

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Judith Goodloe 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. Always a fighter, living by Judith's codes has weakened Reuben. Now, after a violent quarrel with Judith over Gary, he decides to make his own law. Cissy, on a visit, checks Judith with the news that Gary may lose his job to Reuben. Also, she bluntly says she loves Reuben and is out to get him.

Chapter 37
'Something To Tell You'
THE music suddenly took up a swifter measure. Gary and Judith moved through space with beautiful, free strides. His eyes approved her vivid colored gown. "You're magnificent, Judy!" "It's this dress," happily. "It's you," holding her closer. "It was madness to wear it tonight. The dress I mean." "We're swamped in madness," gloomily. "but thank heaven something ends sooner or later." Tenseness under his usual carelessness. A shadow in his blue eyes. She wondered if Cissy's



He drew her closer. "We're swamped in madness."

prophecy had already come to pass? She wanted to shout out what Cissy had told her. Wanted Gary to know he was in danger of losing his position. Wanted to urge him to discharge Reuben quickly before he harmed Gary, shamed himself and her. Something tied her tongue. She was like a soldier trying to be loyal to the flag he marches under while his heart is on the enemy's side. In all the bitter days she had shared with Reuben, by a the anxious nights, she owed him a surface loyalty at least until he stooped to betray. Dishonor would free her as nothing else would, but maybe Cissy had been talking to gain her own ends; to find out what Judith would do. Cissy admitted she was out for a new deal. Judith forgot all uncertainties. Gary's arms were around her. Gary's voice was saying the things she wanted to hear. Gary's eyes were adoring. Why spoil a perfect moment, both about a future that would probably take care of itself? It was a typical Goodloe philosophy. So far it had always worked out well for Luem. No reason to believe it wouldn't continue to work out well.

Flame Growing Warmer
ON THE way home Gary managed to detach Judith from Cissy and Reuben. "Let's walk home by the Ridge. There's a late moon." Her high beating heart warned her: "Don't. Unless you want to precipitate things, don't. Gary will kiss you tonight—if he does." Sensibly she reminded herself that Gary had been kissing her, on occasions, all her life. Why the sudden coyness? But she did not deceive herself. She could feel the smothered flame growing warmer—"It will be absolutely ruinous to my dress," she protested weakly. "I'll help you fix it under your coat." He commenced to wrap swirls of chiffon carefully about her. "How do you girls get away with it? The most agile male swathed in one quarter of this would trip and break his neck." He talked lightly to disguise his real feelings. "How's that?" "Fine—if it stays," skeptically. "Maybe I can tie it with my scarf. There—that's better."

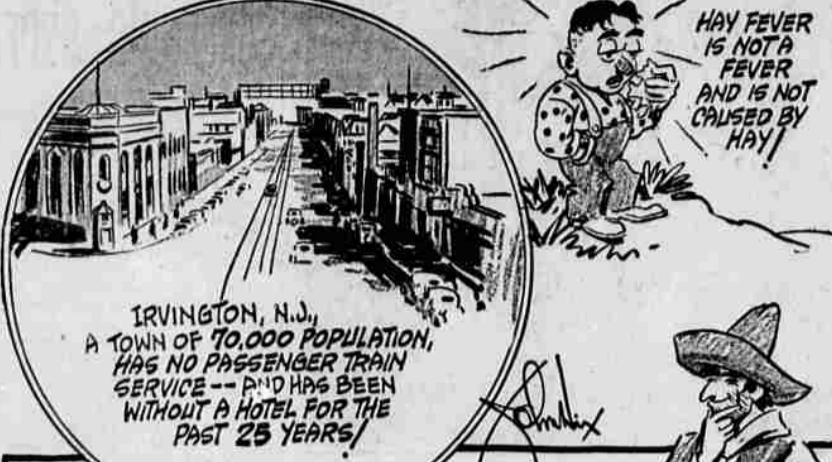
The stage—a climbing path, rimmed with semi-circular valley. Towering pines bordered its inner side. Their needles made a soft, spicy carpet. The night was brightened by a million stars. Soon an almost exhausted last quarter moon would stagger up. Judith walked lightly on orange saun heels—on little wings of uncertainty—in hushed breathlessness—her arm slipped through Gary's. He held her hand in a warm clasp, content to be silent until they were half-way home. Then: "Let's rest on Gambler's Ledge, Judy. I've something to say to you." "Must you say it—now—tonight?" "Tonight," doggedly. At the byway Judith's feet faltered. If she stopped at Gambler's Ledge now the old order of things would be gone forever—no more careless, happy drifting—she would be swept into the whirlwind. "Judith," Gary began when they were seated on the rock that jutted over the valley, "remember the moths we watched doing their dance of death, the night you came here?" "I remember—silly things." "It was their fate. I've been doing just such a dance." Gary could not miss a chance to dramatize himself—"trying to leave the

One Little Moment
HE BROUGHT his bright head closer to her dark one. His voice—Gary's deep, pleasant voice—muted with a strange tenderness: "Judith!" His lips against hers. "Judith!" She felt a little frightened. She reminded herself that this was Gary. This was the moment that had been snatched from her that May afternoon at Goodloe's Choice. Now it was hers—years deferred—too late. No, no, no! She wouldn't let it be too late. She wouldn't let anything cheat her of her perfect moment. One little moment out of a lifetime! Every woman was entitled to that. She wouldn't think of her tangled life or the problems that lay ahead. The long closed gates of her paradise were swinging wide. Was the glimpse beyond the perfection of which she had dreamed? Of course it was. She relaxed in the circle of Gary's arm. She breathed in great breaths of lush, sweet air. Behind them a broken fragment of moon peeped shyly over the ridge. Threw a dull glimmer of silver over the valley below them; over winding streams—"You love me, Judy?" "I love you, Gary!" She wanted to hear herself say it. "And I love you. Nothing else matters!" His words beat against the exquisite stillness of the night. Beat against the earth. Against the stars. Against her heart—her perfect moment! Judith asked nothing else from life. Expected nothing else. All the longing, the uncertainty of the years was cleared away. Her faith in Gary justified—it was enough. "Perfection never lingers," Aristotle found that out centuries ago. Judith was to learn it now. Gary himself shattered her perfect moment from life. He said: "Things can go on as they are any longer." Her heart lunged: "What things?" "Oliver, mainly." She drew herself from his arms. "Gary."

Tomorrow: Divorce?

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



First Woman Jury
Way out West where men are men—and women are jurors that was Wyoming back in 1870. Wyoming was the first territory and state to grant women the right to vote and hold public office. Laramie, Wyoming, was a real "wild west" town in those pioneer days. Lawlessness abounded; the better class of settlers found it difficult to maintain law and order. Murderers, cattle thieves and gamblers operated under the very nose of Laramie's alleged law enforcement body. They were sure of a speedy acquittal—if it did happen they were arrested and brought to trial for their crimes. Male jurors actually were afraid to convict them! Early in 1870 someone got the bright idea that possibly women jurors would not be so influenced by the threats of intimidation that had their men-folks "buffaloed." In March the plan was put to trial; a woman jury was to be empaneled—a precedent in this country. Reports flocked to Laramie's court room to report the conduct of novel trials that ensued; both the grand and petit juries contained women jurors who, for the first time, were allowed to vote the guilt or innocence of men charged with crimes varying from murder to illegal branding. Volled threats rumored that certain elements would make quick work of the women jurors, in an effort to discourage them from taking part in the trials. Newspapers caricatured them holding babes in their laps, saying: "Baby, baby, don't get in a fury. Your mama's going to sit on the jury." At first opening of the Laramie court, the jury was addressed by the judge as "ladies and gentlemen of the grand jury." Stephen W. Downey, prosecuting attorney, attempted thereupon to quash the jury because it was not composed of "male citizens" as prescribed by law. His motion was overruled. The grand jury remained in session for three weeks and many criminal cases were disposed of. Precedent had been established; women had found their place in Wyoming—where men were men. Tomorrow: The bashful balloon-

against German submarines during the World war, died today at the age of 60.
Sub Fighter Dies.
LONDON, May 17. — (AP) — Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, in charge of the coordinated American and British naval forces operating at Cabb, Ireland.
Hold Everything!
GRANTS PASS, May 17. — (AP) — Should Oregon withdraw everything from the 1938 world's fair in New York, it would be a monstrous task and might wreck the show. Many of the long fir pilings upon which the buildings are being erected came from this district.
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Almost Safe... But...



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Warning



THE NEBBS—You're Right



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



A GOOD MANY EVENING CLOTHES HAD TO GO TO THE CLEANERS AFTER A RECENT PARTY WHEN ERNIE PLUMER'S CAR, WHICH BLOCKED THE DRIVEWAY, REFUSED TO START; AND, THE GARAGE BEING CLOSED, THE MEN HAD TO GO TO WORK ON THE ENGINE THEMSELVES

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S'MATTER POF By O. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Almost Safe... But... (continued)



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Warning (continued)



THE NEBBS—You're Right (continued)



WEEK-END MINE REST SAVES LIVES OF TWO
GRANTS PASS, May 17. — (AP) — Week-end suspension of mining to benefit salmon fishermen probably meant salvation to three men, J. E. Morrison, mining department geologist, said today. An avalanche cascaded down the 40-foot face of the diggings at Ben Watt's Horsehead pit or mine on a tributary of the Applegate Saturday noon, striking where the men normally work. The slide muddled the Applegate river, spilling fishing in the Rogue below its mouth. Warm weather melting snow raised the main river more than a foot, increasing debris and natural turbidity here from 10 to 20 parts per million.

NEW STORE PLANNED ON UPPER APPLAGATE
BIG APPLAGATE, May 17. — (Sp. 1) — A new store will be opened in the Applegate district this week by Harold Reed of Jacksonville, who has constructed a small store building near the Upper Applegate Grange hall on property leased from Albert Young. Mr. Reed will carry a line of groceries and soft drinks, and will install a gasoline pump in a short time. He will not handle fresh meat, although he may sell lunch meats. He expects to build a home near his store later. With addition of the store to the community center already provided by the grange hall, and with the increasing popularity of the adjoining McKee Bridge forest park, the area

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
By O. M. PAYNE
By HAL FORREST
By EDWIN ALGER
By SOL HESS