

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: ...
 dashing Gary Brent, Judith Udder-
 los marries Reuben Oliver for his
 money—only to learn he is bankrupt.
 Birth of twins, unemployment
 and poverty follow. Then
 Reuben gets work in a lumber
 camp Gary manages and joyfully
 sends for Judith. On Judith's ar-
 rival Gary provides a cabin for
 her and takes her dancing. Re-
 turning from the woods Reuben
 discovers what has happened.
 Blindly angry he removes the
 babies to his tent. Terror, then
 rage grip Judith when she comes
 back to the empty house.

of it. Reuben said. "You drive
 up?" His tone conveyed resent-
 ment.
 "I bought Jeff Snow's old car."
 Her tone conveyed defiance.
 "A waste of money." It was not
 what he meant to say at all.
 "It's been so long since I had
 any y... can hardly blame me for
 not handling it wisely."
 This was the kind of thing he
 could not fight. He felt himself
 weakening. Felt his anger ebbing.
 He didn't want to cede. He re-
 minded himself that sooner or
 later one must take life by the
 horns or be tossed up in the
 wreckage. That now or never he
 must assert himself. She had belit-
 tled him publicly—"You were
 lucky to get here."

The End Or The Beginning?

MOVING hastily about the dim,
 fragrant bedroom, picking up
 small garments, comb brush, her
 faded blue linen—flinging them
 all into the open bag. Judith tried
 vainly to down her growing reser-
 vation. Why couldn't he have
 left her here to this white bath,
 to these firm smooth beds, to com-
 fort for just one night?

Judith shut her ears to common
 sense. Reuben was sulking. Jeal-
 ous of her comfort. A dog in the
 manger. Because he had failed to
 provide all this himself. Her
 nerves were still quivering, her
 pulses not quite steady.
 The tent at plot 16 was dark as
 Egypt under its pine-tree. Neith-
 er Judith nor Gary saw the khaki
 clad figure sitting in the opening.
 Bringing the old car to a wobbly
 halt Gary said: "I don't notice any
 light in the window to guide the
 wanderer home."
 "Everything is right as a trivet,"
 Judith assured him. "Drive my
 Rolls back to your place, Gary.
 You can return it tomorrow."
 "I'm thanking you for the most
 wonderful evening!" Terribly he
 wanted to kiss her but he didn't
 even touch her hand. "Goodnight,
 Judy."
 "Goodnight, Gary!"
 He got into the car and rattled
 away. Judith stood for a moment
 watching the red tail light dis-
 appear, then she turned and went
 slowly up the slight incline to the
 tent. A tall figure arose wraithlike
 and filled the opening.

"Reuben!"
 At the sight of him her anger
 burst into a flame that defied sup-
 pression. He had been listening,
 eavesdropping. "Why didn't you
 pop up sooner, Jack-in-the-box?"
 Weariness and black rage tied
 his tongue. He stepped aside to
 allow her to enter the tent ahead
 of him.

Judith held back. "You go first
 and make a light."
 Stopping his tall length Reuben
 went inside. Judith followed,
 slowly, uncertainly, blinking at
 the sudden harsh light which Reu-
 ben switched on.
 For a fleeting second they stood
 staring, silent—a few yards be-
 tween them—the width of the
 world between them. Each knew
 it was there. Neither tried to span
 it.

Judith was startlingly aware of
 a new virility, a new poise about
 the man who was her husband.
 His hair, so lately released from
 the barber's ministrations, had
 been worried by restless fingers
 until every hair stood tumbled,
 vital and dully bronzed. His shirt,
 turned in at the neck, displayed
 a length of sunburnt throat. It
 modelled his superb shoulders.
 Shining puttees drew attention to
 his straight legs—

With effort Judith turned her
 attention from him to the tent
 with its taut white sides, its slop-
 ing top—deep enough to divide
 into three rooms—

Useless to pretend interest in
 the tent. Reuben's masculinity
 dominated it; filled it to overflowing.
 This new thing between them
 sized and seethed like water too
 hot and too long confined in steam
 pipes. An explosion was inevi-
 table.
 Dully, but with a mixture of
 surprise and relief, Judith
 thought: "This is the end—the
 end of my marriage."
 With cavernous exultance Reu-
 ben thought: "This is where I
 should have started that day be-
 fore the bishop. This is the be-
 ginning."
 Their eyes locked in hostile
 combat. One would go down to
 defeat. Each watched for the other
 to make the first move.

Now Or Never

THE beginning or the end? They
 had come to grips with life,
 with each other, Judith and Reu-
 ben, who until now had so very
 carefully avoided combat.
 Judith, hardly knowing what
 she did, picked a piece of wrap-
 ping paper from the floor and
 started to fashion a shade for the
 electric bulb. "No use to awaken
 the children."
 Reuben made no attempt to
 steady the swaying light. "I don't
 believe dynamite could disturb
 them."
 If they had essayed no more
 conversation all might have been
 well. Fate was giving them a
 chance but they would have none

"How do you mean—lucky?"
 "In that pile of junk?" She had
 let Gary Brent drive it. Let him
 see their poor makeshifts. Let him
 see the pass to which her marriage
 had brought her—
 "The drive up was pleasant
 compared to my arrival here."
 "Not trying to tell me you didn't
 enjoy meeting Brent?"
 "I was referring to having no
 place to go. To feeling like a home-
 less animal." She knew she was
 being unfair but she kept right
 on. "You provided no place for
 me. If it hadn't been for Gary—"
 If it hadn't been for Gary! The
 banked storm of his anger burst
 in its fury. He could fight now.
 "And so you accepted the loan of
 a house?"
 Judith shrugged. "What's a roof
 between friends?"
 "If you take that attitude—"
 "What other one can I take?
 Where else could I go?" asked
 Judith reasonably—a shade too
 reasonably.
 "You could have waited an hour
 or two until Pike got your tent
 up. You preferred to humiliate
 me."
 "I didn't give you a thought."
 "Your frankness is refreshing.
 What sort of fool do you think I
 am?"

Landslide

HER shrug was more deadly in-
 sulting than words.
 "You're going to give me a
 thought from now on," hotly.
 "Yes," lazily.
 "How long do you think you
 can go on cheapening me?"
 "—? Cheapen YOU? Impossi-
 ble."
 He looked at her—a dark woman
 in white, with blue beads
 around her neck—the woman he
 had put on a pedestal; the woman
 who could make a mushroom of
 him—coolly and critically he
 looked at her and hated her!
 All the suppressed resentment
 that had been seething against her
 since his wedding day took fire.
 Every superior smile and uplifted
 eyebrow; every veiled sneer;
 every real or imagined condescen-
 sion clamored for outlet, for re-
 tiation. It was like the begin-
 ning of a landslide—rocks, trees,
 houses, grass, earth—all being
 loosened, seeping and tumbling
 down a vast mountain, colliding
 violently one with the other, swept
 by the hurricane of his rage.
 "Cheapening me to Brent—"
 Her laughter scorched like hot
 lava spit from a volcano. "You
 over rate your importance."
 "You over rate yours. You're
 a woodsman's wife," he gloated.
 "Just a woodsman's wife."
 "Need you remind me?"
 "Yes. When you accept favors
 I can't return—"
 "No one expects you to return
 them."
 "So?" If her eyes had not been
 so contemptuous—"As Brent's
 wife you'd have perfect right to
 one of those cabins. It's too bad
 you didn't marry him before I
 came along."
 "He didn't want me—then."
 "You're trying to tell me?"
 "It may not be too late." Mac
 beyond all power of reasoning.
 "Ah!" The white sides of the
 tent seemed inadequate to hold
 his rage. Any second now it would
 rend those walls, go bellowing
 through the forest. Unconscio-
 usly he came a step nearer. The ma-
 nilla paper shaded light threw a
 brownish shadow upon his face.
 From the coppery gleam in his
 eyes, the sarcasm went to his lips.
 It might have belonged to the
 Prince of Darkness himself; "I
 might have known—"
 "What?"
 "That for all your high faluting
 prating you have a yellow streak
 a yard wide."
 "Be careful, Reuben, you'll be
 sorry."
 "Oh no I won't I'm through
 trying to live by your blasted
 codes. You need to hear the truth.
 You still have what you bartered
 for—house, boxwood, all your
 motheaten grandeur—but you're
 squirming out of your bargain—
 crying for the moon! You've not
 a thought beyond yourself, your
 pride! Well—I have a certain
 brand of pride myself, but you've
 never suspected or respected it.
 You've never even suspected I
 might be human!"
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Blown To Safety

Few men live today who can tell
 as harrowing an experience as Com-
 manding Officer Tebbenjohanns,
 formerly of the German submarine
 UC44. He alone of his entire crew
 escaped an overwhelming disaster
 that struck his boat in 1917.
 It was late on the black night of
 August 14 that Tebbenjohanns guided
 his U-boat through the cold water
 off Waterford, Orkney, on a mili-
 tary assignment. UC44 held in her
 belly 18 highly explosive mines.
 Tebbenjohanns was worried. Other
 mines had been laid previously by an-
 other U-boat in the immediate vicin-
 ity. His position was extremely dan-
 gerous.
 Suddenly Tebbenjohanns' worst

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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feared materialized. The UC44 ac-
 cidentally struck one of the other
 mines. Standing in the conning tower,
 Tebbenjohanns tensed, waiting for
 the explosion.
 It came, a sickening roar, detona-
 ting the 18 mines UC44 was carrying.
 A blinding flash ripped through her
 hull, deafening the screams of the
 men trapped inside her. Then, as far
 as Tebbenjohanns was concerned, a
 miracle happened.
 The rush of air from the internal
 blasts jammed into the conning
 tower, lifting the commanding officer
 and blasting him safely through the
 top, out into the open sea! Tebben-
 johanns suffered only minor injuries.
 As he looked back at his command,
 the hull dove to the bottom with a
 swirl. A British patrol boat, attracted
 by the explosion, picked up Tebben-
 johanns—sole survivor of one of the
 World War's most freakish accidents.
 First Department Store
 No eastern metropolis, but Salt
 Lake City, a small western town of
 20,000 souls, in 1868 developed the
 first department store in the United
 States.
 Organized by Brigham Young in
 that year, the Zion's Co-Operative
 Mercantile Institution opened for
 business on March 1, 1869, as a col-
 lection of separate stores selling dry
 goods, groceries, drugs, etc. The in-
 stitution is still operating today—
 after 69 years.
 Tomorrow: The fate of Darwin's
 nose.

Davies Nominated As Russian Envoy

WASHINGTON, May 11.—(AP)—
 Joseph E. Davies, present ambassador
 to Russia, was nominated by Presi-
 dent Roosevelt today to be ambas-
 sador to Belgium.
 The president several months ago
 had announced Davies would be
 transferred to Brussels as soon as
 he cleared up some pending mat-
 ters at Moscow.
 Davies will succeed at Brussels
 Ambassador Hugh Gibson, who is re-
 turning from the diplomatic service.
 No successor to Davies at Moscow
 had yet been chosen.

Milk Price Slash No Aid To Market

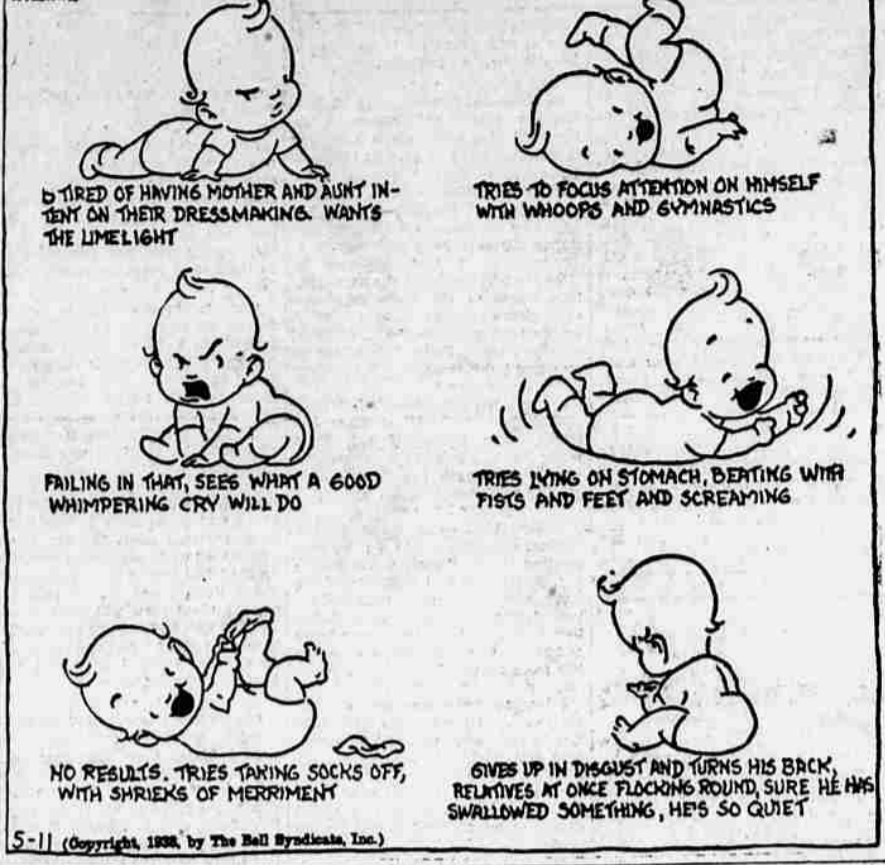
PORTLAND, May 11.—(AP)—Last
 month's reduction in milk prices has
 failed to increase the consumption
 here, Paul C. Adams, state milk con-
 trol board administrator, said today.
 A slight rise occurred in cream
 sales.
 Adams said he had not determined
 whether the condition resulted from
 an economic slump or from public
 ignorance of the price change.

HAM DINNER THURSDAY PHOENIX GRANGE HALL

PHOENIX, May 11.—(Sp.)—A ham
 dinner will be served to the public
 in the Grange hall Thursday from
 6 to 8 p. m. Dancing to the music of
 Dickey's orchestra will follow the
 dinner. A nominal charge will cover
 dinner and dance.

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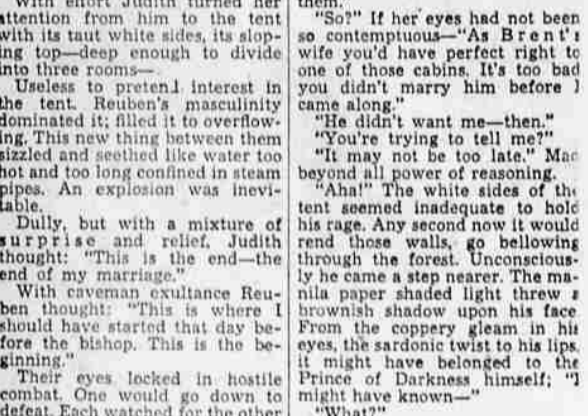
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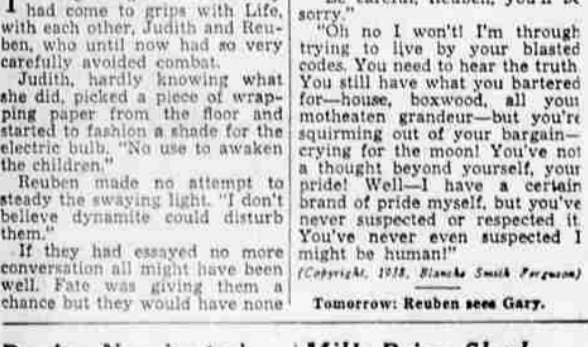
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