

The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The Story So Far: Jumping a horse over the sacred boxwood hedge surrounding Goodloe's Choice in the Maryland hunting district, Reuben Oliver is thrown and injured. Reuben is in love with Judith Goodloe but his self-made fortune isn't enough to make him acceptable. Judith blames him for delaying the proposal she expected from dashing Gary Brent. Red-headed Cissy Rogers, in love with Reuben and jealous of Judith, delays it still longer by talking of with Gary.

Chapter 10 Gary's News

THE moment when Judith came to the door of his room to ask how he was, marked a high peak in Reuben's life. The nurse had gone to breakfast. He was alone. There, almost as though his longing had brought her, Judith, in blue linen, was standing in the doorway.

"I hope you're feeling better?" Speech deserted him.

"You had a dreadful spill." Her voice was soothing.

He found his tongue. "It was your fault."

"Mine?"

"You were laughing at me." His shoulders against the pillows involuntarily slumped a little. "After that—I couldn't make the grade."

He looked very young this morning. She saw his eyes, bronze, unfathomable. She was unable to draw her own from them or to deny his accusation.

"It's true," slowly, "I did laugh."

"I deserved it. That's why it hurt."

She was remembering last night—long, wakeful, miserable. "Sorry. I won't do it again."

He couldn't think of a thing more to say. Strange! He had always been ready with words to bend men to his will. Ready with a smile—slow—a trifle indulgent—that women found fascinating.

Judith turned to go. He must keep her—just to look at her gave him a feeling of exaltation—but he lacked courage. While he sought for it, light, quick feet came down the hall, and Cissy stood by Judith in the doorway.

He had forgotten Cissy—

"Hi, Lochinvar from out of the West! The trusty steed had his little fling, I hear!"

Her arms were filled with flowers. Her face above was bright as the morning. "I'm sorry you could not come last night," she greeted Judith, "we missed you."

"Sweet of you."

"We danced until morning in your big old rooms, Rubie. Then we had a swim and breakfast."

She dumped her armful of fragrant blooms on Reuben's bed and turned again to Judith, "I brought Gary back to you."

"Sweet of you." With a smile for Cissy and a wave for Reuben, Judith went. Jealousy, the first she had ever known, rage, and a faint shame went with her.

Gary got to his feet when she stepped out upon the porch. He was immaculate in a blue serge suit out of Bond Street. "Good morning, darling!" He ignored her desertion of last evening. "Just seeing you starts the day right. Aren't I the early bird?"

"Which reminds me that I haven't fed the peacocks. Want to come along?"

"She's a Honey"

SHE led the way to the kitchen garden. From a peg of the grape arbor she took a small basket of grain, and opening a little wicket gate, walked down a red brick path, under apple and peach trees, past clipped raspberry bushes with fruit coming to perfection; until she came to a wired enclosure, where, with the morning sun turning their plumage to glory, a half dozen peacocks strutted proudly.

"You missed a great time last night," Gary fumbled with the gate's fastening. "Oliver is fixing the place up fit for a king."

"So Jim says, Judith flung a handful of grain to the oncoming fowls."

"Jim drifted in before the party was over."

"Jim is always drifting somewhere—late."

Gary smiled reminiscently. "I'll bet he was sorry he didn't come earlier. It was that kind of party. They were a friendly crowd."

"Aren't Western people always friendly?" Where was the rapture of yesterday?

Gary said: "Great hostess—Cissy. She's amusingly, 'keeps things humming.'"

"She looks like a child."

"Older than you. Almost 23. And what she doesn't know about planes!"

"You're keen about them?"

"Who isn't? She's been taking off since she was a kid—before she was old enough to have a license."

"I didn't know." She must take more interest in planes. "She's engaged to Reuben Oliver?"

"Heavens, no! Cissy's a celebrity—She can marry anybody!"

"I didn't know."

"Read your rotogravure," advised Gary. "For a while everyone thought C. C. Rogers was a man,

and when they found out the daredevil was a redheaded child— isn't she a honey, Judy?"

"Reuben Oliver is a very rich man," Judith's thoughts followed that line persistently.

"Money hardly counts with the Rogers."

"What else would count with that sort of people?"

Miles Apart

GARY looked at her from good-natured blue eyes. "What's the matter with you this morning, Judy?"

"Guess I'm upside down like the house. The whole place smells like a hospital."

They found the bench where Judith had waited last night. They

sat down, side by side. Miles apart. What had happened that life could be like this?

Gary lighted a cigarette. Judith involuntarily touched his hand that cupped the match. He smiled at her above the flame. His easy good humor quite restored.

"There's no one like you, Judy."

"I'm beginning to believe it," grimly.

"Bluffer, you've always known it. After I've been away for awhile just the thought of you makes me homesick."

The soreness left her heart. He always came back—"Was that what you wanted to tell me?"

"S-say! I never did get around to that, did I?"

"There wasn't time." She could believe that now.

"Best news you ever heard," Gary exhaled a spiral of smoke. "I wrote you about Galbreath, a capitalist I met in London?"

"Yes."

"He owns mines and timber all through the West—rolling in wealth. I posted him for a few clubs. He was decent appreciative. Proved it. I'm to manage his timber holdings in California, Nevada, Oregon—a crackerjack job."

At first she did not understand, then knew she was expected to say something, something congratulatory. "But—can you—do you know anything about it?"

"Practically nothing, but I can learn—bluff while I'm doing it."

"I—see." Blood drummed in her ears.

"It was a godsend, to me," Gary confessed. "Like Custer, I was about to make my last stand. But now—watch my smoke!"

The drumming in her ears increased to a roar. She could hardly hear her voice above it. "You're going away?"

"Almost immediately."

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Tomorrow: Bittersweet Kiss.

BRIBE SOLICITORS
FACE PRISON STAY

LOS ANGELES, April 15—(AP)—The once politically powerful Edwin P. Werner and his wife, Helen, occupied cells in the county jail today—convicted felons.

Found guilty by a jury of soliciting a bribe and attempted grand theft, the former Los Angeles city attorney and his wife face prison terms of from two to ten years.

The Werners were convicted of having demanded \$10,000 from William McNeil, mining promoter, on the allegation they could name a member of the district attorney's staff to have pending criminal charges against McNeil dismissed.

DUST BOWL REFUGEES
HIKE SCHOOL CENSUS

SALEM, April 15—(AP)—Oregon's school census set all-time record of 370,330 during the present school year, Superintendent of Public Instruction Rex Putnam said today.

Putnam said the increase of 4.3 per cent in the past four years was caused by migration from the mid-west dust bowl, Malheur county having a 54.12 per cent increase.

Klamath county had the second largest gain, 27.36 per cent, while Hood River county increased 10.42 per cent. Some counties showed decreases as much as 19 per cent.

Closing time for Two Late to Class City Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Hops in Agreement

WASHINGTON, April 15—(AP)—President Roosevelt signed today a bill including hope among commodities to which farm marketing agreements apply.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Rodeo Star Dies

PENDLETON, April 15—(AP)—Kenneth Kennedy, 36, well-known Pendleton round-up performer, died yesterday at a local hospital of heart disease. Kennedy placed third in the

world's championship cowboys' race at the 1937 round-up.

Federal penitentiaries are located at Leavenworth, Kas.; Atlanta, Ga.; Lewisburg, Pa.; McNeil Island, State of Washington, and Alcatraz Island, San Francisco.

S'MATTER PO!

By O M PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Invitation!

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jubilation!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Busy Bee

By SOL HESS



SAVE MONEY! Profit by experience of noted Southern Dietitian!

IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE THAT I'VE BEEN FOOLED ABOUT FOOD. BUT I JUST COULDN'T TELL ALLSWEET FROM SPREADS THAT COST MORE MONEY!

Mrs. Leona B. Nelken studied Nutritional Physiology at the University of California, kept house for 15 years in her own home. Her cottage plant hotel—"Cedar Lawn"—in New Orleans is famous for its Southern home table.

MORNING, MRS. NELKEN! WE'RE HERE TO TRY YOU OUT ON THAT TASTE-TEST WE SPOKE TO YOU ABOUT OVER THE PHONE!

FINE, GENTLEMEN! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH HELPING DELLA WITH THIS PECAN PIE.

ONE OF THESE SIX SPREADS IS ALLSWEET—IT COSTS LESS THAN ANY OF THE OTHERS. CAN YOU TELL WHICH IS ALLSWEET?

WELL, OF ALL THINGS! I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS ALLSWEET—EVEN THOUGH IT COSTS SO MUCH LESS.

on such an amazing test—it was a revelation! and I later found that thrifty Allsweet is not only a delicious spread but a thrilling aid to finer tasting cooked and baked things!

Many another food authority has been unable to tell Allsweet from higher-priced spreads!

You, too, will hail this new all-American thrift margarine! It's wonderfully tempting when spread thick on hot toast, bread, waffles, muffins, etc. And just wait till you taste the delicious flavor a big lump of it gives to hot vegetables!

Of course you'll want to use Allsweet in all your cooking and baking, too. The rich goodness it adds to ordinary recipes is amazing—and it brings really worth while savings to your kitchen budget. Allsweet is made of pure American vegetable oils, churned in fresh, pasteurized, skimmed milk. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Accepted by American Medical Association, Council on Foods. Get some at your nearest food dealer's now.