

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Star, So Far: Judith Goodloe marries self-made Reuben Oliver for his money, only to discover he is bankrupt. Twins are born. Then 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. Gary asks Judith to get a divorce, telling her that Reuben wants to marry Cissy. When Reuben disobeys orders by refusing to cut rotten timber, Gary discharges him. Reuben and Judith have a show-down and she leaves him.

Nothing Is the Same

Chapter 42

HOME! She might never have been away—it looked so exactly the same! Meadows, gardens, lawns lying in November fallow-ness. Trees bare. Only the boxwood flaunting a defiant coat of green. Inside—warmth, beauty, order.

"Grant! Grant—darling!" Amanda's frail, silk-clad arms about her, welcoming her royally. Amanda pretending not to see her shabbiness while she made gay plans—dinner parties, dances, shopping tours—

Jim's bear hug! Jim, a bit more reckless, a bit more lovable, carefully refraining from asking questions. Enthusiastically drawing her into his plans for the Thanksgiving Hunt. Jim was M. F. H. now and proud of it.

And the tour of the barns—Cozy, dim, sweet with the smell of hay. A heart warming, soul warming friendliness here.

"Hello all you animals, I've come home!" Judith greeted them above a queer tightness in her throat.

Judith passed on to Biddy O'Hare—restless, reckless Biddy—pacing her box stall impatiently, apparently unaware of her new son who strove on unsteady legs to keep pace with her. Making friends with Paddy O'Hare, a splendid, proud three year old, ready for his trial hunt. And Hugo—? Fondling the setter's silky ears, Judith involuntarily wished that Reuben could see his dog.

Old friends and neighbors dropped in to welcome her home, bringing absurd, loving gifts to the children, hunting for the family resemblance—

Soon these old friends would have to know the truth. Know her marriage had failed—

"I hear Gary is coming next week," someone said idly.

"To put more improvements on his house," Dick enlightened the group. "A stone terrace this time and a sun room."

"What next? He has the old place dressed up like a Christmas tree now. Do you suppose he is getting married or what?"

"What?" Dick said.

"Everyone laughed—everyone except Judith. In moments like these she realized the silliness of pretending she had taken up life where she laid it down three years ago. Nothing was the same. Nothing would ever be the same again. There could be no going backward. No standing still in the present—

She had a feeling longing to do just that. To stand quite still in this purpling twilight and let eternity roll over her. But she had to go forward. Whether she wanted to or not she had to go.

"I want to, of course. Want a new life—with Gary."

But before she could go forward to happiness she must wade free of the mist and mire of the past. She couldn't do that—yet. She had much to remember first—Gary telling her that Reuben wanted to marry Cissy. She had much to forget too—Reuben telling her Gary knew the timber was rotten. No, she could not go forward—yet. She needed a few weeks in which to recapture the tranquillity of the old life.

Thanksgiving came to Goodloe's Choice like a golden leaf torn from a memory book. A still, bright, frosty morning with festivity in the very air. Guests arriving for breakfast—horses joggling over stubble fields; being put over the hedges, or trotting decorously through open gates.

No Peace Here

GARY arrived spectacularly at the last minute—not the angry boastful man Judith had parted with on Winding Hill, but a Gary sunny as the morning, who despite his lateness and the excitement of the start found time to murmur: "I love you so, Judy! Love me?"

She nodded assent while her mind clamored to know: "What is love? What is it?"

And then the peace and beauty of old St. John's. Everything happening just as it should but Judith's unruly mind wandering back to that first drizzly, sleety, horrible Thanksgiving in Fordney's Gulch. How she had longed for home and St. John's that day! Now, kneeling in the little old church she hardly saw it. She saw instead, Reuben, wet, tired, carry-

ing a basket with a solitary scarlet geranium atop its coarse cover. She was seeing actually smelling the turkey Mrs. Kraus had brought. Hearing her say: "The one sure way to keep your man always in the mine is to let your end down—"

"To let your end down!" She heard it above the minister's pleasant voice. Heard it above the choir—"To let your end down—"

The peace she had dreamed of finding was not here.

Gary would answer the one question he must answer before she could forget and go forward—would tell her she was silly to doubt, to worry.

As they jogged slowly homeward after the hunt, he was the Gary of her dreams though his old nonchalance had given place to impatience. Gary asked the questions now—not Judith—demanded answers.

"Have you told Gran, Honey?"

"I—There's been so little time. There's no great hurry."

"If you feel that way about it, you don't love me."

"Gary, I do, but—"

"Then, let me—today—"

"Today is too soon."

"Soon?"

"I feel like an animal just free of a trap and—"

"Wary of another?" frigidly.

"Don't be silly! I don't intend to let anything worry me until after Christmas. That's only three weeks off."

"I'd like to have things settled before I go West tomorrow night. Let's go right home now and tell Gran."

She knew this was the sensible thing to do. She could take the initiative or wait—let Reuben force her. Let Cissy triumph again.

She rode on silently, blue eyes focused unseeing upon Winona's pointed ears. If she acted immediately—But first she must ask Gary—must be sure about the timber—

Her mouth went dry. Would she ever be sure about the timber? Did she want the truth? If Gary failed her now—Her lips refused to ask the question.

Encouraged by her silence, Gary said: "Gran likes me, I don't believe she'll be difficult once she gets used to the idea."

"Feeling Of Panic

"THERE'S more to it than that, Gary. The children—Reuben may fight for them."

"Well—they're his children."

"Gary!" She halted Winona so abruptly that the mare stumbled. "You love them, don't you? You can't mean—"

"I mean that Oliver might let me get away with his wife but can you honestly expect him to hand over his children too, without a struggle?"

"I'll never give them up!"

"The matter will make a part time arrangement for them. Six months with you, six with Oliver. That's fair enough."

"Fair—fair! You're talking as though my babies were lottery prizes or something."

"They're your joint property with Oliver. You might as well be sensible about it, Judith. Cut clean and deep with one stroke and be prepared for—emergency. There's nothing to be gained by delay. Strike today."

"No." She was adamant. She meant to forget everything until Christmas day was done.

He had to be satisfied with that. He went away grumbling though loving her more ardently. Opposition whetted his desire. It stirred a jealous doubt. Was she still thinking of Oliver?

When he came home at Christmas—Judith would have to wince at Gran who was increasingly kind to her. Would have to ask for money—Did she imagine it or was their old enemy, Poverty, again stalking Goodloe's Choice?

It couldn't be! Just three years since Reuben gave all that money! And yet—Why was Gran so often at her desk figuring in the old worried way? Why was Jim so callously reckless, getting queer looking letters with the old wall of reproach—animosity almost—rearing itself between him and Gran?

"I'm imagining things," Judith assured herself. "There must be money—enough." There would be controversy, of course. Lawyers to face—surely the lawyers could attend to everything unless—Reuben fought with her over the children—Soon, soon—When Gary came for Christmas—

The words became a knell sounding in her ears every hour of the day. She awoke to hear them in the night, high and clear above the sighing wind. Above the patter of hail against the windows: "When Gary comes—"

She began to count the days—no joyously as befitted the occasion of Gary's return, but with a feeling of panic.

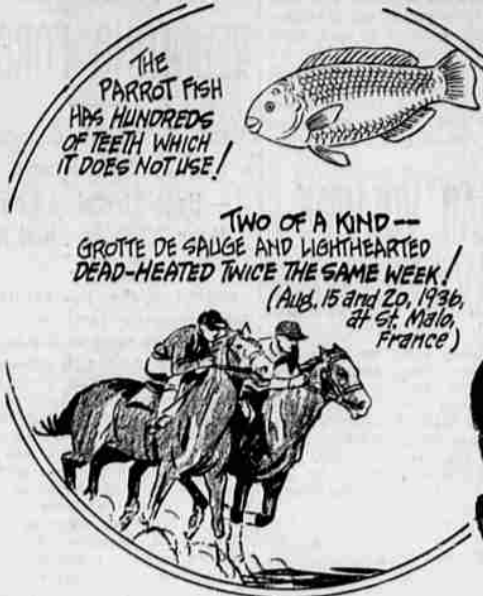
And yet she loved Gary. She clung to that as a captain clings to his burning ship, with the desperate hold that precedes dissolution. SHE LOVED GARY—

(Copyright, 1938, Blanche Smith Ferguson)

Tomorrow: Judith mails a letter.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



EAST IS NOT EAST AND WEST IS NOT WEST! "NORTH" AND "SOUTH" ARE THE ONLY DEFINITE COMPASS POINTS

TWO OF A KIND—GROTTE DE GAUGE AND LIGHHEARTED DEAD-HEATED TWICE THE SAME WEEK! (Aug. 15 and 20, 1936, at St. Malo, France)

A \$2 MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION—GAVE GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE THE INSPIRATION FOR THE SUCCESSFUL AIR-BRAKE USED ON TRAINS TODAY!

AN ARTICLE IN THE FIRST ISSUE, ON COMPRESSED AIR, GAVE HIM THE IDEA FOR THE RAILROAD UNIT IN 1868...



Westinghouse Air Brake

It took a two-dollar magazine subscription in the hands of an inventive young man to create one of the greatest benefits to safety in rail-roading ever achieved—the pneumatic air brake.

George Westinghouse was the young man in question. With a natural bent for mechanical inventiveness to help him, Westinghouse built a fortune on an idea—inspired in an almost fiction-like manner.

Westinghouse considered and rejected almost every type of mechanical braking systems that entered his mind. Thus occupied at noon hour, Westinghouse was approached by a young woman selling magazine subscriptions. He was not interested and the girl turned away, disappointed.

Westinghouse relented, pulled two dollars from his pocket, and took a three-months' subscription from her out of kindness. Some day, he felt, this good turn might be repaid.

Westinghouse was working in his father's shop one day, his mind as usual preoccupied with an idea. This time it was an idea for stopping trains quickly. He had recently journeyed by train from Connecticut to Troy, and had been involved in a locomotive collision. The engineers had not been able to stop their

trains quickly enough.

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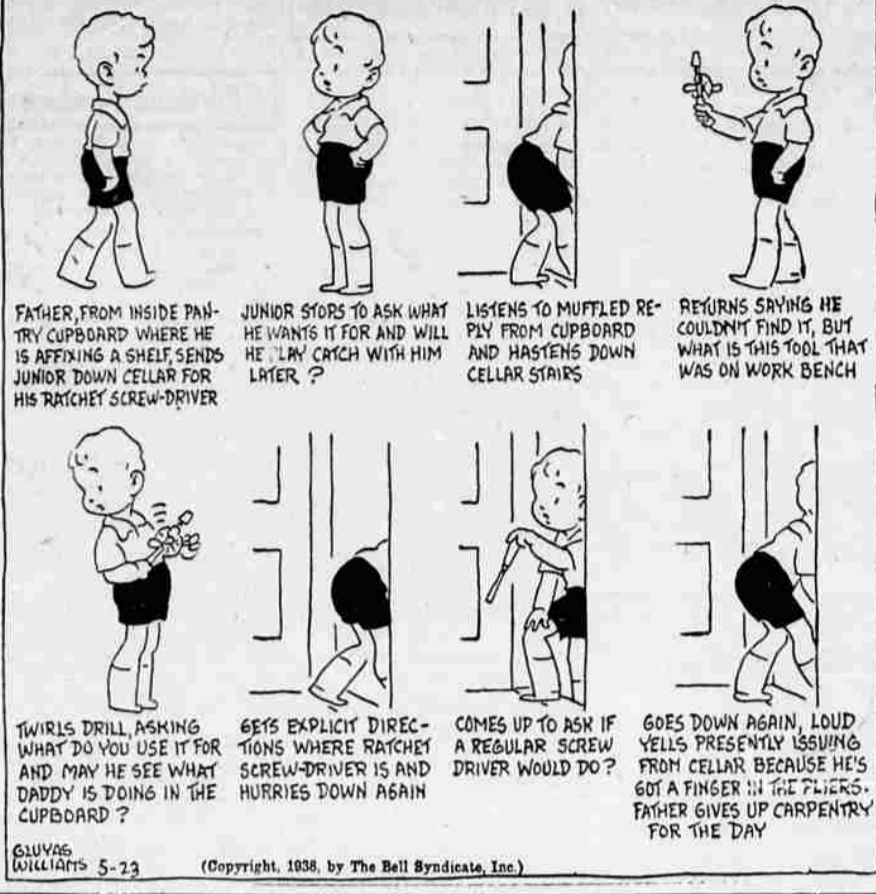
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CARPENTER'S ASSISTANT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-23 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP!

By O M PAYNE



(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

INVASION OF CRICKETS PROVES BOON FOR BIRDS

PASCO, May 23.—(AP)—It's free lunch, cafeteria style, for the feathered population of the north Pacific states here.

The Mormon cricket invasion today met new defenders when clouds of seagulls winged in from the coast to stuff themselves on the succulent

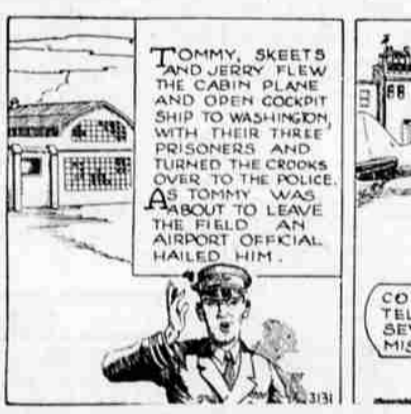
BONES OF GIANT CAMEL STUDIED AT WHITMAN

WALLA, WALLA, Wash., May 23.—(AP)—Bones identified by Dr. H. S. Brode, Whitman museum curator, as

those of the Camelus Maximus, largest of the North American proboscideans, and estimated at least 25,000 years old, today were being scrutinized carefully at the museum.

Hard workers near here unearthed the bones in an alluvial deposit 12 feet beneath the surface. The collection, Dr. Brode says, represents the most complete deposit of camel bones yet found in the Pacific north-west.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Test Flight Necessary



Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Rusty"



Edwin Alge

THE NEBBS—Unencumbered



Sol Hess

QUIZ GIRLS AND BOYS ON LOVE NEST CIRCLE IN LOS ANGELES AREA

LOS ANGELES, May 23.—(UP)—Two additional CCC youths were questioned by juvenile authorities last night regarding Glendora's adolescent "love nest circle," in which CCC youths and high school-age daughters of prominent Glendora families allegedly participated.

Five CCC boys already are booked at the county jail here on suspicion of statutory offenses.

Glendora is an exclusive agricultural-residential district in the foothills, 25 miles east of here. It is the site of the fashionable girls' col-

lege finishing school and other private institutions.

The five youths held here gave their names as Robert Brady, 18; J. A. Meeker, 19; Edward Mirrie, 18; Donald Southern, 20; and Edward Calkins, 18. All are members of the Dalton "Car-you CCC camp in the foothills above Glendora.

Six girls, ranging in age from 13 to 16, and all daughters of prominent families, were held for questioning and medical examination in Juvenile hall.

Messville, a 24-year-old married woman, mother of an infant son, was sought for questioning. Lieut. Edward W. Grubb said he believed she had acted as hostess at some of the "thrill parties." The police officer said her husband was a traveling salesman.

Lieut. Grubb said the "love nest parties," held mostly in the homes of the girls while their parents and servants were absent, had been taking place over a five-month period.