

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

Chapter 45

Cross Country Run

GARY looked at Judith—vivid, vital, utterly desirable, from angry, skeptical eyes. He loved her but he did not love her enough to humble himself and confess the truth about the timber, or his hatred of Reuben, from whom he had not been able to lure Cissy and her millions; against whom he could not hold Judith—perhaps if he had loved her enough—

He said with a fine showing of his old nonchalance: "Blamed if I can figure out the secret of Oliver's fascination."

Useless to try to tell him. She said helplessly: "Don't worry. Don't let's talk of it any more, Gary."

"Of course, we'll talk of it," furiously. "Do you think you can make a laughing stock of me?"

"You don't really care—much."

"I'll not die of a broken heart if that's what you mean, but I care, Judith. I've proved it. I've been reasonable, generous, even about the children."

"Generous?"

"Many men would insist that you leave them here at Goodie's Choice or ship them back to Oliver but I'm willing to take them. I'm giving you every chance."

"Thanks, Gary, but I don't want it—now or ever." And before he could think of a hurtful thing to say—she had turned from him and was walking rapidly towards the house. She met Jim and Dick making their way leisurely to the paddock.

"I'll overtake you," Judith called to Jim. If Reuben had not reached the Curtis Camp until today maybe she could still get her letter back. She could never hold up her head again if Cissy found out about it. Even if Reuben had received it she could tell him it was written under stress, that she didn't mean one word of it!

She put in a long distance call for the Curtis Camp then sat down by the telephone—waiting. She couldn't take her eyes from it. If Reuben answered—if she heard his voice—

Ten minutes passed. Twenty. A life time. The Christmas angel hanging from the chandelier turned into a grinning, mocking demon—"Peace! Peace!" There was no peace—anywhere. The scent of pine and cedar thickened her. All this stuff would fill the house for a week—intolerable! The telephone tinkled. Like one hypnotized Judith picked up the receiver.

"The Curtis line is busy," operator informed her. "They've been connected with New York nearly all morning. Big business doesn't stop even for Christmas," tremblingly.

Judith murmured something. "I'll try to call you in an hour."

An hour! She couldn't sit still another second. On knees that trembled Judith went outdoors, mounted Winona.

In the lower meadow she came upon Paddy O'Hare, lathered and excited, taking his jumps with Dick astride him.

"We got a real jumper at last, Judy!" Jim riding Biddy greeted his sister joyfully.

"I knew he'd be good," she was remembering the morning Paddy was born—her wedding day.

Jim laughed. "You don't know how good. He is the next Maryland Hunt Cup Winner. Ready for a little run across country?"

"Ready."

"Ben," Jim called to the watching colored boy. "The two young hounds need exercise. Turn them loose and follow along."

"You won't pick up a scent today," Judith said. "The wind is from the South."

"And the going bad," Dick said. "And we're all due at the Hunt for egg-nog or tea at four-thirty." But he followed Jim's lead happily. Prodding Winona on, Judith envied Jim his mount. He and Biddy shared the same trait—recklessness.

Gunshot

BIDDY was unusually irritable today. The thin, crusty pat of snow and ice hurt her. The wind favored the fox. He doubled and redoubled. When he had his pursuers thoroughly befuddled he made off to his lair. The chase was over almost before it was well begun.

"You'll be in time for your tea, old maid," Jim teased Dick. "I wonder if it's tea or gossip that lures you?"

"Both," Mr. Blout confessed easily.

Three abreast they rode towards the highway.

"I'm going home," Judith said as they came out on the road. "Better change your mind and come along," Jim tried to light a cigarette. The wind extinguished the match. He struck another and letting the bridle fall to Biddy's shining neck, cupped the flame with both hands.

In the flash of a second the thing happened. Down the highway Biddy pounded, bridle dangling. Jim, caught unawares, flung his seat and let Biddy run. Jim reached to recover the bridle.

Is This The End?

NEARLY 2,000 miles away Cissy buttoned herself into a leather windbreaker, fastened a helmet securely over her red head and looked at Reuben from eyes grown hard. Just when her plans were nearing perfection, when all her dreams were coming true, a voice, drifting across the continent shattered them! He was answering that voice, going away from her if she let him go now—

"Ready!" Reuben leaned to the silver plane, impatient to be off. "Hurry a bit, can't you, Cissy?"

Deliberately Cissy pulled on her left glove. "It's like Judith to spoil our Christmas. Helpful little Judith!"

"Cissy—I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Dislike her or."

"Is there any reason why I should like her?"

"Perhaps not, but you speak as though she planned this terrible thing just for spite. Cissy fastened the snap of her gloves. "Does this mean the end—for us?"

"Was there ever a beginning, Cissy?"

"If she hadn't called you today—"

"I couldn't have held out much longer, Cissy. I was going back, going after her."

"Worm!" scornfully.

"Maybe." Unperturbed he looked at her from deep, serious eyes. "Take Judith and the kids out of my world and there's nothing much left in it."

"Suppose, when you get there, she wants a divorce?"

Reuben stopped his restless pacing. He looked across the fields, looked at the long, undulating line of purple blue mountains without seeing them. If Judith wanted a divorce—

"She's hysterical now, Rube, but her heart is where it always was—with Gary Brent."

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Tomorrow: Through the clouds.

Train Kills Autoist

PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—Thomas B. Garner, 54, WPA flood control worker, was killed today when his automobile was struck by a passenger train of the Southern Pacific system at 31st and Harrison streets. Milwaukee, Garner apparently did not see warning safety signals, passing one automobile that had stopped for the train.

Senator's Wife Dies

CONCORD, N. H., May 26.—(AP)—Mrs. Sally Bridges, 34, wife of U. S. Senator H. Styles Bridges, R., N. H., died today, a few hours after she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while seated in an automobile. Senator Bridges was enroute from Washington by airplane when she passed away.

Forget Steel Dividend

CLEVELAND, May 26.—(AP)—Directors of Republic Steel corporation, meeting today, took no action on payment of July 1 dividends on the

Burgoiné Paroled on Canned Goods Theft

EUGENE, May 26.—(AP)—Judge G. F. Skirporth in circuit court today paroled Elmer Mühle, Roseburg, and Kelsor Burgoiné, Medford, after he had sentenced them to serve three years each in the state penitentiary for burglary not in a dwelling. The youths were arrested a few days ago for stealing canned goods at Hemlock station on the Southern Pacific line near Westfir.

The youths possessed guilty Tuesday, waiting grand jury indictments. Burgoiné was paroled to his brother, Carl Burgoiné, in Medford, and Mühle to Mrs. W. Strickland, Roseburg.

Charging time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



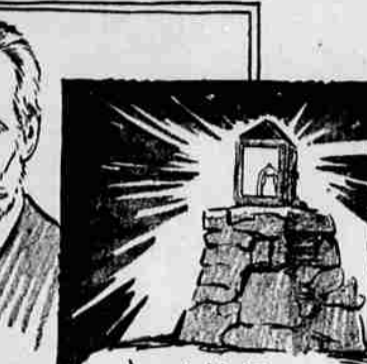
THE TOMATO IS LEGALLY A VEGETABLE -- BY DECISION OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT! (May 10, 1893)

THE RULING DETERMINED THAT TOMATOES WERE NOT DUTY FREE UNDER FRUIT IMPORT EXEMPTIONS OF THE TARIFF ACT OF 1893... (HOWEVER, THE TOMATO IS STILL A FRUIT! --Botanically)



VICTOR HUGO WON THE FRENCH ACADEMY AWARD FOR A POEM HE WROTE AT 17!

LASSOS WERE USED IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA BEFORE THE "NEW WORLD" WAS DISCOVERED!



AN OIL LAMP ON A PILE OF WHITENED ROCKS IS THE OFFICIAL LIGHTHOUSE OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA, SOUTH ATLANTIC ISLAND...

Tomatoes in Court.

Justices of the United States supreme court, highest tribunal in the land, were mildly shocked one April day in 1893 when someone threw a tomato into court—figuratively, of course.

Strange as it seems, the best judicial minds in the United States were needed to decide whether a tomato is a fruit or a vegetable! The opinion read by Mr. Justice Gray, decided that a tomato is a vegetable, at least under jurisdiction of the tariff act of 1883.

The strange case arose in an action brought February 4, 1887, against the collector of the port of New York to recover back duties, paid under protest, on tomatoes imported the year before from the West Indies by the plaintiff, a man named Nix.

Nix contended that tomatoes were fruits, therefore not taxable under the section of the tariff act directed at vegetables. Findings of the U. S. circuit court for the southern district of New York favored the defendant, so Nix carried his case to the highest court in the land.

There ensued in court a strange array of evidence, presented by counsel for both sides, consisting of dictionary definitions of every imaginable type of vegetable, tending to prove that tomatoes were or were not vegetables or fruits.

In settling the case, Justice Gray stated:

"There being no evidence that the words 'fruit' and 'vegetable' have acquired any special meaning in trade or commerce, they must receive their ordinary meaning. Upon such a question dictionaries are admitted, not as evidence, but only as aids to memory and understanding to the court."

"Botanically speaking, tomatoes are the fruit of a vine, just as cucumbers, squashes, beans and peas. But in the common language of the people, all these are vegetables, constituting the principal part of the repast and not, like fruits, generally a dessert. Beyond the common knowledge we have on this subject, very little evidence is necessary. Judgment affirmed."

Tomorrow: Zizka—the blind commander.

Auto Injury Fatal

PORTLAND, May 26.—(AP)—Mrs. Bessie Swanson, 44, Oswego, succumbed at a hospital yesterday to injuries suffered when she was struck by an automobile near her home on March 1.

In the reign of Richard I scholars were maintained at Oxford by royal bounty.

said the entire crew would be working within two days.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 26.—(AP) At least 25 members of the crew of the oil tanker Elwood were injured today when a series of explosions caused fire which threatened to destroy the craft. Firemen battled for more than an hour before they brought the flames under control.

TACOMA, May 26.—(AP)—First of the 325 employees of the Oregon-Washington Plywood company returned to work here today after a month's idleness. Company executives

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Looks As Though She'll Say No!



JERRY: THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE BACK TO THE PAPER! AW, MOTHER, TAILSPIN, ERR, I MEAN, MISTER TOMKINS, AN' HIS PAL, OESERVE ALL TH' CREDIT

MRS. SWIFT, I PROMISED TO BRING HIM BACK SAFELY, BUT NOW...

JERRY'S HEART IS JUST SET ON GOING BACK TO THE POINT WITH US TO SEE ME TEST HOP OUR NEW SHIP!

MOTHER, PLEASE SAY YES!

I WANT TO THANK YOU, MR. TOMKINS.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Story



I DON'T RECKON THERE'S SO MUCH TO MY STORY, BEN, BUT I'LL TELL IT TO YOU—GUESS MOST FOLKS'D SAY I'M JUST ON THE BUM, BUT HONEST I AIN'T!

Y'SEE, MY DAD'S A COP—HE'S ON A PENSION—HE SHOT IT OUT WITH SOME STICK-UP GUYS AN' THEY PLUGGED HIM PRETTY BAD—THEN THERE'S MOM AN'—

—ON ACCOUNT O' I GOT ELEVEN BROTHERS AN' SISTERS ALL YOUNGER'N ME I FIGGERED I'D BETTER QUIT SCHOOL AN' START SCRATCHIN' FOR GROCERIES—

Y'SEE, DAD'S PENSION'S ONLY 'BOUT HALF O' WHAT HE GOT AS A COP, AN' WHEN I SEEN MOM COULDN'T SCALE OUR APPETITES DOWN FIFTY PER CENT, WHY, THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO HUSTLE AN' HELP!

THE NEBBS—Anxious Moments



WERE IS THE BLIND AD THAT APPEARED IN THE CITY PAPER AND HAS THE NEBBS IN A DITHER...

RUDY, JUST WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU SEEM WORRIED

I AM, I WAS NOT ANSWERED THAT PERSONAL AD MYSELF

JUDGE NIBLUCK SAID IF IT WAS ON THE SQUARE THEY'D HAVE MENTIONED IN THE AD THE REASON FOR WANTING TO FIND ME!

NIBLUCK? THAT SKEPTIC... IF SOME-BODY GAVE HIM A DIAMOND, HED TAKE IT TO A JEWELER TO SEE IF HE GOT THE WORST OF IT

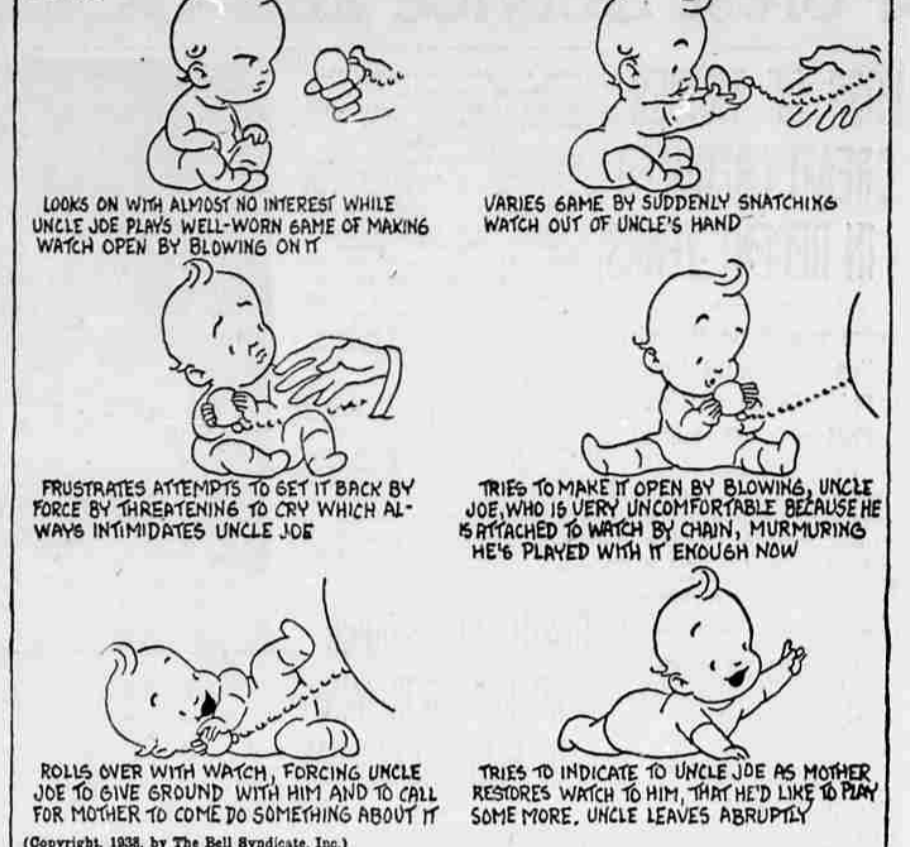
WELL, WHO COULD IT BE? I CAN'T CONCEIVE OF ANYBODY WANTING TO FIND ME FOR MY BENEFIT.

THERE'S ONE THING I'LL SAY— IF IT'S ALL TRUE YOU'VE DONE MOST OF YOUR WORRYING IN ADVANCE

WATCH GAME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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LOOKS ON WITH ALMOST NO INTEREST WHILE UNCLE JOE PLAYS WELL-WORN GAME OF MAKING WATCH OPEN BY BLOWING ON IT

VARIES GAME BY SUDDENLY SNATCHING WATCH OUT OF UNCLE'S HAND

FRUSTRATES ATTEMPTS TO GET IT BACK BY FORCE BY THREATENING TO CRY WHICH ALWAYS INTIMIDATES UNCLE JOE

TRIES TO MAKE IT OPEN BY BLOWING, UNCLE JOE WHO IS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE BECAUSE HE'S ATTACHED TO WATCH BY CHAIN, MURMURING HE'S PLAYED WITH IT ENOUGH NOW

ROLLS OVER WITH WATCH, FORCING UNCLE JOE TO GIVE GROUND WITH HIM AND TO CALL FOR MOTHER TO COME DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

TRIES TO INDICATE TO UNCLE JOE AS MOTHER RESTORES WATCH TO HIM, THAT HE'D LIKE TO PLAY SOME MORE. UNCLE LEAVES ABRUPTLY

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S'MATTER POI



AN' DO YA LUV ME?

SON, I LOVE THE GROUND YOU WALK ON!

NEVER MIND THE GROUND, JUS' LUV ME!

S'MATTER?

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