

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The story so far: Loving someone else, gently bred Judith Oliver marries an outsider, Reuben Olin, for his money, only to discover that his fortune is lost. But she sticks to her bargain and follows Reuben to a dismal mining town. Twins are born and life is a constant struggle with poverty. Then Reuben loses his job. What Judith has been fighting is inevitable—they must appeal to her grandmother into this moment of desperation walks red-headed Cissy Rogers, who is in love with Reuben.

### Chapter 25

#### Cissy Investigates

COOL as a mermaid, fresh as a mountain breeze, exotic as an orchid Cissy came. Came for a purpose.

She slithered through the drowsing afternoon of Casper Street at the wheel of a streamlined roadster. Her red head was wrapped in a white silk scarf. A long white cigarette holder slanted between her lips. A great diamond twinkled on the hand that carelessly managed the wheel. From the rumble of the end of a small leather trunk protruded. On the seat beside her was a hat box. An overnight bag. A white coat.

From their doorsteps the women of Casper street gazed in wide-mouthed curiosity. Cissy returned

"Hang around for a week or two and you'll find out," Reuben invited. "Slim rations and hard work make an unbeatable combination for reducing."

"As if I didn't know!" Cissy grinned. "I just lack the courage to get down to it."

Reuben surveyed her white crepe ensemble with appreciation. "What are you doing in these parts in that get-up?"

"A nice question when I'm here especially to see you."

"Flattering, but untrue."

"Believe it or not! Can you put me up for the night, Judith?"

Put her up for the night! Judith straightened in the act of picking up the fountain pen. The twins and their possessions literally overflowed the front room, where there was usually a little breeze. There was only stew for supper. Nothing but oatmeal for breakfast.

While her fingers closed around the pen Judith tried frantically to throttle the Goodloe hospitality; to forget that no matter what the circumstances one should always be a gracious hostess. She didn't want Cissy—

"The house is yours, Cissy!" Gran would have been proud of the way Judith said it. "If you can keep the twins from swamping you entirely."

"Twins! Have you gone and got yourself twins?"

"A son and a daughter."



Cissy wanted the same thing she'd always wanted, Reuben.

their stares from cool green eyes and scanned the handsome face of each boxlike house. Before number 43 she glided to a soft stop.

"Humph!" She switched off the ignition and surveyed the hopeless patch of moth eaten grass. "Worse than I thought."

Her spirits lightened as she sauntered through the water pipe gate. She had done right to come. Nothing like seeing for yourself and certainly if you wanted a thing you had to come and get it. Cissy wanted one thing. The same thing she had always wanted. No doubt about that.

She shook her half smoked cigarette from its holder, stamped it out on the bumpy little walk. Never in her heart had she really given up Reuben. Some day he would come back or she would bring him back. Now—if things were half as bad as they looked, maybe with a little luck—

Through the screen door that opened into the front room she saw a woman in faded blue linen. A tall man in his shirt sleeves—

"Hello, you two!"

They started at her voice.

"I'm real!" Cissy laughed. "Don't think I'm a bad dream or something."

"Cissy!" The Olivers called her name in unison though on an entirely different note. Reuben caroled a psalm. Judith chanted a dirge.

Ghost F— The Past

TO HER arrival of a guest at this time could be nothing but an additional misfortune. She particularly resented this guest—a ghost from her past. Resented those cool green eyes seeing her poverty. Her once lucid thought, as on the night when she first met her, was how to get rid of Cissy quickly.

To Reuben the visitor was as welcome as a ray of sunshine on a gray day. Manlike, he welcomed anything that banished the gloom that encompassed him.

"Cissy—the Great Horn Spoon, it's you in the flesh!"

"Some kids," Reuben said proudly.

She Has Broken Him

CISSY sank limply to a chair that held a bedraggled rag doll. As on the day she had flown to Reuben's place in Maryland she was suddenly sorry she had come here. She should go right away. But she couldn't go right away. The sight of Reuben's whimsical face was to Cissy what a cold drink of water is to a parched traveler in the desert.

She noted in Judith an indefinable new quality. Judith tired, thin, untidy was in some mysterious way lovelier than ever—and not actively unhappy. Cissy knew it at a glance. Reuben—? She couldn't trust herself to think about Reuben—not yet. "Show me the offspring. I can't wait to see them."

"Reuben will do the honors while I put your room in order," Judith smiled at her guest. "I'm afraid you'll find it warm."

"That doesn't frighten me. I've steered plenty in my day."

Judith went up the steep box stairs. Cissy followed her host to the narrow strip of back yard, where, under an old canvas swung over four poles, the twins, looking like cherubs, slept.

"This substitutes for an oak tree," Reuben waved airily at the sagging canopy, hating it.

"How long have you been an inventive genius?"

"You'd be surprised! Young Judy just missed being a red-head. I think she's going to have a faded topknot like mine."

"It's good luck for a girl to look like her daddy," Cissy bent over the sleeping mites. "Young Reuben—"

"Jim Goodloe."

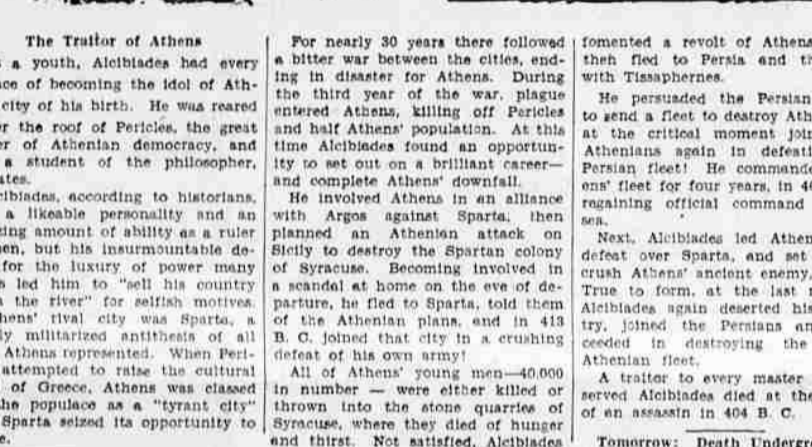
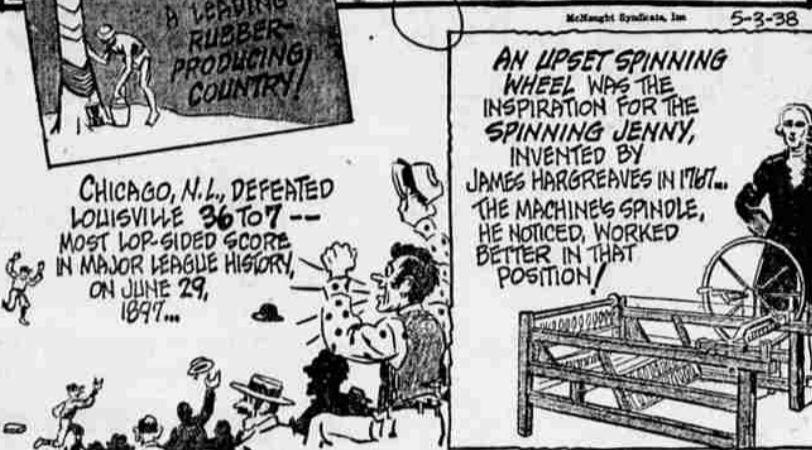
"Oh! Still the only Reuben!"

"One is enough," bitterly. Following him she noticed that while a new quality had come to Judith an old one had gone from Reuben. He walked without a serve, as a man walks when he knows the end of the road is only a blind alley.

"She's broken him," Cissy thought resentfully. "She's done what I knew she would."

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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The Traitor of Athens  
As a youth, Alcibiades had every chance of becoming the idol of Athens, city of his birth. He was reared under the roof of Pericles, the great leader of Athenian democracy, and was a student of the philosopher, Socrates.

Alcibiades, according to historians, had a likeable personality and an amazing amount of ability as a ruler of men, but his insatiable desire for the luxury of power many times led him to "sell his country down the river" for selfish motives.

Athen's rival city was Sparta, a highly militarized antithesis of all that Athens represented. When Pericles attempted to raise the cultural level of Greece, Athens was classed by the populace as a "tyrant city" and Sparta seized its opportunity to strike.

For nearly 30 years there followed a bitter war between the cities, ending in disaster for Athens. During the third year of the war, plague entered Athens, killing off Pericles and half Athens' population. At this time Alcibiades found an opportunity to set out on a brilliant career—and complete Athens' downfall.

He involved Athens in an alliance with Argos against Sparta, then planned an Athenian attack on Sicily to destroy the Spartan colony of Syracuse. Becoming involved in a scandal at home on the eve of departure, he fled to Sparta, told them of the Athenian plans, and in 413 B. C. joined that city in a crushing defeat of his own army!

All of Athens' young men—40,000 in number—were either killed or thrown into the stone quarries of Syracuse, where they died of hunger and thirst. Not satisfied, Alcibiades

fomented a revolt of Athens' allies, then fled to Persia and threw in with Tissaphernes.

He persuaded the Persian satrap to send a fleet to destroy Athens but at the critical moment joined the Athenians again in defeating the Persian fleet! He commanded Athens' fleet for four years, in 407 B. C. regaining official command of the sea.

Next, Alcibiades led Athens in a defeat over Sparta, and set out to crush Athens' ancient enemy, Persia. True to form, at the last moment Alcibiades again deserted his country, joined the Persians and succeeded in destroying the entire Athenian fleet.

A traitor to every master he ever served Alcibiades died at the hands of an assassin in 404 B. C.

Tomorrow: Death Underground!

No Red Lights In G. P.  
GRANTS PASS, May 3.—(AP)—Police who installed a new 11 call light over Sixth street here will have to look for a white light to call headquarters until the factory fills their order.

Members held a discussion on whether or not to send delegates to the 4-H club summer school in June. The clubs also heard reports on the progress of the improvement campaign.

It was stated that Mr. Hamilton will put a cement walk around the peace memorial in the near future.

Mrs. Oliver Hamilton was a visitor at the meeting. Next meeting will be in the form of an inspection tour of the club members' projects.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE CHANGE CRISIS THAT A TEN-DOLLAR BILL SEEMS ALWAYS TO CAUSE WHEN YOU ARE IN A HURRY. THE CASH REGISTER IS RANSACKED TWICE, THE PROPRIETOR TURNS OUT HIS POCKETS AND, WHEN YOU'RE READY TO CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF, VANISHES WITH THE BILL INTO THE BACK ROOM TO EXPLORE THE SAFE

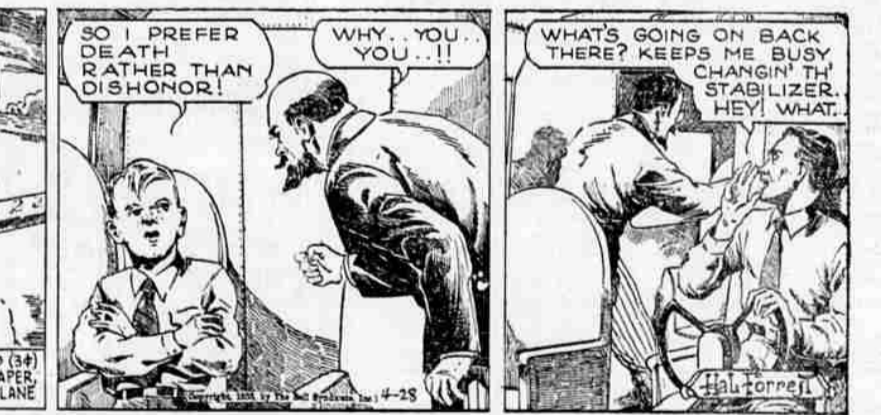
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S'MATTER POI By O. M. PAYNE



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By SOL HESP



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## News of 4-H CLUBS

By Virginia Hicks

The American Travel Bureau Department of Visual Education, presented the "National Parks and Scenery in Motion Picture at the Howard school Monday. The Howard percentage of the proceeds will be used to help send delegates to the 4-H summer school at Corvallis.

"The Merry Maids" of Howard had a handkerchief shower in honor of their leader, Mrs. Howard Landers. The girls all felt that Mrs. Landers has been a very cooperative leader and wished to express their appreciation in this manner.

Games were played, one of which was "Ruth and Jacob." Mrs. Landers being "it" first was blindfolded. While being blindfolded each girl pinned her handkerchief on Mrs. Landers' dress with Mrs. Landers being aware of it. After she took the blindfold off she discovered her handkerchiefs. Prizes were given Jimmie Landers and Patsy Hutchinson, after which refreshments were served by Virginia Hicks.

The room was decorated in pink and blue. Those present were William Landers, Patsy Hutchinson, Phyllis Meale, Virginia Hicks, Lee Ella Landers, and Jimmie Landers.

(By Ivan Myers)

Table Rock livestock clubs met April 25 at the home of their leaders, Mrs. Myers. Norma Sage presided as president. Reports were given on breed history by Shirley Angle, Loree Bremscholtz and Olive Davis, telling of the origin of certain breeds of livestock, which proved of much interest

## THE NEBBS—The Funny Man

By SOL HESP



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