

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

Chapter 47

Uprooting The Boxwood

IN that first breathless second when Judith looked up to see Reuben standing beside her, he had never seemed further away. She attempted to rise to her feet. Reuben held out a steady hand. The touch of his fingers sent blood hurrying through Judith's veins, fire to her cheeks.

"Judith," his voice was warm and even. "I'm sorry about Jim."

Of course, that was why he had come. He was being kind. Judith's pride made a last bid for recognition, then faltered before a terrible longing to know the truth.

"You got my letter?"

"No," Reuben took a step forward. He seemed to tower above her, a brown, controlled stranger.

Then he didn't know how she loved him. All strength deserted her.

Suddenly Reuben's angry, parting words thundered in her ears. "If you go now you need never try to come back."

Her words sounded strained, uneven, as if she were forcing conversation with a casual acquaintance. "How did you get here?"

"Cissy brought me," smoothly, without trace of feeling.

Judith's knees weakened. "If you go now you need never try to come back. Life was a one-way street... you could never go back."

"Shall we go into the house," Reuben was saying. "You must have plans to discuss with me."

Judith couldn't bear it any longer. Humiliation, trampled pride, anything was better than this. An irrepressible sob broke from her. Her hands stretched out.

"Reuben... oh Reuben, can't you see?"

He couldn't yet believe what he wanted with all his heart to believe. Struggling with the longing to crush her in his arms was the desire for self-protection. He wouldn't be hurt again. This time he must be sure.

"Judith!" Reuben's heart missed a beat as he met her eyes—ringed with black shadows as they had been the night the twins were born. She was thinner, too. "Judith—came half way across the world."

The wall crumbled. In an instant he was cupping her tragic face in tender hands. "Tell me I've found you, Judith. Tell me you are glad to see me?"

She could not tell him. But she went into his arms—protective, gentle, strong. Against his heart she whispered: "I've missed you so, I love you so!"

The ache that was in her heart burst fears that had been dammed against her eyeballs.

Reuben kissed them away.

May Day
A May day at Goodloe's choice. Little lamb clouds being swept across a blue sky. Scent of lilacs and apple blossoms being swept across the world. In the meadow small Judy Oliver and sturdy young Jim sailed paper boats in the stream. Nearby Reuben assisted by Ben was carefully digging up the hedge. Judith was painstakingly clipping off tiny shoots.

If her heart was sore today there was a soft singing in it too. She was keeping faith with Jim. Wiping out the debt, starting all over again. Keeping the finest and best of the old. Reaching out for the finest and best of the new. She had been given another chance too. The chance to walk with Reuben to her shoulder. She would not bungle life this time. Make it fine. Make it true. Take all it had

to give—adventure, danger, love, pain, laughter—One must struggle through the night to know the full glory of the sunrise.

She looked up and saw Gran. Amanda, not quite so erect, came through the wide doorway under its delicate skylight. At the threshold, Amos, unable to bow quite so low, but smiling just as widely, met her.

"A fine day, Amos?"
"Yes, Ma'am, Miss Mandy, mighty fine."
"Warm as July." Almost she said: "We will have tea in the garden." Almost she said it. Remembered—in time.

Children At Play
SHE crossed the columned portico and formal stone terrace, walked past rose arbors and the lily pond with the fat, lazy Cupid spouting water and turned into the violet-bordered walk, but she did not pause at the peacock chair under the white oak. She kept right on and joined the workers by the hedge.

Standing very straight, Amanda watched the whole structure of her universe being torn down. She had a naked feeling. The entire curious world could gaze at her. Well—it wouldn't be long.

The events of her life passed in slow procession, from the day she entered this place a bride into the moment they carried Jim into the holly decked hall—a reckless half-smile upon his stiff lips. The last Goodloe—gone. The hedge—staying.

From that moment the box lost its value for Amanda. It had served its purpose and she had served hers. She felt not the slightest pang as she watched it being lifted out leaving great holes—holes deep as graves.

She stepped nearer. How the roots clung! Protesting this outrage. Clem Rogers had been the highest bidder for the box. He wanted it for Cissy who must compromise with life. Cissy was taking up the things Judith had laid down.

Suddenly Amanda saw life as a great wheel turning ceaselessly. The side that is up today must inevitably be down tomorrow. That was the law of compensation. The law of progress, the law of life.

From the meadow came Hugo's joyous bark; the sound of children's voices clear and shrill—

With a start Amanda listened. Why—the children were still at their play—Jim and Judy. The children! There would always be children at play. Stiffly she went on her knees and with ringed, white fingers commenced to plant tiny sprigs of box along the edges of the great holes.

"Reuben," the old assurance crept into his voice. "Your son will jump these spindlings, but his great-grandson will put his hunter over a fine hedge as you ever saw. You can't separate Goodloes from boxwood."

"Nor Goodloes from Olivers," Reuben told her and smiled into his wife's blue eyes.

Amanda went busily on with her planting but Reuben threw down his spade, leaped the ditch to his wife's side.

"Judith," he took the shears from her, laid them aside, raised her hands to his shoulders, and looked deep into her blue eyes: "Love me!"

"You know it!"
"Sure you're not feeling sad this morning? Sure you're not sorry my old roan spilled me over the boxwood and broke up your tea party?"

"Sure!" Judith laughed as only happy women can laugh. A quick kick to walk with Reuben to their digging and clipping.

The End
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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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to the loser go the spoils—when ever West Point's ice hockey team plays the Royal Military College of Canada.

Strange as it seems, there is a traditional "gentleman's agreement" about the matter which provides that the loser of the contest gets to keep physical possession of the winner's trophy as consolation.

Since the Cup was first donated on February 23, 1924, by the commandant of the Canadian institution, the U. S. Military Academy has kept possession of the trophy, having lost every game but one—a tie.

The greatest courtesies are extended between rival teams whenever the two meet. Because student rosters are not permitted to travel to their opponents' school, the hosts provide special rooting sections well versed in the other's yell.

Several times U. S. M. A. hockey teams have carried the trophy to Canada, but each time they have lost and brought the cup back with them. Some day Canada may lose the match, in which case they will be privileged to keep the coveted trophy.

British Cocked Hat
Only officers above the rank of captain were permitted to wear their cocked hats athwartships (from ear to ear) in the British navy in 1795. Other officers wore them fore-and-aft.

Before 1795 all British officers wore their hats in the manner of the superior officers, after that date all were worn in the more "streamlined" fore-and-aft fashion. Britain's naval history is rich in such tradition.

Color of Chameleons
It has long been a belief that chameleons turn different colors to match their surroundings, as a measure of camouflage.

Scientific investigation has in a measure disproved this theory. High temperatures, it has been found, makes them turn green; cold makes them turn grey; anger makes them dark; and fright produces paler shades. Chameleons do not turn blue nor red.

German Minelayer Sinks With Four

BERLIN, May 28.—(AP)—The sinking of the German minelayer Triton, with four of her crew missing, was announced today at Kiel, the German navy's great base.

White House Must Find New Grocery

WASHINGTON, May 28.—(AP)—Burchell's Grocery, which has been sending orders around to the White House for 82 years, is going out of business.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Almost Ready for the Test Hop!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Duties Defined



THE NEBBS—Passing the Buck



HAT AT THE MOVIES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POI

By O. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Almost Ready for the Test Hop!

By HAL FORRESTER



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



On the Radio Chains

- STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470 Spokane;
KGO, 790 San Francisco; KGW,
620 Portland; KJR, 970 Seattle;
KXN, 1050 Los Angeles; KOA, 830
Denver; KOIN, 940 Portland;
KOMO, 920 Seattle; KPO, 680 San
Francisco; KSL, 1130 Salt Lake.
- Sunday
5:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KFI, KOW; Symphony Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Sudy's Orch., KGA, KEX.
5:30—Familiar Music, KPO, KFI, KGW; Reader's Guide, KGA, KEX.
5:45—Argentine Trio, KGA.
6:00—Carnival, KPO, KFI, KGW; Hour of Charm, KGO, KGA, KXN; Lela Ellman, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—My Secret Ambition, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Chertko, KGO.
7:00—Walter Winchell, KGO, KFI, KGW; Ellington's Orch., KXN, KSL; Barron's Orch., KGO, KEX.
7:15—Irene Rich, KPO, KFI, KGW; Barron's Orch., KJR.
7:30—Jack Benny, KPO, KFI, KGW; Breeze's Orch., KGO; Noble's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—I Want a Divorce, KPO, KFI, KGW; Joe Penner, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Clinton's Orch., KGA, Owens' Orch., KGO; News, KEX.
8:15—Owens' Orch., KEX; Names and Faces, KPO; Clinton's Orch., KFI, KGW.
8:30—One Man's Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Hutton's Orch., KGO; Bradywynne's Orch., KXN, KOIN; Henderson's Orch., KGA.
9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KFI, KGW; Bryant's Orch., KXN, KOIN; Tales of Calif., KGO; Norris, Orch., KFI.
9:15—King's Orch., KOW, KFI; Sleep Seventeen, KPO; News, KOIN, KSL.
9:15—Drelnick's Orch., KPO, KFI; Roger's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Slumber Hour, KGO.
9:45—Univ. Explorer, KGO.
10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Pianist, KOIN; Swarthout's Music, KGO, KGA, KEX.
10:15—Bridge to Dreamland, KPO, KFI, KGW; Thanks for the Memory, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Sudy's Orch., KGA, KEX.
11:00—Organist, KGA.
11:00—Martin's Music, KGO, KGA; Thanks for the Memory, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Sudy's Orch., KGA, KEX.
11:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosscuts, KGO; String Trio, KSL; News, KXN.
10:15—Graphic Sports, KPO, KFI; White Fire, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Crosscuts, KGA.
10:30—Martin's Music, KPO, KFI; Reveries, KGO, KGA, KEX.
11:00—Five Star Final, KGO; Traumbauer's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Organist, KGA.
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