

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Reuben Oliver, self-made millionaire, attempts to jump his horse over the sacred boxwood hedge surrounding Goodloe's Choice in the Maryland hunting district. He is thrown and injured, thus delaying the proposal Judith Goodloe has been expecting from dashing Gary Brent. Fiercely resenting his presence, Judith comes from the sickroom to find Reuben's friend, red-headed Cissy Rogers, coopting Gary.

Chapter II— Empty Moonlight

"IT'S funny to hear Rube rant about this valley being God's country," Cissy went blithely. "You're going to find plenty of amusement during your visit," Judith told her. "Most of us think that way."

"You would be born here and never getting further away than a horse can take you."

"Help!" from Gary.

"Gary is always jaunting," Judith enlightened her. "and, coming back loyal."

"Loyalty is fine if it doesn't stunt—Goodness, I sound like a tract or something! I get that way sometimes," Cissy said with a guilelessness that charmed Gary.

"We must appear funny—set in a rut—to a cosmopolitan of the air, eh, Judy?"

"Another thing I've never thought about," Judith's complete indifference riled Cissy all over again.

"That's what makes you so funny," she exploded. "You're all so self-satisfied. So contented with your little world that you don't even bother to look over the rim."

"Perhaps it's just as well."

"As well for you, maybe, but not for Rube," insisted Cissy. "He's always been like an eagle, swooping higher, circling wider." She got quickly to her feet. Even on still heels she was ridiculously small.

"I'm really going now."

Judith hoped she did not show her relief. "How did you come?"

"One of Rube's cars. It's parked somewhere behind your shrubbery. I made the turning at random. Hope I'll find my way back."

"There's a huge red oak at the cross roads."

"Please pray that I spot it. I'm good in the clouds, but trees queer me."

Judith thought: "She's so keen she could spot a huckleberry bush a thicker at midnight!" She said: "The oak is hard to miss. It almost blocks the road."

"Let's ride that far with Miss Rogers, Judith," Gary suggested, exactly as Cissy hoped he would.

Resentful because he voluntarily postponed their golden hour one second longer Judith said: "You go Gary I'll see you in the morning, Miss Rogers."

"Thank you," Cissy said sweetly. "Goodnight."

Walking through the purpling darkness with Gary, Cissy thought: "I needn't worry about Reuben—that high-ha loves this man. He's jretty, contemptuously. I can send him back—but I won't. I'll take him along. Let her have a taste of the bitter. She's had too much sweet."

Her spike heels sunk into the soft earth. She stumbled slightly. Gary put out a rescuing hand. He called over his shoulder: "Back in a few minutes, Judy. Mean of you to desert me!"

"Afraid of me or the dark?" Cissy teased.

"Can't you guess?" Gary studied her face from flirtatious eyes.

A late home coming robin arched in the night near the porch. Above his mate's shrill scolding Judith heard Gary's laughter echoing faintly—Cissy was being amusing—and amused—

Always Waiting

JUDITH was waiting in the garden. She had been waiting an hour. With hands rigidly folded in her yellow organdy lap and her heart in a tumult, she waited for Gary.

"If I have any pride I won't let him find me here. If I have the least bit of self-respect, I'll go inside, read the paper, turn on the radio—play the piano—go to bed—"

But she sat and waited. The garden was almost too exquisite to be quite real. A young moon made silver filigree lace of the trees' leaves on the grass. Lilies foamed and billowed in the light breeze.

In the midst of such serenity it was wicked to feel so restless. Judith told herself, beating a tattoo on the back of the bench upon which she sat: Gary had gone all the way to the Oliver place. Cissy Rogers would see to that, but surely she would send him back in a car—In that case he should have been here.

Through the trees she could glimpse the west-wing guest room. A dim light came from the window. Once a nurse in white uniform stood framed in it. Tomorrow another one would come on duty.

The doctors had agreed it would be better not to move Reuben to home or hospital. With rest and quiet in a week perhaps.

"We can't put him out," Judith admitted grudgingly, resentful

eyes upon the light, "but I... never seen him!"

In her heart she blamed Reuben, not only for her delayed happiness, but for Gary's present defection. But for that man upstairs in the four poster bed she would never have met the thoroughly unpleasant girl who had dragged Gary from her. She would be engaged to Gary, not waiting for Gary.

But even while she told herself this, she knew infallibly that she would always be waiting for Gary. Social, gay Gary who, like the butterfly, took the pleasure of the moment where he found it. Not a light-o'-love—loyal at heart, meaning to come back—always coming back, when the diverting moment had passed, filled with confidence, charm—totally unmindful of his wavering.

That would be her life—waiting for Gary. The waiting would be sweet—if he loved her. If—

Abruptly she stopped her tattoo upon the bench. Cissy's word came drifting back to her. "You're so self-satisfied—You never even bother to look over the rim—"

Was there perhaps a grain of truth in what that girl said? Judith wondered if she had taken life—of it, too much for granted, followed too closely the pattern cut by others?

She commenced her tattoo again. She was being silly. What did this Cissy Rogers know of the finer things of life? What did she know of anything—jazzing and junketing and revelling in sensation?

But, although Judith did not realize it, Cissy had the first stone of doubt in the pool of her mind. It would lie buried for years, perhaps never come to the surface, but the stone had been cast.

Ten minutes ticked away, twenty, thirty—

Judith felt longing rise within her, like a tide. Somewhere was infinite beauty for everyone—a heritage waiting to be claimed. She felt it in the deepest recesses of her being. Why then all this fumbling uncertainty?

Tormenting Memory

SOMEONE was coming along the path between flowers opening honey-sweet hearts to the night.

"Gary!"

It was the lank colored boy, Ben. Mr. Gary on de phone, Miss Judy.

She went swiftly between dew kissed sweet alyssum, up the steps and into the lighthall.

"Yes, Gary," she spoke quickly into the telephone.

"Judy, I'm at Oliver's place. Come awkward to leave."

"Why?" unsteadily.

"Hostless party, you know. Cissy asked me to get things going."

"I see," Cissy—Somewhere in Judith a light went out.

"She wants you to come over, Judy. I'll start right now, be there in 10 minutes."

"Please—don't, Gary." Pride said the words for her.

"Why?"

"Nonsense! They're dancing. Swell orchestra out from town. Jolly folks. Come on—please please!"

Her heart went all soft and warm. When Gary said please—

His next words stiffened her back bone. "I promised Cissy I'd get you. She bet you wouldn't come."

"She wins!" Judith managed to say it lightly. "Sorry, old sweet!"

"You're missing a grand time. Gary was enjoying himself. Gary, who a few hours ago couldn't wait to see Judith!"

"Thank you, hostess for me, Gary."

"All right—if you won't come. See you in the morning, Judy."

She gripped the telephone with fingers gone a little cold. He wasn't going to leave the party. Wasn't coming through the moonlight to her. He was going to stay with the swell orchestra—and—Cissy.

She went slow up the wide stairs. Her yellow frock billowed about her yellow satin shod feet. Gary had come home—she hadn't dreamed it—he had kissed her. That kiss still lingered tormentingly upon her lips. Gary had come and gone. She was waiting—again.

She wondered if, when she was old and gray, she would still be waiting for Gary?

Reuben, lying high in the four-poster, with its snowy canopy and valance, ran a row of a fingers through the patch of light brown hair that escaped the bandage and wondered why he had scoffingly declared there was no such thing as Fate?

What else could have brought me to this?" he asked of a lovely smiling lady who hung on the wall coquetting ceaselessly over her fan. "What else? A far cry from the lumber camp, from the bunk on the floor of cookie's shack!"

The pink and lavender sweet peas on the wall naped and the china dogs on the mantel were not one whit more unreal than that he should be lying between jasmine scented sheets at Goodloe's Choice, listening avidly for one footfall—Judith's.

Copyright 1938, Blanche Smith Ferguson.

Tomorrow: Judith's world tumbles.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A SET OF 12 BELLS CAN BE RUNG IN 479,001,600 DIFFERENT CHANGES! IT WOULD TAKE A SECTION OVER 31 YEARS OF CONSTANT RINGING TO COMPLETE ALL VARIATIONS

GOOD FRIDAY— IS ALSO CALLED LONG FRIDAY, HOLY FRIDAY AND QUIET FRIDAY

JAIN PILLAR— Mysore, India, ALTHOUGH DELICATELY BALANCED, SURVIVED ONE OF HISTORY'S GREATEST EARTHQUAKES— THAT OF HISSAM, 1397... IT HAS STOOD FOR 10 CENTURIES

CHIEF "BIG FOOT" NAMPUH— Shoshone Indian renegade, HAD FEET 17 1/2 INCHES LONG AND 6 INCHES WIDE! EARLY SETTLERS OF FORT BOISE, Idaho, OFFERED \$1000 REWARD FOR HIS FEET AND SCALP!

Big Foot Nampuh
Every inch a man was Chief Nampuh, Shoshone Indian after whom Nampa, Idaho was named. Standing six feet, eight and one-half inches tall, Chief Nampuh topped the scales at 300 pounds.

Yet Nampuh's greatest glory lay in his feet. His name means "big foot," and, strange as it seems, his feet measured no less than 17 1/2 inches in length and were six inches wide, according to Professor Bronson of the American history department, University of Idaho.

Nampuh's big feet were no impediment. So fast afoot was he that 80 miles a day was not difficult. He usually traveled on foot; his tribe followed on horseback. A bold and fearless leader, Nampuh occasionally got his big foot in a jam. Horse stealing, thievery and murder figured among his crimes. Consequently, white settlers of Idaho were out to get him.

After attacking a number of immigrant trains and killing several white travelers, Nampuh's capture was deemed necessary to the successful and peaceful growth of the west. Early settlers of Fort Boise posted a reward of \$1,000 for anyone who would bring back Nampuh's scalp and feet!

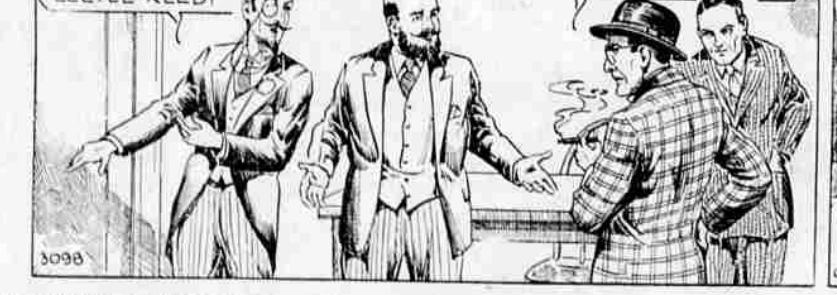
Nampuh finally was captured and killed by a highwayman named John W. Wheeler, in July, 1868. In 70 years no one has disputed Nampuh's claim to immortality... his big feet.

Army Will Train Autogiro Pilots
WASHINGTON, April 14.—(AP)—The army soon will begin training officers as pilots for autogiros. Six officers will start a six weeks course April 18 at Patterson field.

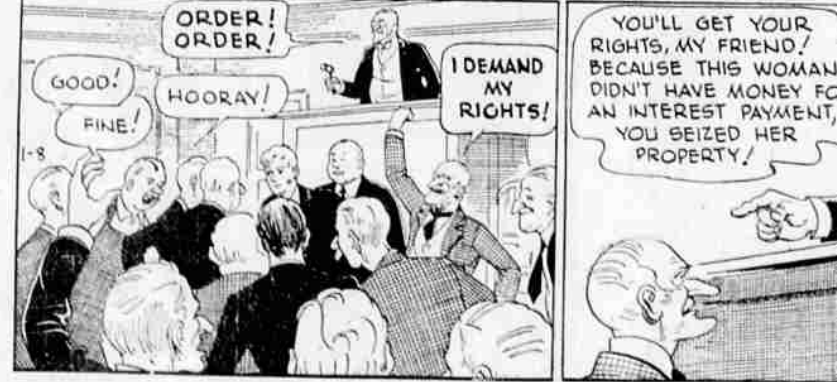
At several scattered posts the army has been testing the usefulness of the autogiro for observation missions in place of balloons of airplanes, particularly because of its ability to alight and arise from very restricted areas.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frowbridge Cabinet works

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Genius Not Always Rewarded!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Tables Turn!

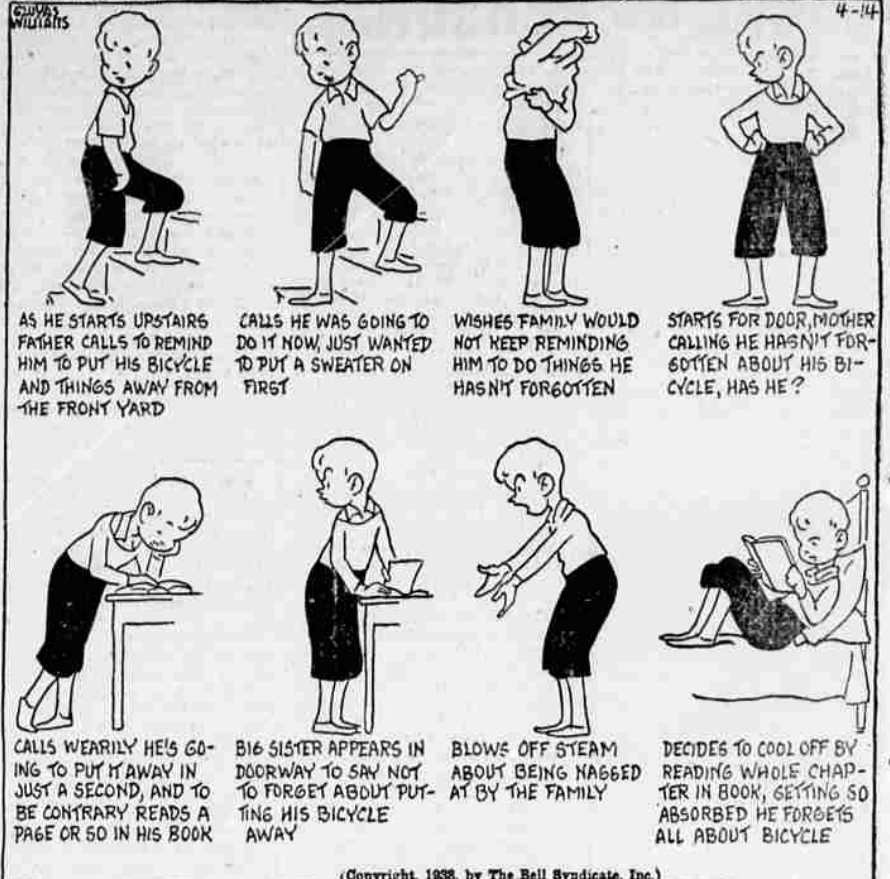


THE NEBBS—Can't Take It



REMINDERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



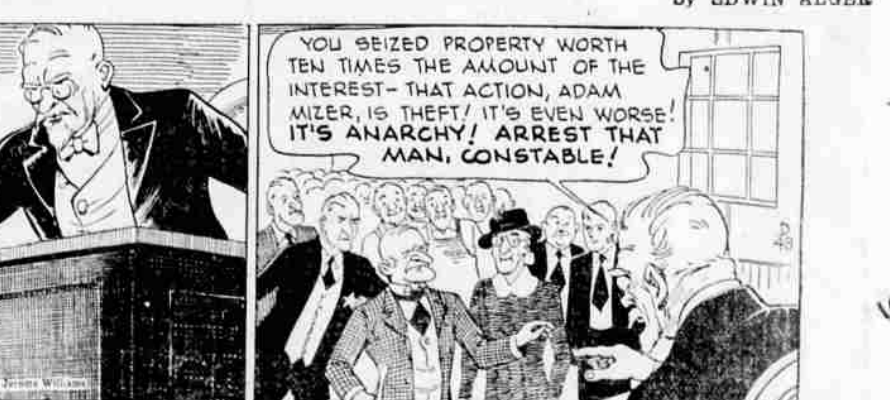
S MATTER POI



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



NEW STAMP SERIES TO BE ISSUED SOON

The postoffice department is preparing to issue a new series of ordinary postage stamps in denominations of half a cent to \$5 bearing portraits of all former presidents entitled to the honor. Postmaster Frank DeSouza announced today.

In addition the likenesses of Benjamin Franklin and Martha Washington will be used, Mr. DeSouza said. First stamp to be issued in the new series will be the one-cent denomination bearing the portrait of George Washington. It will be placed on sale first in Washington, D. C. April 27.

Stamp collectors may procure detailed information about the new series from postmasters.

KLAMATH 4-H WINNER IN BABY BEEF SHOW

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14.—(AP)—Bill Hight and Roy Harburt, both 4-H club members from Kings county, Calif., won grand champion honors for hogs at today's showings of the interstate junior livestock and baby beef show.

Hight showed the grand champion barrow of the show and Harburt presented the grand champion pen of three barrows.

Other awards today included: Champion steer or heifer 4-H boys and girls club, Tiburcia Alvarez, Klamath, Ore.

Phone 285, Odette Osborne 4-H or Rosalie Leslie for a spring permanent Hadley's Salon of Beauty.