Lane by JEANNE BOWMAN

"Mr. Morgan," he turned to Judge

there . . . now proceed."

But they didn't proceed. Such confusion arose at the balliff's attempt

Judith and Norman left the court-

the weck; they turned the house over to us."
"That was nice."

pink blossoms, saying nothing be cause there was so much to be said between them. Judith heard Delphy singing is

the edge."

Chapter 45

NORMAN'S STORY "YOU'RE here," whispered Judith to Norman, "it's all I care about

"Better take the stand, Norman," said Cunard, and to Judith, "You'll have the rest of your life to talk to him."

Judith watched his quick, firm

"I-I object!" roared Lampere pose forgotten, fury in his face.

"On what grounds?" inquired Mor gan. "You said in your closing words that you wished you had him here to present. Well, I've brought him and when he gets through testifying for me you can spend the night with him."

"Mr. Dale, you are to longer asso-clated with Mr. Lampere, are you? Will you give the date that you sev-ered connections there?" "July 24."

"Will you give your reasons for leaving?"

"May I say broadly, that I learned of certain conditions which made it impossible for me to remain con-

scientiously." "Did you learn of these conditions from inside of the office, or-"

"I was approached from the out-side. I gave Mr. Lampers no reason for leaving because I wanted first to make sure that the party to whom I had talked was right."

"Your wife hadn't previously told you certain facts that she, as former stenographer to Tom Bevins,

"She tried to, but I had allowed my mind to become so poisoned against her theories . . . not against her, I want you to understand, but

against her theories, that against her theories her the her the her theories her the her the her the her the her the her th

"I believe not I think at one time she halfway recognized me I was working at the Scathborne oil field the comfort of Norman's arms. come in and she drove over to see it.

"Don't have to," he answerd. It was dark, and after the first shock of seeing her look at me with half-recognition, I burried away."

"Why were you there incognite?"
"Because I wanted to carry on my investigation unobserved by any

"Why did you begin at Scathborne field?"

"Scathoorne, as you know, is sub-sidized by Morton Lampere, Mr. Lampere's capital developed the field."

"I object. I demand that statement

be stricken from the records . . . I demand—"

"Mr. Morgan," said the Judge, who was leaning over his deak with interest, "proceed with your wit-

out there in the first row," he point—stretched so far, and when she asked ed to Lampere's last witness, "in him, it stretched even further. Ross, creating mutiny among the workers, delighted at meeting Lige's "folks." creating mutiny among the workers, in apying on Mrs. Dale and if possible in catching her in some compromising position which was to be construed to Scathborne's benefit."

"Before you go into this, Mr. Dale, how long had you known Tom Bevins?"

"All of my life. Our houses, the Bevins' and my father's, were in the same block."

"In the course of your life did you ever at any time see Mr. Bevins under the influence of alcohol?"

"Big Tom, you mean, drunk? Good Heavens, no, and it was the one thing he was strict about in the field. He even disliked hig dinner parties

course will be to prove your witness has not perjured herself."

SLAYER OF DRINKING

PAL GOES UNDER BAIL

Locks was killed Sunday when Willett drove a car over Locks and crush ed his skull in the climax of an ad

ward E. Willett, charged with causing the death of Bruce Locks, 60, of dicate mosquitoes in the vicinity of mear Hugo, while intoxicated, was Mami, Fis. have furnished employ-placed under \$1500 ball here today, ment to \$50 men. mitted drinking bout.

The Standard of Quality

GAUDY GARB AND BIT OF PRANCING "Mr. Morgan," he turned to Judge Morgan, "that question was completely unethical but." he coughed irascibly, "proceed and watch your words...er, just a moment, bailiff, catch that man going through the door. I would like to question him further and if we can prove perjury **ADVICE FOR MEN**

PHILADELPHIA. - (UP) - If man doesn't dress up in clothes that are gay, woman will take his place in the next generation, in the opinion of

to capture his man, that the Judge called a recess and when court again convened, word was sent in that Morton Lampere had become vio-lently ill and asked the session be adjourned until the following day. next generation, in the opinion of Agnes Replier, Philadelphia easayist and commentator.

"In nature, it is the male who is gaudy and decked in brilliant plum-age." Miss Replier, who is 73, asia. "During the past century that order has been reversed. We amould return to the fashloms of the time of George Washington.

bouse together. When they paused on the steps for photographs, they were asked for interviews.
"Give us a chance to talk," pleaded Norman, "we haven't had time to say more than hello."

His roadise, waited at a nearby to the famions of the time of George Washington.
"If man is to compete with the ascendance of women, and even save himself from collivion as an indi-vidual, he must look to his clothing. His roadster walted at a nearby garage. Silently they got into it and drove out to Hillendale. "The DeMacs are in Galveston for

vidual, he must look to his clothing. He is faced with an increasingly dangerous rival, whose name is "Economic Independence."

"There is a danger that the regimentation of modern life is stealing from man more than is wholesome of his natural swagger of clank and color, or curied beard and waving plume. Man was intended to prance, but modern civilization has made him drab. Women have all the glitter, while men are reduced to the semblance of 'worker' bees.

"At heart, you know, men still love to 'dresa up.' If you don't believe it, watch a parade of Shriners, or Elks, or Masons. They paused outside the door.
"I planted your stocks," Norman said, as he fumbled for the right

said, as he fumbled for the right key.

"Yes, I saw you."

"You—what?"

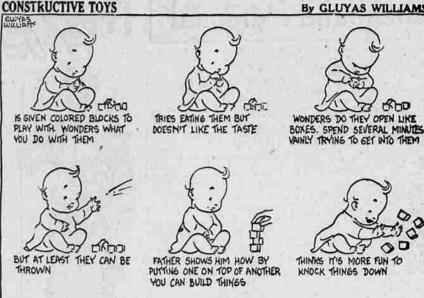
"I thought it was you even though Delphy said you were the new gar dener." She looked at the wroughi iron console table, caressed it need lessly. "Let's get some glads for that bowl, these look rusty around the edge."

"Women instinctively love a sol-dier. The reason may be partly his carriage, but it's mostly in what he's wearing."

the customary age of 12, she left school and went to work with her father. She laid bricks for a year, then devoted her time to farm work. She plowed the fields, planted and resped, in addition to the customary farm chores. In the evening she knit stockings of sheep wool.

PHILADELPHIA (UP)—A girl of 20 in Philadelphia. She works in a mill in the daytime and studies at an extension general property of the first two properties of the tiny town of Szemiak, Rumaria, when she was two years old. There, at







思 FEELS THAT THROWING BLOCKS IS STILL THE MOST FUN. GRAZES FATHER'S EAR WITH ONE



00

By C. M. Payne

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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S'MATTER POP-THEY went out into the garden seeing it through the amber light of the setting sun. They cut long spikes of cream and salmot

JUST MADE A HICKEL FOR THEIN' I STEPPED ON A LADY'S TWICE CORN AN I BEGGED HER PARDON VERY KINDLY

5-1-34

"Don't have to," he answered
"We're giving Lampere a chance to
leave the country tonight. Slim Sanford will fly him down to some place in Mexico and from there he'll go abroad. Mrs. Bevins has asked Mor rison to appear in court and ask for a dismissal of the case. You'll find Mathile and the Missus heading for Europe where they'll meet Lampere, who will marry Mathile as soon as Mrs. Lampere can get a Reno di-vorce," "Dinner, Ma'ss No'man an' Miss

Judy."
"Coming," they answered.
It was wonderful, Judith thought, to sit across the table from Norman, looking at him across a blue bowl of yellow roses from their own garden. She fingered her cup, lovingly. They'd purchased that on their honeymoon.

MR DALE, in what capacity did you serve while in the Rico Diablo basin?"

"I was acting as a persecutor of one Judith Dale."

"Your duties?"

"To assist the gentieman sitting wasn't endangering his ears. It

thing he was strict about in the field. In mother's uncle by marriage, and you can't live alone, besides," he added, where wine was served, I don't believe he ever took anything stronger than a cocktail."

"Mr. Dale, prior to your appearance here a witness intimated that flight Tom had come home on numering the properties of the Bayloud and the construction Company, and I think. Big Tom had come home on numering and the construction Company, and I think.

ous occasions completely under the influence of liquor."

"So help me God." said Norman Dale. "that person lied."

"Your honor!" rosred Lampere. cold winter winds blowing and in said Norman and herself, facing the this—" this—"
"Mr. Lampere, sit down before I sing young attorney and the aspir charge you with contempt of court." ing atenographer, just Mr. and Mrs barked the Judge. "Your only other Norman Dale.

(Copyright, 1951, Jeanne Bowman) THE END



I NEVER WAS TBUT SHE TT LOOKED FOR A DIDN'T GIMME NICKEL THE COULD MAKE TWO SECOND TIME (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) By Hal Forre:

TAILSPIN TOMMY-All Is Forgiven! QUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A HOSPITAL IN SAN ANTONIO, WHERE HE'S BEEN CALLING UP WILKING ...? ON THE PHONE AND A OH THE CHAP ASKING ABOUT TO HAD THE ROW ANTONIO, WHERE ES
SUBJECT MONTAISUE IS
CONVALESCING FROM
INJURIES RECEIVED
DURING A FIST FIGHT
WITH WILLKIMS, HIS
NURSE, MISS CAROL
GREEN ENTERS AND DAY BINCE YOU ENTERED COILKINS IS HERE MR. MONTAGUE





TS GILBERT MONTAGUE REALLY SINCERE! OR IS HE CLEVERLY ACTING FOR A PURPOSE PERHAPS By Edwin Alger

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER-There's A Reason For It!



THE NEBBS-The Cure For An Aching Heart

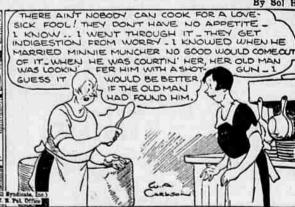
I AGREE WITH YOU,MR JEPPARD I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT-



By Sol Hess







BRINGING UP FATHER







