

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane's general has proved that oil under the Scoggins farm is worthless. But Scoggins on the other hand, he will refuse use of the land for the Rio Diablo dam, which Judith is building according to Big Tom Bevins' plan, with the five million dollars he has left her for the purpose. Judith has a plan to prevent Lamper's ascending, and securing the money for the Bevins heirs.

It was proof against Lamper's agents breaking, placed it before Scoggins for his signature. And Judith, pen poised a full moment, signed last.

The days began to pass like drab brown oblongs of khaki. No time to think, with the mad rush of work and the tension of Big Tom Tom to watch.

And then the tension broke. It broke at twilight. There had been the calm of the after dinner hour hovering over the camp and Judith sitting on her front porch had listened to her Mexican vaquero singing to his lady love when suddenly the guitar stopped and out on the air rang the words—"Oil... oil... they've struck it, she's flowin' forty barrels per..."

Chapter 37 JUDITH'S PLAN

MR. SCOGGINS, when does this oil man of yours intend to start stoking his well?" asked Judith.

"He said he reckoned he could get the apparatus in here long next month and get to working some time after."

"Mr. Scoggins, tell me this. Has Big Tom Bevins ever betrayed you in anything? Or have I, working as his stenographer, ever done anything you might look upon as a breach of trust?"

"No ma'm, no, indeed."

"I wonder then if you will do this for me. Forget this other oil man. Go back to Houston with Mr. Kane, Mr. Sanford will fly you back. You and Mr. Kane chase your own drill, or have him come down here and sink your well for you and I will finance it."

"Oil... Miss Judy, Oil..." the cry came up the hill. A band of workers were approaching her. "They struck oil at Scathborne's field, brought in a roarin' well. She got away from them at first. Rider just come in from there."

Judith wanted to say, "Well, what of it, how does it affect us?" but she knew better than that. She pretended interest, advised them to quiet down, but they had come to tell her they were going on over to see for themselves.

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"Judith!" Slim spoke involuntarily.

"It's the best thing to do all around, Slim," she explained. "I want to know if there is oil in our food basin. I want to find out for sure before the will contest comes up in court. I believe it will make a material difference in the jury's decision."

"You're right," agreed Larson.

"You mean I'd get to fly to Houston?" asked Scoggins in wonder.

"Yes, and fly back. We'd like to get this well started as soon as possible, wouldn't we?"

Scoggins face had cleared of its doubts. "I like deals with you Miss Judy. I never did quite cotton to this other fellow. He was nice with sweet words to Mame and he brought little Tommy a mess of playthings but I didn't cotton to him."

boys, let's make a night of it. Scathborne's mules and wagons have worn a pretty good trail, we've got a full moon in our favor, and we'll get the company trucks and picnic over, what do you say?"

A roar was their answer. Larson, having heard the news, had come racing to Judith's house. Judith turned to him—"make it in relays," she said to Larson, "they all want to go. Figure forty to a truck. Make them sign before they leave that if they don't report back for work within twenty-four hours, they'll forfeit this month's wages. And tell them there'll be coffee and sandwiches for them when they come back."

"I'm fighting rather desperately for loyalty," she informed Larson. "As soon as you get under way I'll call the wives together and start them making sandwiches. The restaurant men and storekeepers will help. I know, and preacher Smith will let us use his canvas tabernacle."

With Larson and the men away she turned to Delphy who had stood behind her fairly quivering with excitement—"Delphy," she said in a low voice, "you've got to help me now as you've never helped before. We have to keep these men steady on their jobs. More than half of them are married. Their wives are going to be down in town helping us make sandwiches and you're going to say things to them that I wouldn't dare."

"Swear words!" offered Delphy, delighted. "Miss Judy, you never did hear all the words I can use."

"No, Delphy," Judith laughed. As usual the old woman relieved the tension. "you're going to say you suppose that all those fool men will be rushing off thinking they can be millionaires, leaving good jobs behind and losing them. You're to say it's a shame men don't think of their wives and babies first, that they are all gamblers, taking a chance on a million they won't get and leaving their good salaries behind, understand?"

"Well, Scofield had an uncle who was a lawyer, you might get him in."

After the messengers had left Scoggins turned to Judith—"reckon I can sleep tonight," he said.

Judith noticed for the first time how worn out he appeared to be. It had cost him much peace of mind to listen to Mame and her oil man, and betray Big Tom's faith.

"Miss Judith," he ventured a moment later, "could I take Tommy and Mame with me to Houston?"

"I'm sorry but the ship doesn't carry that many passengers, but I'll tell you what you can do. Mr. Sanford will take Mrs. Scoggins and Tommy for a ride in the morning before you leave... and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have a friend of mine buy Mrs. Scoggins a fish-scaie dress and you can bring it back as a present."

During the time it took to draw up the contract she focused all of her attention on the wording, passed it to each man in turn and, confident

Tomorrow, Judith learns the truth about the oil strike.

Black Beauty in Real Life.

METHUEN, Mass.—(UP)—Fiction's Black Beauty has a real-life counterpart here. It is Vic, now spending her last days at the Methuen Vacation Farm. Thirty-six years old, Vic long served her mistress, Mrs. A. L. Pease, proprietor of a Haverhill lunch room, before being retired "on pension."

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Mckinley's Village Celebrates.

NAVARRE, Ohio.—(UP)—This vil-

lage, which was the scene of William McKinley's first victory as a lawyer, is celebrating its centennial anniversary this month. Laid out in 1834, it was named after the French king, Henry of Navarre.

Celebrate Silver Wedding.

QUINCY, Mass.—(UP)—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd A. Hayward celebrated their silver wedding with the same attendants they had 25 years ago at their marriage.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
keeps the taste in tune

TINY CLASSIFIED AD LOCATES FURNITURE LOST OFF AUTOMOBILE

Mail Tribune classified ads are of service—even when it comes to locating a dining table and six chairs, which were lost in transit between Medford and Footh Creek—so Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hess of Grants Pass can testify.

The new furniture, purchased by them at the Weeks & Orr store here, was being transported to their home at Grants Pass, when it was discovered that the set was missing. The following ad was inserted in Thursday's Mail Tribune:

"LOST—Dining table and 6 chairs, between Medford and Footh Creek. Reward, Notify Weeks & Orr or Mrs. Hess, Grants Pass."

Charles Gray of Gold Hill, seeing the advertisement, returned the set to the owners and received the reward. Reports today said the furniture was little damaged from being dropped from the car.

Oregon Weather. Unsettled tonight and Tuesday; probably showers west portion; cooler east portion; moderate to fresh southwest wind offshore.

Lost Speeding Bet. OMAHA, Neb.—(UP)—Joseph Taracio bet Police Judge Palmer thirty days in jail that his car would not run faster than 45 miles an hour. He lost when a policeman speeded the machine up to 58. Palmer relented and allowed Taracio, accused of speeding, his liberty on payment of a \$5 fine.

HONOR SCHOLARSHIP FOR MEDFORD PUPIL

ALBANY COLLEGE—An honor scholarship carrying full tuition at Albany college has been allotted to Medford high school for the year 1934-35, and will be given out by the principal, E. H. Hedrick.

Under the provisions of the scholarship, the recipient must be an honor student, and capable of doing college work that is above average. He or she will be required to live in the dormitory for the first year.

An average standing is not easy to maintain at Albany college, according to information received from the college office, indicating that at least 75 per cent of the students enrolled this year are above the average of their high schools.

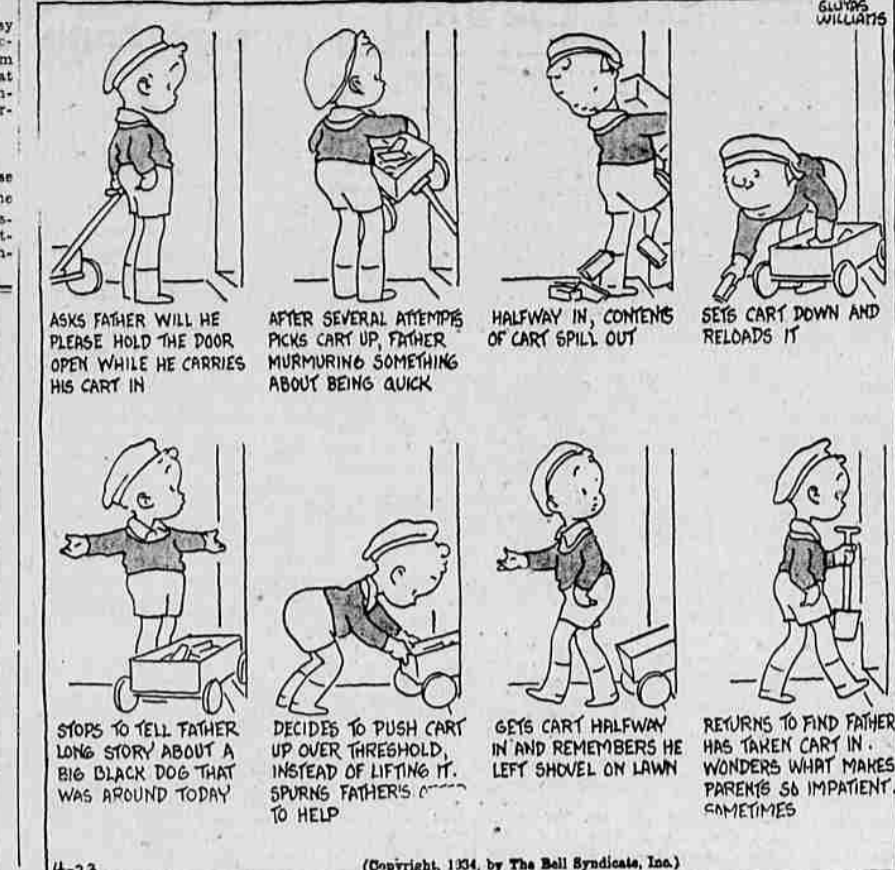
GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatio



WHY-UH-ER-BOSS-WE GOT YOUR WIRE FROM SALT LAKE THIS MORNING SAYING YOU WERE DETAINED WITH A BROKEN AXLE - DIDN'T EXPECT YOU'D BE BACK TILL TOMORROW!

NEITHER DID I UNTIL I TANKED UP WITH STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED!

COMING IN



ASKS FATHER WILL HE PLEASE HOLD THE DOOR OPEN WHILE HE CARRIES HIS CART IN

AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS PICKS CART UP, FATHER MURMURING SOMETHING ABOUT BEING QUICK

HALFWAY IN, CONTENTS OF CART SPILL OUT

SETS CART DOWN AND RELOADS IT

STOPS TO TELL FATHER LONG STORY ABOUT A BIG BLACK DOG THAT WAS AROUND TODAY

DECIDES TO PUSH CART UP OVER THRESHOLD, INSTEAD OF LIFTING IT. SPURNS FATHER'S OFFER TO HELP

GETS CART HALFWAY IN AND REMEMBERS HE LEFT SHOVEL ON LAWN

RETURNS TO FIND FATHER HAS TAKEN CART IN. WONDERS WHAT MAKES FATHER'S SO IMPATIENT, SOMETIMES

S'MATTER POP-



I'M GONNA HAVVA BIRTHDAY WITH A CAKE AN CANDLE

HUH! I'M GONNA HAVVA BIRTHDAY WITH A CAKE AN A LOTTA CANDLES

YEH-H-H, BUT YA CAN'T EAT CANDLES!

SMATTER, AMBROSE?

IDEA!

I'M GONNA HAVE MINE CHANGED TO A CANDLE AND A LOTTA CAKES!

By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Deaf—Or Is This Love!



CUT! THAT'S ALL! HEY! I SAID CUT!

AND I LOVE YOU...

HEY! I SAID CUT! THAT'S ALL!

AND I LOVE YOU...

SHALL I KEEP ON GRINDING, MR. SHEAN?

NO! NO! CUT! HEY! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I SAID STOP!

I LOVE YOU...

AND I LOVE YOU...

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Now Go On With The Story

BEN WEBSTER, A STURDY UPSTANDING BOY OF SIXTEEN ACCOMPANIED BY HIS INSEPARABLE COMPANION BRIAR, A NOBLE AIREDALE, HAS BEGUN A NEW ADVENTURE!

BEN WILL LEAD AN EXPEDITION TO RECOVER GOLD FROM THE SUNKEN STEAMER "YUCATAN," WHICH LIES IN SOME SIXTY TO NINETY FEET OF WATER MIDWAY BETWEEN OZEO DOG REEF AND ANCHOR ISLAND AN ISOLATED SPOT OF LAND IN THE CARIBBEAN! THE LOSS OF THE "YUCATAN" WITH ALL ON BOARD IN A TIDAL WAVE DISASTER SOME YEARS BEFORE, HAS BEEN ONE OF THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE SEVEN SEAS!

IT MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN SOLVED WERE IT NOT FOR DAN JEPPARD, A WEALTHY OLD RESIDENT OF HAWAIIAN ISLAND WHOSE HOBBY IS UNDER-SEA PHOTOGRAPHY -- THROUGH A SPECIAL TYPE OF SUBMARINE CAMERA WHICH HE INVENTED MR. JEPPARD STUMBLED ONTO THE EXISTENCE AND LOCATION OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP -- HE ALONE HAS KNOWN THE SECRET!

HE HAS ALREADY HIRED DAVE JONES, A DEEP SEA DIVER, AND NOW PLANS TO CHARTER A SHIP-- THE GREAT SIZE OF THE TREASURE ABOUT TWO MILLIONS IN GOLD, MAKES SECURITY ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

LUKE O'BRIEN

LUKE AN OLD SOLDIER AND BEN'S GOOD FRIEND, WHOSE FULL NAME IS LUCIUS O'DONNELL O'MALLEY O'BRIEN, HAS AGREED TO GO ALONG, BUT ALREADY HAS SERIOUS MISGIVINGS--LUKE HASN'T YET RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF SEEING A GIANTIC OCTOPUS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE UNDERWATER CAMERA AT

THE SAME TIME ITS FILM ALSO REGISTERED THE LOST STEAMER!

BUT, HERE WE ARE, READY TO START! BEN HAS OBTAINED PERMISSION FROM HIS ONLY RELATIVE, UNCLE NAT (COLONEL NATHANIEL BARNES), AND THE BOYS' DREAMS ARE ALREADY REPLETIVE WITH UNDER-SEA ADVENTURE AND ACHIEVEMENT! HE HAS ONLY ONE SMALL DOUBT REGARDING THE FUTURE, AND THAT WE'LL KNOW TOMORROW!

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Foxy Rusty



WE NOW HAVE OUR HERO BACK IN NORTHVILLE AFTER A NEAR-DISASTROUS TRIP TO THE BIG CITY... AND HE'S AS COCKY AS EVER.

HI, ROMEO, HOW'S THE BANKER THIS DAY? GOT ANY MONEY THY DISAPPOINTED WITH BANK LIFE AND WOULD LIKE TO GO AROUND AND SEE THE COUNTRY?

WHAT DO YOU WANT MONEY FOR, DIDN'T YOU GO UP TO THE BIG TOWN AND ROB A LOT OF SWARPERS?

LISTEN, KID, I ACCEPTED THEIR ENTERTAINMENT BUT WHEN IT CAME TO SIGNING A BUSINESS AGREEMENT I COULD SEE THROUGH THEIR SCHEME AS IF IT WAS THIN AIR... I SAID, GENTLEMEN, THEY FOUND MOSES IN THE BUSHES, TOO AND HE WASN'T DUMB EITHER.

BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN, THE SHOW IS OVER.

AND YOU HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY TO THE BIG TOWN TO FIND THAT OUT. IF YOU WAS AS SMART AS YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE YOU ARE, YOU WOULDN'T OF WENT AS FAR AS THE DEPTO. AND SOMETHIN' ELSE - I'LL BET MY CHANCES FOR HEAVEN AGAINST A DIME IT DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE YOU'RE TELLIN'.

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



I'M GONNA GET RID OF THIS ELEPHANT AN' IT'S GONNA BE DONE RIGHT AWAY.

NOW - JUST GO AN' LOSE YOURSELF AMONG ALL THEM ELEPHANTS IN THE ZOO!

BY GOLLY, THAT WAS SO EASY. I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE I GOT RID OF HIM!

"WOW-WOW," SAID THE FOX, "HE'S BACK - AN' HE BROUGHT THE ZOO WITH HIM."

By George McManus