

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story of the boxwood hedge surrounding Goodloe's Choice in the Maryland hunting district is a symbol and a sacred boundary. On the inside, Judith Goodloe is longing to hear a proposal from dashing Gary Brent. Outside on horseback, Reuben Oliver self-made millionaire, peers enviously over the hedge until Jim Goodloe invites him in. Attempting to jump the boxwood, Reuben is thrown at Judith's feet, badly injured.

Chapter Eight Another Outsider

IN the house, while she directed an excited and bewildered Hannah to bring towels, gauze, hot water, Judith, despite a vague pity for his plight was hating Reuben with a fierceness that actually shook her. Keeping her from Gary—as if two years of waiting wasn't long enough! Keeping her whole future hanging in the balance, her happiness—

"I won't be kept another minute! I'm going down! Why couldn't he have selected some other spot in which to smash himself!"

Hurriedly she turned back, Jasmine scented sheets of the guest room bed. As they laid him upon the wide four poster bed, Reuben opened his eyes.

"He's coming round," Mr. Blout murmured. "Eh, Oliver? How do you feel? What did you say?"

Reuben had merely sighed, his eyes upon Judith standing between him and the west window. The sun made reddish lights in her hair. Subconsciously he reached out a straying hand, attracted as a child to a bright bauble! "I didn't dream—"

"Of course you didn't, Oliver," Dick Blout assured him. "You tumbled all right!" Then to Judith cheerfully: "They don't usually talk so soon when there's concussion. It may not be an operation after all," he said. "Now if you'll get me the scissors, Judy, I'll cut that sleeve."

Twilight was closing in before Judith was free to go down stairs. It seemed a lifetime had passed since she had been kissed in the garden, but with woman-like she tried to take up her enchanted moment where she laid it down. She stepped out on the wide porch, radiance in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Gary. Hannah wasn't a bit of good. I had to stand by."

But it was not Gary who paced the porch impatiently. It was a strange little figure whose head made a red blob in the twilight. "How is Reuben?" The voice was blurred with throaty notes not unlike the first chirpings of a woodpecker. "Don't stand so like a wooden Indian! Hurry and tell me how he is!"

Judith, submerged in her own affairs, continued to stare at the intruder in surprised silence. Here was a person she had never seen before and of a type foreign to the valley. Even in that moment she noticed the stranger's expensive-ness. Paris was written all over her. Who was she, where had she come from, and what had brought her?

From the shadow of a vine enclosed corner, Gary came forward. "Miss Rogers is a friend of Oliver's," he explained. "Miss Goodloe will give us a cheering account of the patient. I'm sure, Miss Rogers."

"He isn't badly hurt," Judith caught up with the moment. "The doctors say Mr. Oliver will be as good as new in a week or 10 days." Cissy sighed her relief. For an instant she was beyond speech. "I might have known nothing could do Reuben in for long!" She scanned Judith's face—the girl who had taken him from her, if she had ever had him—low voiced, poised, beautiful.

"She has something I haven't," Cissy thought. "Something I would give the world for."

Aloneness
"I'm sorry you've been anxious," Judith said this uninvited guest as one more obstacle between herself and Gary. If she would only hurry and go! She wanted to be alone with Gary—wanted him to take her in his arms—wanted him to kiss her.

Seated upon the porch railing, a smile upon his handsome face, Gary showed no sign of impatience for the guest's departure. He said: "Miss Rogers was wandering in and out between the box like a lost soul, when I salvaged her."

"I corralled him," contradicted Cissy. She was conscious of Gary's charm. Conscious of his approval of herself. "I should be running along but—"

Curiosity about Judith Goodloe made her linger. Curiosity and the fact that Reuben was upstairs. She was nearer to him here.

Judith, still in riding togs, swung up on the porch rail beside Gary: "You're a guest at Five Chimneys?" she asked politely.

Cissy nodded and helped herself to a cigarette from a nearby table. Gary gave her a light. In the flare of the match her hair showed very red. Very short. Her eyes were two flawless emeralds with black centers. "Reuben has a house party over the week end," she explained.

"And missing it! Talk about hard luck!" Gary felt a sudden sympathy for the man lying upstairs in the four poster bed. "He isn't so crazy about it," Cissy said. "It was my idea entirely."

"His fiancée, of course," Judith decided and asked: "Do you wish to see Mr. Oliver?"

Terribly Cissy wished to see Mr. Oliver. She hated the assistance Judith had been able to give him. Was jealous of the minutes—of the very walls that surrounded him. She said: "Not tonight. I'll come tomorrow, if I may." Proud of the way she said it.

"Please come as early as you wish," Judith invited cordially. "I'm sorry your party is getting off to such a gloomy start."

"The gang won't be gloomy long," Cissy dragged on her cigarette. She felt the other girl's aloofness. "They'll have a great laugh when they hear that anything so archaic as a horse did Reuben in."

Judith gasped: "Archaisms—Horses?"

"I've made a bad break," Cissy thought. She stuck to her guns. "Aren't they?"

"Maybe—I hadn't thought. Ours are part of the family."

"But hardly the modern means of locomotion," flicking an ash with slender ringed finger. "I like the creature, well enough. I lope around the park sometimes. Usually though, I'm in a hurry to go places and do things."

"Then a car, of course—"

Cissy blew a perfect smoke ring. "I usually fly an EX Super."

"How very modern!" Judith murmured without interest but Gary swung away his cigarette and slid from the porch rail. "I knew there was something tantalizingly familiar about you! You're C. C. Rogers the aviatrix—by all the gods! The C. C.!" His glance sweeping her was openly admiring and surprised. "You're just as big as a minute!"

Blue Eyes Meet Green
"I'm five feet one inch."

"I'm sure about the inch!" Gary grinned. "I've pictured you a—sort of Juno."

"I'm flattered that you wasted a thought! Devastated because I'm not Juno?" Impishly.

"Heavens no! But your pictures give me an impression. I was among the mob the day you landed at Crovden. That was a grand flight you made—remember, Judy?"

"Yes," Judith remembered only because Gary had written, not because she had read, the flyer. "Where have you flown from today, Miss Rogers?"

"Chicago! I came down in Rube's prize cornfield," Cissy laughed and turned to Judith: "Making a country squire of him, aren't you?"

"I'm surprised."

"You."

"The credit belongs elsewhere. I," with unconscious hauteur, hardly knew Mr. Oliver."

"Snoob," thought Cissy resentfully. She had a sudden desire to hurt Judith. "You should get around more," lightly.

"Why?" lazily.

"Travel if broadening. So I've been told."

Blue eyes and green met. The girl who knew a sliver of the world beyond the valley and the girl who knew it from sea to sea, took measure of each other. The former had the traditions and ethics of a long, proud line to uphold her. The latter made her own codes when necessity required. She said:

"Until he came here the only thing Rube sed used, for was to pull trucks out of mudholes, now—it's funny."

"Mr. Oliver's going in for sport? I agree with you," Judith said a bit too smoothly.

With the swiftness of lightning Cissy's not temper burst the carefully acquired shell of her veneer. "Sport, my eye!" scornfully.

"What's so sportsmanlike in an able bodied man with a gun in his hands or a pack of dogs at his heels, chasing a defenseless rabbit, fox or what have you, to its death? The pastime of cowards, if you ask me!"

Cissy took a savage delight in the vibrant silence that followed her speech. She rushed on: "Face face with man sized opponent your so called sportsman probably turns tail and runs!"

"Oh, come now!" Gary started a protest, but Cissy's spurt of anger died as suddenly as it had flared.

"I've been rude," repentantly, "when I mean to be so nice. Please forgive me! I wanted, with small girl honesty, 'to make a good impression. Now—' regretfully.

"You've made a wonderful impression," Gary assured her heartily. He found her amusing. He had never met a girl just like her.

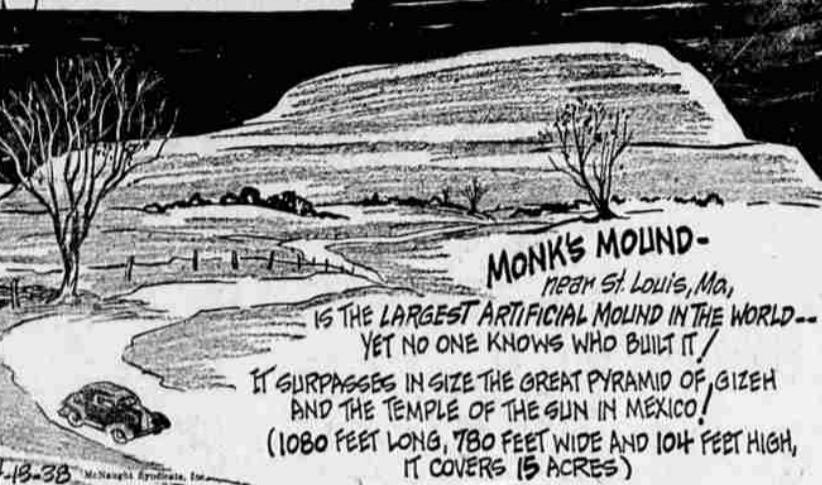
Cissy's green eyes approved him, covertly. She noticed that her hostess approved him openly. Oh, ho! That was where Judith's heart lay Cissy's spirits rose with a great surge. She kept right on being rude.

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Tomorrow: Judith waits.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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More numerous than the pyramids of Egypt are strange earth pyramids found scattered over America from the Canadian border to southern Peru.

Just who were the ancient architects that built them is not known definitely. Attempts have been made to identify all the mounds as the work of one mysterious race of people called mound builders, but modern archaeologists generally discard this theory. Ancestors of the North American Indians now receive credit for most of the work.

Common in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, the earth piles gave St. Louis her nickname of the "Mound City," as many were originally scattered over the city's present site.

Largest of the prehistoric artificial earthworks is Monk's or Cahokia Mound in Madison county, seven miles from St. Louis. Cahokia is often referred to as Monk's Mound because it was occupied for a considerable time, from the 19th century on, by Trappist monks, who built a vegetable garden on its summit.

Cahokia has the largest base of any artificial pyramid in North America and, as far as can be determined, it has a greater volume than any other artificial mound in the world, including the Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt and the Pyramid of the Sun in Mexico, formerly credited with being the biggest such structure in the western hemisphere.

World-amour Hollywood Boulevard thirty-four years ago was faced with an unusual traffic problem. No stars in shiny cars rolled over the dusty thoroughfare; no premiers were staged there; Santa Claus Lane was not yet born.

Yet, strange as it seems, Hollywood had "trailer-trouble" in 1904—and city fathers had to pass a law to correct it. On November 7 an ordinance was enacted reading:

"It shall be unlawful for any wagon, buggy or other vehicle, constituting a camping or traveling outfit, to stand on any thoroughfare in Hollywood with the purpose of making a camp, or for any person to make any camp on any public street."

Tomorrow: Famous for his feet.

April 20. A large number of unit members plan to attend this meeting.

COLUMBIA BASIN HAS SURPLUS OF WATER
PORTLAND, April 13.—(AP)—Snow surveys completed by department of agriculture engineers indicated today the Columbia Basin will have more irrigation water this summer than it can use or store.

J. C. Marr of Boise, Idaho, assistant irrigation engineer, said areas usually suffering from a shortage will have ample supplies. R. C. Farrow of British Columbia reported heavy snows had occurred in the northern reaches of the stream.

The engineers predicted a peak flood stage this spring of 600,000 cubic feet per second compared with 300,000 cubic feet a year ago.

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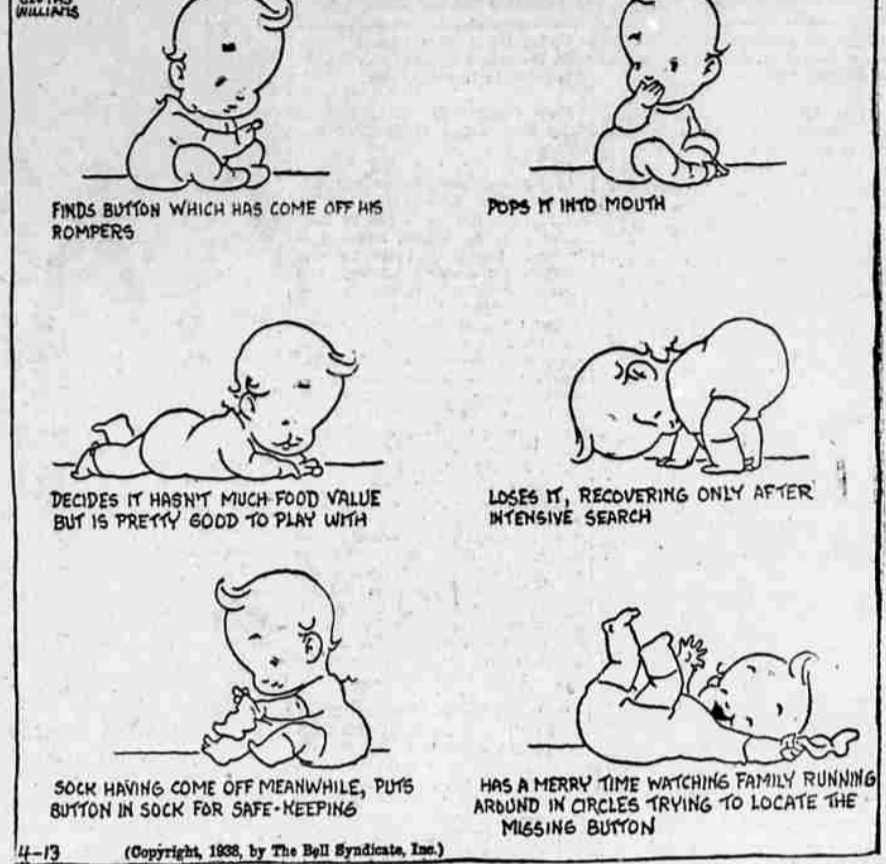
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Discharged!



THE NEBBS—The Pay-Off

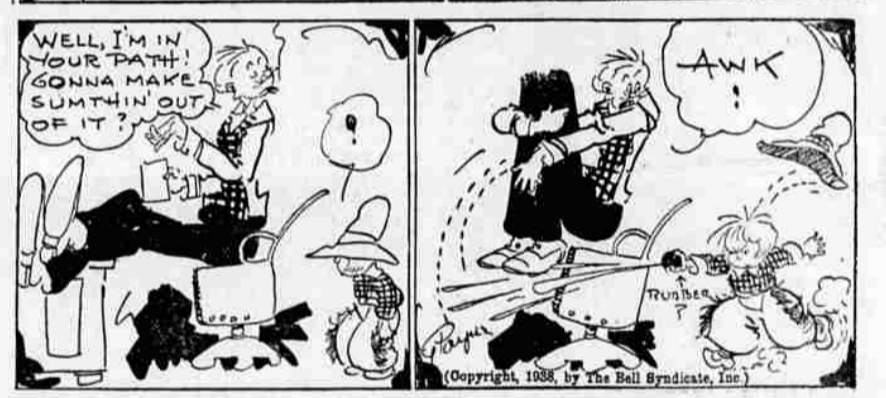


HIDDEN TREASURE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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By SOL HESS



GRANGE TO STAY IN POWER FIGHT

PORTLAND, Ore., April 13. (AP)—The state Grange will "never" quit until it has won the public power fight. Ray W. Gill, state master, said today in announcing the intention of the Grange to further the public power policy, despite the general defeat of a proposal of a public utility district embracing seven northwestern counties.

Gill said a study was being made as a result of the election returns last Friday in determining the best procedure but that until the status of the few municipalities and incorporated areas which favored the district was determined, the decision on seeking new elections would be held in abeyance.

The state Grange master said that several other counties, Linn, Lane, Hood River and Marion, might have elections as a result of petitions or other movements in them to seek formation of public power districts.

EAGLE POINT P. T. A. DINNER BIG SUCCESS

Eagle Point P. T. A. held its regular meeting April 8 at the high school building. Mrs. Lillian Force, chairman, presided.

A report of the dinner given in March showed that it was a success as the treasury was increased an appreciable amount. The association wishes to thank all who helped.

The following assisting committee was appointed: Mrs. Nellie Carter, Mrs. Lester Throckmorton and Mrs. Bertha Young.

Announcement was made of the county council to be held in Talent