

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

Chapter 43

## Olivers, Not Goodloes

L YING wide-eyed in the night, the Judith who had clung stubbornly to the belief that all that was fine and desirable lay here; who had lived only to get back to it and to the man who embodied this enchanted life fought many scarring battles with a strange new Judith, who had the habit of rising defiantly and girding her sword like a gladiator in defense of a life of struggle and uncertainty. In defense of a big, whimsical man in khaki who came and went quietly.

This dual self ragged at Judith, frightening her, as a ring her down. "I'm going crazy, I think! I belong here. I've always loved Gary."

The battle went on. Gradually the old Judith went down to defeat at the hands of the Judith who had bought lard and beans in Fordney's Gulch. Who had killed, rebelled, toiled again through the heat, cold, hunger, dinginess of Casper Street. That Judith had watched a circle of light growing dim and dimmer on bare hospital walls. Had heard the faint cry of her first-born—her son and Reuben's—A defiant cry. A fighter's challenge to life.

What was that Judith doing here riding, dancing, playing at living while somewhere, out under the trees, a man worked—

vision of herself living along at Goodloe's Choice, a lonely woman, growing older. Struggling even as Gran struggled. Raising her children to revere old traditions—

"My children are Olivers—not Goodloes. They're not going to stifle and stagnate behind a boxwood hedge!" Judith was often reminded of the truth of Reuben's words. Already the young Olivers heard the call of adventure. Already they were peeping through the hedge curious to see what lay behind.

Again she heard Clem Rogers saying: "You're getting a man with spunk, ma'am, and honesty. Can you match those traits?"

Could she? Yes! She never had, but she could now.

"I Have Changed"

QUICKLY she arose from the rug before the fire and going straight to her desk, switched on a light and commenced to write:

Reuben dear:

It is after midnight but I can't sleep until I tell you many things. Gran and Jim were so glad to see me. Everything is just the same, Reuben—all the precious things—house, boxwood, stables, servants, even the good earth. More than ever it is all part of me—and so I'm—woop—woop—deep into the fabric of my being—my old home that you kept safe and unchanged for me—but, let me whisper it, Reuben, I have changed. I no longer want safety. I want struggle. I want to achieve. I want our children to achieve!



"I am your wife—I love you."

"He hates you!" The old Judith made a final struggle. "He wants to be free to marry Cissy. Have you no pride?"

But a dozen times a day, the toss of Judykin's leaf brown head, or a crooked smile chasing across Jimmy's whimsical little face would squeeze Judith's heart to pulp. How could she ever hope to forget Reuben so long as Jimmy—d Judykin lived? She must have been mad to her? ever believed she could smile then, cringing from her own scorn. Judith confessed to Judith that she didn't want to forget Reuben—ever. If she could see him once more—

She knew she would never be happy again unless she could share her life with Reuben Oliver—the man from nowhere. Too late she knew. She had muddled her life. Reuben would marry Cissy. She, Judith, would be Mrs. Gary Brent.

For the first time in all the years I get your viewpoint. We have something fine and beautiful here, let us by men and women who fought a good fight. The trouble is Jim and I have shirked our duty. Lived on the promise of the future as did those who have gone on.

I don't include Gran in this. She has fulfilled her mission as she saw it. Her fight to keep our false gods intact has been long and hard. She won, probably by the change in me deterioration. I know it is growth. It happened to me somewhere between a cold, heartbreaking winter and a torrid, searing summer in Casper Street. There is no going back for me. I want to go forward, Reuben, with you—shoulder to shoulder. I don't care where you go or how rough the going. All that there is for me to explain and apologize for—my weakness, my selfishness—I'm doing now: I am your wife and I love you!

If you care, just a little bit, will you send for me to come to you? I sent under the stars, a hat in the far North—anywhere! But let it be before Christmas—please! Your Jimmy and Judykins need you, but most of all I need you.

Your Judith.

She was not sure of Reuben's whereabouts. She addressed the letter to Pike's store. Underscored "please forward," and added special delivery postage, trusting to Pike's curiosity to speed delivery. Dressing hastily she crept down stairs and out to the barn.

Never was Judith to forget that nocturnal ride. The mare sensed her rider's mood. Matched it with one of her own. Tried to outrun it. Judith leaned low along the stretched black neck and let her mount have her head. Going on Clatter of hoofs. Clouds being driven before a light wind. Ahead the winking guard light at the railroad track!

Judith dropped the letter into the train mail box. Eight days until Christmas!

Involuntarily Judith's hand tightened upon Biddy O'Hare's satiny neck. "If he doesn't answer, Biddy—"

All thought was suddenly suspended.

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Tomorrow: Gary has to be reckoned with.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



CATS WERE GRANTED SPECIAL RANKS OF DIGNITY IN ANCIENT EGYPT! TEMPLES WERE BUILT IN THEIR HONOR! DEATH WAS THE PENALTY FOR KILLING A CAT!

NAVY'S HOUSEBOAT, Hudson River, N.Y.—THE FORMER U.S.S. ILLINOIS, WHICH SAW ACTION IN THE WORLD WAR, SCRAPPED UNDER THE NAVY LIMITATION TREATY OF 1924, NOW CONTAINS A MILITARY BARRACKS!

"CLEAR AS A SILVER BELL" IS INCORRECT—SILVER IMPAIRS THE TONE OF A BELL!

MRS. C. K. REGER, Lawton Okla., BOUGHT MATERIAL FOR HER WEDDING DRESS FROM THE SAME BOLT OF CLOTH IN THE SAME STORE THAT SUPPLIED MATERIAL FOR HER MOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS 30 YEARS BEFORE! (Harry Long's Dry Goods, Leon, Iowa)

Same Bolt of Cloth

Thirty years ago a blushing young bride-to-be walked into Harry Long's dry goods store in Leon, Iowa, and asked to see some material from which to make a wedding dress.

Mr. Long smiled and took down from the shelf a big bolt of cloth which he had stocked for just such a request.

"It's—it's beautiful!" The girl—now Mrs. C. K. Reger of Davis City, Iowa—bought enough for her dress and happily went home to work on it.

Just the other day another blushing bride-to-be walked into Harry Long's store.

She said, "I'd like to know if you can match the material in this dress. I tried to get some like it in Des-

Moines and Chicago, but there doesn't seem to be any."

"Why, I believe that's the same cloth I sold to Mrs. Frazier when she got married back in about 1908—I've still got the same bolt up on the shelf somewhere. Let me take a look."

Strange as it seems, the second bride-to-be, daughter of Mrs. Frazier, bought material for alterations from the same bolt of cloth her mother obtained her original wedding dress from!

Now Mrs. C. K. Reger, she lives in Iowa City and is happily married—in one of the strangest wedding dresses on record.

Navy Houseboat  
An active unit of the United States

Navy during the World War, the U. S.S. Illinois today lies anchored at the foot of West Ninety-seventh street, New York City—minus her guns and engines.

No longer a fighting machine, she now serves as a floating armory, or drill ship, used as training quarters for the First Battalion, Naval Militia of New York.

Victim of the Limitation and Disarmament Treaty of 1924, the Illinois today has an enclosed rifle range, 1,000 lockers, and facilities for dancing, swimming, basketball, handball and bowling. Instruction in navigation, gunnery, engineering, etc. is given there.

Tomorrow: Stanley in America.

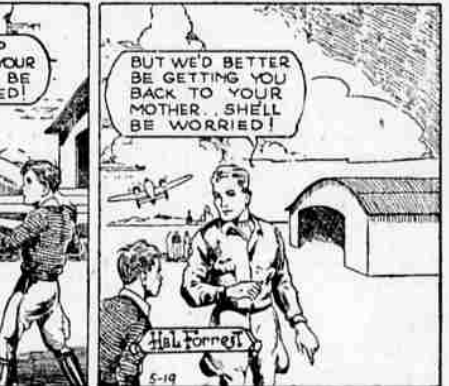
Towed to Port  
MARSHFIELD, May 24—(AP)—The coast guard ship Pulaski towed the disabled Royal C., 80-foot fishing boat from Eureka, into Coos bay early today. The boat, its crankshaft broken, was picked up late yesterday 17 miles off Brookings by the Mason freighter Mauna Ala.

Old Dobbin in Slump  
HARRISBURG, Pa. (UP)—Old Dobbin started to lose ground in Pennsylvania again last year. The agriculture department announced that after remaining stationary three years the horse population on farms in the state dropped from 204,000 in 1926 to 201,000 in 1927.

Drinklers Warned  
COLUMBIA, S. C. (UP)—Heavy drinking at widely separated intervals is not as injurious to the system as the "continual" drinking of smaller amounts of alcoholic beverages, according to Dr. E. L. Horger, clinical director for the State Hospital here.

Postman Figures Mileage  
BATTLE CREEK, Mich. (UP)—Ellet H. Sanders, 65, dean of postal carriers here, estimates he has walked a distance equal to three times around the world in his 34 years of service. Sanders, who retired on his 68th birthday, was the oldest carrier in point of service.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—You Bet She's Worried!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Meeting



## THE NEBBES—The Mystery



## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT WAS RATHER TENSE ALL AROUND WHEN FRED PERLEY, AFTER PERSUADING HIS FRIENDS TO LET ALL THE TAXIS GO BECAUSE HE COULD GIVE THEM A LIFT, DISCOVERED THAT HIS CAR WAS FULL OF MEMBERS OF THE BRIDGE CLUB HIS WIFE HAD PROMISED TO DRIVE HOME AFTER PICKING HIM UP

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## SMATTER POI

By C M PAYNE



## Spanish Prisoners Fail In Escape Try

HENDAYE, France (At the Spanish frontier, May 24—(AP)—Two thousand captured government militiamen killed several of their guards in the insurgent prison at Pamplona last night and seizing arms, battled troops in a futile effort to escape.

The insurgent command at Irun said the uprising was quelled only after an undetermined number of prisoners were killed and wounded. Bare details reaching the frontier indicated the attempted break was sternly suppressed.

Start Trolling  
NEWPORT, May 24—(AP)—Commercial fishermen in Newport, Rhode Island, today after accepting a price offer of 12 1/2 cents per pound for chinook over 14 pounds and 6 1/2 cents a pound for small chinook and silver-side.

## Pickets and Police Fight In Rockford

ROCKFORD, Ill., May 24—(AP)—A fight between police and pickets surrounding the J. I. Case plant here Monday, resulted in a partial defeat for the pickets and several carloads of workers were rushed into the plant.

Several hundred pickets, members of the United Automobile Workers of America, were massed on a narrow bridge in the street leading to the plant's main entrance with an automobile parked crosswise of the structure.

The pickets had defied a circuit court injunction restraining them for a week.

Ring Friend  
CORNISH, Me. (UP)—Mrs. Isaac Parker lost her wedding ring shortly after her marriage 30 years ago. Now it has been found in the kitchen of her former home which was razed.

## THE NEBBES—The Mystery

LOOK, RUDY, HERE'S A 'PERSONAL' IN OUR HOMETOWN PAPER... WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHEREABOUTS OF RUDOLPH NEBB... IS HE STILL ALIVE OR MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, IF ANY?

LET'S SEE, FANNY!

NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE WANTS TO KNOW?

MAYBE SOMEBODY DIED AND LEFT US A FORTUNE... I HOPE SO... I'D LIKE SOMETIME TO FEEL LIKE I COULD SPEND A DIME WITHOUT FEELING LIKE SOME DEAR ONE LEFT HOME—NEVER TO RETURN

WELL, I'LL WRITE AND SAY, RUDY NEBB LIVES IN NORTHVILLE AND IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE... PHYSICALLY.

YOU'D BETTER PUT A SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP ON IT... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN WAIT FOR THE ANSWER