

Judith Lane

By JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 43 ON THE STAND

JUDITH arose and rushed away to a far corner. She had no business listening, but to whom could he be talking? Judge Morgan probably, he would be interested in how she was feeling.

Later that morning, as she was dressing, she thought again of the conversation. The line, "she hadn't expected that kind of an attack." Well, she hadn't. She sent Delphy for the wide brimmed hat and pulled it low over her face. She would at least have that protection, if Lam-



That will be all... I will call the next witness.

pere came in with other unjust accusations.

At the court room she discovered that Lampere had moved the chairs of the Bevins' women forward so that they faced Judith across a wide table, in fact, so that every time she looked towards the jury box, her gaze would be intercepted by the hatred, which seemed to dwell eternally in Mathilo's eyes.

"An old trick, we'll fix that," said Judge Morgan, and moved his client's chair back to the end of the table so that she sat in full view, but only by deliberately turning their backs to the judge, could the Bevins women stare their opponent out of countenance.



Your honor, I would like to enter this as exhibit 'A'.

The morning was used by Lampere to establish his claim that Tom Bevins was mentally ill during the last year of his life. To prove this he called the Bevins servants, personal friends, Dr. Kenneth Kelly was placed on the stand to testify to the nature of Tom Bevins' illness and to admit that such an illness could cause a mental reaction, even an advanced state of dementia.

"That will be all," said Lampere. "But, Mr. Lampere," objected Dr. Kelly, "in testifying I want it understood that where Tom Bevins was concerned—"

"That will be all," repeated Lampere. "I will call the next witness..." he glanced towards Judith; she was trembling with indignation, anger. Her wide grey eyes were brilliant with tears.

"Miss Lane... I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dale, will you kindly take the stand?"

"YOUR Honor," Judge Morgan was on his feet, facing the judge by the time Lampere's voice had stopped. "Mr. Lampere forgets that my client is not the defendant. His work here is to prove the fallacy of the will, not to persecute its present beneficiary."

Judith touched his arm. "I don't mind, Judge Morgan, I'm ready now."

Judith took her seat looking at Lampere with a calm gaze which should have been disconcerting.

"Mrs. er, Mrs. Dale, when did you first meet Tom Bevins?"

"I don't remember exactly."

"Oh, come now, maybe I can refresh your memory. What year did you leave college?"

"But I'd met him years before that. He was my father's partner when I wasn't more than a year old. I believe my first recollection of him was when I was five or six. He brought me a doll and gave the for-man's boy a toy engine with fat cars."

"Very pretty story," laughed Lampere, then with elaborate sarcasm, "and of course you can prove it."

"Yes," answered Judith, and motioned Judge Morgan to hand her a letter, yellowed with age.

"Your honor, I would like to enter this as exhibit A," said Morgan, before releasing the letter to Judith.

"It isn't necessary to read it," barked Lampere.

"But you asked for proof," returned Judith sweetly, "this letter is to my father, telling him another train, flat cars and toy derrick are en route to me. The date is—"

"I'll pass that, Mrs. Dale. When did you next meet Tom Bevins?"

"I saw him frequently during my childhood until father went to South America and I started in college. Because of my mother's death when I was ten years old, I went into the field with my father. I had every intention of becoming an engineer so—"

"MRS. DALE, I am not asking for your life's history, I am asking you about your relations with Tom Bevins. When did you first become intimately acquainted with Mr. Bevins?"

"I received word of my father's death while I was in school. Mr. Bevins was in Austin at the time and heard of it. He came to me and offered to help me in any way he could."

"How did he help you?"

"By advising me what to do."

"Come now, Mrs. Dale, do you mean you didn't accept money from him at the time?"

"I did not. I was very young and very proud. My father had gone against Big Tom's advice in going to South America and had lost what money he had by doing so. I felt it would be disloyal to my father's memory to accept money."

"Why, then, did you try to force your way into his home?"

"I didn't!"

"Oh yes you did. You came down there bag and baggage, descended on Mrs. Bevins, and made yourself thoroughly at home. Didn't you, Mrs. Dale... honest, now, didn't you?"

"Mr. Bevins suggested I stay with them while I went to business school."

"But you didn't."

"Not after I heard Mrs. Bevins say she wouldn't have me around the house."

"And then didn't you and Tom Bevins go into a huddle and decide you were to come into his office at the first opportunity?"

"No," returned Judith, calmly, "I only intended working at stenography until I had earned enough to complete my college course."

"Then why didn't you do that, instead of hanging around the millionaire engineer?"

"Because after I had worked there a short time I realized I was learning more about engineering than I could learn in college. I was earning as much as a young woman engineer could learn and I was happy and contented."

"When did you first become intimately acquainted with Mr. Bevins?"

"Mrs. Dale, prior to your marriage and when you were living in your parent house, was it not true that Tom Bevins was a constant visitor there?"

"Yes, he was," answered Judith readily, "the most welcome visitor who came."

"Mrs. Dale, would it embarrass you too much to tell the jury why Mr. Bevins called on you so often?"

"No," Judith caught her under lip in a quick smile, "he came to eat slungullion."

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Tomorrow, Judith's ordeal continues.



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FIRST BABY BOY OF JACKSONVILLE IS NOW AGED 81

GRANTS PASS—(Sp.)—The first lusty boy-baby yet to be drowned in the medley of noise that filled the air of the colorful mining town in Jacksonville in 1852, came from the lungs of Cornelius J. Armstrong now of Grants Pass, who will mark down his eighty-second birthday next February.

"If it hadn't ben that a girl, minnie Taylor, was born two weeks before I was, I would also have ben the first white child to call Jacksonville his birthplace," Armstrong said recently. Straight, alert, Armstrong does not use glasses, his hearing is apparently good, and his hair retains a reddish tinge.

The family Bible bearing his name, the date and place of his birth, is carefully kept in a safe place in his little cottage at Ardencraig, home of K. M. C. Neill on Redwood highway near here.

His parents, R. C. Armstrong, and Minerva Jan, made the trip by prairie schooner from Iowa to Oregon in exactly six months, arriving in Jacksonville in 1852. Their party included nine wagons, Armstrong remembers his father telling him.

The Armstrong family resided on a ranch two and one-half miles north of Jacksonville for many years. Cornelius has two sisters, both living in Portland. They are Miss Emma, Alice Armstrong and Mrs. Martha Fleck. Armstrong, a native Oregonian, has

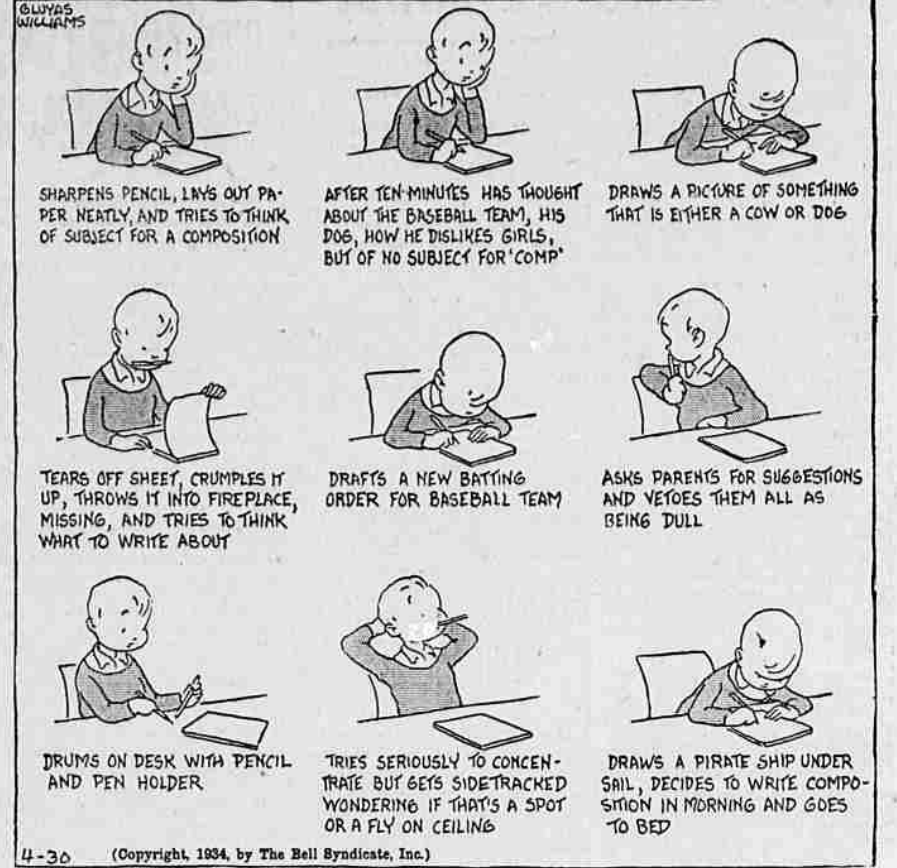
CRESCENT CITY FOLK JUBILEE CONSCIOUS

Mr. and Mrs. Art Reed and daughter have returned to Medford after a two weeks' vacation at Crescent City and near-by territory, and an-lee.

GIVE IT A WHIRL by Hatio



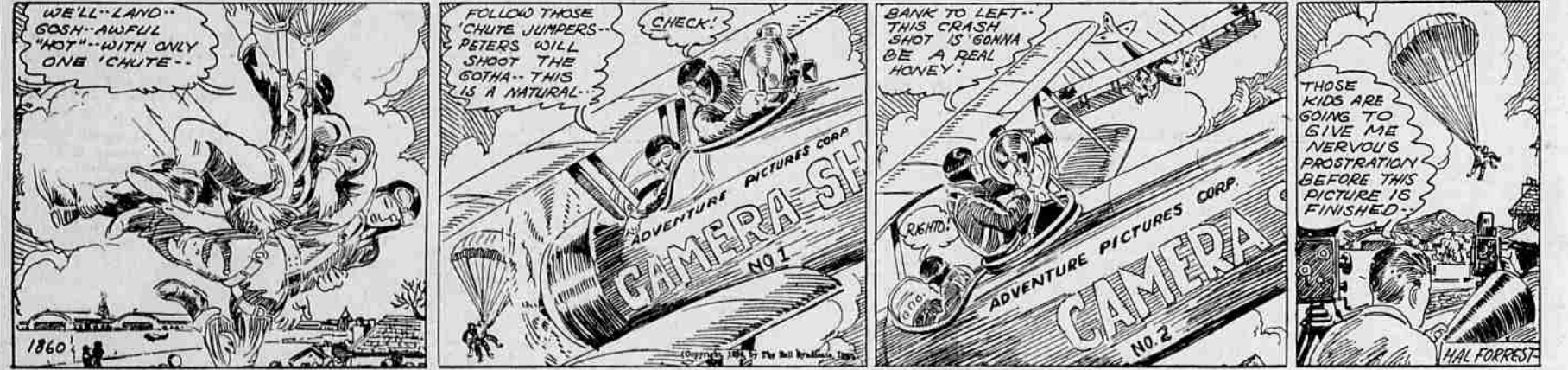
COMPOSITION



SMATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A "Perfect Crack-Up!"



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Great Old Salt?



THE NEBBS—What—No Letter?



BRINGING UP FATHER



Postmaster Named.

WASHINGTON, April 30—(AP)—The postoffice department today announced the appointment of Victor Eckley as acting postmaster of La Grande, Oregon.

Phone 842. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH

keeps the taste in tune