

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

Chapter 20

Gentleman's Agreement

REUBEN'S failure was as complete as the darkness which follows the blowing out of a fuse in a high powered electric light. If he went whining to Clem—if he went like a whipped dog with his tail between his legs—but he wouldn't go. He'd stay here—pick up a chance!

At lunch time with a humility that sat strangely upon him he told Judith the worst. "The trip is off. I've got to stay and fight for my life." He took the envelope containing two long strips of tickets from his pocket. "I'm turning these in," purposely he avoided looking at her. "Then I'm going down to the liner. There may be telegrams of importance."

"I'll go with you."
"Won't it make you feel terribly?"
"No."
"I'll take you everywhere some day."

She had never been on a big boat before. She was childishly delighted with everything she saw—the great wall of the ship's sides, rushing stewards, laughing, chatting groups of people.

The cabin that had been theirs was literally lined with flowers, candy, books. Beautiful wedding presents, that had been sent directly to the liner.

Hurriedly Judith read cards. At last she came to the one she searched for—"Oodles of love and good luck from Gary," the card read. It was attached to an Indian bracelet of beaten silver and set with amethysts—an inexpensive, artistic trifle—"Oodles of love—"

Judith slipped the bracelet over her wrist and held it out for her husband's inspection: "From Gary—a bit breathlessly."

Reuben glanced at it critically: "A cheap thing!"

"But pretty."

"Quite. A duplicate of the one Cissy wore at our wedding."

"I thought it had a familiar look," Judith achieved a lightness.

"Ready?" Reuben stuffed a letter in his pocket. "Goah, did you ever see so much plunder!"

"We'll let it go all away?"
"Let it stay? Wedding presents—bon voyage gifts—I want them, every one."

The stuff filled four taxis beside the one they rode in.

The next day they moved from the elaborate suite to a room, with bath. The gay baskets with their pert bows, the flowers, the boxes, left little space for Judith and Reuben. He had to remove long stemmed American Beauties from the bath tub before he could bathe.

He was his before a mid-air almost obliterated with blooms.

Forty-eight hours in New York convinced Reuben that he could not come back without ready cash. A man with more background could undoubtedly have staved off dire poverty, but Reuben had flashed meteor like fame when he was doomed to be swallowed up by obscurity just as quickly, unless—

'I Refuse To Stoop'

HE had one hope—one candle still unburnt. He told Judy about it that night.

"I can start again—make you comfortable, Judy, if—"
His spurt of courage deserted him. He sounded unconvincing even to himself.

He rushed on striving for casualness: "If you will lend me \$100,000 of the money I gave you."

She was too surprised for speech. The silence was so prolonged it curdled as cream does under sudden summer lightning.

"I won't need it long." He was suppliant. He should have been dominant but it was impossible to feel anything but a worm under the scorn of her eyes.

She said: "All that was left from the debts I signed over to my grandmother."

"You can get it back."
"You're asking me to recall—a gift?" Another code rearing its serpent-like head between them.

"What would Gran think?"
"What could she think except that I'm in a hole? Does Gran think mean more to you than my future—my very existence?"

"What Gran thinks of you means exactly nothing. What she thinks of me means a lot."

With effort he controlled his temper. If he could make her see with his eyes. "Judith—"
She hastened to defend herself. "The money means little to me—for myself. You know that."

"I am very sorry to do this. I did not mind losing the money so much as to learn that my trust in one whom I trusted implicitly has been shattered."

"They will be paid for this," Mrs. Martin declared, referring to Miss Simon and district attorney's investi-

"I wish it meant more."
"Perhaps it's just as well since things have turned out so badly."

"That's the point. You can turn the tide. Saving your husband," with a rush of rage, "should mean more than saving your pride."

"You mean saving you should mean more than saving my people."
"You can't grasp it. Listen—"
"I grasp it too well."

"I've struggled—I'm still floating. Are you going to let me be swept under when a little cash or, with sudden inspiration, "a mortgage on the boxwood—"

It was match to tinder. "Do you know what a gentleman's agreement is?"
"How should I know?" coldly. They glared, two savages for the moment.

"You—refuse to help me?" Reuben could not quite believe it. He looked at her without seeing her. His mind went back to the days when all life was shared—willingly or by stealth. "You refuse?"

"I refuse to stoop to something I'd be ashamed to remember all my life."
"So that's it?"
"I married you that's my part of the bond. I'll live up to it as best I can. The money was your part—now you want it back? Well," she raised defiant eyes to his. "You won't get it! I'm going to keep them—safe."

"Then go home and be safe with them," angrily.
A breathless moment ticked away. "I'll make all allowances for you, Reuben. You're worried." Her quiet scorn was more searing than any outburst. "What's poverty to fear?"

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The Dark Side

HE surveyed her slowly. From the décolletage of her black velvet gown, her neck and shoulders arose ivory tinted, satin smooth. He felt a sudden pity for her, felt his anger ebbing. "Sit down, Judith. I want to talk to you."

She sat on one of the twin beds. He sat on the other. He was wearing dinner jacket, a gardenia. Save for the bafflement in his bronze eyes he looked like a man who has the world in a sling. He said with a slight hesitance: "You know I haven't any background, no influence, such as 'as surrounded you all your life?'"

"I know."
"I have a few friends—darn good ones. I can borrow a little from each."

When she said nothing his resentment flared anew. "That doesn't shock you?"
"They're your friends," she reminded him.

He felt a savage desire to hit her, to hurt her. She was reading him too far.

"I have my own notions of what's white and what's yellow." He smiled crookedly. "I learned to discriminate in a hard school where you save to do your thinking quickly and straight."

Not quite meaning to he found himself blared anew. "That doesn't shock you?"
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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

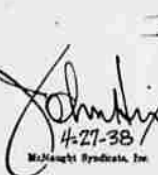
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A TIDAL WAVE --
REACHING 80 FEET HIGH AND TRAVELING UP TO 800 MILES PER HOUR, COMPLETELY CIRCLED THE WORLD -- FOLLOWING THE ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA, VOLCANO NEAR JAVA, IN 1883...



KATHLEEN O'DONNELL, Astoria, L. I. N. Y., IS THE FIRST CHILD AND DAUGHTER OF A FIRST CHILD AND DAUGHTER OF A FIRST CHILD AND DAUGHTER OF A FIRST CHILD AND DAUGHTER...



BIRDS HAVE MUSTACHES! (CONSPICUOUS STRIPES OR COLORS BENEATH THE EYE ARE SO KNOWN)

The Wave of Death

A tidal wave of unbelievable proportions was the tragic aftermath of the greatest explosion of the past century—the eruption of the volcano, Krakatoa, in 1883.

Powerful enough to carry ships miles inland, completely submerge small islands and drown over 30,000 people, the great wave, sometimes 80 feet high, raced at speeds up to 800 M. P. H. to the four corners of the world.

Five years after this tragic event the Royal Society of Great Britain's Krakatoa committee published at great expense an amazing and detailed 500-page report that brought to light for the first time the incredible import of disaster.

The wave, according to the com-

mites, reached Karachi, India, 3033 miles distant, in a little over nine hours—a speed of 340 miles an hour. At Port Alfred, Africa, the wave attained a speed of 388 miles per hour. Observers checked its speed from the Cape of Good Hope to the English Channel, found it averaged 462 M. P. H.

Greatest recorded speed of the tidal wave was from Krakatoa to Honolulu where, because of the great 500-fathom depths, an average speed of 800 M. P. H. was attained over the 8,336-mile distance.

Greatest height of the wave was observed at 80 feet, yet a San Francisco it measured only six inches—it had dissipated itself except in speed. Tomorrow: Has slavery been abolished in the U. S.?

GERMANY WITHDRAWS FROM NEW YORK FAIR

WASHINGTON, April 27. — (P) — German Ambassador Hans Dieckhoff informed Under Secretary Welles this morning that Germany would not take part in the world fair in New York next year.

The ambassador also asked what the United States intended to do about the sale of helium to Germany.

Dieckhoff told Welles Germany was unable to be represented at the fair because of the large amount of foreign currency involved in erecting a pavilion and in making the necessary financial guarantees.

LUCK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STARTS FOR SCHOOL, WHISTLING CHEERILY

CALLS FOR BUD BEMIS, WHO SHOUTS FROM WINDOW HE ISN'T GOING TO SCHOOL BECAUSE HE FELL OFF HIS BICYCLE AND HURT HIS ANKLE

STOPS BY FOR JOE M. RAY, WHO TELLS HIM HIS SISTER IS BEING MARRIED TODAY AND SO HE'S EXCUSED FROM SCHOOL

WHISTLES FOR EDDIE SELZER. FINDS A PIPE BURST AT THE SELZERS' LAST NIGHT AND EDDIE IS STAYING HOME TO MOVE FURNITURE

CALLS FOR EARL MERRILL WHO REPORTS HE'S BEING KEPT HOME UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES BECAUSE MAYBE HE HAS CHICKEN-POX

CONTINUES DEJECTEDLY TO SCHOOL, WONDERING WHY SOME KIDS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

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4-27

S'MATTER FOR

By C. M. PAYNE



I HAVE SEEN BETTER LOOKIN' CIGAR-HOLDERS!

S'MATTER WITH YOU? I NEVER USED A CIGAR-HOLDER IN MY LIFE!

JUST A SECOND!

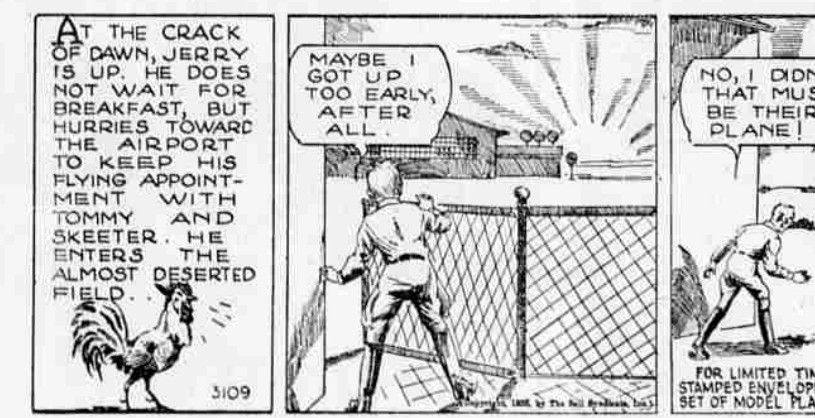
WHADDA YA USE THAT FOR?

HUH!

?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Snatch!



AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, JERRY IS UP. HE DOES NOT WAIT FOR BREAKFAST, BUT HURRIES TOWARD THE AIRPORT TO KEEP HIS FLYING APPOINTMENT WITH TOMMY AND SKEETER. HE ENTERS THE ALMOST DESERTED FIELD.

MAYBE I GOT UP TOO EARLY, AFTER ALL.

NO, I DON'T! THAT MUST BE THEIR PLANE!

MISTER TOMKINS! MISTER MILLIGAN! I'M HERE!

GRAB HEEM!

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY! SEND SELF-ADDRESSED (3¢) STAMPED ENVELOPE TO HAL FORREST, 74 THIS PAPER FOR SET OF MODEL PLANS OF THE DOUGLAS D.S.T. PLANE.

Hal Forrest

4-22

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Hired



OMEGA, THE STRANGE, WANDERING POET, HAS JUST GIVEN AN AMAZING EXAMPLE OF HIS STRENGTH! HE HAS LIFTED HEFTY JASON WITH ONE HAND!

HOW'D YOU DO IT?

RYTHM, MUSCLE CONTROL AND DEVELOPMENT—

DO I GET THE JOB?

WELL, I'M SURE WILLING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE, IF JASON IS—

OMEGA, FOR A PUNY LITTLE GUY, YOU SURE PACK A LOT O' STRENGTH!

OKAY BY ME!

IF THERE'S A TASK AND I CAN DO IT—WILL SOMEONE KINDLY LEAD ME TO IT?

?

THE NEBBS—Publicity



LOOK AT OUR PICTURES ON THE SOCIETY PAGE... 'THE NEBBS VISITING THE VAN MIDASES'

THAT'S SOMETHING, BUT THAT PICTURE DOESN'T FLATTER ME.

I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT SYLBY APPELBY GETS A COPY AND WE'VE GOT TO SEND ONE TO THE NORTHVILLE PAPER.

NIX, FANNY—DO YOU WANT PEOPLE TO THINK YOU'RE NOT USED TO HIGH SOCIETY? DON'T BE A PIKER!

GEE WHIZ! TWENTY COPIES!! HE'S A WHOLE-SALER PAYING THE RETAIL PRICE—HE COULD HAVE DONE BETTER WITH ME FINANCIALLY WITH A LITTLE ARGUMENT.

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

By SOL HESS

SECRETARY WAITS DEFRAUD HEARING

LOS ANGELES, April 27. — (P) — Sandra Martin, former secretary to Simone Simon, was held under \$10,000 bond today awaiting preliminary hearing Friday on a charge she defrauded the actress of nearly \$20,000. Miss Simon, after signing a criminal complaint against her former secretary, said: "I am very sorry to do this. I did not mind losing the money so much as to learn that my trust in one whom I trusted implicitly has been shattered."

EUGENE GOONSTER IN NEW TRIAL ARGUMENT

EUGENE, April 27. — (P) — Basing their motion for a new trial solely on the grounds there is newly-discovered evidence, attorneys for Hugh W. Reynolds, convicted last month on labor territorial charges here, argued the motion in front of Judge G. F. Skipsworth in circuit court this morning. Judge Skipsworth announced he would take the motion under advisement and would announce his decision when he returns from Lincoln county where he will be holding court the next few days.

Phone 285. (State) Oregon. Visit on suitable lands by a spring permanent Stanley's Basin of Beauty.