

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: In love with dashing Gary Brent, Judith Goodloe marries Reuben Oliver for his money, only to discover he is bankrupt. Sticking to her bargain, she accompanies him to a dismal mining town where twins are born. Then Reuben loses his job. Red-headed Cissy Rogers, loving Reuben, schemes to throw Gary and Judith together again by getting Reuben a job in the lumber camp Gary manages. On her arrival Judith bumps into Gary, and knows the old fascination is still strong.

## Chapter 20 Dinner For Two

They came out of the winding road before a rustic cabin. It had a porch all around and a big stone chimney built on the outside. At first glance it seemed to be growing from the primeval rock upon which it stood.

"Here's your castle, Judy," Gary shut off the car's engine. Judith came out of her dreaming and surveyed the log house.

"This isn't it!"

"That's just a wooden platform tonight. You'll have to use this."

"But—"

"There're a dozen or more of these cabins scattered about Galbreath built them. The Company's officials use them for the timber merchants when they come. You're not putting anyone out. Don't worry."

"Well—just for tonight. You're awfully kind, Gary."

"Puff! When a princess comes visiting—We have nothing here good enough for you, Judy."

It was sweet to be flattered again. Grand to have someone to make things easy. She followed Gary up three steps, across the deep porch.

The door swung easily upon an immense room with high pitched, beamed ceiling and dark, shining floor.

Judith paused at the threshold. After the clutter of Casper Street this room, restful, spacious and shadowy, seemed too beautiful to be true. There were triple casement windows on two sides framing vistas of sky and woodland. A huge stone fireplace, with a door opening invitingly on either side. And the far end of the room—"Gary—it's a dream!"

"Glad you like it. After I move in the offspring and luggage, I'm going to drive your car to my cabin on the other side of the hill, and bring Alf up here to cook your supper."

"Alf—?" Her eyes widened. "Is Alf here?"

"Very much here. Brought Kingpin out. Raised such a howl at being left behind he alarmed the valley."

She nodded comprehendingly. She read the handwriting on the wall. "You were homesick, too, Kingpin and Alf—a bit of old Maryland."

Gary grinned. "It's funny though how a horse and a colored boy can make a place feel and look like home."

"Like heaven!" She was remembering those first days in Fordney's Gulch—smoky stove, scorched food, burnt fingers. She said: "If you lend me your cook you'll have supper with me, of course."

"I was expecting to be invited," Gary confessed shamelessly, "though if you're too tired—there's a community dining hall—"

"I'm not too tired."

"Alf will bring all supplies."

"Not too many though. Remember I'm moving in the morning." But she didn't want to think of the morning. She didn't want to think beyond this moment.

When Gary had gone she moved about the big room softly, as though at the slightest noise it would vanish like a too perfect dream. Deep comfortable chairs invited her. Big, soft divans—two of them—banked the fireplace. There were plenty of lamps placed just right. Convenient small, low tables scattered about. Balm scented air drifted in—

## Young And Excited

THE door to the left of the fireplace led to a gay combination kitchen and dining room all aqua blue and cream with matching linoleum. A blue peasant cloth covered the table standing in the deep window. Blue dishes.

"Cooking would be fun here," Her subconscious mind added: "Cooking for Gary would be fun." Disloyal to Reube, even to think that.

Back in the living room the babies sat wonderingly in the middle of the dark, polished floor. "Isn't it grand, darlings?" Paradise—or near it! Judith explored what lay beyond the door to the right of the fireplace. She found a restful bedroom—casements open to cool greenness. Metal beds. Box springs. Hair mattresses and, in an alcove, a white bath with hot water and cold. Just waiting to gush from chromium faucets. And this was the forest!

"Angels," she went back to the patient bewildered twins and hastily commenced to strip off small, untidy garments. "We have water to splash in—plenty of it. You're going to take your first swim."

After they had floated in a great white porcelain sea, been rubbed to pinkness with soft, enveloping towels, slipped into cool little nighties and replete with bread and milk put to bed in the enclosed end of the porch where four beds, arranged ship fashion, lined the walls. Judith went in-doors to make herself presentable.

She made a rite of dressing for supper. Carefully she manicured her nails—it didn't help them much. She arched the dark wings of her eyebrows. Spread powder evenly over her tanned face. Outlined her mouth in vivid red. Brushed her hair until it shone like burnished chestnut, then slipped into the older of the two evening dresses she had brought. It was white, flimsy georgette, cut to a deep V back and front. Her shoulders arose from it satin smooth. Her neck showed a line of too deep scarlet burn—

A reminder of Fordney's Gulch! She never wanted, to think of Fordney's Gulch again. Hastily she searched through bags, found a string of lapis lazuli beads, twisted them around her offending throat. They were inexpensive beads but they interested the blue of Judith's eyes. There was no trace of weariness in the face she saw in the mirror. "I had forgotten I could look so nice." She went out on the porch to wait for Gary.

But for the sleeping children she could have forgotten there was anything in her life except waiting for Gary. For the first time in all the years, she had no vague uneasiness about his coming. She knew by some infallible, illogical reasoning, that Gary was more eager to come tonight than he had ever been. He would not keep her waiting long.

She felt excited, young, hopeful. A different entity from the hopeless, tired Judith who had left the drab monotony of Fordney's Gulch—this morning? A lifetime ago!

His nearness, his dearness. A LF arrived and took possession of the kitchen. Judith heard him moving about, humming a low, plaintive spiritual.

It was beyond a miracle. His nearness, his dearness—the new certainty that needed no words!

All laid a small table on the porch. He placed two tall pale candles upon it and put maiden hair fern—fragile and cool—in the middle of it.

Judith and Gary dangled over their meal talking mostly in monosyllables.

"We'll go riding tomorrow. Judith."

"I'd love that!"

"You'll ride Kingpin, I'll take one of the Company's horses."

It sounds heavenly but I'll be starting life at 10 in the morning—working like a slave."

"Forget it for tonight can't you? If you insist on going—on living like a gypsy—"

"If I insist—Gary don't be silly! I have to go to the place my husband provided."

"I'll have more coffee, please." He liked to watch her brown fingers dropping in sugar—two lumps—"You remembered!"

"Yes. Reuben takes his black."

"Hang Reuben!"

The warring flame of candlelight touched Gary's hair, intensified its coppery tints. It caught a gleam in Judith's eye—a gleam that brightened when she looked at her companion.

Gary caught the gleam—reflected it. He reminded himself that Judith's charm always affected him strongly after an absence. He was feeling it particularly now because he had been so long deprived of the society of women of her type; added to this was pity for her plight—

Pity! He caught at the words in relief. That was what he was feeling, pity!

But he knew he was deceiving himself. Knew that for him somewhere, somehow, the hour had struck. He had known, since he watched her dusky head buried in Kingpin's mane that this aching sweet emotion, whose headiness was increasing with each passing moment had nothing to do with pity.

Useless to remind himself that this was the same Judith. This was a new Judith—a Judith grown a sweeter, more womanly, more tender, a million times more desirable.

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Monday: attack rage takes possession of Reuben.

Subsequently, the action alleged, Miss Bartholomew and her attorney, William H. Neblett, entered into a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio calling for a total salary of \$360,000 over a period of years. The agents asked 10 percent of this amount.

## MOST CHINESE WOUNDED PERISH FROM NEGLECT

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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.



**GONE WITH THE WIND --**  
SENATOR ALLEN J. ELLENDER, LOUISIANA, FUBUSTERED 27 HOURS, 45 MINUTES IN THE SENATE -- AN ALL-TIME RECORD!

HE HELD THE FLOOR FOR 6 DAYS, DELIVERING 175,000 WORDS AGAINST AN ANTI-WINCHING BILL... -1938-

THE LUTH - WORLD'S BIGGEST TURTLE, HAS NO SHELL! 8 FEET LONG AND WEIGHING NEARLY A TON, IT IS COVERED WITH SOFT SKIN...

THE GAME OF TEN PINS EVOLVED FROM NINE PINS WHEN SPORTSMEN SOUGHT TO EVADE LAWS PROHIBITING THE LATTER GAME!



5-7-38 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

## Broadway's Theaters

Few stage stars, strange as it seems, have been made on Broadway. New York's "Great White Way" of stardom, because there are but two legitimate houses there.

Center of the make-believe realm of Theatopia, Broadway is today too businesslike to cater to theaters. Instead, the many side streets from 38th to 62nd street carry nearly every stage show New York has to offer.

In this region are located more theaters to the square mile than any other location in the world, in spite of the fact that during recent years motion pictures have forced the "live" shows to take a back seat in the entertainment field.

In the Times square district 10 years ago 73 playhouses were operating; last year there were 44. This season only 30 stage plays were running in New York City—and of these only two opened on the "Main Street of the Theater"—Broadway.

What may be the fate of the stage on Broadway in the future is a matter of conjecture. Broadway, regardless, will continue to live in the minds of millions as headquarters of the theatrical world.

## How Bowling Developed

If Rip Van Winkle today strolled into the Catskills to hunt, chances are he would find the little mountain men bowling a different game than Washington Irving wrote about.

Ten pins replace nine pins today.

## McNARY FATHERS BILL TO SAVE ROAD FORESTS

WASHINGTON, May 7.—(AP)—A bill to authorize the secretary of agriculture to acquire strips of forest land one-quarter mile wide adjacent to highways, roads and trails financed by the federal government.

## Crash Damage Asked

PENDELTON, May 7.—(AP)—Alleging permanent injuries were suffered in an auto mishap April 3 at Milton, Chris Marshall, Umapine district rancher, filed suit in circuit court here today for \$10,000 damages against George B. Carmichael, father, and George P. Carmichael, son, both of Weston.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—And It Looked Like a Perfect Set-Up!



LOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE SHAL' DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, I'M WATCHIN' SOMETHIN'.

TWO DOWN! AN' ONE TO GO!

DITTO! COME HERE! LOOK!

A SHIP IS FOLLOWIN' US. WE... W-W-HA

HAL FORREST

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ENTIRELY UNAWARE THAT COMPETITION, AND UNFAIR COMPETITION AT THAT, LOOMED AHEAD, BEN WEBSTER NEVER-THELESS KNEW HE FACED PLENTY OF OBSTACLES—

BRIARSIE, OLD BOY, WE'VE GOT A JOB ON OUR HANDS—AND WE CAN'T COUNT ON HELP FROM OLD JASON FOR A MONTH OR TWO AT LEAST—

COME BACK, BRIAR!

DON'T THROW THAT!

CALL OFF YOUR CUR, THEN! HE AIN'T GOIN' TO BITE ME!

EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Sick Man?



WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU UP FEELING O.K. AGAIN?

I'M ABLE TO BE UP BUT A LONG WAY FROM FEELING MY OLD SELF YET—HOW DID THE TRIAL COME OUT?

THERE WASN'T ANY TRIAL...KROOY, THE POOR FELLOW, PASSED AWAY...A MEMORRHAGE FROM THE OLD INJURY

POOR FELLOW? THAT'S A FUNNY WAY TO FEEL ABOUT A GUY WHO ROBS YOU AND THEN THREATENS YOU IF YOU TESTIFY AGAINST HIM.

I GLORY IN YOUR SPUNK TO PROSECUTE HIM...I HAVE NO SYMPATHY WITH CROOKS...I'D NEVER COMPROMISE WITH THEM. HE'S LUCKY HE'S GONE.

I HAVE...YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT STARTED THIS FELLOW...MAYBE IT WAS HOME ENVIRONMENT, BAD ASSOCIATES...LACK OF OPPORTUNITY...I BELIEVE A MAN SHOULD BE PUNISHED FOR HIS SINS ALWAYS SURE IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!

W. A. CARLSON

## HASTE MAKES WASTE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-7 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Pleasant Visitor!



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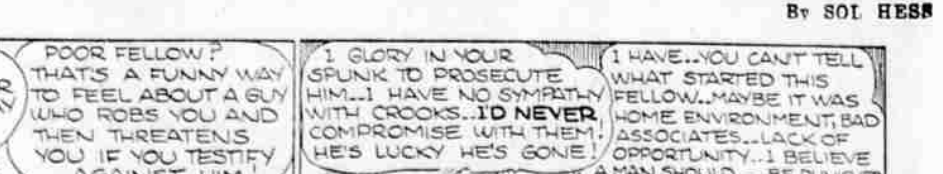
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W. A. CARLSON

## FREDDIE SUED BY THEATRICAL AGENT

HOLLYWOOD, May 7. (UP)—Freddie Bartholomew, juvenile British film star, was sued for \$39,400 today by a motion picture agent who named Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, the boy's aunt and guardian, in the action.

The suit was filed by Myron Selznick and company, theatrical agents, alleging the company entered into an agreement with Miss Bartholomew on November 22, 1935, to handle Freddie's theatrical affairs.

The complaint charged that after the young actor obtained radio and film engagements through the agency, Miss Bartholomew retained them that she had obtained a new agent.

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