

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Judith Dale is building the Rio Diablo dam according to Big Tom Evans' plans, and with the \$ million dollars he left her for the purpose. She has overcome difficulty after difficulty, but the greatest of all is the suit brought by Mrs. Evans and her daughter by Morton Lumper, who hopes to break Big Tom's will. She just has disposed of the Scoggin family, whose hope for all on their farm had stood in her way.

Chapter 40 HURRIED SUMMONS

JUDITH stood in the doorway and watched the Scoggin family go down the hill. She shivered a little in the slightly chill air, and turned back to find Delphy regarding her with awe.

"Told you, didn't I, that it were Big Tom who threw that lightning?" And then as an afterthought, "This here mail come in w...like the Scoggin man was a talking, they brought it in the back door."

Judith undressed and had her chocolate and massage. Then, Delphy satisfied, she slid under the covers, the mail in her lap.

A letter from Cila, filled with rambling gossip—one from Cunard at Washington saying he was en route home—a letter from Mrs. Cunard asking her to be her guest, during the trial, and then a letter from Judge Morgan.

of conducting a lecture course later. Judith felt relieved. Norman's mother was staying out of town during the embarrassing hours of the will contest.

Cila's newspaper carried a feature story which Judith read with low chuckles, then laid aside to telephoned her friend.

"I'm hoping you won't have to announce my arrival," she told her, after exchanging greetings. "I'd like a day or two to look around before your fellow-scribes are at my heels."

Cila agreed and Judith spent the rest of the afternoon drowsily browsing through the books Mrs. Cunard had left available.

SHE was awake at dawn next morning. Cautiously she tiptoed out to the garage. Mrs. Cunard had said she might use the small blue roadster and had given her the key the night before. Delphy's escort was awake, pottering about the garden, and unlocked the garage doors and then she was away, the silver tip of the car's nose headed toward Hillendale.

She would go in by the lower road, the one they had built to accommodate crowds going to their barbecue pit, and she would slip



Nome, ain't nobody there but the new gartner.

Judith read this last, then sat up and called, "Delphy, want to go to Houston with me tomorrow?"

"What you say?"

"I've got to leave for Houston on the morning train, don't you want to come along? I'll have to stay there about a month."

Delphy came in, her voluminous white cotton night dress half covered with a skimpy, hand-me-down kimono of Mrs. Dale, senior.

"Will you bring me back when you come?" she asked dubiously.

"Of course," answered Judith, then added, "providing I come back."

"I sure like to go then," agreed Delphy.

JUDITH was back in Houston. The peace of the Bayou City, after the months she had spent on the plains, was gradually relieving the tension of the journey. Mrs. Cunard had met her at the station, installed her in a guest room, and put Delphy in a room in the servants' quarters.

"Lige sent your trunk over this morning," she said, "so Delphy can unpack for you. I have to go to a luncheon and a board meeting of my pet charity. I would have made arrangements for you to go with me, but I thought you'd arrive later."

"Justice is due to arrive at 5:30, so we'll plan to have dinner at 7:30, and if there is anything you want in the meantime, Delphy can arrange with Jenny-Rose."

Leaves, trees, Judith sat up and looked on a velvety green lawn below. The blessed coolness and restfulness of green things growing. She leaned back again and slept.

Delphy appeared at one o'clock with a lunch tray, the morning newspapers and a wordy explanation of her absence due to the yard man being Lige's new wife's step-mother's uncle by marriage, and if Miss Judy wasn't needin' her that night he'd drive Delphy out to meet the bride-Rosa Williams-Grant.

"Go, by all means," said Judith, and turned to the newspapers. She gleaned little things from the society columns, important among them being that Mrs. J. Anthony Dale would remain in New York until the holidays, as she was making an intensive study of the science of bridge, with the intention

of conducting a lecture course later. Judith felt relieved. Norman's mother was staying out of town during the embarrassing hours of the will contest.

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She would go in by the lower road, the one they had built to accommodate crowds going to their barbecue pit, and she would slip

quietly through the woods to a spot from which she could see her home. One glance would tell her if it were being cared for.

She parked her car on the dirt road, climbed over the padlocked gate, and shuffled through the oak leaves to the barbecue pit. She looked toward the low white servants' house. Someone had come out, slamming the door a little. The man was white... she could see that much before he jammed a battered straw hat over his head.

He was planting something, unquestionably winter stock in the bed he had planned to use for that purpose. She was positive she had mentioned it to no one but Norman. Deliberately she turned away. Must she think every man she saw was her husband? She looked back, the straw hat had been removed. Dark curls were revealed.

Without looking again towards Hillendale, she backed into the road and went rushing along to the highway.

The house was astray, laughter came from the kitchen, singing from the garage. Judith caught a glimpse of Mrs. Cunard's silvery white head beyond a hedge which protected the rose garden. Delphy, talking to her daughter-in-law's step-mother's uncle by marriage, caught sight of her mistress and came trundling across the paved driveway to meet her.

"Mornin', Miss Dale, how you-all this mornin'?" Delphy was in high fettle. Judith looked at her suspiciously.

"Delphy," she said, staring up directly into the dark eyes, "is Mister Norman at Hillendale?"

"I didn't see him there," she answered truthfully, "and nobody did say he were there."

"Who's staying out there besides the DeMosses, Lige and Rosa?"

"Ain't knowin' there's anybody, Jackson," she called to her new friend, "you all hear Lige say if any guests were at their house?"

"Nome, ain't nobody there but the new gartner."

"Oh," Judith's tone fell with a flat note which Delphy was quick to recognize.

Tomorrow, Judith has...prise.

Lumberman Dies. KANSAS CITY, April 26. — (AP) — Warren L. Prickett, 60, a vice-president and a member of the executive board of the Long-Bell Lumber company, died at his home last night after a month's illness.

Oregon Weather. Partly cloudy east and unsettled, probably with showers, west portion, tonight and Friday. Moderate temperature; moderate southerly wind offshore.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

MYSTERY SPRING PUZZLES TEXANS

BALMORHEA, Tex. — (UP) — For three years government experts have been testing the mountains and adjacent territory around Balmorhea in an effort to locate the source of a mysterious spring that flows 32,000,000 gallons of water a day and creates a fertile valley of 15,000 acres here.

The government experts, if they can find the source, hope to increase the flow.

Water from the spring runs into a 640-acre lake at Balmorhea after passing through probably the finest swimming pool in the southwest.

During the winter months the spring, together with surface drainage from the mountains, fills the huge lake to a depth of 40 feet. In the summer the water is released for farm lands. Cotton and alfalfa are the principal crops.

TALENT FRUITGROWERS MEET FRIDAY EVENING

A meeting of the Talent fruitgrowers has been called for Friday night in that district. Prof. F. C. Reimer will lead the discussion of an interesting and timely topic and all growers are urged to be present.

Golden Guernsey milk and cream at Crystal Springs Dairy, cor. 1st and No. Grape. Milk 30c per gallon; coffee cream, 35c per qt. at plant. Phone 960.

OREGON STATE WINS OVER U-C POLOISTS

BERKELEY, Cal., April 26. — (AP) — Oregon State college's polo team held a 3-to-2 victory over the University of California mallet swingers here today.

The Oregonians, led by Hedgpeth and Pangle, defeated California in a six-chukker contest in a slow field yesterday. Pangle made the winning goal in the last chukker.

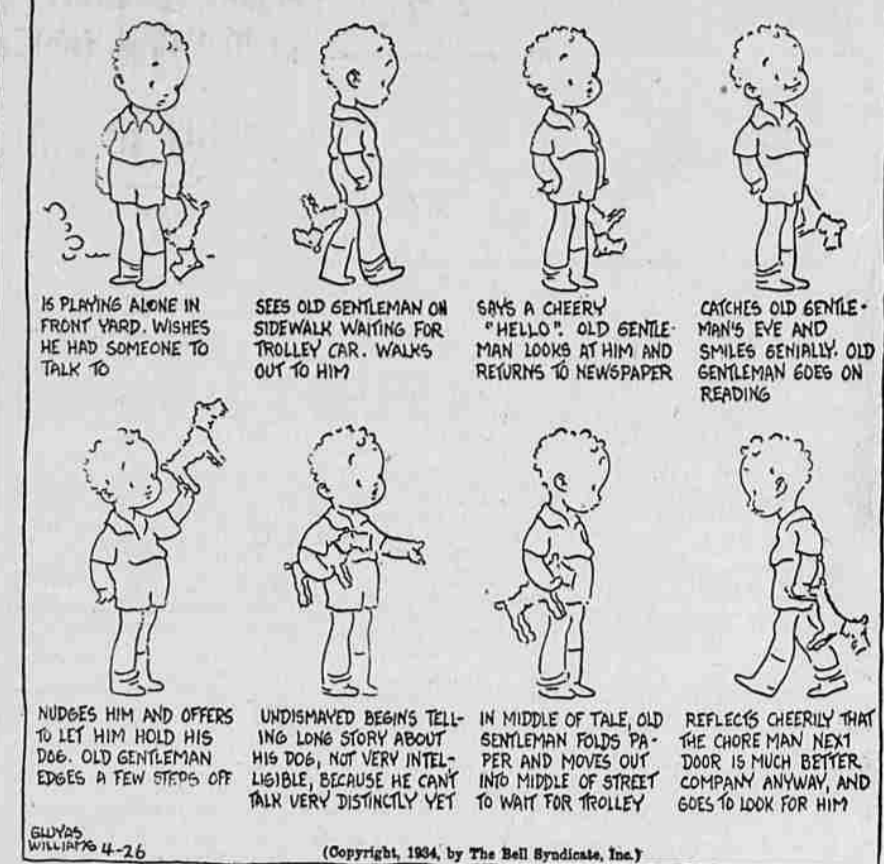
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

WALLACE DECISIONS HANDY ANDY BUNDY

OAKLAND, Cal., April 26. — (AP) — Billy Wallace, 134-pound Cleveland fighter, pounded out a one-sided decision over Andy Bundy, 134, Oakland negro, in their 10-round match here last night. Wallace floored Bundy twice, the last time just before the final gong.

White's Velvet Home-made Ice Cream at Crystal Springs Dairy, cor. 1st and No. Grape. 20c per pt.; 40c per qt. at plant. Phone 960.

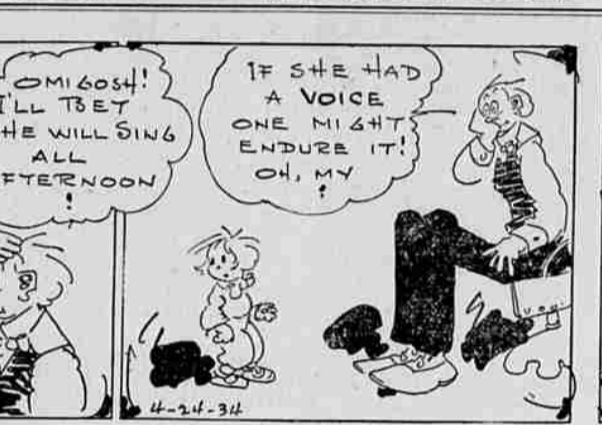
POOR COMPANY



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-26 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GIVE IT A WHIRL

I PROPOSE THAT A SUITABLY PHRASED REQUEST BE MADE FOR THE EASTERN OFFICE TO EXPLAIN WHY THEY GOLD ONLY 19 1/2% AS MUCH DINK'S GUM DROPS AS THE WESTERN OFFICE.



HATLO (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT CHAP JONES, BEN?

WELL, I HIRED HIM—I DON'T KNOW AN APRIL LOT ABOUT HIM, BUT I'LL BET HE'S HONEST—AND OH BOY, IS HE FAST ON HIS FEET! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN HIM GO AFTER JACK SCROGGS WHEN HE CAUGHT HIM LISTENING TO US!

GUESS YOU'VE GOT HIM PEGGED RIGHT SON—HE TALKS AND ACTS LIKE A SQUARE SHOOTER—I'D HAVE HIRED HIM TOO—NOW LET'S FIND CAPN IKE AND SIZE HIM UP—IT'S HIS SHIP YOU'LL CHARTER AS IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY AVAILABLE ONE ON THE ISLAND.

BUT WHAT NEITHER BEN NOR DAN JEPHARD KNEW WAS THE MEETING JACK SCROGGS AND CAPN IKE HAD HAD! LET'S TAKE A FLASHBACK AT IT!

IT'S SUNKEN TREASURE, CAPN IKE! WHY NOT CHARTER 'EM YOUR SHIP, THE 'MAGGIE METCALFE'?

YOU'RE A SMART UN, JACK SCROGGS! THAT'S MY THOUGHT, TOO!



EDWIN ALGER (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE NEBBS

WELL, HERE I AM, READY FOR THE FRAY! WHAT'S THE ORDERS, BOSS?

"BOSS? WHY YOU'RE THE BOSS, IT'S UP TO YOU TO TAKE HOLD YOU'VE GOT A COMPETENT CREW AND IT'S UP TO YOU AS THE CAPTAIN TO PILOT THE BOAT 'NOVAGE' TO THE SHORES OF SUCCESS."

ALL RIGHT, I'LL SHOW RESULTS IF YOU KEEP SO MINDED THAT I CAN FINISH THE JOB WITHOUT INTERFERENCE OR CRITICISM—THE GREAT HEALTH WATER—COME ON, EVERYBODY! IT HELPS YOUTH TO ITS VIGOR, MANHOOD TO ITS STRENGTH AND AGE IN ITS WEAKNESS.

WELL, I GOT RID OF THAT ELEPHANT I GAVE HIM TO IRVING O'BRIEN, THE POOR SAP.

HELL HAVE A HARD TIME FEEDIN' HIM—HE DOESN'T EAT REGULAR, HIMSELF.

IS THIS IRVING O'BRIEN COMIN' THIS WAY?



GEORGE MC MANUS (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, I GOT RID OF THAT ELEPHANT I GAVE HIM TO IRVING O'BRIEN, THE POOR SAP.

HELL HAVE A HARD TIME FEEDIN' HIM—HE DOESN'T EAT REGULAR, HIMSELF.

IS THIS IRVING O'BRIEN COMIN' THIS WAY?

SURE, IT IS, AN' HE ALL DRESSED UP LIKE AN EASTER PARADE.

WHERE'D YOU GIT THE SWELL CLOTHES?

AN' LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE CIGAR—



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