

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Judith Goodloe, of an old Maryland family, marries self-made Reuben Oliver for his money—only to discover he is bankrupt. Twins are born. Then Reuben gets work in a lumber camp managed by Gary Brent—the man Judith loves. Judith's tent is not ready when she arrives, and Gary provides her with a cabin. When Reuben discovers this, the lid blows off. Trying to flee by Judith's codes has weakened Reuben. Now he will make his own laws. Hating Gary bitterly, Reuben insists on renting the cabin from him.

Chapter 34

A Wholly Puzzling Stranger

JUDITH made no move to take the key to the cabin. Reuben said: "If I offended you last night, Judith, I'm sorry."

If he offended her—if she said in grand imitation of Gran: "We were both dead tired."

And so as easily as that they put their quarrel behind them or rather they buried it between them in a shallow grave. Neither expected it to stay buried.

"I'll strap the bags," Reuben told her. "You put the children in the car. Easier to get breakfast at the new place."

"What about these new coats?" "Whoever takes over the plot will probably be glad to get them."

vital spark of jealousy, which had smoked sullenly since the day he asked Judith to marry him. No, there could be no friendship now or ever, and when work threw them together—

Unerringly Reuben knew that even the semblance of peace would vanish then. He was an expert forester—Gary a puppet in authority. Reuben knew that Gary was unfit for his job. Gary knew that Reuben knew it, but he also knew that necessarily had its iron heel on Reuben's neck—

With a frown Reuben dismissed all thought of Gary. Time enough to meet the trouble when he had to. There was no doubt in his mind that he would have to.

Before he went back to the woods on Monday, Reuben had found and hired a Chinese boy. All grinning and garrulous, stepped out and Lu Wing, sleeve and silent, stepped in.

"Now," Reuben thought grimly. "I've mortgaged myself for every dollar I make but maybe it's worth it." But he knew it wasn't worth it. Knew he was still moving with the landslide. Where?

He would not think where he would eventually crash. Time enough for that, too.

New Respect

JUDITH'S delight in her new home would once have been heart-warming to the man who loved her despite himself. Now he



A wall of ice reared itself between them.

A few dollars more or less didn't matter now. He entered the tent to find his son busily trying to devour a piece of rope while his daughter hid her utmost to swallow an aluminum frying pan.

He tossed his slobbering offspring as high as the tent's roof permitted. He burned something very soul warming in their moist, sticky kisses and little gurgle of delight.

"Is Gary lending us the cabin?" Reuben's wife asked tactlessly. He hated her all over again. "Do you think I'd accept such a loan?"

"But it's not for rent."

He scowled: "I'm paying \$50 a month for it."

A wall of ice reared itself between them.

"Can you afford it?"

"I can't."

She knew by all the rules of the game she should say: "Then we'll stay here." But she didn't say it. She couldn't. The memory of the big inviting room, the easy chairs, fireplace, white bath was too alluring. Whatever course she once was lost somewhere between a freezing winter and a burning summer in Fordney's Gulch. Righteousness was lost too—the conviction that come what might, one's just debts must be paid—Clay would have to wait. Judith longed for luxury now above all else.

"When winter comes we'll economize," she promised herself. "Go back to Casper Street."

Puppet In Authority

BUT she knew she would never go back to Casper Street. That part of her life was definitely behind her—

All was already in possession of the cabin when they arrived. Cereal and coffee were in the making. A great bunch of bluebells—Paradise flowers to Judith—were in the yellow bowl on the living room table. Judith had come home!

Reuben on the other hand had come to a sort of mild inferno. He resented the grinning black boy's presence. Was Brent in his high-handed way, still bent on showing Judith just what a poor stick he, Reuben, was, or hearing coals of fire?

Reuben wanted none of either. There never could be anything of friendship—of tolerance even, between him and Gary. They had no thought or reaction in common. There was Judith between them too and, on Reuben's part, a very

watched her remotely impersonal as one watches a moving picture critical of its flaws and high spots though affected by neither.

The change in him conveyed itself to Judith. She had felt it since the moment he handed her the cabin's key. His lips had apologized then for the quarrel of the night before but the old humility that had been his since the day he had moved her from the Waldorf to a cheaper hotel was missing. The doglike, unspoken plea for her belief and patience was missing too.

Something had gone from Reuben—mystery gone forever. But something new had come to take its place. Judith sensed it without being able to define it. She had no way of knowing that out of the dark confusion of the night, a clarifying light had burst upon her husband, wiping the blur from his vision. Giving him an almost uncanny insight into affairs as they were. Giving him back a belief in his own sense of values unclouded by the ethics of his wife.

Curiously Judith watched him as one watches a suspicious, wholly nuzzling stranger and though she did not know it there was a new respect in her glance. Iron was visible in Reuben's face now—Iron and what else?

Though she searched Judith couldn't find the answer. He went back to his work and Gary came to take her riding and almost immediately Reuben receded from her thoughts until he was only a shadow in the background of her life. Joyously she reached out for each new day. Just to feel a good horse between her knees. To hear the music of clattering hoofs, the rush of early morning air in her face—to meet Gary's twinkling blue eyes—

"This is the life, Judy!" "Old days come again, Gary."

"Old days," he echoed and knew he lied. These were not the old days of light banter and meaningless, little caresses. These were new days of articulate tenderness. Veiled glances. Long silences too magically sweet to be broken. Strange! In the old days Judith had ached to hear words. Hate, the waiting. Now she fended keep words from being uttered. Loved the waiting.

It was herself she feared now not Gary.

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Tomorrow: Clay comes to visit.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



BARRACUDA CAN LEAP 10 FEET OUT OF THE WATER TO CATCH A FLYING FISH!

CURIOUS ORIGINALLY MEANT CAREFUL...

CANNON FIRE CAN BE HEARD FIVE TIMES AS FAR AS THUNDER...

THE FIRST NOVEL WAS THE LONGEST!

"GENJI MONOGATARI"—WRITTEN IN THE 11TH CENTURY BY MURASAKI, a Japanese Woman, CONSISTED OF 54 BOOKS CONTAINING 4234 PAGES... NOTHING SINCE WRITTEN COMPARES WITH IT!

The First Novel Earliest known story in novel form, as we know it today, was written about 930 years ago by a Japanese authoress—Murasaki, or "Lady Violet"—and has never been duplicated for length.

Her work was known as "Genji Monogatari" (Gossip Concerning Mr. Genji) and dealt with the numerous and amorous affairs of the Japanese nobleman, Prince Genji. Lady Violet devoted a number of years to writing the novel. It eventually covered 4,234 pages and filled 54 books, or chapters.

Murasaki—her true name is not known—finished the novel about 1004 A. D. The exact date is disputed. Murasaki, a lady of the Imperial

court, returned to private life after the death of her husband, according to historians. She was said to have been a member of the famous Fujiwara family which produced a number of great mikados, statesmen and poets.

This amazing work is valued as a mirror of the time it was written. Its length has never since been equaled—neither "Anthony Adverse" nor "Gone With the Wind," longest novels of this decade, comparing with it.

Cannon vs. Thunder Loudest of the common noises one hears is thunder. Yet, strange as it seems, no thunder clap has ever been heard unmistakably more than 20 miles away.

Continual cannon fire, on the other hand, has been heard definitely 100 miles distant, and on less reliable authority from distances as great as 300 miles.

Nature's greatest noise—a volcanic explosion—can outdo any sound man is capable of making. Some have been identified from 3,000 miles away. Greatest man-made noise on record was a blast set off on the Arctic Island of Nova Zembla in December, 1933. It was detected more than 2,000 miles distant at Berlin.

Strange as it seems, the sounds of thunder, of cannon-fire and of a pin dropping travel at exactly the same speed, as the source of volume of the sound has no bearing on its speed.

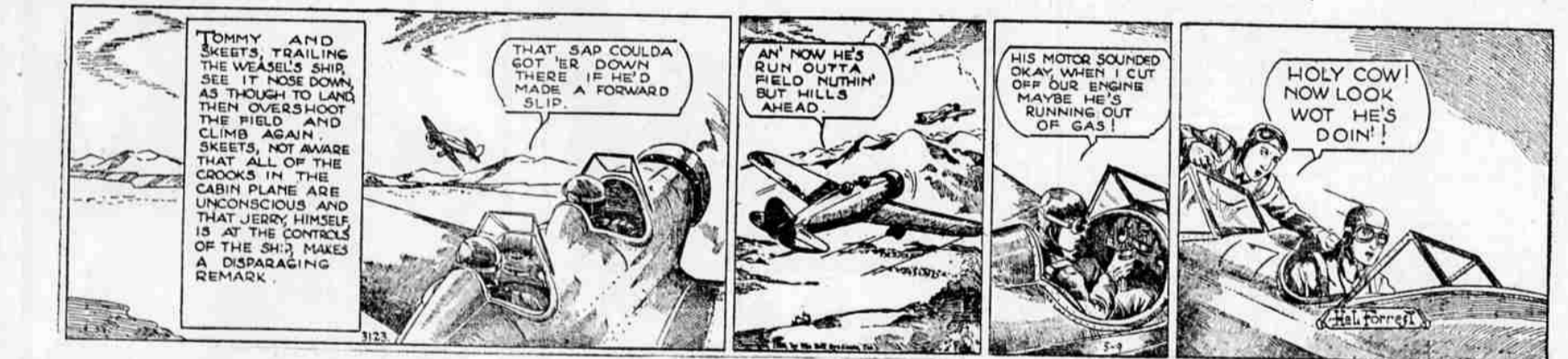
Two Fined \$150 For Slashing Car Tires

THE DALLES, May 13. (AP)—Norman Berry, a WPA worker, and Willard Pratt, a cook, pleaded guilty yesterday to slashing the tires on 27 automobiles a month ago and were fined \$150 by Circuit Judge Fred W. Wilson.

They were charged with malicious injury to personal property. District Attorney T. Leland Brown quoted them as saying they were intoxicated.

At Seaton, on Land's End, England, there is a sign on one side of the local inn: "The Last Hotel in England," and on the opposite side, "The First Hotel in England."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—More Danger!



TOMMY AND SKEETS, TRAILING THE WEASELS SHIP, SEE IT NOSE DOWN, AS THOUGH TO LAND, THEN OVERSHOOT THE FIELD AND CLIMB AGAIN. SKEETS, NOT AWARE THAT ALL OF THE CROOKS IN THE CABIN PLANE ARE UNCONSCIOUS AND THAT JERRY HIMSELF IS AT THE CONTROLS OF THE SHIP, MAKES A DISPARAGING REMARK.

THAT SAP COULDA GOT 'ER DOWN THERE IF HE'D MADE A FORWARD SLIP.

AN' NOW HE'S RUN OUTTA FUEL NUTHIN' BUT HILLS AHEAD.

HIS MOTOR SOUNDED OKAY WHEN I CUT OFF OUR ENGINE MAYBE HE'S RUNNING OUT OF GAS!

HOLY COW! NOW LOOK WOT HE'S DOIN'!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Fight!



WHAT A BATTLE! WILFRED JIPPEM WAS AN EXPERT BOXER, AS BEN SOON DISCOVERED, AND—

LIKE THE TASTE O' THAT ONE?

THUD

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

THE NEBBS—Social Whirl



HELLO, FANNY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK—MET A LOT OF INTERESTING FOLKS, I'LL BET.

YES, I DID—I WAS ON THE GO ALL THE TIME. I'M GLAD TO GET HOME FOR A REST.

I SAW YOUR PICTURE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMNS WITH THE VAN MIDASES—HOW THRILLING! WAS IT HARD TRYING TO FIT IN WITH RICH SOCIETY FOLKS?

NO, THEY'RE JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE—DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE—I EVEN MET ROYALTY.

OH, I'M JUST DYING TO MEET SOCIETY FOLKS—I'VE BEEN READING BOOKS ON SOCIETY—I COULD MEET ANYONE GRACIOUSLY—I'VE BEEN CURTSEYING BEFORE A MIRROR UNTIL REALLY IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE TO MEET MYSELF.

FLOOD CONTROL COST ESTIMATED

WASHINGTON, May 13. (AP)—The house flood control committee estimated today the state and local contributions in the Willamette valley flood control project would be between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000. The committee authorized more than \$11,000,000 yesterday to begin the project. The contribution was determined on a regulation providing that the state and communities paid for relocation of highways and railroads and easements. The army engineers estimated the total cost at about \$92,000,000 and recommended an \$18,000,000 contribution. Regulations since 1936, however, reduced the latter amount.

ROOSEVELT URGES M'ADOO TO RUN

WASHINGTON, May 13.—(AP)—President Roosevelt has carried forward his apparent policy of giving a "pat on the back" to administration senators who are up for reelection by urging the veteran Senator William G. McAdoo (D-Calif.) to seek another term. McAdoo, elected in the 1932 Roosevelt landslide, made public in Los Angeles today a letter from the president saying that his retirement from the senate "would be a distinct loss to the public." "I do not need to tell you that I have always appreciated the fine support you have given to my administration," Mr. Roosevelt added.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



YOUR MOTHER, ENTERTAINING AT BRIDGE, REFUSES TO TAKE SERIOUSLY THE CRISIS THAT HAS ARISEN WHEN, WITH A GAME DUE TO BEGIN IN TEN MINUTES, YOU CAN'T FIND YOUR OTHER STOCKING

S MATTER POI



FOR ONE THING I LIKE BEST ABOUT YOU IS THE LITTLE FELLAT YA HOLD ON YER TRIGHT KNEE

HEH, HEH, THAT'S VERY CLEVER! HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU!

LA-LA-LA!

HI-I-I-I! POP! YA GAVE HIM A CENT FER LIKIN' HISSELF!

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS