

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The story so far: Judith Goodloe has the code of an old Maryland family line up to Reuben Oliver has wealth, and the ethics of his own making. Desperately loving Judith, Reuben proposes to her when the Goodloe finances collapse. Gary Brent, the man Judith loves, has left her. Marriage to Reuben means keeping the pleasant life she has always known, so Judith accepts.

### Chapter 14

#### Strangers To Each Other

They were engaged to be married. They had been engaged an hour, these two who were almost strangers. They had much to say to each other, yet they said only that which could not remain unaided. All the dear foolish incoherences, the breathless murmurs, the divinely silly personalities, were unuttered. If their hour was less than perfect neither seemed to notice. They were at peace, sitting on the grass in the shade of the maple.

From under long lashes, Judith looked critically at her future husband—at his lean brown hands, his leaf-brown eyes with inexhaustible wells of strength behind them, at his firm mouth with its elusive hint of gentleness—She wondered why she had ever thought him amusing?

"He is wise," she decided, "but he is guileless too. He is being cheated." She said with brutal frankness: "I don't love you—you know that."

"Why—" he came back from some far country, "yes, I know it." He wondered how he could accept it so calmly.

"I—I really don't know you," half apologetically.

"Perhaps, when you do—?"

"There is someone else," doggedly.

Silence. A hawk flew over the garden. It cast a dark shadow.

"Who?"

But he knew before she answered that it was Gary Brent. He reflected that he should not dislike Gary, since in his idiosyncy he would owe his wife. But he did dislike Gary. Intensely he disliked him. The concealed anger that he felt, he guessed, most of his imagination themselves in love with Brent. He has the thing women fall for—small talk and flattery. You'll get over it," gruffly.

"I'm afraid I won't. So if you want to change your mind—" "Nonsense!" Did he want to stop the sun from shining? Did he want to shut all beauty from his life? He started to argue with her to convince himself—"You'll be much better off with me. Brent will never amount to anything—you'll see."

"That wouldn't matter, if he loved me," simply.

If anyone had told him in the old days that he would want to marry a girl who did not love him! A girl who was openly pining for someone else. Where was his common sense? Where was his self respect?

"You're really being foolish," she persisted. "You're being a poor business man too—taking us on is going to be frightfully expensive." He turned to smile at her whimsically. "I've always had to pay pretty well, in one way or another, for everything I ever got." He broke off a tiny sprig of the boxwood. It gave out a spicy odor between his fingers. "Life is like that—my life. There's always been a price."

She reflected watching him that so far she had never been called upon to pay for anything. She reached out and took his hand. His fingers closed over hers. The sprig of box lay warm between their palms—a fragrant symbol. He wanted to tell her that all the kingdoms of the world would not be enough to lavish upon her, but the words stuck in his throat, so he just sat there inarticulate and happier than he had ever been in his life.

### Buying Her

She walked with him to the gates. At parting his arms closed around her. "I'm going to love you so, Judith—be so good to you—give you everything."

He kissed her full upon her red lips and the power, the cleanness, the beauty of his passion touched her—went surging through her, not the pure ecstasy of Gary's touch, but something that was neither triumph nor humility, but an odd blending of both.

Halfway home Reuben dismissed his car and walked the evening miles across a half acre of green fields and through dim woods.

He was going to marry Judith. She beat in his heart like music and ran like wild honey in his veins. The fact that he was literally buying her with a boxwood hedge and sundry considerations, hardly registered upon his consciousness.

His mind turned to ways and means. It would take all of \$200,000 to straighten out old Mrs. Goodloe's complicated affairs and Jim's mass of debts. Then, they must have something to keep go-

ing on. No use to preach thrift and economy to persons who did not know the meaning of the words.

"Five hundred thousand dollars will do it," Reuben figured mentally. "I have half of that amount lying idle. I'll arrange for the rest at the bank tomorrow. He tasted in full the power of his money. The taste was sweet."

As he reached his gates Hugo emerged from some bushes and flung himself upon him.

"Well—well! Did you miss me, old timer?"

Hugo whined his delight. "The man felt a sudden need to confide in someone. He went down in the path, took the dog's head in his hands, looked deep into the adoring eyes. "She's coming to live with us, Hugo. The princess out of the fairybook."

His voice was a husky, worriedly the dog licked the man's face unsure whether his master was happy or unhappy. Perhaps Reuben did not quite know either. She did not love him—

Judith, making her slow way to the house with the measured tread of a sleepwalker, was surprised to find that much of the restless uncertainty that had been her portion since Gary's departure, had mysteriously left her.

She had saved Gran, Jim, the hedge—that was triumph. She had saved herself from being one of those futile, boring women, who die by inches, crying for a happiness that has eluded them. She loathed that type of woman. Married to Reuben Oliver she would be a busy person. Important. Beloved. Unconsciously she held her head higher.

That evening, in Gran's own bedroom she confided the news to her. Casually, gayly, she confided it.

"Wish me happiness, darling and get ready to go shopping."

Mrs. Goodloe, at her desk, doggedly adding up a long column of figures, as though in the end she could beat them down, smiled absently at the girl from harried eyes. "Wait—just a second, Judy—Fourteen thousand and twenty-nine plus six percent—"

### Playing A Part

With a sweeping hand, Judith pushed the paper aside. Captured the pencil. "Didn't I tell you to wish me happiness, young woman? Where are your manners? I'm going to marry Reuben Oliver."

For the first time in all the years old Mrs. Goodloe failed to meet a situation. She sat staring a long moment, then collapsed in her chair, repeating in parrot fashion: "Going to marry Reuben—"

She was still laughing shrilly and crying feebly, when, an hour later, Judith gave her a sedative, tucked her in bed and put out the light. When she closed the door softly her grandmother was demanding, over and over, to know which was preferable—to be hanged for a crime one did not commit or to get a reprieve one did not want?

Judith didn't know the answer. In the morning Amanda was quite herself.

The Goodloe-Oliver engagements was a nine days wonder.

Mrs. John Welleston Goodloe announces the engagement of her granddaughter—

A choice morsel of news. A young beauty of famous family about whom romance hovered with a capital R, was not to marry Gary Brent after all, but Reuben Oliver, a man from nowhere, who had literally pulled himself up by his bootstraps and whose doubtful millions had grown quickly and by devious ways.

Almost immediately Goodloe's Choice took on new life. Gay house parties—one after the other. Guests arriving at all hours, departing at all hours. Reuben's shining cars taking them thither and yon—to the city, to shops, to theatres, to Gibson Island where his yacht waited to steam down the Chesapeake. The nights—great golden moon, shimmering sheet of water—were made for romance, music, laughter and through them all danced Judith—a stranger. Not the old reckless, gipsying, unthinking Judith, but a poised, careful person, an actress who had stepped into a role and was consciously bending all her efforts to give a good performance—that of happy fiancée to an important man.

Gary, the old longing, were pushed into the background. All day and far into the night there was never a minute in which to think. She gave such a clever imitation of perfect happiness that even Reuben was deceived.

"She's forgotten Brent already," he gloated. "She loves me."

And that was as it should be. He felt not the slightest inferiority where Gary was concerned. He was a better match for Judith than Gary Brent with his tumble-down old house, his mouldy furniture, his lack of ambition—Gary accepted his poverty with the same smiling good nature with which he accepted invitations. "I'm a go-getter—a better man."

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Tomorrow: Bad news for Reuben.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**PARTY MAN--**  
ALMER H. SHERMAN, 80, of Melrose, N.Y., HAS cast 59 STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN BALLOTS!

**THE GREAT AUK--**  
Extinct bird, COULD NOT FLY BUT MIGRATED ANNUALLY FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO MASSACHUSETTS (IT SWAM ALL THE WAY)

**SUBMARINES WERE FIRST**  
WIDELY USED AS WAR WEAPONS BY GERMANY, YET GERMANY WAS LAST OF THE WORLD TO RECOGNIZE THEIR IMPORTANCE!

**MODERN BURIED TREASURE!**  
FEDERAL VAULTS, at Ft. Knox, Ky., HOARD THE COUNTRY'S GOLD JUST AS PIRATES DID CENTURIES AGO—BY BURYING IT!  
\$6,000,000,000 IN BULLION IS BURIED THERE

### Buried Treasure.

Captain Kidd, Sir Henry Morgan and all other pirates of history were "pikers" alongside of the United States government—as far as hiding money is concerned.

Strange as it seems, the government does with its gold exactly what pirates of old did—they bury it!

While pirate plunder was often interred on a lonely islet, sometimes marked by a notched tree of other indication, today gold bullion is stored away in impregnable underground vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky. There sit \$6,000,000,000 in gold—about one-half of the world's total supply!

The Fort Knox warehouse is believed to be the most invulnerable building in the world. Its vast vaults below ground are proof against

everything from termites to bombs. Secret devices known only to high government officials make a raid there a virtual impossibility.

Previously, the nation's gold has been stored away in Philadelphia, New York and other federal vaults. Director of the Mint, Nellie Taylor Ross, supervised the mailing by parcel post of the gold bricks to Fort Knox early in 1937.

Germany's Submarines. Submarines, a decade before the World war, were little thought of as war weapons by Germany, yet every other world power had realized what possibilities they held.

The United States, France, Russia, Greece, Turkey, Sweden, Japan, Austria, Norway, Holland, Portugal, Spain,

Brazil, Chile, Argentina and Great Britain all had "subs" before Germany.

Germany did build and experiment with two submarines in 1880, but not until 1906 were they seriously attached to the imperial navy. Then, strange as it seems, Germany led the world in their use as implements of war.

Soon after the declaration of war the German admiralty decided to utilize them to intercept Allied transports running the English Channel. Warfare with U-boats really began with the sinking of the British cruiser "Pathfinder," a month after the war started—first British warship sunk by a submarine.

Tomorrow: The bird of war!

### FIND FARMER'S BODY

#### IN RIVER NEAR PEEL

ROSEBURG, April 20.—(P)—The body of W. H. Mather, 60, Peel farmer drowned Monday night when a farm truck driven by his son, James C. Mather, plunged into Little river, at Fall creek bridge, 18 miles east of Roseburg, was recovered Tuesday afternoon.

The body was found in shallow water about a quarter of a mile below the scene of the tragedy by boatmen who started dragging the swift, swollen stream after diver Mike Skorenko of Marshfield reported Mather was not pinned in the cab as previously believed.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jerry Explains!

TOMMY AND SKEETS ARE AT THE HOME OF JERRY SWIFT, IN AN ATTEMPT TO LEARN IF ANYONE OTHER THAN JERRY HAD MANAGED TO OBSERVE CLOSELY THE MODEL PLANE, WHICH THE LAD HAD BUILT FROM THE THREE POINT PILOTS' PLANS WHICH WERE STOLEN BY THE WEASEL'S GANG.

NOPE! NOBODY BUT MYSELF KNOWS ABOUT THIS PLANE! A MAN TRIED TO BUY IT FROM ME, THOUGH

WHAT DID THE MAN LOOK LIKE, JERRY?

WELL, HE HAD A MONOCLE IN ONE EYE, A SMALL WAXED MOUSTACHE AN' A SHARP LITTLE BEARD, AN HE WORE A SILK HAT.

JERRY, WILL YOU GET THOSE PLANS FOR US NOW, PLEASE?

O-OOH... UH GOSH, MISTER TOMKINS!

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Finding Out

..Mebbe the widda Florn would buy the new coops?

AND MAYBE SHE'D GO IN THE TURKEY BUSINESS WITH US! COME ON, BRIARSIE, WE'LL FIND OUT-

WHY, BEN, WHAT YOU'RE PROPOSIN' IS MIGHTY ATTRACTIVE. DOROTHY WAS EVEN SAYIN', 'FORE SHE WENT BACK TO THE CITY, THAT I'D TAKEN ON TOO MUCH WORK.

WELL, MRS. FLORN, I'M SURE WE'D ALL MAKE MONEY ON THE DEAL.

I'LL DO IT, SON! I'LL DO IT!

YOU SURE SHE AGREED BEN? SURE?

### THE NEBBS—The Piker

WELL, THAT'S SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY BUCKS YOU OWE ME— ANY PROOF ON THE LAST NINE?

I BELONG IN THIS BUNCH LIKE A PAIR OF COTTON HOSE IN A BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

YOU SEE— YOU ONLY LOST TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY BUCKS— YOU ALMOST CRIED YOURSELF EVEN ON THE LAST NINE

HOW ABOUT ME? I GAVE THE PARTY. YOU GUYS THINK YOU FLATTER ME WHEN YOU ASK ME TO PLAY YOU EVEN

EVERY TIME YOU LIFTED ONE OUT OF THE GRASS YOU MUST HAVE KNOCKED A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER AGAINST THE BALL. I NEVER SAW SUCH A LUCK.

I GUESS I'D BETTER GO BACK WHERE I BELONG— AROUND HERE I FOLLOW THE FLOCK LIKE A LAME LAMB

### SPRING PRACTICE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS DISCOURAGED THAT ONLY A HANDFUL OF BOYS HAVE SHOWED UP ON TIME FOR PRACTICE

SITS DOWN TO WAIT FOR THE OTHERS, CARRYING ON A MONOLOGUE ABOUT NEEDING TO PRACTICE IF THE TERMS TO BE ANY GOOD

RECALLS THAT JOE MCRAY SAID HE'D COME AND STARTS SHOUTING FOR HIM TO HURRY UP

URNS TO FIND THAT MEANWHILE BUD BEMIS HAS WAITED AROUND ALL DAY, HAS STARTED HOME

SETS OUT IN PURSUIT AND THROUGH FLATTERY AND INTIMIDATION, BRINGS HIM BACK.

DISCOVERS THAT TWO OTHERS, LEAVING WORD THAT THEY'LL BE BACK WHEN THE REST SHOW UP, HAVE GONE OFF

PURSUES THEM SHOUTING DOWN THE STREET, BUT FAILS TO PERSUADE THEM TO TURN BACK

RETURNS TO BALL FIELD, FINDING THAT MEANWHILE THE REST OF THE PLAYERS HAVE DISPERSED. GOES HOME, DEJECTED

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-20

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### S MATTER FOR

By G M PAYNE



HERE IS THA PENNY I OWE YA!

TANKS!

HERE YOU! JUST A SECOND!

POP, MAKE HIM COUNT IT!

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By HAL FORREST

### GRAVE CREEK GRANGE MAJORITY FOR PERRY

GRANTS PASS, April 20.—Grave Creek Grange reported today that R. W. Perry of Hood River received "all but one vote" for state master. The number of votes was not reported.

### EX-IDaho OFFICIALS UNDER INDICTMENT

BOISE, Idaho, April 20.—(P)—Former Public Works Commissioner G. E. McKeivy and State Highway Director

### STATE MARKETING ACT UPHELD IN REVERSAL OF CREAMERIES CASE

SALEM, April 20.—(P)—A decree of Judge Jacob Kandler of Portland, holding the 1935 Oregon agricultural marketing act unconstitutional, was reversed Tuesday by the state supreme court in a four to two decision. The high court, dismissing the suit brought by 16 creameries against Solon T. White, state director of agriculture, ruled that the question of constitutionality of the act was not before the court, asserting that the "question will be covered for decision when an actual controversy exists."