

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Judith Goodloe married 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. Always a fighter, living by Judith's codes has weakened Reuben. Now, after a violent quarrel with Judith, he decides to make his own laws, and it is to the knife with Gary, Cissy, on a visit, shocks Judith with the news that Gary may lose his job.

Chapter 36

Cissy Declares War

"GALBREATH has been losing money and men during the two years Gary has managed things," Cissy continued. "Now he's looking for a real timberman. A picturesque Robin Hood looking wise, but acting dumb is all right—up to a point."

For an instant Judith was too outraged to speak. Then: "You don't like Gary as much as you used to?" sweetly

"Equally as well," coolly. "I don't love him—there's a difference."

Judith had a desire to slap Cissy. "Does he know he's to be let down?"

Cissy shrugged: "He spends so little time on the work, I doubt if he does." Outlining her lips with geranium red she watched Judith's dark face in the mirror. When she had studied it a long moment she said: "It's an ill wind that blows no good. It means a chance for Reuben."

"To become superintendent. Why—what's the matter?" Cissy swung around and faced her hostess. "You look stricken instead of tickled to death."

"Should I look—tickled?"

"Shouldn't you? It's your husband's big chance."

"You think he should elevate himself at a friend's expense?"

"I wouldn't call Gary Reuben's friend—exactly."

"Reuben owes Gary his job."

"I asked for it," Cissy reminded her.

It was not a pleasant remembrance, Judith hurried on: "He let us have this cabin—"

"I think he did that for Reuben? He did that for you."

"Suppose he did? I've known Gary all my life. Do you think Reuben should repay a kindness—"

"Fiddle! Is it a kindness to exact an exorbitant rent which Gary probably puts in his own pocket—"

"Cissy!" furiously.

"I can't swear to it of course," coolly.

"I can swear he doesn't. Gary is a scoundrel."

"How you love to fool yourself with high sounding phrases, Judith! Why not come clean? You love Gary and you don't love Reuben!"

Cissy's statement crashed like cymbals against Judith's eardrums. The scant space between them vibrated to it.

"Cissy!"

"Maybe you can fool Reuben, the blind bat. I'm not so sure—any more."

"I've never tried to fool him," proudly.

"You can even fool yourself—maybe, but you can't fool me. You'd sacrifice Reuben any day for Gary."

"Aren't you assuming a great deal?" haughtily.

"I'm assuming nothing." Great waves of life swept over Cissy. She bit her newly painted lips to steady them. "I know because I love Reuben myself. I've loved him all my life and I'll keep right on loving him until I die. I'm that kind of fool."

Stillness in the pine scented room. Neither woman moved. Neither seemed to breathe. Each watched the other, waiting for the next word, the next move.

With an effort Cissy said, defiantly: "Now you know."

"I knew before."

"I'm not very subtle."

Judith seemed not to hear. "If Gary went away—"

"This whole lovely western forest suddenly lost its enchantment. Became just one more wilderness."

A New Deal

"WELL," Cissy prodded, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" She felt a vague pity for Cissy.

"Do?" emphatically. "The cards have been badly stacked, haven't they?"

"Maybe."

"Cissy strove for lightness. "Am calling for a new deal."

Judith smiled whimsically: "Good luck!"

"I hope you mean it because I'm warning you I mean to play a hard game this time. I mean to win Reuben if I can. You don't care! You're letting him down—"

"Be careful, Cissy."

"You'd better be careful yourself!" Cissy lighted a cigarette with fingers that were not quite steady. "There's a week ahead for somebody and it might be you."

Gathering up a jeweled gold

bag and emerald velvet wrap with its chinchilla collar, Cissy trailed from the room on tall gold heels leaving a whirl of gray smoke in her wake.

Judith stood for a moment gazing after her.

"Why do I let her disturb me? Why? But as on the evening of her first visit to Goodloe's Choice, Cissy had rocked Judith's world to its very foundation."

Immediately Reuben ceased to be a dim shadow in the background of his wife's life. He became very real—loomed very large. In a flash she realized that Reuben was the foundation of the present world—not the make believe world of laughter and whispered tenderness, but the real world that held the babies, spinach, carrots, clean laundry—without Reuben—

She dressed for the dance with utmost care in her one really fine remaining dress, a burnt orange chiffon alluring as sin. Fragile as a butterfly's wings.

"Silly to wear it through these woods," Judith told herself, sensibly, but she did not take it off. Instead she smiled at her reflection in the mirror with satisfaction. She was pretty again.

"I won't be frightened!" she went out on the porch to join Cissy. "Reuben will be late," she said easily, as though there had been no scene between them. "He always is."

"It wouldn't surprise me if he doesn't get here at all," Cissy replied with the too cheerful air of a woman who is trying to prepare herself for disappointment.

And then, almost as though her longing had brought him, Reuben's tall figure rounded the corner of the cabin.

"Half fair maids!" He took the porch steps at a bound. Smiling at his wife and her guest with mock seriousness he said: "Your loveliness dazzles me."

"He didn't kiss her," Cissy noted with satisfaction. "A new deal is imminent—I hope I'll hold a trump or two."

The Queen Is Dead

THAT night Judith startled realization to Judith that the breach between herself and Reuben had deepened and widened gradually, insidiously until each stood on opposite sides of a spaceless chasm across which only the faintest echoes of their real selves were audible. If Reuben had become a shadow to her, she was only the most vaporish ghost to Reuben—a ghost to be tolerated and treated politely.

Being a ghost had its good points. One could stand on the side lines and view life impartially and unobserved. She saw Reuben more clearly from this distance than she ever had in the hectic, crowded days at Fordney's Gate. The shadow was gaining substance. It gained vastly as she watched her husband dancing—

with Cissy.

Judith's partner, a German professor, followed her gaze: "They dance well together."

"I was noticing that."

He laughed. "They have plenty of practice."

"So! People were talking—"

Judith tried not to watch Reuben, conscious in every part of her of the new indefinable quality about him. He looked like a man who has awakened after a long sleep to more abundant strength, power, happiness. He mingled with the dancers but was plainly not of them. He wore a detached look, a soaring look—

"The eagle," Cissy had called him that night at Goodloe's Choice. Had accused Judith of chaining him. "Well, he has cast away his chains tonight."

Cissy was besieged with partners. Here was a new experience for Judith. She was not the undisputed belle, the queen of Camp number 2 tonight. She had been dethroned ruthlessly and quite as a matter of fact. A brighter star had appeared on the horizon—Cissy Rogers was old Clem's sole heiress. If that were not enough to make any girl a sensation old Clem's daughter had beauty. She had charm. She had old Clem's ready friendliness.

Judith acknowledged the end of her reign. "The Queen is dead—long live the Queen!" Her lips quirked whimsically and then she saw Gary—blond, splendid, making his way towards her.

Who said the queen was dead? Without the loss of a single step Gary took her from the professor. He said: "I thought I'd never get here."

She said: "I thought you'd never come."

"The buyers arrived today like a swarm of locusts."

"So Cissy said."

"Cissy here!" indifferently.

"Visiting me over the week end. Come up tomorrow and help to entertain her."

"Oliver is expert at that. I'll entertain you."

Cissy and Reuben agreed! No that it mattered. Nothing mattered save that Gary was here and that no one could lure him from her!

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Tomorrow: Gary has something to tell Judith.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Birth of Czechoslovakia
National independence for the Czechs and Slovaks of central Europe, sought after for generations past, became a reality during the World war in one of the strangest turns of events in history.

Strange as it seems, Czechoslovakia came into existence as an army almost a year before it was recognized as a nation.

Years of fighting for independence by these Balkan races had been attested by political control of Austria-Hungary, of which ancient Bohemia and Moravia, for ages the home of the Czechs and Slovaks, were a part.

Entirely against their will these two races were conscripted into the Austrian army to fight for the central powers against their Slavic

brothers, the Russians and Serbians. Early in 1915 the Russians captured them in large numbers—then from Russian prison camps they were released to fight for the Allies against their former oppressors.

Great numbers of the Czechs passed over to the allies of their own volition and, joined by Czechoslovaks from abroad, they formed special military units within the framework of the Allied armies.

The necessity of agitation for political freedom abroad was soon realized by Professor Masaryk, leader of the small realist party. In Switzerland, England, America and Russia Masaryk traveled, spreading assurances among the Allies that the sympathies of the Czechoslovaks were

who furnished incentives for the jubilation.

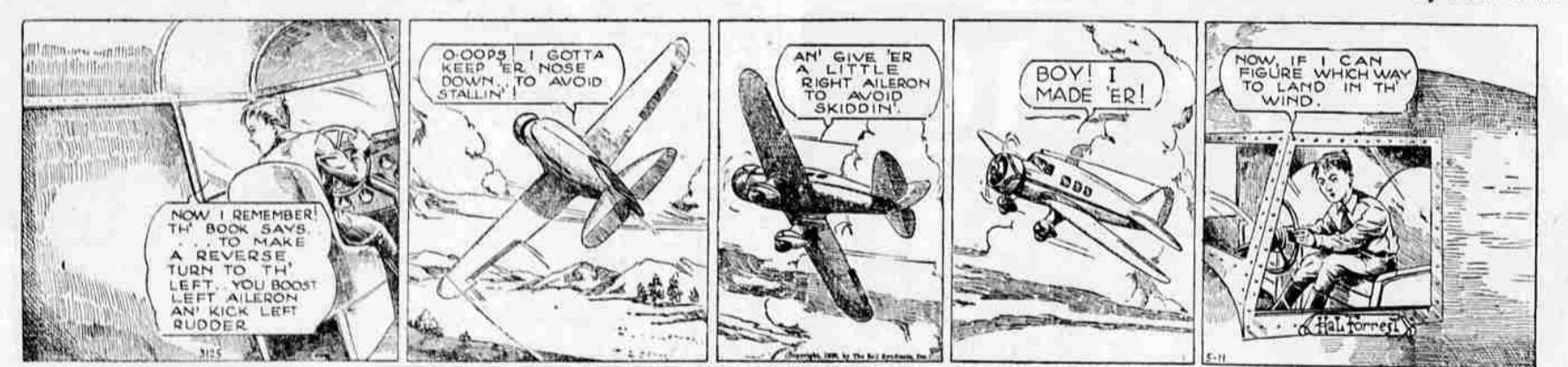
Acid "Freezes" Engine
NORTHAMPTON, Mass. (UP)—While Carl Hauff, Jr., was driving his new automobile, the engine suddenly "froze." Amazed at discovering the engine had disintegrated, he notified police. They decided a van-

dal had poured sulphuric acid into the gasoline tank and radiator, completely ruining the engine.

GLASGOW, May 16. (AP)—Sir Harry Lauder, 67, famous Scotch comedian, was taken to a nursing home today with facial injuries and a possible fractured thigh after he slipped and fell in his home.

Fiesta Headache Related
SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—It is not unusual for a person to have a passing headache the day after a fiesta. San Francisco's headache, resulting from the fiesta staged for the opening of the San Francisco-Oakland bay bridge, is now more than a year old and is eliminating its suits for \$70,000 from creditors

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Wanted... A "Wind Sock!"



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Pop" Arrives!

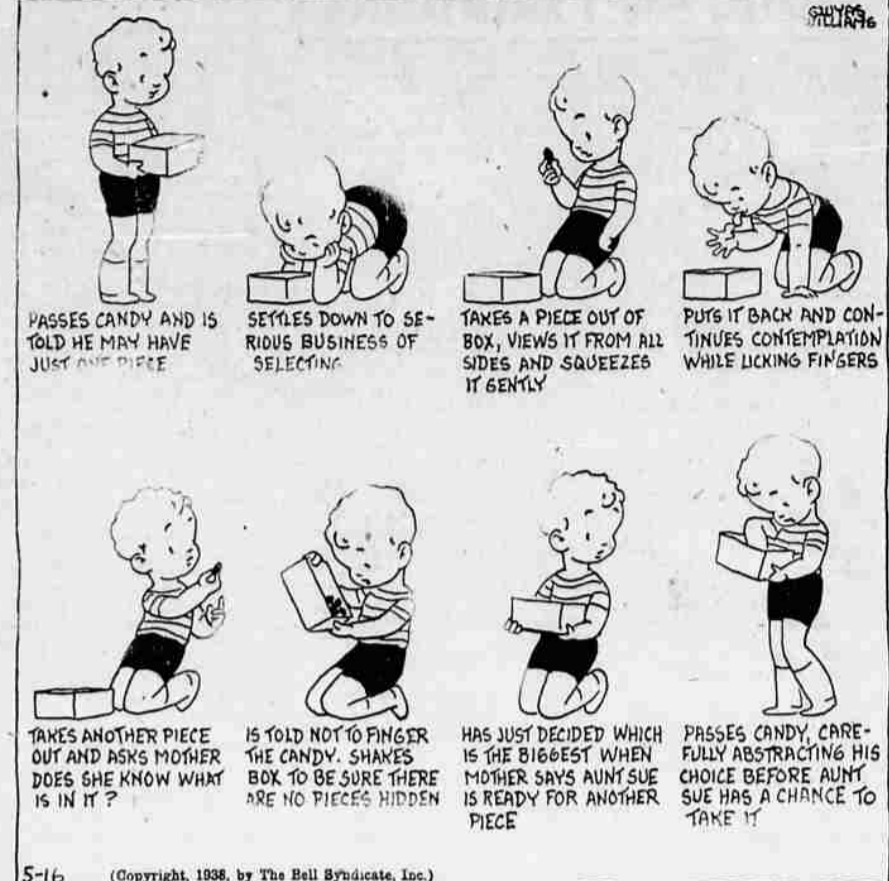


THE NEBBS—Heap, Big Brave



SELECTION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



5-MATTER POI

By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

BIGGER BREAD LOAF WILL AID FARMERS

TOPEKA, Kan., (AP)—To increase bread consumption, Kansas bakers have decided the big fat loaf must be made more popular.

When people cut a slice they will eat it even if it is twice as large as one from the present long, lean loaf, they explained.

"This will help wheat farmers, the bakers said, because it takes more wheat to make the big, fat loaves."

Relief Fund Raising
SALEM, May 16.—(AP)—Appropriations made for public assistance are continuing and appropriations are available until expended unless otherwise provided by the legislature. Attorney General Van Winkle said here today.

PROBLEM IS CREATED BY NEW FIRE TRUCK

BUTTE, Mont.—(AP)—When Butte's shiny, new \$9,500 fire department pumper truck arrived all the city was proud.

Then trouble reared its head. Firemen attempted to back it into the fire station garage and discovered clearance through the door was only a matter of inches, too scanty for speedy exit.

City officials sent out an SOS for a good carpenter.

Wool Sales Slow
BOSTON, May 16.—(AP)—USDA—Demand for wool on the Boston market during the past week was slow and quite selective as occasional buyers made small purchases to cover pressing out requirements.