

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. After their twins are born, red-headed Cissy Rogers, who loves Reuben, gets him a job in a lumber camp managed by Gary Brent—the man Judith loves. Reuben is a fighter and trying to live by Judith's codes has weakened him. After a violent quarrel with Judith over Gary Reuben decides to make his own laws. This new Reuben is a stranger to Judith who is in a dream world with Gary.

Chapter 35

Society In A Lumber Camp

AND so life ran placidly—a river of gold with enchantment and allure beneath its surface. Romance floated with the tide and Love was waiting to take the helm. Every commonplace happening took on a glory beyond comprehension. To accept a glass of water from Gary's hand. To have him telephone her and say quickly: "You, Judy? I've got to go to the woods—nuisance but I've got to show up on the work occasionally."

"How long are you staying?"

"A couple of centuries—until the day after tomorrow, really. Will you miss me?"

"As if you didn't know!"

Happiness radiated from her. Just to come home hungry, discard riding clothes for cool cotton and sit down to one of Lu Wing's simply arranged, perfect meals! Sometimes a shadow appeared on the golden river of her days—Reuben.

He came home for week ends—neither eagerly nor reluctantly—a well-mannered guest who fell in with whatever project was on hand and before he went away asked for the household bills, paid such as he could and laid the rest aside.

Gradually the cabin at the top of Winding Hill had become the most popular spot in Camp Site No. 2. People dropped in and found tea was always served at four forty-five to the minute. Served easily and graciously and quite as a matter of routine. They began to stop for pickup suppers on Sunday night or for a chance breakfast after the dance with one of Lu Wing's delicious omelettes. In a small way Judith was dispensing the Goodloe-Clancy brand of hospitality. Establishing a new social order in the camp at the edge of the forest.

"The beautiful Mrs. Oliver!" People were acutely aware of her.

"A Maryland Goodloe, my dear!" One of the officials wined and dined her. "A gorgeous creature with the air of a princess—"

"What about him?—Has she a husband?—Isn't that handsome young Brent extremely attentive?"

Gradually they oiled together a few half truths about Reuben. "One of those freak, romantic marriages—Oliver had millions for a brief while—"

Gossip spread. An ambitious matron with a sub-belle daughter at school in the east was given the advantage of knowing a Maryland Goodloe. "It may mean an invitation to the Bachelors' Cotillion, who knows? We might as well run up to the camp for awhile. After all there's nothing really of importance going on in town until November."

One by one the cabins opened. Big cars with chauffeurs smartly uniformed purred up the hill. Ladies perfectly coiffed, groomed and wearing mostly smart black frocks alighted in a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet. Judith accepted her sudden vogue calmly. She sent to Casper Street for her silver, crystal, Cissy's rug—it was superb on the cabin's big, darkly polished floor. She made quantities of tea. Lu Wing baked innumerable tiny wafer-like cakes—

"Are we trying to out rival Newport?" Reuben asked sarcastically.

Orgy Of Spending

OVER the week ends Reuben shared in his wife's popularity—reflected glory. He was greeted everywhere with a new cordiality—at the pavilion on the company's officials on Saturday night, on the golf course on Sunday morning. On Monday morning Reuben became a woodsman again. He tried to remain on top of the week ends—declining invitations. As September, October went by, Judith allowed herself very little thought of the future, as is the way of those happy in the present. The first imperfection that appeared upon her horizon was when Pike belatedly presented his bill. The amount shocked her.

During the first couple of weeks in her new environment, Judith had spent Reuben's money timidly—the horror of jobless days in Fordney's Gulch still upon her. Gradually it pleased. The new order so right, so pleasant, established itself firmly and now—Pike's bill!

"I—I must be wrong," Judith

figured, added, subtracted and added again—reminding herself, rather pathetically, of Gran. She could find no one mistake.

"I'll do better next month," apologetically—a new attitude for Judith. She handed the rumpled paper to Reuben. "I didn't realize how much I was spending."

He glanced at the amount. Nearly as much as his month's salary. He opened his lips to tell her so. To say that this wild orgy of spending must stop. Then he remembered that he had vowed to be as good a man as Gary, and after all, a few pounds of tea, a few eggs was not exactly reckless expenditure.

"Is it necessary to entertain the entire camp every day or so?"

"N—no. Most of them have gone now," Judith said.

"We can be thankful for that," "I enjoyed having them," frankly.

He folded the bill neatly. "This will have to wait until next month. I paid Cissy—I thought that would please you."

"It does." She had almost forgotten Cissy's existence. "Is she still at the Curtis camp?" politely.

"Yes."

"I should think she'd find it dull."

Reuben had a quick vision of the Curtis Camp with its ballroom, its motion picture theaters—outdoors and in—its pool, golf links. Guests arriving and departing. Zipping down the mountain to Hollywood, to Santa Monica—

"How about asking Cissy down here next week end?" He said it casually, yet it was a command not a request.

Judith didn't want to ask Cissy next week end or ever. Once Cissy had taken Gary—

"She couldn't do it now," Judith thought with satisfaction. She said: "That's an idea! Shall I mail the invitation or will you take it to her?"

"Either way, I'll probably see her during the week."

He was seeing Cissy—Luckily she didn't care—

Down With A Bang!

CISSY, dressing in Judith's bedroom for the dance given to honor the buyers and their wives, eased a gown over her white shoulders. It was a black gown, filmy and simple with the simplicity of extreme expensiveness. She said: "Nice shank."

Judith agreed: "I'm crazy about it."

"Rube is doing well at his job, isn't he?"

"Evidently," Rube's wife spread cold cream thickly over her straight little nose. "He's had a raise."

"Good!"

"Perhaps he owes that to your interest, Cissy?"

"Not at all! Things are moving better since Rube took a hand," Cissy smoothed her dress over slim hips, "but there's more to it than that."

Judith asked no questions. She kept on spreading cold cream.

Cissy, determined to pursue this subject said: "There's a lot more to it than that."

"Than what?" idly.

"My interest," Cissy turned to the mirror. "Galbreath knows a good timberman when he sees one."

"Is he here again?"

"Yes."

"I think I saw him the day I arrived. Fat man with pig eyes isn't he?"

"The eyes are the least of his piglike qualities."

"Is he in this camp?"

"No, across the mountain."

"It's gayer on that side?"

"Much."

For a moment Cissy busied herself pinning down a refractory curl with an invisible pin. This done she said on sudden thought: "Ever notice what a see-saw life is? One side goes way up—flights to stay up—comes down—bang!"

Judith laughed eagerly: "That's the one thing I have learned about life, Cissy. I've usually had the end seat that gets the hardest bump."

"Guess you have at that," Cissy admitted grudgingly. "I wasn't thinking of you though, but of Gary Brent."

"Gary? What of him?"

"Hal! She's interested at last," Cissy decided. Leisurely she unpinned the curl and worried it with a comb before she answered: "He's had the up end for quite a while. He's due to come down—that's all."

"Just what do you mean?" Judith hoped her voice was steady.

"Galbreath is looking around for a new superintendent."

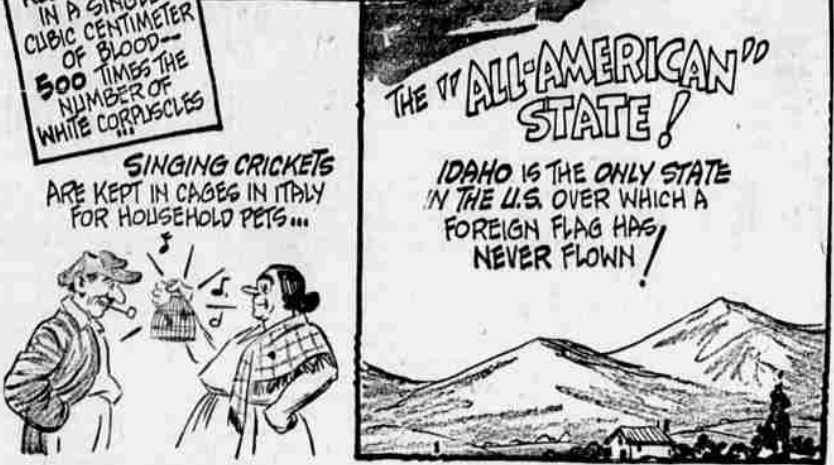
The news struck Judith like a stone between the eyebrows, stunning her. Then suddenly as a Christmas tree ball shatters her perfect world smashed about her head. If Galbreath got a new superintendent Gary would go home—go somewhere. Leave her here. Leave her to desolation. She couldn't bear it. She wouldn't believe it.

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Monday: Cissy lays her cards on the table.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE "ALL-AMERICAN" STATE!

IDAHO IS THE ONLY STATE IN THE U.S. OVER WHICH A FOREIGN FLAG HAS NEVER FLOWN!

All-American State
Idaho, through its entire history, has never existed under and flag but that of the United States. Strange as it seems, no other state can claim this distinction.

Originally, Idaho formed a part of the Oregon Country claimed jointly by Spain, Russia, Great Britain and the United States. Spain relinquished her claim in 1819—Russia in 1824. Great Britain and the United States then held the region jointly until 1846, when a treaty gave the U. S. sole possession south of the 49th parallel.

Throughout these years of disputed ownership, the United States upheld her priority rights established in 1805 by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, first known white men to visit Idaho.

Pressing Invention
Necessity, of-quoted mother of invention, played her traditional role in the development of the automatic, foot-operated clothes-pressing machine.

Handicapped by a dislocated shoulder, Adon J. Hoffman, tailor's apprentice in a small Syracuse, N. Y. shop, found himself unable to handle the heavy goose tailors of that time used in pressing.

Hoffman set out to build a foot-operated pressing machine so that he could continue his work. He obtained his salary for six months in advance, built the machine and eventually opened a little shop of his own.

A stranger who chanced to visit Hoffman's shop became interested in the presser and financed a company to build and market it. Hoffman, by this stroke of luck, was able eventually to retire a millionaire—because of a dislocated shoulder and an adaptable mind.

Countless Corpuscles
The red corpuscles in your blood, 500 times as numerous as white ones live after 3 to 15 days. Actually, the red corpuscles are not red but yellow; their vast number gives rise to the reddish appearance.

24 Couples Marry Without Authority

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 14.—(AP)—Marital status of at least 24 couples was uncertain today as result of a ruling by the attorney-general's office that mayors were without authority to perform ceremonies unless they were also ministers or justices of the peace.

Mayor A. B. Laxter of Clarksville, who said he was neither a cleric nor a justice of the peace, announced that since 1934 he has married 24 couples, some of whom now live outside Arkansas.

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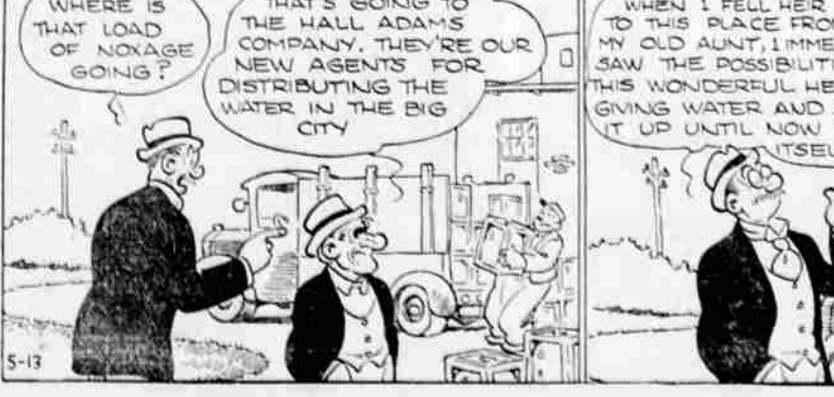
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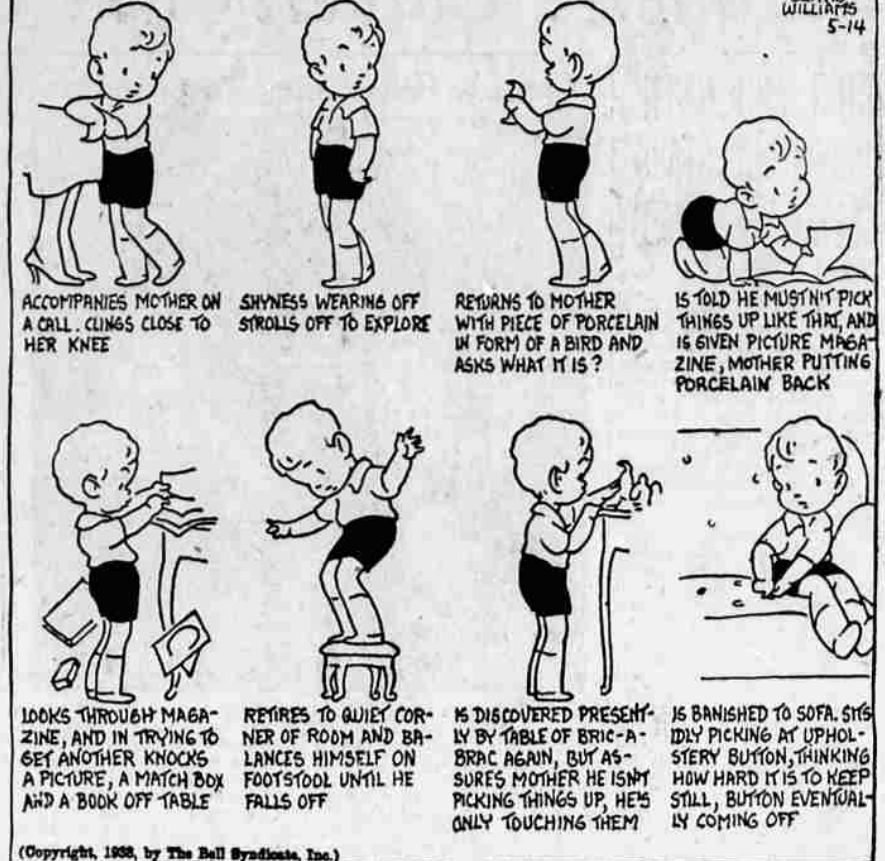
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HUNGARY WILL HAVE STRONGER CABINET TO COMBAT NAZISM

BUDAPEST, May 14.—(AP)—The cabinet of Premier Koltoman Daranyi confronted by an expanding Nazi movement, resigned tonight.

Admiral Nicholas Horthy, regent of Hungary, was expected to call on Bela Imredy, minister of economics to form a government, and announcement of a new cabinet list before tomorrow was predicted.

It was understood Daranyi would recommend Imredy as head of a new stronger government capable of combating the rise of Nazism in Hungary.

Earlier the government's anti-Jewish bill which would restrict

Insurance Agent Admits Robbery

OLYMPIA, Wn., May 14.—(AP)—Merritt G. Mills, 33, Olympia insurance agent and seion of one of Olympia's most prominent pioneer families, was accused today by his life-long friend, Prosecutor Smith Troy of the daylight robbery yesterday of the Thurston County Savings and Loan company's office. Mills is the son of former Mayor George O. Mills.

Troy said Mills confessed the robbery, which netted him approximately \$860. He blamed financial troubles for his act.