

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The story of the... dashing Gary Brent, Judith Goodloe marries Reuben Oliver for his money, only to discover that he is bankrupt. Sticking to her bargain, she accompanies Reuben to a dismal mining town where her twins are born. Then Reuben loses his job. At their lowest moment in walks red-headed Clazy Rogers who is still after Reuben's love. Scheming to get Judith and Gary together again, Clazy finds Reuben a job in the lumber camp Gary manages.

### Chapter 27

#### The World Stands Still

IT SURPRISED Judith that she missed Reuben so. They hadn't been very content. When he had no work she found him terribly in the way, crowding the already crowded rooms with his blundering masculinity, but now that he was gone she missed his strength, his unfailing good nature, his helpfulness.

"It's funny what marriage—even a loveless marriage—does to one," Judith thought, but she had not much time to philosophize over it. A hot wave hung like a smothering pall over Fordney's Gulch. Drought seared the whole area. Dust, poverty, sickness, heat, loneliness. Taken separately each would have been bad enough. Collectively they were unbearable.

The remainder of Clazy's parting gift bought the rent, hired Jeff Snow's old Ford for an afternoon and set Judith and the children free to breathe in great draughts of damp, cool air. Paid for glasses of milk and thin, white slices of chicken breast. But even these luxuries, enjoyed for the moment, left a taste bitter as gall in Judith's mouth, as she planned ways and means of returning Clazy's money. When Reuben got his first month's salary she would start putting by \$10 at a time—\$20 if she could. Each night she fell asleep planning.

When he had been working almost a month, Reuben sent \$50 and wrote: "The Government has a camp at the forest's edge, adjoining Galbreath's lot—with their people managing things. A few cabins have been built, but nearly everyone lives in tents. They have raised wooden platforms and outside grills. Pack up the kids and be ready to ride back on the supply bus which leaves Pitts Junction every Saturday. I've ordered new coils. I'm in the forest, some of the boys will put up your tent. There's a dance every Saturday and the nights are so cool you need blankets."

Blankets! After the unbearable, perspiring heat of the little house—Blankets! The miracle of cool nights! Her fingers closed over the card enclosed in Reuben's letter. "Camp Number 2, Site 16." She read it over and over. From the thrill she got it might have been the deed to a mansion on one of the world's greatest boulevards. Her camp site! And she had \$50 with which to get there! If she could squeeze out some for Clazy—

Fervently she pushed the memory of her indebtedness behind her. She'd spend it all, every cent—just to be cool once more. Just to take her children away from dust, flies, heat! Feverishly Judith commenced to make preparations. Today was Thursday—lots to do before five o'clock Saturday morning.

#### Exhausting Trip

CLOTHES to be washed, house to be put in order. Dishes and pans to be packed—take a dance frock or two along—seem funny to wear an evening dress again. Take riding clothes, too—maybe some day she could hire a horse. In the end she did not go on the supply bus. Jeff Snow was going to buy a new Ford. Judith bargained for the old one. Got it for \$30. The engine knocked. The tires were worn. The body sagged, but it looked like Gabriel's shining chariot to its new owner.

She didn't get any rest the night before she started. There was much to do—lunch to be packed—sandwiches, fruit, malted milk. The children were bathed, dressed. Breakfast gotten—

"I'll clean up this mess," Mrs. Kraus came over to say goodbye. "You go long an' dress, Miss Oliver. I'm going to miss you, but I'm glad you're going. You look sorta peaked."

It was not quite five o'clock when Judith kissed her next door neighbor gratefully, and with the twins tied securely to the back seat and with bundles, baskets, protruding on all sides, trundled the rattly old car down Casper street.

She wondered what Gran and Jim would say if they could see her. Hard to believe that she was blood kin to people who lived leisurely, graciously at a place called Goodloe's Choice. Goodloe's choice! That name, this morning, conjured up a vision of the springhouse—gray stones, under a huge chestnut tree—where great earthen crocks of thick, yel-

lowish cream were sunk in a trough of clear, cold spring water. Madness to think of that, but some day, somehow, her poor perspiring babies must know the peace, the comfort of her old home. They must! She wanted it for them with a passion that frightened her. Gradually the beauty of the morning exhilarated her. Soon the August sultriness would be unbearable but now dew covered the earth; mist shrouded it. A hint of the old free feeling of her riding days stole over Judith. She started to sing very softly. About four hours easy driving, Clazy had said—All day in Judith's car with its leaking radiator and knocking engine.

The day grew hot—pitiless, cloudless heat. Judith stopped singing. A tire punctured. Having it fixed made a hole in her scanty funds. The exhausted children slept. Judith's head commenced to ache.

On the way again. Gradually the ground began to rise—up, up, up. The old car rattled protestingly. Above its exhaust was a faint tantalizing odor of pine. Passing tourists waved goodnaturedly as they whizzed past. "We'll tell 'em you're on the way, sister!" "Thanks!" Judith tried not to think enviously of Clazy's high powered motor. She turned her thoughts determinedly to the cool night ahead.

#### Gary!

The children awoke, hot, tired, hungry, with throbbing sore gums. Judith stopped. She wanted to sit in the road and howl with them.

Coaxing the car along Father Sierra's trail between tall redwoods, straight somber pines. Topping a winding hill she came suddenly upon a great, green plateau—"Camp Site No. 2."

Celestial gates would never appear any lovelier to Judith than did that roadside sign. Cars were parked about what looked like a combination gift shop and general supply store. Groups of people—comfortable, relaxed, friendly—stood about chatting. In the distance, through trees, could be glimpsed rows of white tents. Beyond the store was the post office.

Feeling at least 100 years old and unspeakably dirty, Judith got a stiffly out of the car and entered the post office. As she hoped there was a note from Reuben.

"Sorry I'm not on hand to greet you. Go to Pike's store, have him take you to your tent. I gave him \$5 to have beds up, etc. All my love."

At Pike's store Judith found there had been a misunderstanding about her tent. "When you didn't get in on the bus I thought you weren't coming 'til next week, Mrs. Oliver, so I didn't hurry none," Pike explained. "We've been so busy today with visitors and the dance to-night, but I'll have your place shipshape before dark."

Before dark—before the end of time? It was all the same to Judith. She couldn't walk another step. Her knees trembled. Her head ached from lack of sleep and from driving long hours facing the sun. She asked for a glass of water. Gulped it down. Refilling it she walked slowly back to give the twins a drink just as two horsemen crewn near her car. One was a fat heavy jowled man with little pig eyes. Judith noticed that people stopped their chatter to speak to him respectfully.

"Gabreath?" she wondered, and glanced at the second rider. The world stopped revolving! She trembled. Cold water splashed over the edge of the glass in her hand. It steadied her a little. That man whose bright, waving hair shone like copper in the sun was—was Gary!

She watched him swing from the saddle with well remembered grace. Her heart felt as though a hand was squeezing it. The fat man brushed close on his way to the store. In another minute now—Gary! She had never thought they would meet like this!

Vanity urged Judith to remove herself from his path. She couldn't move. The interlude that was her marriage did not exist. She was back again in a Maytime garden and Gary was going away!

His horse tethered, Gary came swinging along. He glanced carelessly at a slim, dark girl in blue linen slung over her shoulder. He noted absently that there was a sort of tense grace about her—an unconscious hauteur. She clasped both hands tight around the glass to keep from reaching out to him. She hoped he wouldn't hear the heart-drumming leudly uncertainty. In another second now he would be gone—

But in that second, Gary looked full into her eyes—a searching, startled look. "Judith—" His arms reached out to her. "Bless my soul! I'm glad to see you!"

Tomorrow: Gary regrets lost opportunity.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**PLUTO—9TH PLANET OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, WAS KNOWN TO EXIST 25 YEARS BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED!**

**DR. PERCIVAL LOWELL SEARCHED THE SKIES FROM 1905 TO 1930 BEFORE LOCATING IT...**

**CATALINA DE ERAUSO—Spanish adventuress, ESCAPED FROM A CONVENT TO GO TO WAR!**

**DISGUISED AS A MALE, SHE BECAME A LIEUTENANT, SERVED IN SPAIN'S ARMY FOR 16 YEARS AND WAS DECORATED FOR VALOR!**

**—17th century—**

**EBONY COMES FROM THE BLACK HEART OF A TREE, THE WOOD OF WHICH IS PERFECTLY WHITE!**

**Woman At War**  
A lady in Spain filled with the spirit of adventure was young Catalina de Erauso. Born at San Sebastian in 1592, she had early entered a Dominican Convent, but restlessness goaded her to escape. She scaled the convent wall one night, then disguised as a man, she drifted here and there, following the life and occupations of her opposite sex. In 1607 Catalina sailed on a Spanish vessel for South America. So well did she like her new life that in the following year Catalina de Erauso joined Spain's army. For 16 years she served Spain, fighting the Indian tribes of South America and winning honors for valor. She attained the rank of lieutenant. One day Catalina was gravely wounded and, needing medical attention, was forced to reveal her true sex. Because of her splendid service, Catalina was urged to remain in action for Spain. In 1624 Catalina left the army, returning to Cadiz where Philip I granted her a pension of 800 ducats for valor in service of the king. She also was granted the privilege of wearing male attire for the rest of her life, by special concession of the Pope. Once more sailing for America, Catalina de Erauso disappeared when her boat landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and never again was she heard from. Mystery today surrounds the fate of the little convent girl who preferred to fight for her country.

**Discovery of Pluto**  
Ninth and last discovered planet of the Solar System is Pluto, a celestial object of the 15th magnitude. Strange as it seems, this tiny planet, 10,000 miles in diameter, was known to exist a quarter-century before it was located. Irregularities in the orbits of neighboring planets indicated its existence. Dr. Percival Lowell, noted astronomer for whom the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, was named, began a search of the heavens in 1905—but not until it appeared on photographic plates exposed on January 21, 23 and 29, 1930, was it definitely located. Then recognized, its course was followed closely and on March 13 of that year Pluto's existence was officially announced. Tomorrow: The pig that started a war.

**FEDERAL ROAD AID BILL ASSURED CONSIDERATION**  
SALEM, May 5. — (AP) — Action on the Cartwright bill, containing federal road aid for states for the fiscal years 1940 and 1941, appeared assured today when U. S. Sen. A. E. Reames (D., Ore.) and U. S. Rep. James W. Mott (R., Ore.), advised Senate Highway Engineer R. H. Baldoek that the house rules committee had ordered the bill to the house floor for consideration Friday. Baldoek said passage of the bill by congress would give Oregon \$3,125,000 for each of the two years, this money to be matched by state funds.

**Old Coins Flowed**  
BELGRADE (UP)—Nikola Karan, a peasant, when ploughing his field near Slavonaki Brod, found six jars full of old silver coins, dating from 14th and 15th centuries.

**TAILSPIN TOMMY—Yes, What About That, Tommy?**



**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Business?**



**THE NEBBS—Going Home**



## AFTER THE PARTY



**SINKS EXHAUSTED INTO CHAIR AS LAST GUEST LEAVES AFTER CHILDREN'S PARTY**  
**DOOR-BELL RINGS. STAN PURDY IS BACK, SAYING HE FORGOT HIS CAP**  
**IS RANSACKING CLOSET FOR STAN'S CAP WHEN TELEPHONE RINGS**  
**MRS. BUTTERS REPORTS THAT ALICE CAME HOME WITHOUT A GLOVE, AND WOULD SHE MIND LOOKING FOR IT. DOOR-BELL RINGS**



**POP IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A HALF-BROTHER?**  
**HALF-BROTHER? OH, YES**  
**DIDJA EVER SEE ONE?**  
**YEP!**



**BANKHEAD PREDICTS CONSIDERATION FOR WAGE AND HOUR ACT**  
WASHINGTON, May 5. — (AP) — Speaker Bankhead predicted today a majority of the house members would sign a petition to force floor consideration of the administration-supported wage-hour bill. "On the basis of information I have received, I think that there will be a majority of the members sign the petition," Bankhead told newsmen. Chairman Norben (D-N.J.) of the house labor committee will file the petition Friday. She said she de-

loved 218 members—a majority—would sign it in time for the controversial legislation to be called up for debate May 23. Preparing to take action on another phase of President Roosevelt's program, the house agreed to start debate on the administration's omnibus lending-aid bill to passage by a week from tomorrow. Their work was laid out for them by the senate's two-to-one endorsement of the bill yesterday. The house already has approved the measure, which makes possible the mightiest fleet in the nation's history.

**NAVY STARTS DRAFTING PLANS FOR NEW SHIPS**  
WASHINGTON, May 5. — (AP) — An augmented force of draftsmen and engineers bent over drawing boards at the navy department today, preparing designs for the 72 new ships authorized by the billion-dollar naval expansion program. Their work was laid out for them by the senate's two-to-one endorsement of the bill yesterday. The house already has approved the measure, which makes possible the mightiest fleet in the nation's history.