

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Heartbroken because the man she loves has left her, Judith Goodloe decides to marry Reuben Oliver. This man, who has pulled himself up by his bootstraps, has one thing the aristocratic Goodloes need—money. Desperately in love with Judith, Reuben refuses to heed the warning of his partner, Clem Rogers, that unless he leaves the Maryland valley, and gets back into the fight he is due for a financial licking. Clem's daughter, Cissy, who loves Reuben, will be the maid of honor.

### Chapter 17

#### Enter—The Bride

REUBEN'S trip west lengthened from days into weeks. About the failure of the Little Justis he was not convinced.

"With up to the minute machinery the well will produce better than ever." He believed that. He had to believe it.

"I'm not sending one more of my good dollars after bad ones," Clem told him flatly.

"I'll go it alone," Reuben said.

"Want to buy my share?" sneeringly.

"Sure," proudly. It was madness.

That was that. For better or worse the well was all his. The installation of expensive new equipment began. The expense was appalling. Reuben's assets began to melt as snow before an April sun. He had no money left. He sacrificed some securities. He sacrificed his yacht—

Each day he wrote her short inadequate letters. "Things are panning out all right," he persuaded himself they were, "but I'll be a working man when I come home, darling—I wish I could come today."

During his absence a private wire had been run to Reuben's house. A ticker installed. Secretary engaged. Typists, clerks. The library was turned into an office. Telephones rang. Messengers came and went. Reuben came home a busy man of affairs, with his finger on the pulse of things.

Gone was his leisure. His dreamy contentment.

He was in a frenzy to recover his losses. This was not entirely due to the natural craving of a fighter for victory. It gained impetus whenever he thought of the Goodloes and he thought of them almost constantly. They respected him—rich, poor? He thought of Gary Brent too—an added spur.

He plunged into some not quite sound investments with the recklessness of desperation, depending upon his luck to see him through. If he could stay on the job—

"Would you mind postponing our trip while, Judith?" he asked the day he arrived home.

Her vivid face betrayed how devastated she would be. She was holding to that trip arduous world with the same tenacious tenacity with which an aerial artist clings to his trapeze. It was the fragile span—with its color, excitement, change, that was to carry her through the first hazardous months of her marriage. "Of course, if you can't leave, Reuben—"

"I can." Why worry about a bridge he might never have to cross? Each day was bringing order out of chaos, and when the good old Little Justis started again—

But—he knew he should have told her the true state of affairs. He was afraid to tell her. Who ever said love made men strong, lied. Love made men weak.

**Wedding Or Funeral?**  
THEIR wedding day. One of those perfect days that September brings to Maryland.

While it was still morning Biddy O'Hare presented the bride with a legacy, wobbly, sorel cold, Judith, disclaiming the wobbly sleep a bride is supposed to get, hurried to the paddock to welcome the newcomer.

"Oh, you precious!" She went down on her knees, helped the new sorrel to his wobbly legs and kissed the slate-gray muzzle.

Reuben watched her with a queer lightness in his throat. "What will you name him, Judy?" "Paddy O'Hare."

"We'll christen him with wedding punch," Cissy suggested.

With a smile on her lips, dark despair in her heart, Cissy had arrived that morning. Her present—a mammoth old Sarouk had arrived ahead of her.

"It's a wedding, let it be a wedding. Let it be a funeral. Never mix the two." It was a good motto. She said it over and over to sustain herself. She felt like a traveler in the desert lost in an endless stretch of hot, shifting sand. And Reuben, the poor sap—sitting over an earthquake and pretending not to know.

The sooner this wedding was over the better, then she could go off somewhere and yowl her fool head off.

At last it was five o'clock. The bishop had taken his place between the long west windows. Sun streamed in on brightly attired women, on black coated men.

An orchestra under the stairway played softly. The bridesmaids—a veritable rainbow—ushers, flower girls, assembled in the hall, in chattering expectancy, among them Cissy, feeling as though she was about to witness an execution, but looking gorgeous as Cleopatra in shimmering, yellow brocaded chiton velvet with touches of golden brown.

Mammoth brown hat. Brown slippers with high gold heels, gold buckles that brought glances of pride and envy to Cissy's lovely feet. They were wasted today.

An unruly tear splashed down her uptilted nose to the chrysanthemums in her hands. In five minutes Reuben would be married. All her aristocratic founded and built years ago in the black mud of Warder were crashing down—while she stood here with a lot of giggling people!

She couldn't bear it! She broke from the waiting line, slipped through the open door.

Savagely she winked back the tears that threatened to blind her. Hurriedly she walked up and down the terrace, regardless of her filmy train dragging over the steps. She must see the must not! Her still heels beat it out in sharp tattoo. She must not cry—

She didn't see the messenger boy on a bicycle until he was almost upon her. Startled she asked crossly: "What do you want?"

"Telegram for Mr. Oliver. Important!"

"Give it to me."

**Mad, Dizzying Hope**  
SHE signed for it with not too steady fingers. Her heart was racing like a wild thing. She knew pretty well what the envelope in her hand contained. The new machinery had been tried out yesterday. It had failed then. It had failed today. It would fail again tomorrow. The Little Justis was done for.

For a long moment Cissy stood like a graven image, while turbulent emotions seethed within her and a light wind sent the yellow train swirling about her feet. What is she to do? If she gave this to Reuben now—would the wedding go on?

Cissy shut her eyes. A mad, dizzying hope surged through her. If the wedding did not go on—?

She crushed the telegram in her hand. Tried to crush her longings for it. No use. This was her chance, her one chance for happiness. She had a right to fight for it. It would be different if Judith loved Reuben—

"I'm not made of the stuff of martyrs," Cissy decided. "I want my happiness—warm, human—here and now. If Judith is a sportsman—Everything's fair in love and war—"

She was just Cissy—No one expected her to be fine and noble—

"I'll get this to Reuben now!" She walked towards the house. An usher called excitedly from the doorway: "Hurry, we're waiting!"

Cissy stepped indoors—The bride was coming down the stairs—

An old stairway. A young bride. Youth and courage—descending slowly—step by step.

Judith still walked in a sort of trance, the leading lady in a great drama, which was unfolding magnificently. If there were long hours in the still of the night, when the stage was cleared, when she was seized with panic, it vanished with the rising sun and left her high-hearted to meet this day.

Sweet and untouched as an apple blossom she came faintly smiling. She wore her great grandmother's wedding gown, ivory with age and shrouded in folds of priceless old lace.

"Ah-h-h!" A murmur like a June breeze blowing over a field of clover. "The Bride!"

Subconsciously Cissy stuffed the yellow envelope deep into the heart of her bouquet and moved forward with the procession. Moved mechanically without sense of direction. She saw Dr. Blout, rotund and warm beside Reuben, very straight with taut lips. His eyes adored Judith.

"God," prayed Cissy, into her woodbrown chrysanthemums. "Don't let her fall! Help her, please, and forget all about me. I'm used to having my own way—"

The bishop impressively began to counsel the young pair before him to be patient, to be true. To bear with one another's weaknesses.

"What does she know about hearing anything?" thought Cissy fiercely. "What does she know except having her own way and being fussed over and—"

Mechanically she took the show of white bridal bouquet Judith handed her. She knelt beside the bride. If she drew the telegram out of her own flowers now? Her fingers itched to draw it out.

Convention delegates visited Mount Vernon today. Yesterday they held an informal apoc.

The president, making his first visit to a D. A. R. congress, asked the delegates to remember that all of us, you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists.

Don't miss the MEDFORD JUNIOR SYMPHONY CONCERT High School Auditorium Tuesday, May 3rd.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

John Hix  
4-23-38  
McGraw-Hill Syndicate, Inc.

**LUCKY 17TH!**  
AFTER 16 SCORELESS INNINGS, THE N.Y. GIANTS SCORED 7 RUNS IN THE 17TH TO BLANK THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES 7-0!  
— July 16, 1920 —

**THE DIARY CHAIN—**  
carved by Robert S. Lindsay, Midvale, Utah.  
FROM A SINGLE PIECE OF WOOD, CONSISTS OF 97 LINKS, EACH RECORDING AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT IN HIS LIFE

**ALL NUMBERS CONSISTING OF GROUPS OF 3 IDENTICAL DIGITS ARE ALWAYS DIVISIBLE BY 97 OR 111**  
(As 999, 888, 666)

**RACE TO GLORY!**  
THE FIRST TWO STEAMSHIPS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC ENTIRELY UNDER STEAM LEFT EUROPE A WEEK APART— BUT ARRIVED IN NEW YORK ON THE SAME DAY— JUST 100 YEARS AGO! (April 23, 1838)  
THE SIRIUS TOOK 19 DAYS; THE GREAT WESTERN 12...

**Transatlantic Race.**  
Strange as it seems, the first two vessels to cross the Atlantic ocean entirely under steam power left Europe a week apart, yet arrived at their destination—New York—on the same day, exactly 100 years ago today.

First to leave and first to arrive, by a margin of a few hours, was the 3,000-ton Sirius. After much preparation, the Sirius left Cork, Ireland, on April 4, 1838, and headed west for the New World.

One week later the faster Great Western, carrying 152 passengers, left Bristol, England, and set out to overtake her rival. News of the race had been pressed on both continents; newspapers anticipated their arrivals with columns of type.

The voyages of both ships were brilliant triumphs, as far as expectations were concerned. Neither ship stopped for fuel or for any assistance during the crossing. Both arrived on April 23.

Builders of the Great Western, the Great Western Railway of England, proclaimed their vessel's crossing a financial success. Disembarking at New York, the Great Western's passengers were greeted with flags and brass bands. Crowds were still on hand after witnessing the earlier arrival of the Sirius.

While the remarkable 12-day trip of the Great Western was considered a first crossing 100 years ago, now crossings of less than five days are customary.

The Chain Diary.  
A novel method of recording the history of his life was chosen last summer by Robert S. Lindsay of Midvale, Utah. He carved from a single piece of wood a 97-link chain, each link representing an important event.

The piece of wood was 2 by 2 inches by 16 feet long, but when he got through carving it he had a chain that measured 31 feet. Lindsay worked 156 hours carving it and put in another 36 hours polishing the chain.

He first began carving wooden chains when he was a sheep herder in the Utah mountains. Lindsay also has a written diary that fills 33 large books. He has not missed a single day, he claims.

Monday: The diet of death!

**JAPANESE PLOT STARTS OUTER MONGOLIA PURGE**  
MOSCOW, April 23.—(UP)—A ruthless purge in the Soviet protectorate of Outer Mongolia, rivaling perhaps the Russian purge with its toll of more than 2,000 lives, was reported today in connection with an alleged Japanese plot to start an armed revolution.

Dictator Josef V. Stalin and the army have announced publicly on several occasions that Russia is ready to go to war to protect Outer Mongolia and prevent Japan from obtaining a foothold there.

Related dispatches reaching Moscow disclosed that the Mongolian purge has been under way more than a year.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—(AP)—Western irrigation farmers generally will have sufficient water for their crops this year, the bureau of agricultural engineering said a snow survey indicated.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mrs. Swift Protests!

CHEER UP, JERRY! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE WELL REIMBURSED FOR YOUR MODEL.

I DON'T WANT ANY MONEY.

AFTER WHAT YOU TOLD ME, I GUESS IT'S MY UH... PATRIOTIC DUTY TO GIVE UP TH' MODEL.

JERRY, YOU'VE GOT THE STUFF THAT MAKES A REAL MAN!

AND TOMORROW I'LL TAKE YOU UP IN MY PLANE AND TEACH YOU HOW TO FLY IT.

NO! I WON'T LET JERRY FLY IN A PLANE!

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Omega"

AFTER A LONG AND WEARY NIGHT, I ALWAYS HAVE AN APPETITE—

WELL, I'LL TRY TO FIX YOU UP!

WHO'S THE BIG GROCERY CONSUMER OUT THERE, BEN?

HE'S SORT OF A WANDERING POET, I GUESS, JASON—

LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET MY PARTNER, JASON JONES—

YOUR NAME, SIR?

OMEGA—

OMEGA? THAT YOUR FULL NAME?

INDEED, IT IS— ESPECIALLY SINCE THIS BREAKFAST—

### THE NEBBS—Or Else!

AFTER ALL THIS SOCIAL NIGHT HAWKING, I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD FEEL SO GOOD UNLESS IT'S THE RUGGED HEALTH I INHERITED FROM MY ANCESTORS WHO KNEW WHEN TO GO TO BED.

LISTEN, MUGG— JACK KROY'S TRIAL IS COMIN' UP—I WANT YOU TO TELL YOUR FREN' MIDS WHEN LIE COMES INTO COURT DAT DAT AINT HIS RING—

AND YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT! YOU WAS PRETTY BUSY AROUND NORTHVILLE—HOW'D YOU TWO NOSEY GUYS LIKE A NICE ONE-WAY-RIDE?

...THAT WAS A TOUGH GUY...I'LL BET HE'S AFRAID TO GO OUT IN THE DARK WITH HIMSELF!!

### A PIECE OR TWO

SETTLES WITH BOOK AND BOX OF CANDY. RESOLVES NOT TO EAT MORE THAN A PIECE OR TWO.

READS AND NIBBLES.

ISN'T SURE WHETHER SHE HAS HAD THREE OR FOUR PIECES, BUT DECIDES THIS ONE MUST BE HER LAST.

FINDS IT'S A KIND SHE DOES NOT LIKE.

EATS IT, BUT FEELS JUSTIFIED IN TAKING ANOTHER TO MAKE UP.

GOES ON READING.

REALIZES SHE HAS ABSENT-MINDEDLY BEEN TAKING A PIECE NOW AND THEN. PUSHES BOX AWAY.

GOES ON READING, BUT EYES KEEP STRAYING TO BOX. DECIDES TO PUT THE COVER ON.

SEES ONE OF HER FAVORITES, TAKES IT, PUTS COVER ON AND DECIDES TO DIET FOR A FEW DAYS.

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### S'MATTER POP

POP, DARLIN'!

SMATTER?

POP!

DO FOR WHAT?

WOULD THIS DO?

LEFT-HAND TURN?

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### By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

### By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HES?

### By SOL HES?

## REVOLUTION DAUGHTERS NAME ANNAPOLIS LADY AS PRESIDENT GENERAL

WASHINGTON, April 23.—(AP)—Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., of Annapolis, Md., new president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, said today she would devote her energies to improving the organization's service to the country.

Mrs. Robert will serve three years, her term expiring in the organization's 80th anniversary year. She was elected without opposition last night to succeed Mrs. William A. Barker of New Jersey.

Delegates chose the following vice presidents general:

Mrs. Clarence Henry Adams of Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Val Taylor of Unifort, Ala.; Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham of Altavista, Va.; Mrs. Chester Samuel McMartin of Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Robert K. Arnold of Versailles, Ky.; Mrs. H. D. Sieppert of Hanover, Pa.; Mrs. Charles C. Craig of Washington; and Mrs. Victor Abbott Binford of Roxbury, Maine.

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