

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Loving another man, Judith Goodie marries an outsider, Reuben Oliver, for his money, only to discover that his fortune is lost. But Reuben has made a settlement on her family, so she sticks to her bargain and accompanies him to a dismal mining town. Twins are born, and Reuben loses his job. At the lowest moment in Judith's life, she meets a handsome, wealthy, red-headed Cissy Rogers. She wants the same thing she has always wanted—Reuben.

Chapter 28

Cissy Works Fast

THEY sat on the low wooden steps that led to the kitchen. Reuben offered Cissy a cigarette, lit it, lit one for himself. "Talk, Cissy, how's Clem?" "Dad's in Europe. He misses you Rube."

"I miss him."

"He thought you were a fool to come here in the first place. A worse one to stick."

"When he hears I can't even stick."

The strip of back yard with its dingy board fence swayed crazily. "Do you mean you and Judith?"

He avoided her eyes. "I've lost my job!"

The back yard straightened itself. "There're other jobs. How hard have you looked?"

Why try to tell her of the endless miles of walking, of the stacks of letters he had written, of the advertisements he had answered? "I've looked too hard."

"Perhaps that's why."

"Necessity makes beggars of us."

"It never made one of you before."

Through a cloud of grey smoke she studied his harassed expression. Could this be her angel? "You're not the type to beg, Rube. You must challenge."

"That day is over."

In the excitement caused by Cissy's arrival Judith forgot about the letter to Grant. She was in her room, she was too tired to get up.

Early in the morning, when she slipped down to draw a light cover over the sleeping twins, Judith found each fat little fist tightly closed over a crisp \$20 bill.

Humiliation stung her. Cissy knew their dire need. Cissy had eaten the stew with its sparse pieces of meat. She dared—

Then as she gently unfasted little fingers came sheer relief. Eighty dollars! Until this money was spent she would not have to write to Grant.

"I found the money, Cissy," Judith greeted her guest when she came strolling into the kitchen.

In Chinese pajamas of palest blue embroidered in gay butterflies, Cissy walked to the sink and turned on the water. "Is there any reason why I should not give Rube's kids a present?"

"There wouldn't be, if we didn't need money so badly."

"She has grit!" Cissy thought grudgingly. Use the money and pay the youngsters back with interest when they're 21.

"That's what I intend to do. I wanted you to know."

Cissy's coming made a difference in the little house. She knew, with keen satisfaction, that she put Judith at a disadvantage. The way Cissy could take hold, do housework, cook, clean—make it all appear astonishingly easy—was nothing less than a miracle. The savory dishes she could concoct out of a mere nothing.

'Cissy Loves Reuben'

THE effect of the new routine, or rather of Cissy, upon Reuben was amazing. She put new hope into him. Despondency dropped gradually from him like a garment wearing and Reuben in spots. He spoke cheerfully: "When I get my job—or 'Soon now I'll land something good!"

At night, when she put the children to bed, Judith left her husband and their guest playing checkers at the kitchen table, or talking about airplanes, lumber and whatnot.

"He should have married her," Judith thought with a curious detachment. "They speak the same language. Learned about life in the same school. Certainly she loved him the day his horse threw him."

The day his horse threw him! A dull pin scratched across the surface of Judith's heart. But for a fluke of chance Cissy would have married Reuben, eventually. She would never have come to Goodloe's Choice. Never have gone, colorful and gay as a humming bird, through the dim old garden taking Gary with her. Useless to remind herself that Gary hadn't loved her, that she would stand away useless. Cissy had flown away with Gary then—not because she loved him, but to show her power. Cissy had been the serpent to enter Judith's Eden, then. Now—

Involuntarily her arm tightened around her sleeping children. This was her world and Reuben's. They must keep it revolving. Keep it safe! Reuben was hers—whether she loved him or not—he was hers. "Cissy loves Reuben!" It buzzed in Judith's drowsy head like a bee. Cissy always beautifully groomed, perfumed, waved, manicured, jeweled—lighted the drab little house as a high powered electric bulb lights a cavern. She flattered Reuben. Hung on his every word. Catered to his every whim. Cissy was never cross, tired, untidy—

"Whatever started me on such a crazy line of thought? Cissy has no place in my life now, no place in Reuben's life."

Each night, undressing in a small, sloped-roofed front bedroom, Cissy promised herself: "I'll go tomorrow." When tomorrow came: "It's so hot today—I'll go tomorrow."

She had moments when she despised herself. Moments of self justification too. "I've done him good—If he had never seen her—She doesn't love him—Her children fill her life—If I had a chance—"

And then an idea popped into Cissy's head like a flower in bloom—a flower so heady it made her dizzy. She did have a chance—a slim one maybe but worth trying. Stupid not to have thought of it before. If Gary still held the old fascination—if it worked out—

The following morning she went downstairs garbed for departure. "It's been glorious, darling! I can hardly tear myself away."

"Why do it?" Reuben hated to see her go. Hated to go back to the old hopelessness: the old lapses into silence and apathy. "Stay until tomorrow anyhow."

"Can't! I was due at the Curtis Ranch weeks ago."

"Where is that?" Judith asked idly.

Just about four hours ride up the Sierras, Cissy informed her and added casually, "It's only 20 miles from one of the Galbreath camps!"

Judith caught her breath. The Galbreath camps—

"There might be work for you there, Rube," Cissy said. "You know lumber."

"A liability," Reuben said bitterly. "They took on a lot of green hands last month but turned me down."

"That was last month," Cissy outlined her lips with geranium red. "I'll nose in as I pass along and report to you."

From the water pipe gate they waved her down the narrow street.

'Emeralds Again'

JUDITH found the money under the comb tray—\$100! Judith recoiled from it as from a serpent. It seemed her lot to be humiliated by Cissy! Cissy high-handedly leaving money under a tray as one leaves a tip for a maid! She hated Cissy—hated her, but most of all she hated Reuben! It was his fault. He had brought her to this pass!

In mid-afternoon the telegram came. Reuben read it incredulously. Reread it. From the foot of the ladder—like stairs he shouted: "Judith—come running! Here's the news!"

He couldn't wait until she came down to him. His voice boomed up to her. He read: "Report immediately to Forest Base Number 2. (Signed) Galbreath, Inc."

"That means a job, Judy! Can you take it?"

She thought: "Cissy works fast." With a light heartedness that had not been his since the day the Lullie Justis failed he swept her into his arms.

"You'll be wearing your emeralds again before you know it, Judy! Gosh! If you knew what it means to have a chance to work again!"

Deliberately he refused to remember that Gary Brent would be his boss; that he would almost rather starve than work for him. If it was just for Judy and the kids—

"I've hated all this," his gesture included the whole of Fordney's Gulch, "for you, Judy. You've been a brick—" He released her suddenly remembering. "I'll have to hustle around and raise cash somehow. It's not going to be easy."

He rumbled his hair worriedly and looked so ludicrously like Judykin when she was getting ready to cry that the words were drawn from Judith against her own volition. "Cissy left \$100, didn't she?"

"Good old Cissy!" gratefully, "she thinks of everything."

"She thinks of too much. I hadn't meant to tell you. Meant to send it right back—"

"We've got to take it, Judy. Don't feel so badly over it. Cissy doesn't feel about that sort of thing as you do. Back in Warder we used to pool our resources in an old tin can on a shelf back of the kitchen stove. Everyone put in or took out according to his needs and no questions asked."

Whistling he dashed upstairs got his pigskin bag from under the bed and started to throw his things into it. Years fell from him. The somberness left his eyes, a twinkle curled his lips. He reminded Judith of a small boy preparing for his first circus.

And then he was kissing the children goodby, kissing her, promising to write—He was going to work—going to the woods—to tall trees, leaping streams—

A rattle, a wheeze, the step of a motor exhaust, a cloud of dust—Reuben was gone—

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Tomorrow: Gary comes back into Judith's life.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



6-4-38 McLaughlin Syndicate, Inc.

Underground Lightning.

Many strange pranks played by lightning have been recorded in the past and one of the strangest is the tragic instance that occurred in South Africa in December, 1913—4,000 feet below ground!

Few persons would think of being struck by lightning four-fifths of a mile down in the earth, and no such thoughts were in the minds of a group of native diamond miners in one of South Africa's great Rand mines on that December day.

No word of the storm raging above came to the men, hard at work on the bottom level. The noise of their incessant digging and hammering to place a charge of dynamite drowned

out the echoing peals of thunder that drifted down the main shaft.

There was a sudden flash in the shaft; lightning had struck the hoist tower, sped down the steel elevator cable. Without a warning it jumped to the steel rails of the hand-car tracks, raced unerringly to the dynamite cache!

Of 12 men working on the level, four, burned and terrified, were taken to the surface to tell how the other eight had died in the tragic blast.

Congressional County.

Latah county, Utah, bears the odd distinction of being the only county in the United States created and organized by an act of congress.

1864, by an act of the second territorial legislature, and attached to Nez Perce county, the district was launched on an immediate bid for political independence in county government.

The people of Latah county made three separate attempts to gain their "freedom" of the Nez Perce rule, finally appealing to Fred T. Dubois, congressman from Idaho, for relief. Through his efforts, President Cleveland, on May 14, 1888, approved a bill in congress organizing Latah county as a separate and individual district, only such instance in the history of the nation.

Tomorrow: From convent to battlefield!

DISTRAUGHT MOTHER KILLS DAUGHTER, SELF

PHOENIX, Ariz., May 3.—(AP)—Mrs. F. N. Grant, wife of a state highway engineer, shot and killed her daughter, Eloise, 16, and herself today.

SCHMELING EMBARKS FOR BATTLE IN U. S.

BREMENHAVEN, Germany, May 4.—(AP)—Max Schmeling embarked on the Bremen Tuesday for New York firmly

convinced he will regain the world's heavyweight championship when he meets Joe Louis in the Yankee stadium June 22.

A huge crowd gave the German hope a rousing send-off.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Yes, What About That, Tommy?

THE WEASEL'S TWO COHORTS SUCCEEDED IN DRAGGING JERRY INTO A CABIN PLANE, AND THE SHIP TOOK OFF BUT TOMMY AND SKEETER CLIMBED INTO THEIR OWN PLANE AND ARE FOLLOWING THE OTHER CRAFT

BUT WE GOT NO GUNS TO SHOOT 'EM DOWN, TOM!

EVEN IF WE HAD WE'D PROBABLY KILL JERRY IF WE DID SHOOT 'EM DOWN, SKEETS!

WELL, JUST "RIDE HERD" ON 'EM UNTIL THEY RUN OUT OF GAS!

THEN, HOW CAN WE FORCE 'EM DOWN?

YEAH? UNLESS WE RUN OUTTA GAS FIRST!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Business?

A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE FARM REVEALED NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF OMEGA, AND BEN WAS COMPELLED TO DRAW BUT ONE CONCLUSION—

I GUESS OUR WANDERING POET WAS JUST A HOBO, BRIAR—HE PLAYED US FOR A MEAL AND BEAT IT—

SOMEBODY'S BEEN AT THESE PAPERS! I DIDN'T LEAVE THEM THIS WAY—GEE, I'D BETTER LOOK AT OUR CASH BOX—

NO, THE MONEY IN THIS HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED—OH, MAYBE THE PAPERS WEREN'T EITHER—GUESS I THOUGHT THEY WERE BECAUSE I WAS SO EXCITED WHEN JASON FELL—

WELL, I THINK IT'S TIME TO DISCARD THE ROLE OF STROLLING POET AND GET TO BUSINESS! AND THERE'S A TELEPHONE AHEAD IN YON STORE!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Going Home

WHAT'S THE MATTER... WHY ARE YOU PACKING?

I'M GOING HOME... I DON'T BELONG IN THIS KIND OF COMPANY

RUDY, EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT... EVERYBODY SEEMED TO ENJOY YOU

YOU DIDN'T AND THAT'S ALL THAT GIVES ME CONCERN!

WHY, JENNITH THOUGHT YOU WERE FUNNY... IN FACT, SHE SAID THE GUESTS ENJOYED YOU!

WHAT DO I CARE WHAT THEY THOUGHT? I MADE YOU SO MISERABLE YOU KEPT ME AWAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT TELLING ME HOW I HUMILIATED YOU SO WERE GON HOME!

Bankhead Suffers From Broken Toe

WASHINGTON, May 4.—(UP)—Speaker Bankhead went to the capitol in a wheel chair today. He stubbed and broke a toe Sunday night.

Aides rolled him into the house and then helped him onto crutches for the three-day ascent to the speaker's rostrum.

"The doctors insisted that I wear a cast on my right foot for two or three weeks," the speaker said as he explained that the accident occurred in his apartment when he ran his foot into the leg of a bed in the dark.

Baker Has Blast.

BAKER, May 4.—(AP)—A stubborn fire of undetermined origin swept through the Fells store, occupying a building owned by Justice and Mrs. John L. Hand of Salem, here this morning, causing damage estimated at \$25,000.

NLRB Resignation Sought By Burke

WASHINGTON, May 4.—(AP)—Senator Burke of Nebraska, one of the administration's severest Democratic critics, called today for the resignations of the members of the national labor relations board, charging they conspired their duty to be the "compulsory unionization" of American workers.

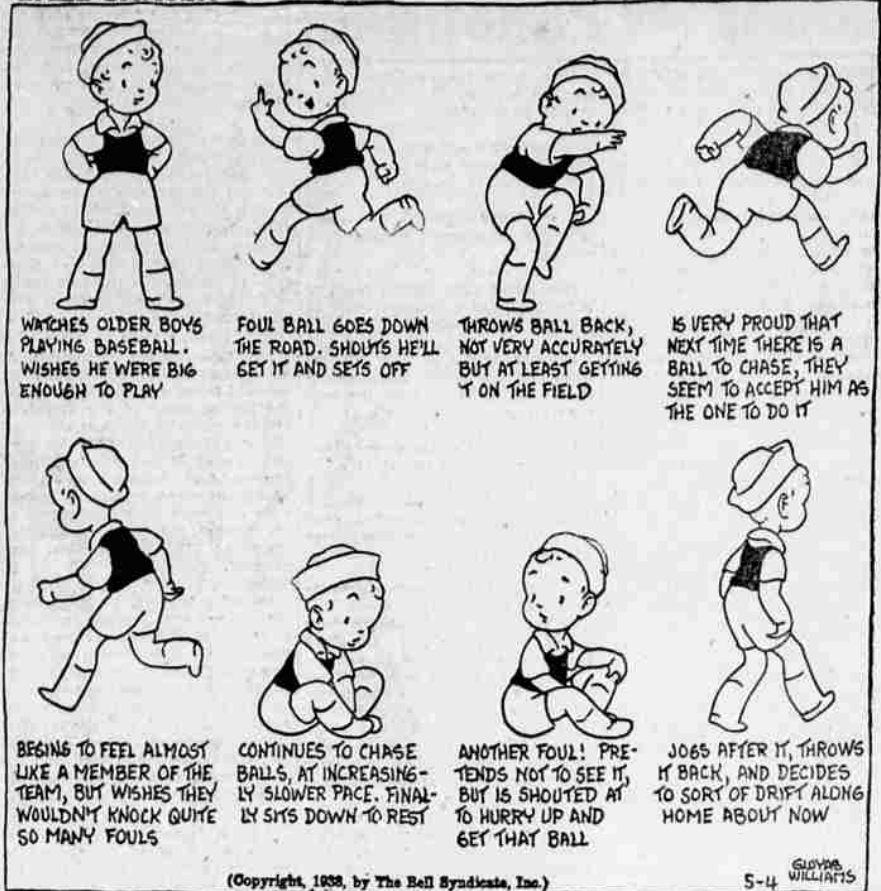
Burke addressed a meeting of delegates to the annual conference of the United States chamber of commerce.

Greese Hostless

PORTLAND, Ore., May 4.—(AP)—The northland's spring call got the wild geese at Laurelhurst park in trouble yesterday for the third time. The birds, their wings clipped, started hitch-hiking along a main street and had to be herded back to the park by police.

BALL CHASER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S-4 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER, POI

By C. M. PAYNE



Tomorrow: From convent to battlefield!

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

