

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 44 SURPRISE

IT WAS nearing lunch time. The juror with the wadded mustache chewed on a twisted end reflectively. One of the others tapped at his pocket where the bulge of a tobacco can showed.

The very saneness of her explanation seemed to reach the jury and Lampere realized it. He waited a moment, then said thoughtfully—"And of course a man with millions couldn't hire a cook to prepare slumgullion?"

"No," retorted Judith quickly. "It's like corned beef and cabbage, you have to like it to cook it."

On the Rice roof, where she went with her party for lunch, Judith saw Mathie and Mrs. Bevins with Lampere. Again she was struck with the new beauty of the girl. She had defied her grieving manner and was talking with animation.

Judith was not recalled to the stand after the luncheon hour. Instead, Mathie, again drooping with grief, took her place, was sworn, and eyes lowered, handkerchief gripped in apparently tense fingers, awaited Lampere's questions.

When they came, they were voiced in low, tender tones. "Miss Bevins, the previous witness told us that your father used to visit her pent-house to find food your servants were unable to prepare satisfactorily. I know this is going to be extremely painful to you, but can you throw a little light on this? Why was he forced to go there?"

"I'd rather not tell, please," said Mathie.

"For your mother's sake, Miss Bevins?"

She looked up, eyes limpid with tears. "Doctor Almswright, whom we met on a cruise, made an examination of father, physically and mentally. He said if we wanted to keep him with us he must have no stimulants of any kind. For this reason we refused to give him tea, coffee and..."

"Yes, Miss Bevins, go on."

"Alcohol in any form."

"And did he go to Miss Lane's penthouse for tea and coffee?"

A low sob was the answer.

"Come now and brace up, those times when he returned at three and four in the morning, was he completely under the influence of liquor?"

Sobs, unrestrained, muffled with lace-trimmed handkerchiefs were the answer, heard below Judge Morgan's furious objection—"Misleading, calling for the witness's deduction."

JUDITH stared at Mathie Bevins in horror. How dare she intimate a thing like that of Big Tom Bevins? Of her own part she thought nothing.

"How dare she talk like that of him?" she asked Mrs. Cunard pitifully. "He rarely ever took a drink of anything, unless it were part of a dinner."

"She'll be paid for it," Mrs. Cunard said, with certainty.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in placing engineers on the stand, engineers who spoke in technical terms of the impracticability of the Rio Diablo Dam as it was being constructed.

The last witness was a man whom Judith dimly remembered having seen somewhere. He told how, in her eagerness to gain more money, Mrs. Dale had spent ten thousand dollars sinking a well in a dry spot where any geologist with an ounce of honesty in his heart would have sworn there was no oil.

He told of threatened strikes of the sober dam workers who resented the millionaire stenographer's high-handed methods.

"Gentlemen," said Lampere to the jury, "I regret I have not one more witness to present to you. Norman Dale, the husband of the woman who was there, the man who, if things were as worthy counsel would have us believe, would be at her side at a time like this."

"The plaintiff rests."

The thrust was a cruel one. Judith stiffened. If she had not already been numbed with pain, it might have hurt more cruelly, but now it seemed there wasn't much else could matter. She had lost, lost irrevocably.

Morgan and Cunard rode home with Mrs. Cunard and Judith, laughing and chatting. Judith thought them heartless, and once with a little surly, "How can you," she bellowed their attention back to her. "Well, you poor youngster," said the Judge kindly, "I'd plumb forgot

you weren't accustomed to the ways of the courts."

"But we're lost," wailed Judith. "Oh, my word," gasped the Judge, "have you so little confidence in me? Don't you worry a mite. We're going to win..." And with a rakish air which sat strangely on his dignity, "And how."

Judith slept because Delphy and Mrs. Cunard joined forces and saw that she slept. When she awakened she found a queer light, suspended from her chandelier, a frock. As Cilia would have said, such a dress must be a frock.

Mrs. Cunard came in soon after. "Flags flying today, Judith," she said, after Judith had thanked her. "We want you to look like your five million dollars. You mustn't look crushed as Lampere would have you look. This is the beginning of your day."

Judith wondered if it were when she reached the courtroom. She was glad of the assurance of still being clean, fragrant and fresh, not the soiled person of whom Lampere had talked.

JUDGE MORGAN opened his case by putting a trio of medical men on the stand, three psychiatrists who testified that Tom Bevins had come to them on the day he drew up his new will, and asked "or a thorough test."

"Why did he do this?" Morgan asked the first man.

"He said he felt there would be an attempt made to break his will, on the grounds of his being of unsound mind, and wished to prevent that."

"A senile psychosis," whispered Lampere in a stage whisper.

"No," indeed, said the medical man, "he was ready with written proof to show us that his enemies were already at work. From the proof, Mr. Lampere," continued the doctor, "he was wise in his precaution. I judge you wish to go no further into this proof?"

"Of course," interposed Judge Morgan, "if Mr. Lampere wants to cross examine my witness before I have finished."

"I beg your pardon," came in surly tones.

The other two went unchallenged, nor did Lampere accept the privilege of cross-examination.

This completed, to Judith's amazement, Thomas Scoggins, senior, was introduced and told the true story of the oil well venture. Several dam workers appeared and said, that aside from outside interference, there had been no mutiny among the men and that Mrs. Dale had not attempted to "boss" them, but had said from the first she was merely acting as Big Tom Bevins' secretary, carrying out his instructions.

Max Larson also testified, and one of the women, who told of Judith's attempts to make life comfortable for the workers' families.

Judith was amazed, overwhelmed, as one after the other took the stand. Their appearance came as a complete surprise and her manner proved it.

A "brace" of engineers testified to the saneness of the dam's position and construction.

"You don't wish to cross examine?" inquired Morgan in mock surprise.

"No," laughed Lampere good-naturedly, "they are too well coached." "I challenge that statement," barked Morgan. "I can prove I have not spoken to a single witness, nor has anyone connected with this side addressed them, on the subject of the trial."

Lampere did not ask for proof. He listened to Cilia's spirited account of the "pent-house" with a crooked smile on his face, then as the hands of the clock began pointing to the closing hour, chewed thoughtfully on the end of pencil as though with no value.

"And now," said Judge Morgan, "as my last witness I call Norman Dale, husband of Judith Dale, former partner of the firm of Dale, Lampere and Morrison."

That clarion went through the courtroom like an electric charge. Reporters sprang from their seats and dashed to their telephones. Lampere sprang from his seat also, his face white and red and white by turn. Mathie's eyes widened and Judith—Judith quietly crumpled in her seat.

Someone brought water, and someone held her in strong arms. She looked up, it was Norman—"Judy can you ever forgive me?" he asked.

NEW IDEAS IN BEEF COOKING TO BE GIVEN AT PEOPLE'S ELECTRIC

"Gentlemen Prefer Beef" is the title of a new and novel cooking demonstration which will be staged for the benefit of the women of Medford and vicinity tomorrow in the People's Electric store. The vicissitudes presentation will start promptly at 2:30 p. m.

It is a new and novel presentation, profusely illustrated, of problems that constantly come up in the home of every woman who plans or prepares meals. The subject of beef was selected because there are so many delicious ways to cook it.

Another reason is that beef presents some of the most difficult cooking problems, according to Ben Trowbridge, of the People's Electric.

The illustrated talk will bring the audience ideas and suggestions worked out by Mary Lee Gordon of the Leonard Refrigeration Home Science department and experts of the National Live Stock and Meat Board of Chicago. Housewives will be shown how to order the cuts best suited for various purposes and how the cheaper cuts may be made tender and tasty if properly selected and cooked. They will be given new, proven recipes for beef dishes. How to buy the various cuts, where they come from and the uses to which each cut is best adapted will be illustrated in the demonstration.

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CITY'S CHAMPION DRINKER IN AGAIN

Charles Jesman, 45, of Medford, holds the city's record for being arrested the most times in the past 19 months on charges of being drunk and as a result of his arrest Monday, the 21st time since October, 1932, he will spend 30 days in the city jail.

L. A. Rose, also arrested early Monday, was fined \$10 by City Judge A. D. Curry, on a charge of being drunk in a public place.

Roy Lomax, 47, arrested Monday on charges of reckless driving, was released on \$20 bail and ordered to report in city court. A similar charge was filed against Charles Gault, who was fined \$15. Both were arrested on South Riverside.

Tom Parker, 40 and Ed Chartrow, 33, who were engaged in a fight early Sunday morning, were each fined \$5 in city court.

GIVE IT A WHIRL... by Hatio

CHIEF! I'M CONVINCED THIS MUG'S AN INTERNATIONAL SPY AND OUGHTA BE TURNED OVER TO THE FEDERALS. SAW HIM LOSE THIS CODE MESSAGE - SO I NABBED HIM.

BALONEY! THAT STANDS FOR "DON'T FORGET TO TANK UP WITH STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED" MY WIFE GAVE ME ONE JUST LIKE IT THIS MORNING!

DOFTUW SOWTU

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THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN, AFTER EXAMINING YOUR TEETH WITH AN OCCASIONAL SIGNIFICANT "HAH", THE DENTIST TURNS HIS BACK AND BEGINS TO PICK UP AND LAY DOWN TOOLS, DECIDING WHAT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE TO USE

5-1

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP-

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Down To Earth



1861

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plot Thickens!



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THE NEBBS—The Gentleman Of Leisure



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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BODY BANK AIDS IN HOSPITAL BILL

WASHINGTON—(UP)—A patient at St. Elizabeth's hospital here learned that his bill would not strike as deeply into his pocketbook as he had anticipated when he found that \$14 had been removed from his body in an operation.

YOUTHS ARRESTED WITH STOLEN CAR

ROSEBURG, Ore., May 1.—(AP)—Clifford J. Ledgerwood and Wallace Harrison, both claiming residence in Pasadena, were taken into custody here today by state police officers, who report that the two young men were driving an automobile reported to have been stolen last Thursday at Marysville, California. In the car, the officers report, was found blankets and clothing stolen Friday night in the burglary of the Harold Ingram home in this city. California authorities have advised Sheriff Percy Webb that they will take the two men back to Marysville to answer to a charge of auto theft.