

# Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN



**SYNOPSIS:** Oil has been struck westward from the Big Tom dome, which Judith Lane is building according to Big Tom Revins' plan, with the fortune he left her for the purpose. She fears her workmen may be stampeded by the strike, and has arranged to take them to the scene, and provide a midnight lunch for them when they return. The oil drilling has been suspended by Houston lawyers, who are trying to divert the Revins money from the firm to the pockets of Mrs. Revins and her daughter.

Chapter 38  
NORMAN AGAIN

SINCLAIR, proprietor of the Elite Eating House, had been a top sergeant in the Marine Corps during the war. Judith went directly to him, told him what she would need and appointed him "Major" of the commissary department. He was to organize the other restaurant men, one to swing lumber into long tables, another to see about coffee, a third to organize the women into small groups.

Judith joined one of these groups. She cut bread, spread it, slipped slices of ham, of bologna, of cheese, of pressed meat, of chicken, of roast, between the bread.

Excited voices were constantly plying her with questions and she was constantly answering.

There were times when her weary muscles rebelled and she wished she were a thin slice of something to be slipped between sheets. She began to look upon her bed as a sandwich, herself as a filling, laughed at herself for thinking it, and then found Delphy at her side with a cup of coffee.

"Mr. Larson, he say he's back with one truck load and you're to come along next trip."

Judith agreed wearily. She left the tent with its makeshift tables, piles of sandwiches and washbowls of coffee, its laughing women, its returning truck loads of excited men talking "Oil—oil—oil."

She climbed into the high seat of a gravel truck, sat between the driver and Larson. "Sandwich" she thought sleepily.

The shout of men in the truck awakened her after a long lapse of semi-slumber. This time her eyes saw twinkling lights, saw the skeleton derrick, looming ahead, saw men running like pygmies about a roped off enclosure.

"There she is!"

Larson helped her down, steadied her a moment, then they walked over to the lighted area. Judith stepped in something that squashed under her feet. Oil... the place was drenched with it.

"She came in so fast we couldn't cap her," one man was saying excitedly.

Judith looked at him and then at the man to whom he was speaking, an oil-field worker, evidently, from his stained clothes. She started, leaned forward, peering intently, then closed her eyes and clutched at Larson's sleeve. The man was her husband, Norman Dale.

Judith Dale opened her eyes slowly. Larson, intent upon the scene before him, had not noticed. She looked past him to the man who had been talking to Norman Dale. He was still there but Norman had vanished.

Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps she had longed so to see him that she fancied some person similar to him was he. This man had looked at her and his eyes had seemed to widen in surprise. Of course she hadn't seen him clearly, his hat brim was tipped forward, his face covered with several days' growth of beard. Norman shaved every day.

"That man, the one you were talking to when I came up, where did he go?" She had leaned across Larson addressing the man on the other side.

"He just saw a fellow he wanted to catch before he got away."

"He reminded me so much of a friend of mine, would you mind telling me his name?"

"Let's see, now what do they call him. Of course his nickname's Professor, because he talks so booky, and I think his other name is Jackson."

"Has he been in camp long?"

"Not so very long, 'bout a month or so, fine fellow." The man turned away.

Judith didn't sleep on the return trip. Perhaps Norman was there within a few miles of her, had been there right along and hadn't come near.

So he'd left Lampers, she thought in derision. Perhaps he'd left Lampers' office. Could he have been the man who had talked to Scoggins, his oil man? But no, Scoggins would have remembered him as being her husband, Professor Jackson. Was he spying her for Lampers?

No use thinking about it, her weary mind protested. A sleep and tomorrow she would go back and look for him.

But when she awakened she did not call for a horse and ride over as she had intended. What could she say if she located him? If he had wanted to see her, he'd had a month in which to visit Big Tom Town.

She stuck, literally and figuratively. It seemed as the summer progressed that she was glued to the high stool over her drawing board, checking progress with Big Tom's specifications. The heat burned down through the boards of her shack until even Delphy, who usually congealed in the winter and thawed into comfort at midsummer, admitted it "am quite w'm."

Cunard sent insulating board up from Laredo, which helped a little. Awnings at the windows, made by some of the engineers from old canvas and daubed with var-colored paint, added to the comfort. Delphy's window boxes with their profusion of petunias and nasturtiums broke the drabness of the outlook.

Down in Big Tom Town, tents and motor houses were graced with coffee tins, sprouting blossoms, gifts of seed from Delphy.

AND then the storm season announced its approach with brassy sky and sultry heat. For days it seemed the air was filled with flinty bits of bronze. Judith watched the sky with apprehension, held long consultations with Scoggins and Scofield. The dam town had grown to a dangerous size, if one were to try to find place for them in the safety of the ship rock.

"It wouldn't come a flood two years together," comforted Scoggins.

"It wouldn't any place else in the world," Judith agreed, "but let's be sure our people are above the danger line at the time of the first storm."

She saw the first storm coming, a blue-black mist which spread like smoke against the northern skies, then rose and deepened in color. She went back to the house, sent Delphy with messages to the stables and had the boys ride out to warn the men working in the river channel. The women and children were brought to her house.

They laughed at her for her alarm and she laughed with them, but she wanted no loss of life.

## DR. GOBLE NAMED MAYOR OF YREKA

YREKA, April 24.—(Sp.)—Dr. J. G. Goble, the only hold-over councilman at the recent city election, was elected mayor by the city board Monday night when that body met to canvass the ballots of the city election.

The newly elected councilmen, Dr. V. W. Hart, A. L. Herzog, J. D. Goodrich and F. B. Ackerman were sworn in for their terms of office by U. P. Brown, veteran clerk of the city, who has been watching boards come and go for the past thirty-five years.

Three of the councilmen, Hart, Goodrich and Ackerman, were serving on the board prior to election, by appointment, while Mr. Herzog may or until Monday, when Goble was elected, had been elected by the people and served his regular term. The present board is working with a marked degree of harmony and cooperation.

## KINKS IN CODES REMOVED SOON

WASHINGTON, April 24.—(AP)—Orders to take kinks, conflicts and overlaps, out of NRA codes are expected from Hugh S. Johnson almost immediately.

This job probably will get the "green light" ahead of the serious attempt at further wholesale shortening of work hours brought to the fore in the publicity-lighted code authority assembly of early March.

The question of hours has therefore descended for a while into a statisticians' huddle. Officials concede that the flat "ten and ten" plan—ten per cent reduction in hours and ten per cent increase in wages for all but those who can show cause to the contrary—is just about out the window.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Casinet Works.

## GIVE IT A WHIRL -- by Hatlo

THREE OOMPAS AND A OOMP BEHIND THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA AGAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS—A FUNERAL MARCH?

BETTER TAKE THAT BIG TIN PRETZEL OUT AND FILL IT UP WITH STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED HERMAN!



4-24

## PLAN MODIFICATION OF SECURITIES ACT

WASHINGTON, Apr. 24.—(AP)—Pressure for modification of the securities act resulted today in the actual drafting of alterations by administration leaders in the senate.

The changes will be offered as amendments to the pending stock market control bill when it comes up for senate consideration.

## S'MATTER POP—

THERE'S ONE KINDA FELLAH I GENERALLY HATE!

OH-H, DO YA?

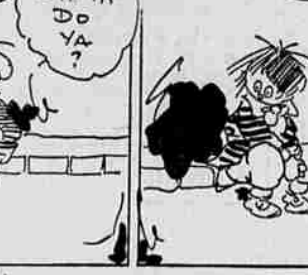
WHAT KIND FELLAH IZZUT?

WELL I'LL TELL YA!

YEH-H, TELL ME!

IT'S THE FELLAH, THAT WHEN YA AINT DOIN' NUTHIN', HE RUNS HOME AN' TELLS YER MAW ON YA!

YEH-H, THEM'S THE WORST KIND!



4-21-34

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Still At It!

TOMMY AND BETTY HAVE BEEN CAST IN A LOVE SCENE OF THE PICTURE "MIDNIGHT PATROL"...

AND... I LOVE YOU!

BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WRITE TO ME...

HEY YOU LOVE BIRDS... MISSED YOU SO... AND I MISSED YOU...

AND SO THE GUN GOES DOWN... AND ANOTHER DAY IS ENDED... BUT...



4-21-34

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Double Surprise!

WELL WHEN WE GOT YOUR UNCLE NAT OFF THIS MORNING AND NOW NOTHING CAN STOP US I'LL TELL YOU NOW WHERE YOU CAN CHARTER A SHIP!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU FIRST, MR. JEPPOARD...

I'VE HIRED DAVE JONES... THE ONLY SULTAN I'VE NAMED JACK SCROGGS OVERHEARD US MENTION SUNKEN TREASURE... JONES CAUGHT HIM LISTENING AND KICKED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS...

BEV/WE CAN'T BROADCAST THE FACT THAT THIS IS A TREASURE SEARCH!

I KNOW IT, MR. JEPPOARD... BUT DAVE JONES WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS BEING HIRED FOR AND WHILE I DIDN'T TELL HIM, HE GUESSED IT!

I DON'T LIKE THIS BEN! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT THIS FELLOW JONES... WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

AT THE PLACE YOU SENT ME ABOVE, ISAAC METCALFE'S SHIP CHANDLERY...

ISAAC METCALFE? SAY, HE'S THE FELLOW WHO HAS THE SCHOONER FOR CHARTER! WE'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE QUICK!



4-21-34

## THE NEBBS—Just A Smart Guy

HELLO, FLINT, HOW'S THE MONEY MAGNET?

HELLO, NEBBS, HOW DID YOU COME OUT?

COME OUT? I DIDN'T COME IN WHEN THEY STARTED TO SHOWER ENTERTAINMENT ON ME, I SAID TO MYSELF, 'I'M THE SELLER, I SHOULD BE DOING THE ENTERTAINING,' AND I GOT 'SKEPTICAL'.

AND WHEN I TOOK A PEEK AT THEIR CONTRACT, I SAID, 'GENTLEMEN, THIS IS FOR ME LIKE A DOUBLE DOSE OF PNEUMONIA AND I PASS!' AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS BACK OF THIS DEAL?... NO OTHER THAN YOUR EX-BOSS AND MY NEAR SON-IN-LAW, RENROD!

RENROD!



4-24

## BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED AROUND HERE, I'VE CONVINCED MAGGIE THAT SHE SHOULD GIT RID OF YOU!

I HOPE MAGGIE DON'T CHANGE HER MIND, I'M JUST WONDERIN' HOW SHE'S GONNA GIT RID OF HIM?

WHAT IS IT, JARVIS?

MRS. JIGGS GOT RID OF THE ELEPHANT!

SHE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU THAT SHE IS GIVING HIM TO YOU!



4-24

## NEGRO SHOT TO DEATH IN CROWDED COURTROOM

CHICKETT, Tex., April 24.—(AP)—Frank Brisby, negro, was shot to death in a crowded courtroom here today while a jury was being selected to try him for murder for the killing of J. M. Ellis, a white man.

## NORMA TALMADGE MARRIES COMEDIAN

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., April 24.—(AP)—Norma Talmadge, screen star, and George Jessel, comedian, were married at the Hotel Ambassador here late Monday. Mayor Harry Bacharach performed the ceremony.

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

keeps the taste in tune

keeps the taste in tune