

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Judith Goodloe marries self-made Reuben Oltner for his money, only to discover he is bankrupt. Twins are born. Then, the red-headed Cissy Rogers, who loves Reuben and is out to get him, finds a job for him in a lumber camp managed by Gary Brent—the man Judith loves. After a quarrel with Judith over Gary, Reuben becomes stronger, less eager to please her. Gary insists that Judith get a divorce, telling her that Reuben wants to marry Cissy.

Chapter 39 In All Its Fury

THE cabin was dark when Judith whispered goodnight to Gary. She was going to get a divorce—Reuben wanted to marry Cissy—Suppose Reuben asked for a divorce first?—Suppose she beat him to it?—Gran would never think kindly of her again—Jim would call her a poor sport—a piker—Cissy was going to get a new deal—She was going to get one too. She must conquer her old-fashioned ideas—Cissy would be able to take Gary had said that—Said it with a sort of unconscious envy—

The thought that Cissy might be feigning sleep caused Judith to get quickly in bed. She lay on her back, very still, and tried to quell her thoughts. No use. Might as well let them ramble at will. A hectic period lay just ahead of her—

Her contrary mind would not stay where she sent it, but went hopping hither and yon like an unruly grasshopper. Reuben loved Cissy—Funny—Galbreath was going to discharge Gary—

How different her life, and his, had she gone—No Judykin—No Jimmy—No freezing nights and cluttered hot days in Fordney's Gulch—She had promised to believe in him, to have faith—

She started up. In all fairness she should tell Reuben that she was about to discharge him. Unkind to have him go all those miles to meet humiliation—

It was almost dawn when Judith fell asleep.

The twin's usual morning gabble awakened Judith. She felt more tired than when she went to bed but calm and clear-headed. The events of the evening marched before her like so many grim-faced sentinels through whose lines she must pass. Search as she would for escape there was no evading them.

"I'll tell Reuben about his job." She was positive that the rightness of that morning. It wasn't like Gary to do such an ungenerous act; to exact his pound of flesh.

Quickly she got into robe and slippers. In the bed near her own Cissy slept—one white shoulder bare of her black lace nightgown—all sophisticated sleek from her unconscious face. Cissy looked very tired, very innocent, very defenseless.

What Would She Say?
ON THE sleeping porch only the twins greeted her. Reuben was up and gone.

"Velly early he go," Lu Wing, broom in hand, informed her. "Him take velly little breakfast."

Very little breakfast, Reuben knew! Was worried. It was always hungry in the morning.

On the small wicker night table between the twins' cribs was some paper money weighed down with a can of talcum powder. On a bridge reared Reuben had scrawled: "Make this go as far as you can."

Reuben knew! Cissy had told him—of course.

Judith wanted to evade all argument with her son. "All right," she agreed weakly.

Pouring milk into glasses, putting porridge into bowls, being polite—Cissy, Judith's thoughts went round and round like squirrels in cages—"Eight-thirty now—by nine tonight Reuben—"

Judith speeded her departing guest. She did not want Cissy under the roof tonight when Reuben came.

"An revoir, darling. When I see you again you'll probably be the superintendent's wife," Cissy said. "Have your little joke, Cissy."

"I never was further from a joke in my life."

"Or nearer," Judith said. "Now what do you mean by that?" Cissy wondered as she sent her roadster zipping across the mountain, "if she told Gary what I said—and I'll bet a cookie she did—"

Cissy stepped on the gas. "In that case there will be fireworks galore—rockets and Roman candles—by nightfall. I'm going to be on hand to collect the falling stars—"

Judith went through the morning with an eye on the clock. What would she say to Reuben when he came? What would he say to her? At one o'clock Gary telephoned.

"Yes, had to change my plans, Judith—"

"I'm leaving in 10 minutes for Portland with Galbreath."

"I'm Mad!"

THAT meant Reuben would not come tonight. She felt like a relieved criminal.

"I may be gone one week or six. I'm not sure—What did you say, Judy—Did you hear me?"

"I heard."

"I'm not pleased I can tell you, but I'll settle things quickly and definitely when I get back. Don't worry, darling."

And so once more she was waiting for Gary—glad because of the waiting. It was all very well to talk gaily of Reno, divorce but these things were very involved, very expensive—

AFRAID to dwell upon the immediate future, she had not shared life with Reuben. Had not feared poverty, illness, hunger, but she feared the uprooting—

"I'm a coward," she upbraided herself. "Too spineless to fight for happiness—What is happiness?"

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



TURNABOUT FISH STORY!

HERBERT PONTING, member of the Scott Antarctic expedition, WAS ATTACKED BY 8 KILLER WHALES WHILE TRYING TO PHOTOGRAPH THEM FROM THE ICE! (HE GOT AWAY...)

A CANNON BALL TIED TO A WIRE—PROVED THAT THE EARTH ROTATES! SET IN MOTION, IT SWUNG IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AS THE EARTH TURNED BENEATH IT! (First demonstrated by Jean Foucault, 19th-century French scientist)



A 25-POUND TOADSTOOL—WAS DISCOVERED RECENTLY ON MADAGASCAR ISLAND! HOT WATER FROM NATURAL SPRINGS IS USED TO HEAT HOMES IN BOISE, Idaho—1,200,000 GALLONS, AT 170°F., ARE PIPED DAILY...

Turnabout Fish Story

"You should have seen the one I got away from!" That's the way Herbert Ponting, a member of the Scott Antarctic expedition, teased his listeners when starting a recount of his thrilling escape from eight enraged killer whales.

Foucault's Pendulum

A cannon ball tied to the end of a long wire and set oscillating will serve as a good illustration of the rotation of the earth upon its axis. The man who discovered this was Jean Bernard Leon Foucault, French scientist, who first demonstrated the experiment publicly in 1851.

Crash Injuries Fatal

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 19. — (AP) — Injuries suffered when an automobile driven by her husband, Edward

Haskell, Skidded over a six-foot embankment and crashed into a tree near Lebanon, Ill., were fatal at Belleville, Ill., to Mrs. Hanna Haskell, Portland, Ore., yesterday.

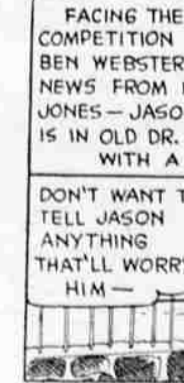
To Hear Railroaders. WASHINGTON, May 19. — (AP) —

TAILSPIN TOMMY—If Skeeter Only Know!



JUST AS JERRY WAS ABOUT TO LAND THE PLANE, DUMAK REVIVED AND GRAPPELLED WITH THE BRAVE LAD THE SHIP PROMPTLY CAME DOWN IN A HARD PANCAKE LANDING, AND TOMMY AND SKEETER QUICKLY LANDED THEIR OWN PLANE NEAR THE OTHER.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—War's On!



FACING THE THREAT OF CUTHROAT COMPETITION FROM JUNIUS JIPPEM, BEN WEBSTER WANTED TO KEEP THE NEWS FROM HIS PARTNER, JASON JONES—JASON, YOU'LL REMEMBER, IS IN OLD DR. JED KILEY'S SANITARIUM WITH A BROKEN LEG—

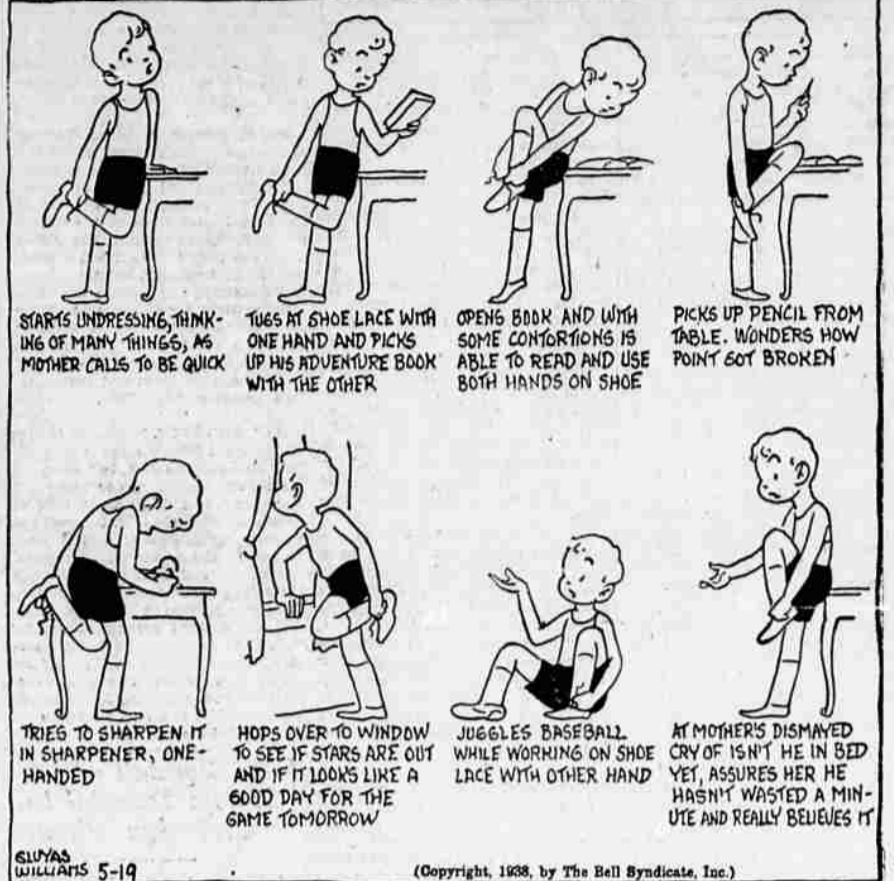
THE NEEBES—A Business Trip



SWEET WILLIAM! A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER! A BIT JEALOUS? AND A NECKTIE! I HOPE A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL SEE YOU—I DON'T DESERVE THIS LAUGH ALONE

UNDRESSING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STARTS UNDRRESSING, THINKING OF MANY THINGS, AS MOTHER CALLS TO BE QUICK

TUGS AT SHOE LACE WITH ONE HAND AND PICKS UP HIS ADVENTURE BOOK WITH THE OTHER

OPENS BOOK AND WITH SOME CONTORTIONS IS ABLE TO READ AND USE BOTH HANDS ON SHOE

PICKS UP PENCIL FROM TABLE, WONDERS HOW POINT GOT BROKEN

TRIES TO SHARPEN IT IN SHARPENER, ONE-HANDED

HOPS OVER TO WINDOW TO SEE IF STARS ARE OUT AND IF IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DAY FOR THE GAME TOMORROW

JUGGLES BASEBALL WHILE WORKING ON SHOE LACE WITH OTHER HAND

AT MOTHER'S DISMAYED CRY OF ISN'T HE IN BED YET, ASSURES HER HE HASN'T WASTED A MINUTE AND REALLY BELIEVES IT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-19

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S'MATTER PO!

By G M PAYNE



POP! WHY DIDN'T YOU OPEN THE DOOR? I WAS YELLIN' AN' YELLIN'!

WHY DIDN'T YOU RING THE BELL?

THAT BELL WOULDN'T RING!

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU WRING YOUR HANDS?

HUH-H-H. POP? HOW COULD I RING MY HANDS?

SO-O-O, POP! HAD TO USE UP A LOT OF TIME TRYING TO EXPLAIN! GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM!!!

NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

NO, SIR, NOT YET

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-19

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FLASK WINE SALE TO GO UNDER BAN

PORTLAND, May 19.—(AP)—Retail sale of fortified wine in flasks after September 1 was banned yesterday by the state liquor control commission.

BOB BURNS TELLS RISE TO WEALTH

LOS ANGELES, May 19.—(AP)—The story of how Barokos Bob Burns' income jumped from \$1800 in 1934 to \$400,000 in 1937 was revealed today when his deposition was filed in superior court in connection with his suit for an injunction against the Radio Transcription Co. of America and others.

MILTON SUSPECT

NEW YORK, May 19.—(AP)—A thin-faced patrolman who police said bore a "marked resemblance" to descriptions of the kidnaper of Charles Matthew in Tacoma, Wash.,

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