

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 union is 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. After a violent quarrel with Judith, he decides to make his own laws. Cissy tells Judith bluntly that she is out to get Reuben. Also that Gary is in danger of losing his job to Reuben. Judith realizes she must make her decision.

Chapter 38

Divorce?

GARY'S ferocity surprised Judith. An instinct for fair play made her say: "Hasn't Reuben's work been satisfactory?"

"Oh, he has earned his money," grudgingly. "But—I don't like him."

"Is it necessary that you like each employee?"

"It's necessary that I have the respect of each employee. Oliver is rude, overbearing. He's forever making a play to the gallery."

"Aren't you being supercritical, Gary?"

"Defending him?"

"Maybe. Not knowing why she did so, she kept right on. 'If Reuben doesn't know—'"

"You think I want that?"

"She studied him in the uncertain light—arrogant under his nonchalance. Sure of himself. Demanding first place and getting it, believing it his infallible right, and in a revealing flash she knew that under his lovable carelessness, Gary wanted power and homage, in great or small proportions, from all with whom he came in contact. Especially would he demand it from the woman he loved. How did she know this—How—?"

Because—knowledge rushed over her like a tidal wave—these things were the very breath of life to her too.

"No, no, no, I'm not like that!" Judith denied to Judith. "It's not true!"

But it was true. She had been demanding from Reuben, not the give and take affection due from a man to his mate, but the worship accorded a superior being. Now, because Reuben rebelled—

Almost she could be glad he had rebelled. Reuben catering, servile she could despise, but Reuben remote, unapproachable—

Gary said: "You think I'm hankering for a pedestal?"

Her fingers trembled over his. "I know it, darling."

"Well—of all things!" Undecided whether or not to be offended.

"And I'm crying for one too, and Gran—Oh, Gary, don't you see? I never did until this minute—We've taken it as our divine right to be looked up to. As long as folks do that everything is all right. When they don't—"

Involuntary laughter broke from her, went tinkling through the night. "Gary! If you could imagine my eyes when the wine of Cass Street saw me, not only without glamour but as a sort of moron, a liability to Reuben!"

"How did we get started on this fool subject anyhow?" Gary demanded.

"There's no love lost between us, I can tell you."

"Probably not."

"There'll be less." In the waning moonlight he watched her vivid face as a cat watches a mouse, "I am discharging him Monday."

René!

NEITHER chagrin nor dismay in her telltale face. Sheer relief in it.

"Judith—you don't care?"

"I—don't know." Her thoughts seethed. "Reuben's money buys you bread—Reuben's job means safety for the children—But now Reuben wouldn't have a chance to cheapen himself and her—With Reuben out of the way Calbreath would keep Gary—Superintendents were not picked up overnight—"

"By putting Oliver out I'm precipitating a crisis."

"Why—why do you want to do that?"

"But—" not quite knowing what she meant herself. "Now you've told me, Gary, everything is all right."

"What?" His eyes were cold steel—all the laughter, all the warmth had mysteriously vanished. "You only wanted to bring me to heel?"

"No, Gary, no!" Haltingly she tried to tell him just what loving him, without certainty, had done to her through the years. That it had been a sort of blight across her heart, preventing her from living in the present.

"There can be no divorce for me, Gary."

"Don't talk nonsense. Her reluctance made her a million times more desirable. 'I'll push it through so quickly—'"

"You don't understand, Gary. A bargain is a bargain. I'm bound—not only by my marriage vows, but by—the boxwood."

"Well—of all things!"

"Reuben saved it—saved everything."

"If you feel so all-fired obligated, dig up the blamed thing and give him back his money!"

"Gary! Was she going crazy? Was Gary actually telling her to sell the hedge?"

Gary stuck to his guns. "I've often wondered why your grandmother didn't sell that box long ago. With the price skyrocketing, it seems wicked not to."

Horrified she looked at him, expecting to see clay feet—a cloven hoof. Could this be Gary? Had she gone mad?

"Reuben Will Marry Cissy?"

"SERIOUSLY Judith," he captured her hands that were worrying the moss that covered the rock. "You wouldn't let a silly sentiment about some old shrubbery spoil our lives would you? Isn't our happiness the only thing that counts?"

She was not sure. "Can you imagine Gran?"

"Gran's life is behind her. Ours is ahead. We can't worry about Gran."

But she did worry about Gran. She could not even think of Gran and divorce in the same breath. Divorce to Gran was the lowest ebb—the last gasp of a poor weak fish upon the hook of circumstance.

Goodloe didn't get divorces. If a Goodloe made a mistake in the selection of a life partner he kept a shut mouth, an upturned head, grinned defiantly in the face of a world that expected him to be a shining example of all that was finest and best.

"I could never get a divorce from Gran's house."

"Thinking it over, it will be best to go directly to Reno from here. Get all the gossip over at once."

"I could never go back to Gran's house a divorced woman."

"My house will be waiting for you, Judith. You can't go back to your house! Her dream home out of all the world! But her smile was just a faint twitching of muscles. Impatiently she called herself an absolute idiot. Hadn't she known she was drifting to this? Hadn't she known when she stopped to think?"

Gary said: "Oliver won't give you any trouble. He wants to marry Cissy."

Hearing him say it was like hearing an explosion of dynamite. "How do you know, Gary?"

"It didn't make sense. Reuben who had been so adoring. Who had walked the floor countless nights with croupy babies so that she could get some rest—'Reuben wants to marry Cissy—'"

"How do you know, Gary?"

"How do I know? Haven't I eyes and ears? Doesn't everyone know? Don't you know?"

"No."

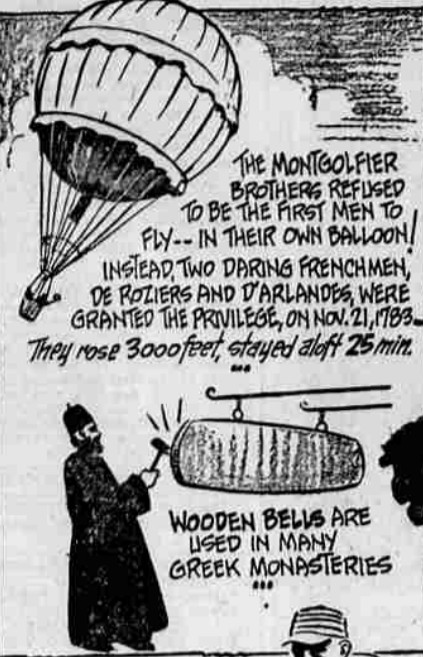
"Oliver spends every spare minute at the Curtis camp. No woodman, that lad, after five o'clock. A millionaire's car whirls him away for bridge, polo, sailing—"

"Why shouldn't he go places?"

Gary shrugged: "I'm not stopping him."

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 MONTGOLFIER BROTHERS REFUSED TO BE THE FIRST MEN TO FLY—IN THEIR OWN BALLOON! INSTEAD, TWO DARING FRENCHMEN, DE ROZIERES AND D'ARLANDES, WERE GRANTED THE PRIVILEGE, ON NOV. 21, 1783. They rose 3000 feet, stayed aloft 25 min.

WOODEN BELLS ARE USED IN MANY GREEK MONASTERIES

AFTER WINNING 44 GAMES IN ONE SEASON (1904)—A RECORD THAT STILL STANDS, JACK CHESBRO—N.Y. (A.L.) PITCHER, THREW A WILD PITCH THAT COST HIS TEAM THE PENNANT! (vs. Boston Red Sox, Oct. 10, 1904)

EXTRA!
54 YEARS ON THE SAME CORNER!
THIS IS THE RECORD OF EMIL LINDNER, 68, Chicago newsboy... HE HAS SOLD NEWSPAPERS AT 18TH AND WESTERN SINCE HE WAS 14 YEARS OLD!

Oldest Newsboy
Emil Lindner began hustling sheets at the corner of 18th street and Western avenue in Chicago, 54 years ago. He was then a lad of 14 years.

Today, strange as it seems, this same man, now 68 years old, still sells newspapers at the same corner. Lindner is a well-known character in Chicago and has built his business up until now he manages a successful newsstand.

First Balloonists.
Strange as it seems, two condemned criminals were granted the honor of being the first men to ascend in a balloon!

When the Montgolfier brothers, Joseph and Etienne, completed the manufacture of their first successful

balloons, they were averse to trying them out personally as man-carrying machines.

However, the king of France was interested in their experiments and agreed to allow two condemned convicts to risk a journey into the air in exchange for freedom—if they lived through the experience.

The two criminals were relieved from the guillotine and preparations for the flight completed. Then, at the last moment, a patriotic Frenchman, Pilatre de Rozieres, came forward and offered to risk his own life rather than see "wile criminals" accorded the glory of being the first men to ascend into the air.

After a test flight in a captive balloon, Rozieres, with a friend, Marquis d'Arlandes, ascended in the first free

balloon flight ever made by man—on November 21, 1783. They ascended 3000 feet, stayed up 25 minutes.

Chesbro's Wild Pitch.
In the 1904 baseball season, Jack Chesbro, pitching for the New York Yankees (then the "Highlanders"), won 41 games, lost 13, a record never beaten.

Yet, pitching against the Boston Red Sox in the first game of a double-header, October 10, last day of the season, Chesbro threw a wild ball to Fred Parent, with the score 2-2, two outs, and two strikes on the batter—and Boston won the American league pennant by a game and a half!

Tomorrow: The turnabout fish story!

NAVY EXPANSION BILL SIGNED BY PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, May 18.—(AP)—President Roosevelt signed today the bill authorizing a \$1,000,000,000 expansion of the navy during the next ten years.

The administration measure carried no funds, but the navy department has recommended an immediate appropriation of about \$12,000,000 to start the program which eventually will increase total naval tonnage by 20 per cent.

SALEM, May 18.—(AP)—The state relief committee has authority to refuse inspection of its records, Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle ruled today.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—(AP)—President Roosevelt signed today a bill to remove the 12-pound weight limit heretofore imposed on postage-free packages of reading matter and sound-reproduction records for the blind.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—If Skeeter Only Know!



AFTER SLUGGING HIS CAPTORS WITH A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, JERRY IS ATTEMPTING TO LAND THE PLANE, AIDED ONLY BY BOOK KNOWLEDGE OF AVIATION, WHILE TOMMY AND SKEETS WATCH FROM THEIR SHIP.



WELL, WOT'S HE GONNA DO TOM? SIT DOWN NOW... OR



THAT DOPE AIN'T A PILOT, TAILSPIN!



I'LL TEAR YOU APART FOR THIS!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—War's On!



WELL, BRIAR, THERE GOES JUNIUS JIPPEM AND THERE GOES HIS FINE, SQUARE-SHOOTING SON, WILFRED—



JUNIUS JIPPEM SAYS HE'S GOING TO DRIVE US OUT OF BUSINESS—HE'S GOT A LOT OF MONEY AND I SUSPECT HE'S GOT A LOT OF POWER, TOO, BUT—



—HE'S GOING TO KNOW HE HAD A JOB ON HIS HANDS, BRIAR—WE'VE FOUGHT THROUGH A GOOD MANY THINGS TOGETHER, YOU AND I HAVE—



WILFRED MY BOY, WE'RE RUNNIN' THE TURKEY BUSINESS IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, AND WE'LL GOBBLE THAT FRESH WEBSTER KID LIKE A TURKEY DOES A GRASSHOPPER!

THE NEBBS—A Business Trip



WHERE WE HAVE LITTLE SLIDER MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR A VISIT TO THE BIG CITY.



WELL—WHAT NOW?



YOU KNOW I GOT A LETTER FROM TAYLOR VAN MIDAS TO COME UP FOR A WEEK REGARDING THE NOXAGE BUSINESS



THIS IS STRICTLY A BUSINESS TRIP AND IF I DON'T ENJOY GETTING BUSINESS THE TRIP WOULD BE A HARDSHIP TO ME

BRIDGES RECEIVE ADDITIONAL STAY

SACRAMENTO, May 18.—(UP)—Gov. Frank F. Merriam late Monday granted another two months reprieve to John and Coke Triple, condemned slaktyou county triple-slayers, who were to have been hanged at Polson prison Friday.

The governor made the stay of execution effective until Friday, July 22. "When the last reprieve was granted there was an application for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment pending before the state advisory parole board," said Merriam. "This application has been sent to the state supreme court for review and the supreme court has not yet returned a decision on it. In view

JAP GAMBLING KING GIVEN McNEIL TERM

TACOMA, Wash., May 18.—(UP)—Federal Judge E. E. Cushman today sentenced Kenekichi Yamamoto, Seattle Japanese, to 18 months in McNeil Island federal penitentiary and fined him \$3,000 on an income tax evasion charge.

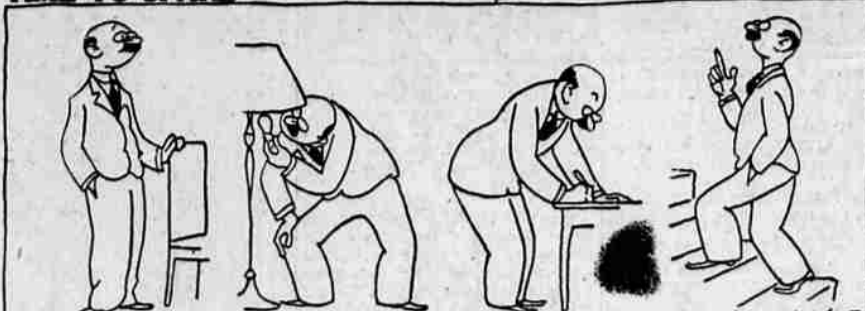
Yamamoto, who allegedly conducted gambling establishments up and down the Pacific coast, was convicted last week of income tax evasion on the profits of his various night clubs and gaming houses.

BAKER, FORMER POSTMASTER AND MAYOR, DIED MONDAY AFTERNOON AT HIS HOME, AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Mr. Baker was born in Concord, Pa., August 5, 1849, and crossed the plains to LeGrand in 1864.

TIME TO SPARE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FINISHES BREAKFAST, REMARKING IT SURELY PAYS TO GET UP EARLY ENOUGH SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO HURRY FOR THE TRAIN.



HAVING TIME TO SPARE REPLACES THE OLD BULB IN FLOOR LAMP WHICH HE HAD MEANT TO DO YESTERDAY.



ALSO WRITES A CHECK FOR THE LAUNDRY MAN.



SAYS WITH SO MUCH TIME THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE TO LEAVE HIS SHOES AT THE COBBLER'S, GOES UP TO GET THEM.



WHILE HE'S ABOUT IT, LOOKS OVER HIS OTHER SHOES, ESPECIALLY THE BLACK PAIR.



DECIDES THEY'LL DO FOR A WHILE LONGER AND PAUSES TO READ HIS WIFE'S LETTER FROM AUNT SUE.



WANDERS AROUND, CALLING TO WIFE WHERE'S SOME PAPER TO DO UP HIS SHOES IN.



HAPPENS TO GLANCE AT CLOCK, CRIES HOW DID IT EVER GET THAT LATE, DROPS SHOES, GRABS HAT AND BOLTS FOR STATION.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-18 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



LET ME CATCH HIM!

NAW! YOU COULDN'T PUT IT OVER!

POP, WHAT HAS FOUR ARMS, FOUR LEGS, AN' CAN STRETCH BUT CAN'T WALK?



TWO SUITS OF UNDERWEAR!



YA MADE IT TOO EASY! TRY HIM ON FOUR SUITS OF UNDERWEAR!

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By HAL FOREST

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