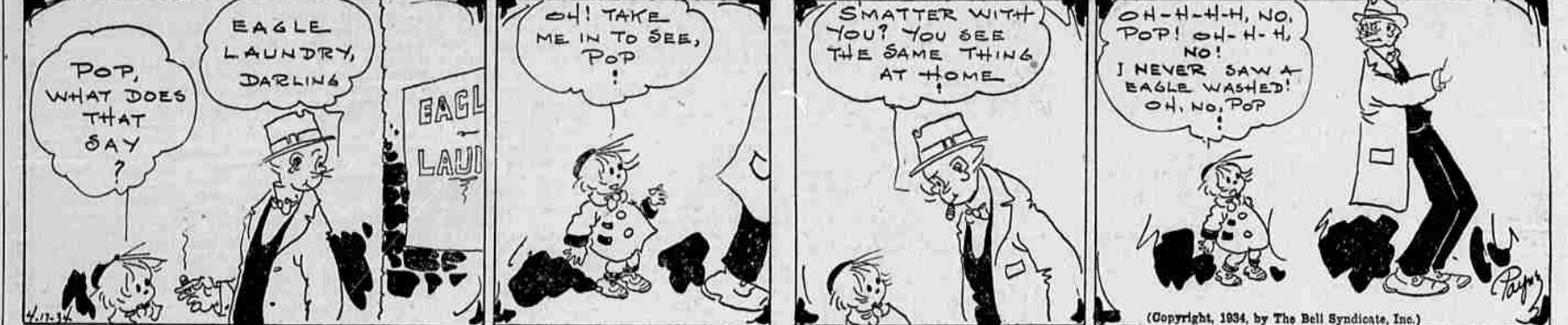
"Miss Judy," he began, "have you ever been hungry? I mean really hungry, day after day, goin' without so the ones you're a carin' about get something, pretendin' food gives you indigestion so they'll eat it?"

"Not like that, Mr. Scoggins."

"And then there's other hunger, the hunger women folk git for purty things, a mind when we was comin' down here, Mamie and me stopped off in Shreveport. We walked around the square that night, and we saw a big hotel."

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)
Mr. Scoggins innocently throws a bomb, tomorrow.

SMATTER POP



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tough Luck



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Roll Back The Years!



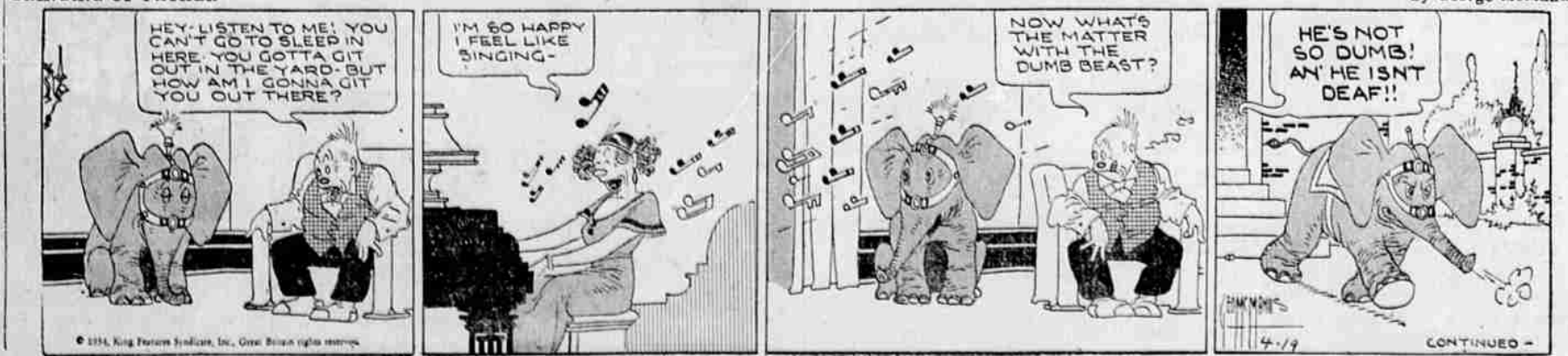
By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Everything Will Be All Right?



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

Claims Cow Lips BERLIN, Conn.—(UP)—Thith th the story of a cow that lives. Joe Pastek claims he has a two-year-old Holstein with a fissure on the tip of its tongue which makes the animal lip when it moos. Consequently, Joe's pet "Moo-tha." Yeth Thith!

Prince Writes Film STOCKHOLM.—(UP)—Prince Wil-helm of Sweden, youngest son of King Gustaf, and known as a writer of note, is now at work on the manuscript for a talking motion picture describing the Swedish province of Sodermanland, the prince's duchy.