

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Loving someone else, gently bred Judith Goodloe marries Reuben Oliver—self-made man and outsider—for his money, only to discover that his fortune is not what it seems. With different backgrounds, different codes, a clash is inevitable. Judith refuses to help Reuben make a fresh start with money he gave her family, but she will stick to her marriage. Forced to take a mining job in Nevada, Reuben brings her to dismal Fordney's Gulch.

### Chapter 23

**Repressed Hatred**  
 LIKE a flash upon a screen Judith saw her life as she had planned it with Gary—from this distance achingly beautiful! She forgot Gary's waverings, his irresponsibility and remembered only his perfection as one remembers the good qualities of the dead. She tried to shut him from her vision, but he invaded the little room like an actual physical presence. Somewhere in the world was Gary!

Morning did not brighten the outlook of life in Fordney's Gulch. Not a maid to be hired in town. The women of the place unless bedridden, did their own work and were proud of it. There was good-natured rivalry among them. Judith saw them on all sides,

"how," Mrs. Kraus scrutinized Cissy's gorgeous gift critically. "Throw it out and get yourself a couple of those Wilton scatters down at the Emporium."  
 And life went on. An endless procession of dirty dishes, Chippy clothes, Wood Splinters, Dirty hands, Burnt fingers, Rain, Mud, Loneliness.

Thanksgiving came to Fordney's Gulch. Judith knew it because every woman in the Row spent the greater part of the day cooking a turkey. Judith didn't cook a turkey. Reuben was called to the mine early. "I'll bring our dinner from the restaurant, Judy."  
 Not having to cook dinner gave her time to manicure her nails, wash her hair—and while it dried, to sit by the front window and look out into the sleety, muddy, mean little street, with its gas station, its third rate moving picture house, its five and ten—  
 Thanksgiving! Judith had nothing to be thankful for. At home this morning there had been the Hunt Breakfast. A blazing hickory fire in the dining room. Amos and Ben passing coffee, hot rolls, browned pieces of fried chicken. Afterwards the peace of old St. John's followed by a run across frosty fields—dogs baying—horns calling—

**Horrible Interlude**  
 SUDDEN tears welled to Judith's eyes making the lights of the gas station wink and sputter. If



Her polite enthusiasm no longer fooled Reuben.

battering and happy. Women with vacuum cleaners and mops. Women with stewing pots and dish sops. Women going to market—Judith among them—trying to meet their kindly advances half way. Trying to appear interested in bacon, lard and beans. Winning their ill concealed contempt because she did not know how to bargain for marrow bone.

"Wasting your man's hard earned money!"  
 Judith trying to laugh. Trying not to swear. Trying to be a good sport. A good mixer.  
 She slaved all day and every day in a futile effort to make the little house clean and attractive. Her endeavors to have something fit for Reuben to eat in the evening were pathetic. The house reeked of burnt food, scorched aluminum ware and smoke. Judith always had a cut or burnt finger. When Reuben came home he kissed the injured member and set about preparing more food.

When the meal was eaten he helped her wash the dishes. Then they set about trying to bring a semblance of beauty and order to the impossible little house.  
 It was a hopeless task. Cissy's rug covered the floor completely and left a foot to turn under around the sides. Dick Blout's table—it had belonged to an ancestor—patina of polish overlaid the wood like mellow gold, made the wall behind it look more muddy by contrast. The lamp with the white jade base and green shade made an incongruous blob of color and the Sevres vase stood out like a lily in a field of dandelions, or rather Reuben thought, as Judith herself stood out among the women of the town with their cotton house frocks.

**Dreams of Home**  
 "It's no use," Judith sighed despondently. "Our things are all wrong somehow."  
 Reuben agreed puzzled because they couldn't make things look right. The neighbors, coming to view the effect were frank in their comments.  
 "Your carpet's too big Miss Oliver."  
 "I know it, Mrs. Kraus. I didn't realize it was so mammoth." Not for worlds would she have hinted that the room was small. Casper Street bragged about the size of its living rooms as compared to those of Newman Street.  
 "It's old and kinda faded any-

she could only go home—stay there—forget this horrible interlude that was her marriage!  
 Tea was over at Goodloe's. Choice now. And tonight, at the kennels, all the old crowd would gather in such coats and festive frocks. It seemed like a dream that she had ever been one of them. Had ever been clean, rested, good tempered, well groomed.

In such moments of introspection, Judith hated Reuben with a bitter, repressed hatred. He was nothing and nobody and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't make him into somebody. He was a failure as a business man too. He couldn't stay in the place he had made for himself. Couldn't climb any higher at the mine.  
 If she had given him back his money as he asked her—she wished with all her heart and soul she did—the bargain between them would have ended. Now—because she believed in such things as honor and decency as long as that hedge stood—Life in Fordney's Gulch—Life in hell were synonymous. Judith.

Always after her rage had spent itself she was ashamed. All the generations that had gone into the making of Judith Goodloe arose to mock her. The old habit of gentle courtesy would resume its sway. She would try harder to be patient, entertaining, to see only the best in Reuben; to stop comparing him to Gary—There was the fly in the ointment—Gary.  
 Reuben came home. Wet. Tired. Silent. He handed her the basket of food. Aop the coarse towel that covered it lay a short-stemmed, scarlet geranium.  
 "A Dame Durden! How lovely!" She caught the flower in gentle, brown fingers. While she had been hating him he had been tramping about the dull, huddled little town hunting a blossom!  
 "Only this morning I was hating how a blooming geranium would brighten the room—wanting one"—she lied gallantly.  
 "And how!" His wife's polite enthusiasm no longer fooled Reuben. He was by turn humbly grateful and sullenly resentful of her un-falling courtesy. Did she think he didn't know she desired him? Did she think he wanted to be tolerated? Did she think he was a complete fool?  
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Tomorrow: A new interest.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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**BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!**  
 LORD HORATIO NELSON—England's great naval hero, PLACED HIS TELESCOPE TO HIS BLIND EYE SO THAT HE COULD NOT SEE A SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW FROM THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, April 1, 1801... HE EMERGED VICTORIOUS!

**Blind Man's Bluff**  
 Second in command of the British fleet at the Battle of Copenhagen, April 1, 1801, was England's great naval hero, Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson, blind in one eye and with only one arm.

Nelson's superior officer, Sir Hyde Parker, fearing Nelson's ship, the Elephant, was unable to withstand the withering fire it was undergoing during the battle, ordered a signal to retire hoisted on a halyard.  
 Aboard Nelson's ship observers called his attention to the signal. Nelson, feeling he was capable of turning in a winning battle, had no intentions of retreating.

However, to dispose officially of the incident, he raised his telescope to his blind eye and scanned the horizon in the direction of his commander's ship, then lowered it, announcing that he could see no signal.  
 The battle continued and Nelson brilliantly completed the campaign. All but three of the Danish ships were sunk or taken.

**High Price of Sugar**  
 Strange as it seems, sugar sold for \$500.00 a pound only 40 years ago!

Only it was not ordinary cane sugar, but sorbose, a rare sugar chemically classed as ketose sugar, which can be used in making synthetic vitamin C. Today it can be manufactured for 75 cents a pound by a new process developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

A week later natives at Oltuk saw a big object hit the water two or three times and then submerge.

**To Squeeze Limer**  
 SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—When the Canadian Pacific's giant liner, the Empress of Britain, passes through the Panama canal, it will experience a "squeeze" not only from the stand-

point of its size, but also from the standpoint of its weight, as it will have to pay \$40,000 for the passage, officials here disclosed.

**School Too Bright**  
 HERKIMER, N. Y. (UP)—Herkimer high school's lighting system staged an "on again, off again" act and power company investigators searched

for a short-circuit. Instead of the short-circuit, they found that the school's power line was overloaded.

**Inventor Dies**  
 PORTLAND, April 29.—(AP)—Funeral services were to be held today for Herbert D. Eubank, 64, secretive inventor who designed a forerunner of modern streamlined railroad trains. He died here Monday.

THE NEBBS—The Aftermath

**THE BIG PARTY IS OVER...** AND LUDY WAS THE LIFE AND PERHAPS THE DEATH OF THE PARTY... ANYWAY HE SPOILED THE PARTY FOR FANNY



I THOUGHT FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU'D BEHAVE YOURSELF IN NICE SOCIETY... BUT NO!



YOU CAN PRINT OUT A LEOPARD'S SPOTS BUT YOU CAN'T CHANGE HIS DISPOSITION OR HABITS!



I'LL ADMIT I ACTED A BIT CHILDISH BUT IT'S NOT ALL MY FAULT... I WANTED TO GO HOME LONG AGO!



OH, THEN YOU ADMIT YOU CAN'T BEHAVE YOURSELF IN NICE SOCIETY... I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRASSED IN MY LIFE!!



HERE WE ARE... GUESTS OF THE VAN MIDASES... ACCEPTING THEIR HOSPITALITY... I WON'T SAY YOU MADE A MONKEY OUT OF YOURSELF BECAUSE NO MONKEY EVER LIVED THAT HAD SUCH BAD MANNERS!



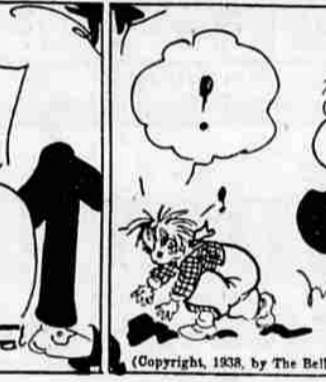
## THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

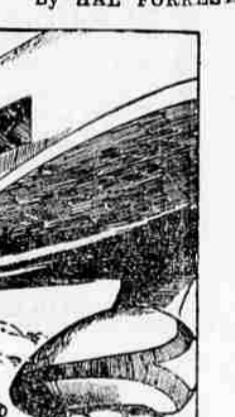


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S MATTER POI By O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



## PROBE URGED IN PERKINS INCOME

WASHINGTON, April 29.—(UP)—Representative Clare E. Hoffman, (R., Mich.) demanded today that the senate lobby investigating committee inquire into income tax returns of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins and James Roosevelt, son and secretary of the president, to ascertain the source of their outside income, if any.  
 Hoffman said regarding Mrs. Perkins that Texas newspapers charged that during a recent southwestern tour she "borrowed" Amarillo, Tex., because an organization which she was to have addressed refused to pay

her several hundred dollars. The newspapers alleged that she refused to stop off in Amarillo and that when reporters sought to interview her she said word from her Pullman that she "could not be disturbed."  
 Miss Perkins was not available for comment but a labor department spokesman said she had delivered a limited number of lectures for fees, "possibly seven or eight."

**NATIVES GIVE CLUE TO FATE OF RUSSIAN PLANE**  
 WASHINGTON, April 29.—(AP)—The possibility that Alaskan ice packs may cover the plane in which the Russian aviator, Sigismund Levanevsky, and his companions vanished last August, appeared today in a belated report from Oltuk, 140 miles southeast of Point Barrow.  
 Levanevsky left Moscow last August 12 for the United States. The war department was informed yesterday by Sergeant Stanley Morgan that