

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Goodloe has just married Reuben Olin—a self-made man and outsider—for his money. Desperately in love with Judith and hoping against hope, Reuben hasn't told her that his fortune is evaporating. The fatal telegram arrives during the ceremony, and Cissy Rogers, who loves Reuben, holds it back. Then Reuben reads it. With fear in his heart, he tells Judith.

Chapter 19 Real Life Drama

AS Reuben faced his wife he realized a man needs all the love a woman can give him—all the confidence. He felt it in this moment. He was destined to feel it with the cruel keenness of a double-edged sword in many, many moments.

Studying his stricken face, Judith remembered that she must not judge him by her own standard. She was a Goodloe. Goodloes were good sports. He had fulfilled his promise. She owed him the very roof above her.

She said with a fine show of indifference: "It doesn't matter, really, one way or the other." "Doesn't matter?" Doubling his ears, even as he was doubting his integrity, "Doesn't matter?"

"No."

The burden of all the world dropped from him. He stooped and

drama in which there was no fine acting, no elaborate stage setting, lighting, props or tricks. Blood hammered in Judith's ears. He was offering to take her back—to free her! It percolated through her brain slowly, while a shamed color stained her face. So—that was the type he thought her! A cheap gold digger. "You probably mean well," icily, "but you're insulting me."

He thought: "I've done it again! Another blasted code." If she didn't

go back he'd be breaking one after another all his life. He said wearily: "It will be easier—"

"To go back—on my wedding day—discarded?"

"It wouldn't be that. It isn't as though—"

"They would know," with unconscious cruelty, "that you're not what you pretended to be."

"They'll know it anyhow."

Her eyes narrowed. They reminded him of Amanda's eyes. "They won't guess you fooled me too."

He was too bewildered to resent all she implied. He said: "It's a big sacrifice to make for pride."

"I've made a bigger one."

THE car rushed through the night. Air, sweet with the tang of ripened apples fanned them. In the east a star shone. Judith looked out of the window. Reuben looked straight ahead with unseeing eyes.

He was not thinking of her or of her words that hurt, like a too heavy hand upon a raw sore. He was planning how to come back.

Unconsciously he was exhilarated by the prospect of setting into a flight again—taking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves, hammering his way back. But for the girl at his side, he would have been the least unhappy. If she loved him—he could take a licking—chin up—laugh it off—

In their drawing room, enroute to New York, the wall of ice between them melted—or rather Judith knocked it down. She was Goodloe—the habit of a lifetime—of generations, does not vanish at one blow. Courtesy was a primary law. Good sportsmanship a cardinal virtue.

"It's silly for us to start out this way. Reuben. We're married—for life and I come of a good stock. I laughed almost in the old way. 'I might live to be as old as Grant!' She held out the steady, small brown hand that wore the new wedding ring.

He forgot that he was broken, humiliated, unloved. He forgot, if he ever knew, that polish, culture, breeding can control human behavior to such an extent that it except the most canny are deceived. His heaven returned, closed around him. That he was literally on his knees to her, instead of on the throne beside her, bothered him not at all.

He ordered supper served in their compartment. Judith unpinned her orchids, put them in water. She smiled at him across the little table. He listened, torn between enchantment and despair, while she chattered about the places they would see—Burma with its temples. He had planned to buy sapphires there.

The suite reserved for them at the Waldorf Astoria was the best in the house. He kept it. The yacht was sailing tomorrow. He'd have to do some tall scouting.

His tall scouting amounted to nothing. A morning spent with his brokers and talking over long distance to Varden, not only verified Clem's telegram—there was nothing to be salvaged—but reminded him that the new high priced machinery installed at the Little Justis must be paid for. Debts, debts, debts!

Reuben said with curious detachment, "If you're wise, you'll let me take you right back to Goodloe's Choice—to your grandmother."

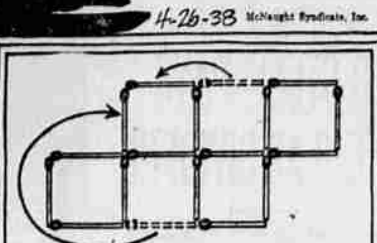
And immediately the curtain was rolled up again, on a real life

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



8 BATTLES IN 8 MONTHS—
(March-November, 1918)
THIS IS THE WORLD WAR RECORD OF CHRISTIAN J. HILTNER, of Philadelphia... 22 YEARS OLD, HE TOOK PART IN 4 OFFENSIVES, 4 DEFENSIVES...



BLACKBIRD—
Chief of the Omaha Indians
WAS BURIED SITTING ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE!
(Blackbird Hill, Neb., 1800)



A BEE TIED THE SCORE OF A BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN MASS REFORMATORY ALL-STARS AND THE WEST CARDINALS, 1937... (BY STINGING THE CARDINALS' PITCHER, CAUSING HIM TO BALK AND ALLOW A MAN ON THIRD TO SCORE AND TIE THE GAME)

Soldier of 8 Battles
A cherished possession of Christian Hiltner, Philadelphia News employe, is a remarkable Victory medal with eight bars attached.

Hiltner was just 22 years old when he engaged in the eight World War battles in 1918 and won the multiple badge of honor, a record few men can boast of.

Enlisting in 1916, Hiltner served with the H-Troop, 6th Cavalry, stationed in the Big Bend district, at Sierra Blanco, Texas. Finally going overseas, he became a corporal in the 408th motor supply train, Company 368, of the famous Mallet reserve.

In 1918, Hiltner saw action in four consecutive defensive engagements:

The Somme, March 21 to April 2; the Aisne, May 27 to June 5; the Montdidier-Noyon, June 9-13; and the Champagne-Marne, July 15-18.

He next served in four offensives in the same year: The Aisne-Marne, July 18 to August 5; the Somme Aisne, August 8 to September 17; the Oise-Aisne, September 6 to October 11; and the Somme of October 12 to November 11.

Burial of Blackbird
A victim of smallpox, Chief Blackbird of the Omaha Indians died in 1800 with the request that he be buried sitting on his favorite horse.

Accordingly, his body was seated on the animal and led to the summit of a hill near the Missouri river in

what is now Nebraska. Sod and dirt were piled about the animal until a great mound buried both.

Atop the hill, now known as Blackbird Hill, was placed a tall pole supporting the chief's scalp he had taken in war, as a final tribute.

Bee Wins Ball Game
Lady Luck and a bee saved the day for the Massachusetts Reformatory All-Stars during a recent baseball game with the West Cardinals.

Just as Pitcher George Johnson of the West Cardinals wound up to let one go over the plate, the bee stung him. Johnson balked—so the umpire ruled—and the All-Stars' runner on third scored a run, tying the game.

Tomorrow: The Wave of Death!

Turkey in the Snow
HABLEM, Mont.—Hearing a strange noise in a snowdrift, John Harmon, rancher, started digging. He uncovered one of his turkey gobblers, alive, but weak. He said it had been missing eight days.

Phone 245, Odette Osborne West or Rosalie Leslie for a spring permanent Hadley's Salon of Beauty.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IF SOME OF THE WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY CLUB HAVE THEIR WAY, FRED PERLEY WILL NOT BE RE-ELECTED TO THE HOUSE COMMITTEE—AFTER HE HAD THE FRONT HALL VARNISHED ONE DAY, FORGETTING THEY WERE HAVING A MEETING INSIDE

4-26 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POI

By C M PAYNE



(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By HAL FOREST

Milk Quenches Fire When Water Gone

WARSAW, Ind., April 25.—(AP)—After exhausting the supply of water in a cistern, the Warsaw fire department stopped a passing milk truck and pumped 500 gallons of milk on the burning farm home of Mrs. Ed Hoagland, saving it from destruction.

Jacksonville Loses In Track, Field Meet

GRANTS PASS, April 26.—(AP)—Grants Pass high defeated Jacksonville 84 to 36 in a track and field meet here Saturday. Caton of Ashland, lone representative of the third school, placed first in the 100 and 200 yard dashes for ten points.

Turkey in the Snow

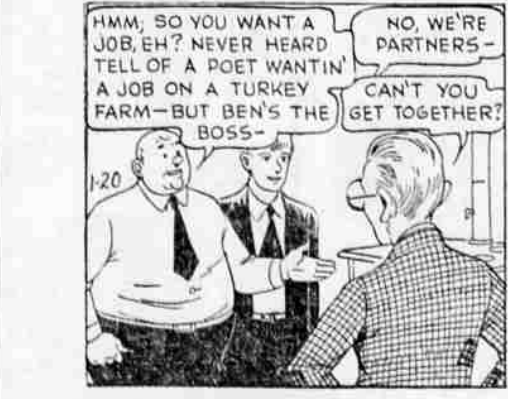
HABLEM, Mont.—Hearing a strange noise in a snowdrift, John Harmon, rancher, started digging. He uncovered one of his turkey gobblers, alive, but weak. He said it had been missing eight days.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's a Date!



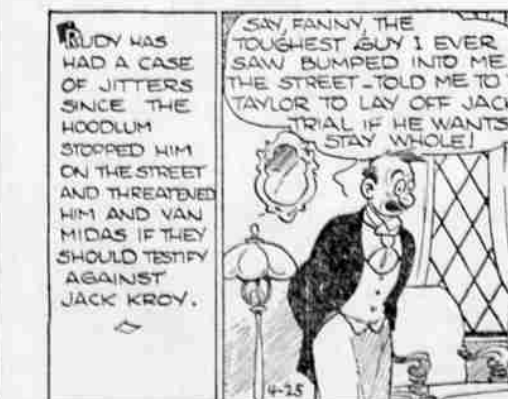
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Showin' Em!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Just a Two-Fisted Guy

By SOL HESS



YOUTH BADLY SHAKEN BY FATAL ACCIDENT

DENVER, April 26.—(AP)—William Burnham, 18-year-old college student, his face drawn and tear stained, rested at his home here today, seeking to recover from the shock of an accidental shooting during which he killed his best friend.

IEU VEToes PROPOSAL FOR WAGE REDUCTION

PORTLAND, Ore., April 26.—(AP)—The board of directors of the Industrial Employees' Union, Inc., holding its first annual meeting here, voted down a proposal that wages of common labor in small lumbering operations be reduced to 45 cents an hour to compete with wages reported to be paid AFL and CIO unions.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.